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ERRATA.

P. 98, col. 1, line 5, for "'banishment" read "vanishment."

P. 122, col. 2, line 60, for "*Enthroned*" read "*Dethroned.*"

P. 183, col. 1, line 38, omit "and Francis White."

P. 263, col. 3, line 74, for "Antonizzo" read "Antonlazzo."

P. 264, col. 1, line 2, for "Forll" read "Forll."

P. 364, col. 3, line 6, for "unawares" read "steadily."

P. 491, col. 1, line 62, for "Klausewitz" read "Clausewitz."

P. 491, col. 2, line 23, for "Wündt" read "Wundt."

P. 491, col. 2, line 76, for "Turin" read "Turm."

P. 492, col. 1, line, 15, for "St. Joachimthal" read "Joachimsthal."

P. 496, col. 2, line 42, for "Wünderlich" read "Wunderlich."

P. 533, col. 1, line 22, for "Ostlerian" read "Oslerian."

P. 568, col. 1, line 50, for "Solomon" read "Salomon."

P. 568, col. 3, line 38, for "Ithica" read "Ithaca."

P. 581, col. 3, line 18, omit "The date . . . birth."

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1909.

The Week.

The corporation-tax amendment to the tariff bill, introduced in the Senate last Friday, is, in outward seeming, a mild-mannered affair. The exemptions allowed are numerous. Losses and depreciation are to be written off before the balance-sheet has to be submitted to the tithing-man. Double taxation is to be partially avoided, since a corporation may deduct any taxes it has paid to any State or Territory—but this does not include municipal taxes on corporations. Nor does there appear to be contemplated, except in unusual cases, anything like inquisitorial methods. The sworn returns of the proper officers of corporations will ordinarily be taken without question, and the tax levied on that basis. These returns are to be public records, open to inspection; but the details of corporate business, or any information gained by collectors in the course of its investigation, shall not be divulged except by "special direction of the President." All this looks—and is meant to look—very harmless. But it is evident that the framers of the tax grew a little timid as they went on. They became afraid of getting too much revenue, as of too much publicity; and also dreaded annoying and offending too many people. The exemption of interest on bonds is difficult to justify, on any other theory. If the corporation tax was taken up mainly because it was expected to be "popular," it is obviously a mistake to exempt bondholders. And all the care taken in drawing the measure will not prevent it, if made law, from provoking a great amount of litigation, to say nothing of trickery and fraud.

We can but hail the glimmerings of common sense shown at last by the Merchant Marine League. At its meeting in Washington last week, which the President attended, the plan was announced of introducing a bill which should provide for a modified form of free ships. That is to say, any foreign-built vessel above 5,000 tons, wholly owned by Americans, is to be admitted to American registry, provided it engages solely in the foreign trade. This is the first time the subsidy-seekers have gone as far as that in the line of rationality. Their great trouble hitherto has been that they did not really want the ships so much as the work of building them. By their burdensome system of taxing and penalizing our industry, they had made the cost of ships turned out from our yards so high that Americans could not buy and sail them in competition with other nations; yet when Americans thought of purchasing steamships made abroad, as do the Germans, they were absolutely forbidden to use their own property under their own flag. If the light has now dawned upon this darkness, it is matter for public congratulation. We are not sanguine about getting free ships without a long and hard struggle. Our protected interests would rather see the American flag banished from the seven seas than allow it to float over plates and engines on which they have not first taken toll. But it is a gain to have the Merchant Marine League finally confess that something besides government boosting must be tried.

The award of the Georgia Railroad Strike Arbitration Board is a gratifying triumph of common sense and common honesty. Seniority of service and not color is the basis recommended for the promotion of firemen; and equal pay for equal work to firemen, hostlers, or hostlers' helpers, employed by the railway, is the award in the matter of wages. How any other result could be arrived at is unthinkable. The South has protested all along that the negro was to be given a fair chance at work, however much his political privileges were to be restricted. The findings of the Arbitration Board substantiate this oft-repeated profession. It is hard to see how the supporters of the innate superiority of the white race could logically defend the proposition that the white has to be protected against the competition of his inferior.

Attorney-General Wickersham's decision to discontinue the government suit against the New Haven and Boston and Maine railways, is certainly good sense and presumably good law. The situation has radically altered since the suit was first brought. Local authorities have largely done what the Federal power was invoked to do. The New Haven's acquisition of trolley-lines has been judicially pronounced illegal, and the company is getting rid of those properties. As for the merger of the two railway systems, there never was fair ground for asserting that their lines, except in a few minor filaments, were parallel and competing. Public sentiment in New England was in favor of the union, chiefly for the purpose of bringing fresh capital and better management to the Boston and Maine. And now the State of Massachusetts has deliberately sanctioned the merger, under carefully-drawn restrictions, reserving to the Legislature close control over the financial operations. Attempts to make this union of railroads precisely like what was undertaken by the Northern Securities Company, are childish. In that case, the lines were indubitably parallel and competing, and there was no semblance of legislative control of the holding company.

The conviction of Sanford Robinson, formerly of counsel for the Heinze copper interests, for corruptly impeding the administration of justice, should serve as a useful deterrent to corporation lawyers generally. Modern tendencies have too much changed the practice of law from a profession to a trade. The professional restraints have given way in many cases to the prostitution of a lawyer's legitimate services to a barter for hire. It is well to remind young attorneys that by virtue of their calling they are all informal officers of the courts of justice. For a lawyer to drive possible witnesses out of the jurisdiction of a tribunal, or to effect a concealment of a client's books of account, is on the same plane as a physician's sale of a certificate of death or his engagement to perform a criminal operation. A sharp conviction or two of this kind will be more effective in keying up the standard of legal ethics than dozens of well-intended commencement addresses to newly-fledged graduates of the law schools. Fear is an excellent school-master.

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The outcome of the election in San Francisco last week shows, as was to have been expected, that the voters of that city were sadly torn by conflicting emotions when they read over the proposition to build and operate a municipal street railway. In favor of the enterprise stood the whole infamous history of the United Railroads. Surely, the thievery and political corruption indulged in by this corporation must have made even extreme municipal socialism appear the lesser of two evils—until the voter contemplated the pack of office-holders, ward bosses, and laborites who would have something to say in the management of a municipal railway. We cannot read into the narrow majority of 403 against the proposal any repudiation of radicalism. San Francisco found herself hung between the devil and the deep sea and concluded, rather timidly, that a two-million-dollar experiment is ill-timed when every man suspects his neighbor. And the zeal with which walking delegates and their newspapers championed the project, definitely sealed the verdict against it.

What is pronounced to be a final effort to set aside the pure food law has been initiated by a number of concerns skulking in the background, which have put forward the Hipolite Egg Company of St. Louis as plaintiff against the Secretary of Agriculture. A seizure made last March of the company's canned eggs in Peoria, Illinois, is cited as proof of the irreparable injury which the company is sustaining without adequate remedy at law. It seems that boric acid is injected into the liquid egg mixture which is sold to bakers and confectioners for use in making cake and pastry. There is a fitting malodorous aroma about the contention of beef-embalmers and egg-fortifiers that they have a constitutional right "to sell the public what the public want." Rousseau in his enumeration of the natural rights of man quite forgot the right to sell skimmed milk for cream.

We may be far too indulgent to our young college barbarian, but we are too often utterly unfair to him. It may be true, for instance, that the average undergraduate learns very little and cares very little for learning; and it may be true that our colleges are nurseries of disbelief and libertinism. But the two things together cannot be true. If our universities were filled with an eager, passionate youth, avid of ideas and ideals, there would be danger in heretical voices from the cathedra. Such a danger the European universities have often experienced. The French collegian has played a prominent part in demonstrations and *émeutes*. The German Burschenschaften have made history. The Russian university student has been a leader of revolution. Given a young man who finds truth in books, and in himself the instinct for translating theory into action, and the colleges may influence the world. But our own healthy football and rowing men are quite immune against noxious doctrine.

The American high school should not be razed merely because its graduates cannot run a department store, or make a pair of trousers, the day after Commencement. But its best friends must censure its failure to give pupils the right attitude toward every-day life. The Students' Aid Committee of the New York City High School Teachers' Association reports that too many of its applicants exhibit a pathetic lack of initiative, with an inability to carry out simple orders. Out of 800 boys in a large evening school who sought employment through the committee, only eighteen appeared punctually, though explicitly ordered to do so. Of these eighteen, sixteen were instructed how to write letters of application, which they were to present on the following evening at 7:15:

> At the appointed time not one appeared. The first one when questioned remarked that he "didn't think it mattered." It was particularly specified that they were to write letters on unruled paper. . . . Not one had that kind. Some had foolscap, most of them had little sheets of cheap letter paper, because they thought it "would do just as well." . . . The matter of the letters was very indifferently expressed, and either the ability or the disposition to carry out instructions was absent.

These boys are not all dolts. They have simply never been taught to obey, or to take responsibility. They learn, says the committee, that "high-salaried teachers must be ready to hand out to them paper and pencil and pen." They are made flabby by too much coddling; and, after having been discharged from half-a-dozen small posts, easily lose faith in themselves, or else in the social order. Let them have vocational training, but, first of all, thorough drill in the indispensable art of attending to business.

With the passing of Sarah Orne Jewett, New England loses its most sympathetic interpreter—New England, that is, as the land of woods and hills and meadows and villages. Miss Jewett rarely went to the town for her subjects unless for the sake of momentary contrast. How large a part of her insight depended on actual acquaintance and how much came from instinct, matters little. In the portraiture of New Englanders who are distinctly *of* the country, Miss Jewett stood alone. It must be admitted that she shut her eyes to the grimmer sides of rural life. Abnormal deflections of character—greed, pride, envy, utter selfishness—work all the greater havoc with the Puritanic countryfolk, if once they penetrate the native moral fibre. Other authors, also women, have written of these sordid tragedies of country life. Miss Jewett either could not or would not see that side. To her mind the very fact of the open sky, the well-tilled farm-land, the spruce village street, set the people above those moulded by a more sophisticated civilization.

Yet this belief never blinded Miss Jewett to the essential humanity which she made it her business to portray. For her, character in its minutest phases stood foremost. And it was rarely weak character. To be sure, she never overlooked the individual foible, but hers are the foibles which inspire the reader's affection, not his scorn. "The Dulham Ladies," realizing the ebb of their prestige, taking their journey, timorously buying false hair, are never for one instant made despicable. And all Miss Jewett's work is sweetened by pervasive humor. And this often shades into pathos. Is the old lady who takes her first ride on the railway laughable or something quite the reverse? It is hard to say. If for nothing else, Miss Jewett's stories will live as the memorials of a locality and a people. She understood what lay beneath the surface. The whole type is epitomized in "Miss Tempy's Watchers," where the two women sit all night gossipping tenderly of their friend who lies dead in the room above. Their words seem, at present, to point elsewhere:

> "None of us has got her light hand at doin' things tasty. She made the most o'

everything, too. Now, she only had that one old quince-tree down in the far corner of the piece; but she'd go out in the spring and tend to it, and look at it so pleasant, and kind of expect the old thorny thing into blossomin'."

"She was just the same with folks," said Sarah Ann.

Rudyard Kipling was for a number of years the most convenient club, and perhaps the most fitting club, with which to belabor Mr. Alfred Austin. But it would require no great stretch of the imagination to conceive England's poet laureate himself as the author of Kipling's latest outburst against the radical measures of the Asquith Ministry:

> They said. Who has toiled? Who hath striven and gathered possession?
> Let him be spoiled; he hath given full proof of transgression.

Kipling as statesman and prophet never impressed himself upon the serious men of Great Britain. The trend of Imperial politics has been, at bottom, away from what his muse has pictured and urged. His chief grievance used to be that the mother country neither cared for nor watched over her daughter commonwealths sufficiently. The mother is now looking towards her daughters for aid and comfort in her depression. The lower breeds whom it was Britain's mission to keep down and govern without asking are now her allies in Japan, and participants in a larger share of self-government in India. The flannelled fool and the muddied oaf, it is true, have been going in for a little more voluntcer soldiering of late, but only because of a panic fear of invasion, and not out of a growing sense of Imperial duty. If now the flavor of Kipling's verse depart, wherewith shall the poet's reputation be salted? His swing and color created at least an atmosphere of exaltation in which the faults of his logic might be forgotten. But bad logic in doggerel can be only ridiculous.

Financial legislation in the German Reichstag seems to have reached a veritable *impasse*. Of the $35,000,000 of additional revenue which Von Bülow's original budget measure contemplated raising, over one-third, or $13,750,000, was expected from the inheritance taxes. But the Conservatives and Clericals refuse flatly to assent to this item, and in the Finance Committee have succeeded in defeating the project. Should the committee's action be reversed by the Reichstag, they declare that no further assistance may be expected from them. On the other hand, the Reichstag has evidently taken the bit in its teeth by sanctioning a yearly tax on bonds and shares to be calculated on the quotations of the year previous and on the interest rate which dividends declared bear to the capital value as measured by the market quotations. This latter tax the Chancellor has declared the government will never accept. The logical outcome would seem to be either a dissolution and an appeal to the country, or the retirement of Von Bülow.

A worldwide malady—this of financial ways and means, akin to Becky Sharp's problem of How to Live on Nothing a Year. Over the whole world the finance minister has first assented to new and generous outlay, and then comes his less congenial task of robbing the hen-roosts. Unfortunately, all the fowls have learned that in squawking there is a chance of safety, and the shrill outcry is continuous. In Great Britain the Board of Trade and the landed gentry protest against the pending budget. Under this fusillade two Cabinet Ministers' health has suspiciously failed and they have resigned. In Germany Von Bülow, while defiant in the Reichstag over his shattered budget, had to go to Kiel to consult the War Lord about the situation. In France the tax-machine has just been speeded up so as to overtake some of the security incomes which have failed to get out of the way. Even Cuba begins to show signs of progress in civilization. Her budget is behindhand. There is no chance of securing its passage by the constitutional date. They talk of passing a provisional supply bill, of unloading all financial responsibility on their President, and, as a last resort, of establishing a Government lottery, to be "a dependency of the Treasury."

The findings of the French parliamentary naval commission, under the presidency of M. Delcassé, make it evident that in France, at least, expenditure on ships is not only a crushing burden, but one that affords no effective navy. In the past decade, France has expended between 600,000,000 and 700,000,000 dollars on the navy. In this time, she has dropped from the second to the fourth place in naval strength, exchanging places with Germany, despite the lesser expenditure by that country. French battleships are shown to cost 50 per cent. more than the original estimate, and the report asserts that "negligence, disorder, and confusion" prevail at the navy yards. The Mediterranean squadron could not be a very formidable antagonist, if it had to discontinue firing practice, as the report asserts, because of the many defects in untested guns. Notable among the confessions of the commission is that as to the relative cost of building battleships. The same outlay that secures five in France, provides six in Germany, and six and a half in Great Britain. The lack of reserve coal and supplies of ammunition at various ports, so one officer testifies, would permit only six hours of continuous battle by the French navy. The theoretical estimates of the relative strength of navies will be shown some day to have neglected a factor of prime importance—the presence of common honesty and efficiency in public service.

The merits of the appeal to President Taft in behalf of two Congo missionaries depend entirely upon the kind of intervention called for. If our Government is asked to secure the quashing of the indictment for criminal libel which the Kassai Rubber Company has had brought against the missionaries, Mr. Taft ought to ignore the petition. To grant it would only interfere with the disclosure of the Central African situation. Whatever the defendants know about slavery and torture, they should tell under oath in a public courtroom. The things which have been done on the Congo are bad enough, but that is the strongest reason why they should not be overdrawn. In the present confusion and passing of lies, nothing could be more salutary than a fair trial of Dr. Morrison and Dr. Sheppard. Our State Department should see that the defendants' witnesses and evidence are suitably presented. The rubber company must be thwarted if, as is alleged, it is conniving with the Congo Free State authorities to pay off a grudge against the Americans who have exposed its barbarous practices. So much every citizen in foreign lands has a right to ask of his country.

PRESIDENTIAL INTERVENTION.

Nobody has ever laid down an absolutely sound, consistent, and comprehensive rule about the attitude of the President towards pending legislation. Both the Constitution and precedent leave so many doors open to Executive influence, that one of them can always be used with some show of reason. Critics will usually confess, when candid, or when driven into a corner, that it is a matter not so much of principle, as of taste and the personal equation. A cynical Senator once put the case as follows: "I like to have the President interfere with Congress, when he interferes on my side. That is a proper discharge of his high Constitutional function. But when he steps in to help the other fellows, it is not only unconstitutional, but a damnable outrage."

The President has the undoubted right to "recommend" legislation. But recommend is a "bountiful word." It may be made to cover not only the initial urging of laws by message, but speeches and other public deliverances in their favor. For such recommending of legislative measures, the President has, by the nature of his office, peculiar fitness. He stands detached from the purely local interests and the personal squabbles which too often govern the action of members of Congress. He is the directly elect of the whole people, and has come to be looked upon as a court of appeal, above Congress, and less subject than it to being swayed by petty motives. He is also the leader of his party, and as such concerned in shaping its policy so as to command popular approval. Thus there has always been, and exists to-day, a powerful reason why the pronouncements of the President touching proposed legislation should have great weight. The country, in fact, looks to him to be an originating and guiding statesman as well as to execute faithfully the laws. And if we concede his right to recommend legislation, we cannot well deny his right to take an interest in what he has recommended, and to strive in every lawful and proper way to bring it to fruition. We cannot conceive of a serious President seriously urging upon Congress an important measure, and then dismissing it from his mind as something with which he has no further concern. It is only a question of the means he may honorably and safely employ to further his ends.

Between the recommending message and the inhibiting veto, given him by the Constitution, there lies a large area in which the Presidential power to secure needed laws may be exercised. Private consultations at the White House have been immemorially held. There can be no challenge of their propriety, unless improper things are done at them. A President may seek to persuade a Congressman; he ought to attempt neither to bully nor to bribe him. Whatever else the framers of the Constitution may have contemplated, they certainly did not expect the President to use the patronage of his office in order to bend a Senator to his will. Yet this, of course, has often been done. It has been done, too, from good motives and in great emergencies. We suppose that there is no doubt that Mr. Cleveland made appointments to office for the purpose of securing the repeal of the silver-purchase law. The silver champions openly charged him with buying the bill's way through Congress by the use of patronage. But men like Senator Allison were ready to defend this, and to assert that it was God's mercy to the country that Grover Cleveland was in the White House to force the repeal of the disastrous legislation. There, again, we see how the President's action is judged according to personal bias. We are all inclined to agree with the old deacon who said that he believed in special Providences—"when he wanted to." If a wicked enemy's barn was struck by lightning and burned up, the manifestation of divine justice was obvious; but if his own crops perished in a flood, it was not Providence, but Satan, who was visibly at work. Similarly, most Americans believe in the special intervention of the President—when they want to.

An unpleasant impression is undeniably created, however, when the President becomes unreservedly and openly a legislator. We have just had the unaccustomed spectacle of a law actually drafted under the President's eye, and by his aid, and introduced in the Senate hot from the White House. It is known as the "Taft amendment." Senator Aldrich asked, not for a general plan, or suggestion, but for a completed bill. There was method in this, if not malice. Aldrich wished to spare himself the responsibility for either introducing or passing the measure. With a frankness never before seen in Congress, he stated to the Senate—and only those on the spot can say if he did it with a sneer—"Here is the President's bill." It had been viséd in every phrase at the White House. Now, we think that, saying nothing of the contents of the bill, it was unwise and undesirable to have it laid before Congress in this fashion. Should it be defeated, the result would be a deep wound to the President's prestige. If it succeeds, it will establish a precedent which, in ambitious and unscrupulous hands, might work great harm, and which could not fail to plague even Mr. Taft, since the effect would be to make men run to him to draft bills on all other subjects. It would have been better to maintain the appearance of aloofness from the actual devising and redacting of legislation.

Having put his hand to the plough, it is clear that President Taft will not look back. His course, thus far, has had the effect of keeping the Republican organization in both houses under control, and himself in control of it. That power he is now bound to use in a way not only to hold his party true to its pledges, but to care for the unrepresented consumer. The Washington report is that he is determined to do this; and such definite assurances as those the New Jersey Senators give their constituents that hides will be made free in the conference, imply that the President's wishes are to be more nearly met by the conferrees than they have been by the Senate. Only by a final tariff bill which will reasonably square with his promises, can Mr. Taft justify his intervention to save Aldrich from defeat. Upon that Senator's gratitude, however, we should not advise the President to count too confidently.

DENYING AMERICAN CAPACITY.

If the American polo players should demand that the English concede them 3 goals in the international match; if the foreign professional golfers should be compelled to give our natives half a stroke a hole, in the open championship; if our tennis experts should go over to try again to bring back the Davis cup, on condition that each game should be started 15-love in their favor; if Harvard should race the University of Cambridge again, first stipu-

lating that the English boat should have only seven oars; if the Wright brothers should ask odds in aeroplanes, and American yachtsmen insist upon a ten minutes' start over their German competitors—what would be said? There would be shouts of protest against such a reflection upon our strength and skill, such an insult to our national pride. Americans are ready to meet and beat the world on equal terms—in everything except commerce and trade. There we confess ourselves weaklings, and admit that our rivals will drive us from the field unless we impose a tariff handicap upon them.

Perhaps the most pitiable and certainly the most striking acknowledgment of our own inferiority yet seen in the Senate debate was made the other day when the duty on picture post-cards was increased by some 325 per cent. The souvenir or view-cards thus to be taxed are purely those for America. Senator Smoot explained for the Finance Committee that the business of printing them had "grown to mammoth proportions," and that the Germans practically supply our market. Hence, "to save this business," alarmed Senators, who had beheld the awful spectacle of "views of public buildings in Washington printed on postal cards made in Germany," were asked, in their downward revision of the tariff, to increase the Dingley rates on these articles by more than 300 per cent. It was agreed to without demur or debate. Yet this denial of American ingenuity, enterprise, and business ability was really as humiliating as if Congress were to declare war on Germany, provided that the Germans would agree to fight only one ship to our three.

The case of the picture post-cards is peculiarly flagrant. First, the German manufacturers must make or buy the photographs covering views in all parts of this country. Then these must be carried back to Germany, there reproduced and printed, then shipped to this country, paying freight and duties, to find here that the Americans confess themselves beaten even with such a great handicap in their favor. Now, under the natural conditions of American energy, what would be the first instinct of our manufacturers of view-cards, in the face of a good business taken away from them right under their noses? Why, it would be to "hustle" after that trade. Technical methods would be improved, the whole business would be carefully studied in detail, organization perfected, economies effected, production and distribution cheapened. But the long years of drugging ourselves with the tariff have killed off that kind of spontaneous joy in responding to competition, and we now solely think to win by taking a stiffer dose of protection. It is as if a Marathon runner, falling behind, should begin taking whiskey and cocaine as a means of conquering the more speedy runners.

For our part, we do not see how any healthy-minded American, with a due share of pride in his nation, can look without shame upon these tariff confessions that we are hopelessly behind in the race. We boast that we have a land dowered with unrivalled natural resources; we glory in the ready inventiveness and pluck of our people; our talent for business we exalt to the skies. And yet no single question of international competition in manufacture or trade or ship-building can be raised, without calling forth horrified cries about our inability to stand the pace The thing has become so settled a habit with us that we do not always see how craven and disgraceful it is. It is based, too, upon a glaring falsehood. It is not true that Americans are such incompetents as our tariff-makers would have it appear. On occasion, we can go out into the markets of the world and hold our own. The State Department has just lodged a protest with the Cuban government, because Americans were not invited to compete with foreign manufacturers of arms and ammunition, in furnishing recent supplies. But the simple-minded Cubans might well reply that they never dreamed that Americans could compete with foreigners. Is not our tariff a standing advertisement of our national backwardness and incapacity?

We can merely allude to the bad domestic effect of our confession that the combat is too sore for us. Refusal to meet the conditions of world-competition tends to throw us further behind than we really are; to make us cling to antiquated machinery and obsolete mills; to prevent us from improving by entering into the struggle for existence which makes for improvement. President Eliot has somewhere singled out these disastrous mental as well as physical effects of shirking competition, as possibly the chief evil of the protective system. It certainly can never have had a more shameful, if petty, illustration than in this admission by the Senate that the Germans can beat us in making souvenir cards for Smoot's own Salt Lake City, unless we tax them more than 300 per cent.

EXECUTIVES AND STRIKES.

The settlement of the strike on the Pittsburgh trolley lines illustrates a task imposed of late years upon the executive departments of our governments, Federal, State, and local. One who is curious to study constitutions in the making may profitably consider the growth of this new duty, which, through public opinion at first and latterly by express statutes, has devolved upon our administrative departments. When the Federal Constitution was drafted, there was fear enough entertained of the possibility of sedition, riot, and rebellion. Shays's Rebellion had been a warning which was not lost upon the members of the Constitutional Convention. But in the early, not to say primitive, industrial situation, and in the absence of any considerable number of large cities, our present difficulties were not dreamed of. We have come to the pass where the emergence of a large industrial dispute, especially when it involves the safety or convenience of the dominant third party—the Public—brings an immediate pressure upon the authorities to act as mediators or arbitrators The successive steps by which this position was arrived at are suggestive.

When industrial disputes of wide extent first began—such as the Pittsburgh railway riots of 1877—most impartial observers held the opinion that executive intervention must be limited to the maintenance of public order. The dispute between employee and employer was regarded as *privati juris*. Not until overt acts of violence occurred was the strong arm of the state to interfere, and then only to repress violence.

Most people were inclined to assimilate the strife to the draft riots of the civil war, and to see nothing distinctive in the industrial situation in which these difficulties arose. Old-fashioned believers in the delimited sphere of the executive were sternly averse to any intervention upon the part of the civil government beyond the maintenance of

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the public peace. Pessimistic economists imagined that these difficulties were but a foretaste of what we must expect from an increasing population and a sharper struggle for the means of subsistence. The "Wealth of Nations" was used as a book of prophecy where Smith depicted how striking workmen "have always recourse to the loudest clamor, and sometimes to the most shocking violence and outrage," while their masters are "just as clamorous . . . and never cease to call aloud for the assistance of the civil magistrate." For example, Mr. Harrison, when President, repeatedly refused to be brought into industrial disputes. Even in the memorable Chicago railway strike of 1894, the use of Federal troops to suppress disorder was based upon the indisputable duty of the Executive to protect the mails and to keep the way open for the serving of the writs of Federal courts.

But, almost insensibly, the old order of thinking and acting in these matters has changed. We are no longer disposed to content ourselves with the reflection that offences must come, and to denounce woes upon their instigators. Official boards of arbitration, intervention, and mediation have been created by law. The United States Commissioner of Labor has been made a sort of official peacemaker for disputes involving interstate commerce, and has even intervened in difficulties like the recent strike on the Georgia Central, which was confined within the boundaries of a single State.

Three considerations have all combined to bring about this saner method of handling these disputes. First, the public has made it evident that its claims are, if not paramount, at least equal to those of the principal contestants. To such a degree has the public safety been exalted in this matter that in Pittsburgh, for example, power is given to the Mayor by law to seize and operate the trolley lines in case they cease to run and the rival disputants do not promptly come to terms. In an emergency he becomes a sort of industrial dictator. Moreover, the prestige which an impartial executive can command makes this a powerful club in his hands to enforce the counsels of "sweet reasonableness" upon the belligerents. The second consideration which has forced this new function upon the executive is the partisan consideration for "votes." In Philadelphia recently the hardships of enforced pedestrianism did not much weigh with the Republican machine. But the impending primaries loomed large on the horizon. Disgruntled employees and their numerous sympathizers might "smash" the slate. This made for prompt industrial peace. It was this consideration which gave the anthracite miners their vantage ground when the late Chief Executive was interested in corralling the votes of the multitude. A third cause which undoubtedly coöperates with the two first-mentioned is the realization on all hands of the wastefulness of interrupted industry. Pittsburgh's loss in a single day is estimated at two hundred thousand dollars. Nor does this include the thousand and one indirect items of inconvenience, personal injury, violence, and disorder.

Something of the same sort has been witnessed of late years abroad. Lord Rosebery, during his Premiership, was called upon to end a long-protracted strike through his personal arbitration, and the arbitrament was said to have been "floated through on champagne." The agencies making for this kind of industrial peace are as wholesome as they are inevitable. Constitutions are made for man, not man for constitutions. The blessings that attend on the peacemakers are enhanced, not diminished, when peace is made by this extra-legal prevention of industrial conflict, rather than through the belated disarmament of embittered foes.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS.

The rejection in the Senate last week of reciprocity arrangements with Canada in the matter of coal, is an instance of the alienating effects of our policy of protection. There is no estranging main between ourselves and our Northern neighbors, but the selfish greed of interests interposes between them and ourselves the equivalent of a sea of troubles. Similar in character was the retaliatory measure approved by the Senate aganst any country which imposes discriminatory duties on wood pulp exported to the United States. It requires neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet to see whom this provision is intended to menace.

American historians are tardily beginning to see that the Tories of the Revolution, however complacent they may have been towards Parliament's invasion of the colonists' rights, were not universally so contemptible a lot of poltroons as they appear in the popular opinion of the day. There were many intelligent and courageous men among them to whom the British connection seemed priceless, and who were wont to excuse the taxes imposed on the colonists on the ground that imperial defence demanded colonial contributions. Many of them left their homes and property and fled to Canada, embittered by their severe treatment in the colonies to the south. There thus existed a nucleus of United Empire loyalists in Canada whose harsh experience was a strong bar to political friendship with the States. The unsuccessful American invasion of Canada in the War of the Revolution, an invasion repeated in the War of 1812—where Canada at least was blameless of aggression upon our seamen—did much to consolidate the latent feeling of antipathy.

Two generations of peaceful commerce had rendered this feeling dormant when the conclusion of the Canadian Reciprocity treaty of 1854 seemed to promise fairer things. Unfortunately, the compact expired in 1866. The protected interests, owing to the high tariffs of the civil war, had had their first taste of blood, and at their insistence the treaty arrangements were terminated. How far it had made for international good feeling, however, was partly evidenced by the Canadian agitation for commercial union with the United States, or even for annexation, long after the present Dominion had been created. This, too, despite the Fenian flurry which had its breeding ground upon our own soil, though our government's hands were clean in that matter. There were, doubtless, unwise and premature movements made to effect a closer commercial or political union with Canada, which might profitably have been avoided. Color was given to the idea that transportation interests were selfishly concerned in the project. Moreover, the somewhat magisterial way in which Goldwin Smith issued his literary ukases on the subject was resented by many Canadians.

But with time and the intimate intercourse which a liberal interchange

of views and goods would certainly have produced, there was every reason to expect some sort of consolidation of the English speaking people of the northern continent. Yet this hope was frustrated, and the latent spark of Canadian nationality was fanned into a living blaze, mainly because of the unspeakably narrow selfishness of the protected interests in the United States.

How far this tendency toward national unity has progressed in Canada is hardly realized by this country. The old-time display of the stars and stripes along with the union jack is now confined to occasions when both nations are represented. The easy conscience with which the Canadian soldiery used to become the guests of American militiamen to the south of the border on the Fourth of July is, unfortunately, a thing of the past. Canada has accorded to British imports a preferential duty, and this, too, in the face of the British Parliament's refusal as yet to reciprocate in kind. The tide of public sentiment in Canada has been pretty completely turned away from closer relations with her southern neighbor. It flows strongly in favor of a united British Empire. Nor is the movement confined to sentiment. The Canadian militiamen served creditably alongside Tommy Atkins in South Africa. And now the example of Australia in promising a Dreadnought for the imperial navy is very likely to influence Canada in a similar direction.

It would be presuming too much upon their imagination, and assuming the existence of too sensitive a conscience on the part of the "standpatters," to suppose that they care a fiddlestick for the verdict that must be pronounced upon them at the Bar of History. But that they have induced their government to grasp at a shadow of wealth and to lose the substance of Continental unity, is all but indisputable. When it was proposed in Parliament to take away the powers of the British East India Company, John Stuart Mill made the Ministry look foolish by telling them that, while their predecessors had lost to the crown an empire in the West, the company's servants had added to the British dominion an empire in the East. A similar loss to our nation must be debited to the policy of exclusion we have followed and to the seifish greed and insularity of the McKinley and Dingley tariffs. The most far-reaching effect of the monstrous schedules on lumber and wood pulp will not be registered in the prices of these products. They will have converted the maple leaf into the national symbol of a proud rival Power.

THE DISADVANTAGE OF BEING FIRST.

This is the season when, in commencement halls and on the golf links, some men are carrying off the prizes, while others, the great majority, come in for consolation. But there is this difference between golf and the universities, that the man who is relegated to the second sixteen in a tournament knows himself an inferior player and is regarded as such, whereas in the colleges it has become almost a tradition that to be second-rate is to start out into the world with the very best prospects. The accepted belief among our gilded college youth that C is the gentleman's mark is more than a rule of caste; it is unconsciously subscribed to by many good people who feel that a student who gets his A's easily is as badly equipped for the serious business of life as if he were Shelley or Swinburne. What becomes of all the Highest Honor men and Senior Wranglers? Almost any one will tell you, and without thinking, that, as a rule, they are lost in the obscurity of some dusty professorial chair or pulpit; while railway presidencies and Senatorial togas are for the student who ranked fair either because he would not go higher or because he could not. We believe that even in writing the lives of great scientists and authors it is proper to begin by showing that as boys they preferred raising guinea pigs to studying arithmetic. This is what the commencement lecturer usually tells the graduating class; and properly so. After all, the world needs whatever encouragement it can get, and if a few men have the prizes, it is only fair that the others shall have the consolation.

Now, the handicap of being first is a little exaggerated. It is quite true that there is no disgrace in losing when one has done his best. But from this it is a long step to arguing that there is no particular glory in winning. If certain admirable qualities, such as concentration, the capacity for hard work, and persistence, will carry a man no further than tenth in his class, it does not follow by any means that the first nine places can be won only by men without concentration, persistence, or the capacity for hard work. The only just inference that runs against the honor man at college is that it is hard to be first in more things than one. If he has found the academic path easy, the presumption is that he will find it hard to excel in the social and diplomatic gifts that condition success in the outer world. But, after all, that is only a presumption. We take it for granted that the bookman often fails in life because he is a man of books, whereas most of the time he simply does not care for the kind of success by which we measure him. There are very few professorial positions that pay $100,000 a year, and there are still fewer clergymen and critics who command an income of half a million. What chance of fame or success is there, consequently, in the walks of life to which the honor man, as a rule, confines himself? It would be interesting to have a Federal statute compelling every Phi Beta Kappa man to go into the oil or the steel business. We should then be in a better position to judge whether collegiate distinction is a sign of incapacity.

But until such a law is passed we may admit that, judged simply by prominence and wealth, our honor man is not often so successful as the man who trailed him at college. Yet that is a condition which must change in the first man's favor as training and general culture enter more into our business, our social, and our political life. We may take the civil service as an example. So long as the spoils system ruled unchecked, it was inevitable that the henchman and the bribe-giver should fill the offices to the exclusion of better trained men who could not and would not compete with them in the muck of the political arena. With the development of the civil service, the opportunities for the bookman—under the appellation of "expert" he has grown quite popular of late—have widened. We are bold enough to foresee the time when a young man who has been excellent at his studies will find it easily possible to make a name for himself in the government service. So that the case as we see it is not one of the prizeman's unfitness for success, but for success un-

Burlington Public Library

der unfavorable conditions. While we had our enormous natural resources to fall back upon, any sort of rough and tumble business management would do; but the time for the trained man is surely coming. It has come to England, where college discipline has a value other than the social advantages it brings. Fine classical scholars have been known to attain high place in English life. It has come more emphatically still in Germany—this modern type of industrial progress which has found that efficiency is the fruit of training and that business victories are won in the schoolrooms.

Thus to insist upon the fact that proficiency at college means, if anything, a very moderate share of success in life is an indictment both of our public life and of our colleges. It is a poor sort of preparatory school whose best graduates are unfit for the work for which they are prepared. And it is a poor sort of social organization that can turn upon the young man who has taken its exhortations concerning wisdom and virtue to heart, and say to him, "Well, we don't think there is anything that you are very well fitted for, but we'll see."

FRENCH MEMOIRS AND HISTORIES.

PARIS, June 18.

The first volume of "La Franc-Maçonnerie en France des origines à 1815," by Gustave Bord, treats of those who wrought at the revolutionary idea from 1668 to 1771; it is a book of nearly 600 pages (10 francs, Nouvelle Librairie Nationale). This is a vital subject in the history of the transformation of the modern world. Freemasons are distinct from philosophers, to whom the agitation of minds leading up to the French Revolution is commonly ascribed, as a church is distinct from a religion. The great secret society, in which rationalist philosophy was organized as a militant political party, from its very secrecy and the mystic cover which it took for a disguise, presents difficulties without end to the historian who is free from passion in his investigations. This can hardly be said of the present work, which is openly hostile to the fundamental principle of revolution and Freemasonry alike. But its earnest and minute record of events and personalities not appearing in histories commonly known is immensely suggestive; and, in default of a completer and more impartial work, it is of great value for the understanding of so passionately controverted a period. It should be remembered that Professor Aulard, with all his vaunted documentary method, would scarcely prove less partial on the other side in the essentials of the history. It is to be desired that competent investigators should apply themselves to study how far Freemason lodges were responsible in England, and particularly in America, for the propagation of Rationalism in religion and revolutionary ideas of state authority and government.

In a volume of studies of Franco-Russian history and literature, Charles de Larivière publishes a first series on Catherine II and her pet philosopher, d'Alembert, on Buffon and Count Esterhazy, and on the youth of Nicholas I—"La France et la Russie au XVIIIe siècle" (H. Le Soudier). Robert de Crèvecœur re-edits with introduction and notes the first volume (Plon) of "Mémoires du Comte Dufort de Cheverny—l'Ancien Régime (1731-1787)." This comprises the period when De Cheverney held the important office of Introducteur des Ambassadeurs at the Court.

"Les Jacobins peints par eux-mêmes" (Lemerre) is a history of the Société Populaire et Montagnarde of the little city of Provins during the years of Terror, 1791 to 1795. It is compiled from the revolutionary society's own archives by Justin Bellanger, curator of the city museum and library. The genuine character of such documents concerning the progress of the Revolution outside of Paris cannot be overrated. "Madame du Barry" (Emile-Paul), by Charles Saint André, is a new documentary work concerning a victim of both the Old Régime, where she had been little less than a queen, and of the Jacobins, who cut off her head for its royalty. The competent Pierre de Nolhac authorizes the book with a preface; it presents a much more favorable account of its subject than has commonly been given, and throws many side lights on the decay of the old and on the bloody rise of the new order in France. The same publisher issues a book that helps to explain the mental and emotional attitudes of the society of the period of change—"Le Prestige de Jean-Jacques Rousseau"—reminiscences, documents, and anecdotes, written by Hippolyte Buffenoir.

Two books have new disclosures concerning decisive female personalities of the Revolution. "Madame Tallien" (l'Édition), by Louis Sonolet, gives a more authentic account of the extravagant career of this woman, whose life led from the old nobility into the prison of the Terror, and then into the arms of the man who had come to cut off her head, but lost his heart instead. Into this plebeian heart she instilled enough courage to overthrow Robespierre, which made her Notre Dame de Thermidor and one of the three queens of the extraordinary society which followed the Terror in Paris. She promptly turned her back on Tallien, who dropped into pathetic obscurity; and she died Princess de Chimay, long after the Bourbons had come back and France had had yet another revolution. She belonged rather to the cosmic than to the ethical order of things; and the instinct of self-preservation helped her to find means of relieving France at a critical moment from a tyranny greater than anarchy.

"L'Impératrice Joséphine" (Librairie Sportive), by K. Pichevin, tells once again the life of Madame Tallien's chief rival in the new society (Madame Récamier was the other). With great painstaking and documentary attempts at proof, the book is more charitable toward the early years of the Creole who became an Empress than most recent writers have been. The pathos of Josephine's later story has so permeated English, and particularly American, feeling that the book should be welcome. Joseph Turquan, an intelligent compiler, some of whose books have been translated into English, has for his new subject one whose fate in popular tradition is just the other way about from that of Josephine. The "last dauphine," whose early imprisonment in the Temple when her parents, Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, were taken off to the guillotine, touches all hearts, had her later years unknown or judged with harshness. "Madame, duchesse d'Angoulême" (Émile-Paul) may not succeed in revising this popular verdict, which was based on little real knowledge; but it will make the earnest reader agree that, if this heroine of so many tragedies could have borne an heir to the Bourbon line, he would have turned out very different from the most Christian and very unkingly Comte de Chambord, who was the actual heir. This latter was the serious son of that immensely frivolous mother, the Duchesse de Berry, the story of whose fall is told in a volume which has other historic interest—"Le dernier Effort de la Vendée (1832)," by the Vicomte A. de Courson (Émile-Paul). Preposterous and useless bravery shown in a cause of doubtful worth and disgusting treachery on the part of those who represented what has become our modern system, add light and shadow to a story which is heroic, but not reasonable.

The second volume of the Duchesse de Dino's "Chronique de 1831 à 1862" (Plon) covers the important years 1836 to 1840, under King Louis Philippe. This niece of Talleyrand (by marriage), and the inseparable companion and confidante of his later years in London and Paris, took notes by the way which all but compensate the disappointment felt at the publication of her uncle's non-committal memoirs. Her own personality is not submerged; quite the contrary; and literary historians will be glad to have her impressions of George

Sand and Balzac as they pass before her, studying her with their literary methods and all unaware that they were being instantaneously photographed by this Frenchified German princess who had experienced wider worlds than their own. The reader is irresistibly persuaded of the essential goodness and common sense of the duchess, quite contrary to the effect produced by the lively Countess de Boigne, whose memoirs are of the same years and often of the same persons.

"Claude Fauriel, membre de l'Institut (1772-1843)," by J. B. Galley, is the kindly story of a man who began public life as private secretary of Fouché at the head of the Imperial police, and ended by twenty years of accepted work in exotic and mediæval literature. His views have passed; his methods remain. More interesting at this day are his curious relations with the future Madame Mohl, who was a sort of English immigrant Madame Récamier, less beauty and plus ideas, in the change of France from restored Bourbons to half-revolutionary Louis Philippe. The book is an outlook on the intellectual, rather than the political world.

Napoleon III is entering into the period of documentary memoirs, although he is far from having issued finally from that of passion, declamatory invective, and guessing generalities. Théodore Duret, in "Les Napoléons" (Fasquelle), gives some new matter concerning both uncle and nephew from the point of view of a partisan adversary. "Mémoires inédits sur Napoléon III" (Nillson) begins with what is called the Chislehurst Memorial by Baron d'Ambès; the first volume, "Jeunesse et Conspiration," will follow shortly. These profess to be papers of a familiar of the Emperor from his youth, and to form the first complete history of Napoleon III yet published in France. The interest of such a publication cannot be doubted, particularly in the present uncertain Bonapartist revival; but the earnest reader will seek further confirmation. The book of Frédéric Loliée on the Emperor's half-brother, to whom more than all others he owed his Empire—"Auguste de Morny" (Émile-Paul)—gives more evidence of its origin "from family papers and secret archives at the ministry of the interior." It is written in the usual lively style of this author, and, in fact, aims chiefly at portraying the society of the Second Empire. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Two Rochester gentlemen, William H. Samson, editor of the *Post-Express*, and Dr. Wheelock Rider, both collectors of Americana, have entered the field as publishers by announcing a series of American tracts, to be known as the Rochester Reprints. They plan to issue photographic reproductions of the tracts issued by Eleazar Wheelock, telling of the progress of his Indian Charity School founded at Lebanon, Conn., but afterwards moved to Hanover, N. H., and named Dartmouth College. There are six of these, the first issued in 1763, the last 1775. Three others were published in England, these latter originating from the visit of Samson Occom, the Mohegan preacher, to England to collect funds for furthering Wheelock's school. No set, bibliographically complete, of these nine tracts is to be found in any one library. The first and second of these reprints are now ready. They are printed from zinc blocks on Strathmore Japan paper and bound in blue boards with side labels. One hundred and forty copies are issued, of which one hundred and twenty-five only are for sale. When the series is completed a general title, a biography of Wheelock, and an Index will be issued. The "Journal of a Missionary Tour in 1808 through the new settlements of northern New Hampshire and Vermont," by the Rev. Jacob Cram, has been printed by these gentlemen for the first time from the manuscript owned by Dr. Rider, who has written an introduction. Two hundred copies have been printed.

A New York collector has recently acquired two of the rarest and most interesting of the early books in English relating to the New World. Of the first of these, Cartier's "Shorte and briefe narration of the two Navigations and Discoveries to the Northweast parts called Newe France," 1580, only five other copies seem to be known, in the British Museum and Huth collections in England, and in the John Carter Brown and Lenox libraries and the Church collection here. The last-named, the Ives copy, is the only other, apparently, which has been upon the market during the last thirty years. This account, in English, was translated by John Florio from the Italian collection of Ramusio. The original French account of Cartier's first voyage was probably not printed at the time, but is known from a manuscript discovered in the Bibliothèque Nationale in 1867. An account of the second voyage, in French, was published in Paris in 1545 as "Brief recit, & succincte narration, de la navigation faicte es Isles de Canada, Hochelage & Saguenay & Autres," etc. Of this little book only a single copy is known, that in the British Museum.

The second of the two books referred to, almost equally rare, is the first of Richard Hakluyt's numerous publications, "Divers voyages touching the discoverie of America and the Ilands adjacent," 1582, with one of the two maps. Only three copies with both maps seem to be known, two in the British Museum and one (the Kalbfleisch-Lefferts copy) in the Church collection. The John Carter Brown copy lacks one of the maps and the Lenox copy has both in facsimile. Henry Stevens, who supplied such a large proportion of the Lenox books, tells how, in 1845, he sent his first consignment of books to Mr. Lenox. "By return of post every book was ordered except 'Hakluyt's Divers Voyages,' 1582, at ten guineas." Stevens further states, in that most charming of book-collecting books, "Recollections of Mr. James Lenox," that "this was his first great mistake in book collecting, which he mourned for many a day."

The "Divers Voyages" was entered in the Stationers Register, under the date of May 21, 1582. The record reads "Thomas Woodcocks, Licensed to him under the Bishop of London and bothe the Wardens Divers Voiages touchinge the discoue[r]y of America." The recently discovered copy of the book contains at the top of the title-page a Latin inscription to the effect that the book was purchased by Edmund Arndenell, a soldier, on the 22d of May, 1582.

Correspondence.

POE AND THE "SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER" IN 1837.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The year 1837 is one of the obscurest in all Poe's history. Prof. G. E. Woodberry, in his recent revised life of Poe, holds that "less is known of Poe at this period than at any other." Of the poet's movements and activities for this year only this is known: that he resigned as editor-in-chief of the *Southern Literary Messenger* in January, the formal announcement of his resignation being made under the date January 3; that he was, however, despite this announcement, discharging some of the functions of the editor on January 9 (compare the letter to Gen. A. B. Magruder recently brought to light by Professor Woodberry), and that he was still in Richmond on January 17 (see the letter of that date to T. W. White); that he was in New York city late in May and early in June (see the letter of Prof. Charles Anthon of date June 1, 1837); that he republished his tale "Mystification" in the June number of the *American Monthly Magazine;* that he contributed a lengthy review of Stephens's "Travels in Arabia Petræa" to the October number of the New York *Review;* and that he was living in New York in the latter part of the year at No. 113½ Carmine Street (see the reminiscences of William Gowans in the New York *Evening Mail* for December 10, 1870). There is also a tradition of long standing that Poe left Richmond in January, and proceeded at once—or by slow stages, as one biographer has it—to New York city, where he hoped to establish a connection with the New York *Review*, and that he remained in the city for the rest of the year. But beyond this nothing has been made known—and nothing conjectured, so far as I am aware—concerning Poe's career during this year. There is, however, in a collection of letters long treasured up in this city, a letter of Poe's which makes one or two additions to our scanty stock of information, and which has been kindly placed at my disposal for publication. This letter was written to Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, the editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*, and is now in the possession of Mrs. R. H. Connerly, a granddaughter of Mrs. Hale. It reads as follows:

Richmond,
Oct: 20, 1837.

Dear Madam,

I was somewhat astonished to-day at receiving a letter addressed to "W. G. Simms, Esqr., Editor of the S. L. Messenger," and hesitated about my right to open it, until I reflected that, in forwarding it to Mr. S., I should place him in a similar dilem-

ma. I thereupon broke the seal—but the address, even within, was "W. G. Simms." I could arrive, therefore, at no other conclusion than that, by some misapprehension, you have imagined Mr. S. to be actually editor of the Messenger, altho' I wrote you, but lately, in that capacity myself.

Of course, under the circumstances, it is difficult to reply to one portion of your letter—that touching the prose article desired. If, however, it was your wish that I should furnish it, I am grieved to say that it will be impossible for me to make a definite promise just now, as I am unfortunately overwhelmed with business, having been sadly thrown back by late illness. I regret this the more sincerely as I would be proud to find my name in any publication you edit, and as you have been so kind as to aid the *Messenger* so effectually in a similar manner yourself. To send you a crude or hastily written article would be injurious to me, and an insult to yourself—and I fear that I could, at present, do little more.

As Editor of the *Messenger* I can however say that it will afford me sincere pleasure to do you any service in my power. I shall look anxiously for the "Ladies' Wreath."

I am surprised and grieved to learn that your son (with whom I had a slight acquaintance at W. Point) should have been vexed about the autographs.* So mere nonsense it was hardly worth while to find fault with. Most assuredly as regards yourself, Madam, I had no intention of giving offence—in respect to the "Mirror" I am somewhat less scrupulous.

With the highest regard,
I am
Yr. obdt.
EDGAR A. POE.

Mrs. Sarah J. Hale.

This letter establishes at least two things: one, that Poe was back in Richmond in the autumn of 1837; the other, that he was again posing as editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. That he was again editor-in-chief of the *Messenger* is not to be believed, since Mr. White advertised himself as editor in each number of the *Messenger* for 1837 after February; besides, Poe himself asserts in an article on Judge Beverly Tucker in his "Autography" that he "retired from the *Messenger*" in January. The probable explanation of his statement to Mrs. Hale is that he was again holding the post of assistant editor, as had been the case in the summer and autumn of 1835. There is nothing in the contents of the *Messenger* of this period that either contradicts or proves this view, but the October and November numbers apparently lend some support to it. In the October number is a review of N. C. Brooks's "Scriptural Anthology" which may very well have come from Poe's pen—Brooks had befriended Poe, and Poe was in the habit of repaying debts of friendship in this manner. And in the November number there are several articles that were perhaps written by him: the notice of "The American Almanac for 1838," the brief comment on the "Eclipse of the Sun in 1838," the review of Miss Sedgwick's "Live and Let Live," and the article on the "Exploring Expedition to the South Seas." Poe had noticed the "American Almanac" for 1837 in the *Messenger* for October, 1836; he was interested in things astronomical; he was an extravagant admirer of Miss Sedgwick and had reviewed several of her books in the *Messenger*; and he had already contributed two articles to the *Messenger* on the South-Sea Expedition. There is nothing in the December *Messenger* that can be credited to Poe—which falls in very well with Mr. Gowans's testimony that the poet was making his home in New York at the end of the year.

At what time Poe returned to Richmond for his last editorial service on the *Messenger*, it is impossible as yet to say. The September *Messenger* contains nothing that can be assigned to him. The article entitled "Helen Defended," though it deals largely with verbal inaccuracies and improprieties, is nevertheless not in Poe's manner; and the review of "Pickwick Papers" not only takes an attitude to Dickens at variance with that habitually taken by Poe, but was emphatically disavowed by him in the article on Beverly Tucker referred to above. In the July and August issues there is, in like manner, nothing that bears the peculiar stamp of Poe's critical work, the only thing in these numbers that can with any likelihood be traced to him being, in my judgment, the flimsy review of Motherwell's poems in the issue for August. It is also impossible to say how long Poe remained in Richmond after his resignation as editor-in-chief in January. In the February and April numbers of the *Messenger* there are, to be sure, sundry articles not hitherto associated with Poe which were probably from his pen; among them the review of Mrs. Eliet's "Marco Visconti" and the notes "To Our Readers" in the February number, and the review of Bird's "Nick of the Woods," the notes "To Our Readers," and the brief "Critical Notices," in the April number. But in order to give these to Poe it is not necessary to assume that he was in Richmond and on the staff of the *Messenger* at the time they were published; for it will be remembered that the January number, in announcing Poe's resignation, also announced that Poe would continue to contribute to the *Messenger* from time to time. Still it may yet be shown that Poe did not leave Richmond until several weeks—possibly several months—later than has heretofore been generally held.

KILLIS CAMPBELL.

The University of Texas, Austin, June 20.

*The reference is to Mrs. Hale's (trumped-up) autograph letter in Poe's "Autography," *Southern Literary Messenger*, II, p. 603, August, 1836. Mention is there made of the *Mirror*.

REFORM IN SAN FRANCISCO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To one who knows at close range the heroic efforts in behalf of civic righteousness of the little band of prosecutors in San Francisco, and the incredible crimes committed in behalf of the defendants (including jury-fixing and dynamiting, for which some of the agents are in prison), it is disheartening to read such an editorial as appeared on this subject in your issue of June 3. Consider for one moment the results of the police raid on the United Railway Company's safes, which proceeding you deprecate—that there were found in the safes opened an aggregate of hundreds of copies of reports stolen from the district attorney's office. If the safe of a corporation official forms a more sacred asylum for stolen property against the search of proper officials, acting under due warrant, than does the trunk of a thievish servant girl, then the fundamental principle of equality before the law, upon which free government is based, falls to the ground. This epitomizes the issue really on trial in San Francisco.

The evidence shows your implications concerning Mr. Spreckels's motives to be unwarranted. Remember, that Mr. Heney placed Mr. Spreckels on the stand and "let down the bars," that is, allowed the defence utter and entire latitude in cross-examination without raising objections to any line of inquiry whatever, and that, under the most searching and severe questioning, nothing in any manner discreditable to him, or showing anything but proper and high motives, was developed. Here I write from personal knowledge, having been present in the court room during a large part of the cross-examination. That the prosecution did not originate in business rivalry, and that the charge against Patrick Calhoun is not due to malice or personal enmity are clearly proven by sworn testimony that the graft prosecution was planned in December, 1905, four months before the earthquake, and five months before the supervisors were bribed, the ordinance passed, the crime committed for the prosecution of which malice is now charged.

Mr. Spreckels testified directly and unequivocally that Mr. Heney has not received one dollar for his personal services, yet your editorial gives an entirely erroneous impression in this regard.

The detailed items making up the sum you mention were given in evidence as follows:

Francis J. Heney's Account.

Rent	$3,186.25
Office expense	1,522.02
Private exchange and operator	1,949.22
Telegrams	316.82
Postal and messenger expenses	280.26
Travelling expense	118.45
Office salaries	8,634.67
Office furniture	433.50
Auto and carriage hire	957.05
Stenographic and legal expenses	2,147.37
Detective expense	4,232.61
	$23,828.22

Said Gov. Folk, when he was out here a few weeks ago: "It has been the way of those who would discredit the prosecution of corruptionists everywhere, when they cannot attack the things that one does, they will always resort to the cowardly subterfuge of questioning the motives of one in doing those things. Not sincere? When you see a man upon the battlefield, risking his life in a fight against the public enemies, is it fair to ask if he is sincere? The mere fact that he is there demonstrates his sincerity." This is no child's play that these men are engaged in; murder has been attempted more than once against them.

When the whole struggle out here is seen in its proper significance it will be clear that no group of men has ever performed more patriotic and disinterested service for their country than has this small group led by Spreckels and Heney in the attack against that corruption of government by powerful predatory interests which uncombated can but result in the destruction of free institutions.

GUIDO H. MARX,
President Palo Alto League of Justice.

Stanford University, Cal., June 9.

"UNDESIRABLE CITIZENS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I do not know whether it has been noted that the Quakers were the first class of people to be stigmatized by ex-President Roosevelt as "undesirable citizens." The passage occurs on p. 37 of his "Life of Ben-

ton," published in 1886, and reads as follows:

A class of professional non-combatants is as hurtful to the real healthy growth of a nation as is a class of fire-eaters; for a weakness or folly is nationally as bad as a vice, or worse; and, in the long run, a Quaker may be quite as undesirable a citizen as is a duellist. F. H. H.

Lawrence, Kan., June 19.

SCHON ALLES DAGEWESEN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The truthfulness of the favorite quotation of Ben Akiba, the aged rabbi in Gutzkow's "Uriel Acosta,"

Und alles ist schon einmal dagewesen,

is beautifully illustrated in the *Scientific American* of May 9. The writer and many of the readers of an article in its columns on the phenomenon of seeing double will probably be surprised to learn that the explanation was old in the time of Lactantius, a Latin Christian Father who died in the early part of the fourth century.

I append a translation of section 9 of his "De Opificio Dei"—On the Work of God:

I may at this point reprehend the foolishness of those who attempt to prove the senses untruthworthy by assembling many instances of ocular illusion, among them the well-known fact that the mad and the drunken see everything double; as if, indeed, the cause of this error were at all obscure. For the reason why it occurs lies in this fact, that our eyes are *two*.

But *how* it happens, hear from me. What we see with our eyes rests at bottom upon the attention of the soul (*animus*). And the fact is, inasmuch as the mind (*mens*), as I have said before, looks through the eyes as through windows, that seeing double occurs not merely with the drunk and the insane, but with the sane and sober as well. For if you bring an object too near, it will appear double; because there must intervene a definite space before the lines of vision will converge into one point. Likewise, if you withdraw the soul, so to speak, in meditation, and relax the mind, then the line of vision of each eye is allowed to diverge again, and the eyes begin to have separate vision. If now you again become attentive and give conscious direction to your gaze, what seemed double merges into unity.

Why, then, is it to be wondered at if the mind, while weakened by the poison of strong wine, is unable to attend to its function of seeing, just as the feet fail to walk when the nerves are benumbed, or why is it thought strange if madness, fiercely attacking the brain, disunites the concord of the eyes? So true is what I say, that for the one-eyed, when they become either insane or drunk, it is absolutely impossible to see double.

How extensive is this unconscious plagiarism may be seen by comparing with the above the following from the modern explanation:

In order to see double, one must have two good eyes . . . and as there is nothing to prevent a one-eyed person from getting drunk, all drunkards do not necessarily see double. . . . When we wish to see distinctly, we automatically so adjust the eyes laterally, by converging them more or less, . . . that the image formed in each falls upon the sensitive point of the retina. If the object is too far off to enable us to get a distinct image thereof in either eye, we can do one of several things. We can bring it nearer, etc. . . . If we converge them (the eyes) so that the two images fall on the sensitive point of the corresponding retinas, we get in the brain a sharp image. If, however, from any cause, we are not able to move the eyeballs so as to have the image fall on the respective sensitive points of the retina, we see double. . . . This seeing double can be caused by temporary or permanent paralysis of either the inner or the outer lateral muscles of the eyeballs. For permanent paralysis there may be any one of several causes: for temporary paralysis, also, among these latter being the excessive use of alcohol or of tobacco, or of both together, or the effect of poison, as, for instance, lead. Under the influence of strong drink, the controlling muscles of the eye, like others of the body, are not under command; hence, some drunken subjects stammer in their speech, others stagger in their walk, and others see double.

Grant Showerman.

University of Wisconsin, June 19.

JOHN WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Dr. Eliot's library, on a five-foot shelf, would be well worth while, if only for calling attention to a little book, the wisdom and charm and helpfulness of which are known, perhaps, to a limited number. It is a book to live with. William Ellery Channing pronounced it "beyond comparison, the sweetest and purest autobiography in the language," and Charles Lamb forestalled Dr. Eliot by saying, "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart."

I came to know of Woolman's journal some eight years ago, and have been reading it ever since over and over, in part and as a whole, with a continually increasing appreciation and joy in it. With all its other excellencies, it strikes a distinctly modern note, and fits into our deepest thoughts and questionings of to-day. John Woolman had the keen sense for truth, the broad and tender sympathy with suffering human kind, and the sensitive social conscience of the highest type of twentieth century men and women. He was a forerunner of Tolstoy and of all who, by self-surrender, recognize the brotherhood of man as the method of harmony with the divine will.

Copies of early editions of Woolman's journal are rare, and I noticed one selling at $13 at a sale a few years ago. An edition was printed in Philadelphia in 1774, and another in New York in 1775. The Whittier edition was printed in Boston in 1871, by James R. Osgood & Co. It has a long biographical and critical introduction by the poet. The Macmillans issued a reprint of the journal in 1903, a very handy little volume.

But to England belongs the honor of embodying the legacy left by this fine and saintly spirit, in a manner worthy of its high value. The journal was issued in 1901 in an *édition de luxe* by the Essex House Press, under the supervision of Mr. C. R. Ashbee. The inscription placed at the end of the hand-printed and vellum-bound book reads:

Here ends the Journal of John Woolman, the best of Friends. To whom the Essex House Press would do honor by recording his work in a manner worthy of him. To this end the book has been printed on the guarantee of Mr. John W. Pease and other Friends, with a frontispiece by Reginald Savage, and under the care of C. R. Ashbee.

An edition of 250 copies was printed. A copy was sent me by an English friend, who, in reply to my appreciation of it, wrote:

Very glad you like J. W. in his new English coat, but I don't know what he would say. His scruples about wearing dyed cloth suggest that he might have come under an exercise on the question of bleached vellum.

It belongs on the five-foot shelf, both as literature and as a philosophy of life.

Emma Winner Rogers.

New Haven, Conn., June 22.

Notes.

Sidney Lee has completed his Oxford lectures, and they will be published by Henry Frowde in the autumn, under the title of "The French Renaissance in England."

W. Heffer & Sons will bring out, early in the autumn, an edition of Plato's "Symposium," by R. G. Bury. This is said to be the first annotated edition of the dialogue produced in England.

George Moore has long been at work on a new version of his "Sister Teresa." The rewritten edition of the book is now issued by T. Fisher Unwin of London.

John Lane Company now announces that the author of "King Alfred's Jewel," the poetic drama, is Mrs. Spencer Trask.

Houghton Mifflin Company is about ready to publish a book entitled "1872: Letters written by a Gentleman in Boston to his Friend in Paris, Describing the Great Fire." It is the work of Harold Murdock, an eye-witness of the event, who, in these letters, gives an account of the fire, together with the current gossip of the street.

Dr. C. A. Gibson of 3 Drumsbough Gardens, Edinburgh, is preparing a life of the late Sir William Tennant Gairdner, and requests the loan of letters and documents bearing on the subject.

A letter from Prof. Charles H. Judd of the University of Chicago desires us to announce that, through the kindness of Professor Lamprecht and Dr. Davies of the University of Leipzig, arrangements have been made for a special room for Americans who visit the celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of the founding of Leipzig University. This room is at Goldner Bär, Universität Strasse 11. Americans should register at this place, and they will there receive any information they need.

The Selden Society publications for the year 1909 will be delayed. The society had hoped to give two volumes to subscribers, one the second volume of the "Records of the Star Chamber," by I. S. Leadam, and the other a volume of the "Year Book of the Kentish Eyre of 6 Edward II," by L. W. Vernon Harcourt. The death of Mr. Harcourt before his text was in the printer's hands has suspended the latter publication, and his successor as editor has not yet been finally chosen. Private affairs of I. S. Leadam make the volume by him uncertain. Under these circumstances, the society hopes to give its subscribers for 1909 before the close of the year, Volume V of the "Year Books of Edward II," edited by J. G. Turner, and to publish the volumes originally intended for 1909 at some later period.

Volumes XXI and XXII of the New York Edition of Henry James contain "The Ambassadors," which appeared in the *North American Review* as late as 1903, and which therefore gives no opportunity to the au-

thor to retell a young story in his old style. As is his custom in this edition, Mr. James tells us in the preface now added how he first got the idea for his tale, what it meant to him, and how he worked it out. As for the essence of the book he finds this in Lambert Strether's irrepressible outbreak to little Bilham in Gloriani's garden over the danger of wasting life:

Live all you can; it's a mistake not to. It doesn't so much matter what you do in particular so long as you have your life. If you haven't had that, what *have* you had? I'm too old—too old at any rate for what I see. What one loses one loses; make no mistake about that. Still, we have the illusion of freedom; therefore don't, like me to-day, be without the memory of that illusion. I was either, at the right time, too stupid or too intelligent to have it, and now I'm a case of reaction against the mistake. Do what you like so long as you don't make it. For it *was* a mistake. Live, live!

We may take this occasion to commend once more the clear type and pleasant page of this edition, which is published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Two volumes of a sumptuous "Library of Southern Literature" (The Martin & Hoyt Co.), which is to stretch to fifteen, prove that America still leads the world in such publications. If any doubt remains on this point, President Eliot's forthcoming five feet of masterpieces will certainly settle it. These volumes from Dixie follow the model set by the late Mr. Warner's series, and follow it well. The critical and biographical introductions have been carefully prepared under the supervision of Prof. Charles W. Kent of the University of Virginia, and with the cooperation of a formidable array of college presidents, Congressmen, clergymen, and other distinguished people. It is true that some of the authors represented have been little heard of outside the States that claim them as citizens; but Mr. Griswold and Mr. Stedman shepherded many such sheep, and we shall not, like naughty boys, pelt with the stones of criticism flocks so piously tended. We may take the later volumes of the series as occasion for more general comment.

"Writing the Short Story," by J. Berg Esenwein (Hinds, Noble & Eldridge), is the most thoroughgoing and perhaps the most instructive treatise which has yet appeared upon this subject. Mr. Esenwein has the great advantage of being a magazine editor. He discusses his theme from the editorial point of view—in other words, he makes the final test of the excellence of a story its fitness for the market. His primary concern is plainly to expound practically the technique of a strictly "up-to-date" piece of work. At the same time he has based his principles upon an extensive induction, taking into consideration the practice of all the leading exponents of the form in several languages. Furthermore, he has utilized to good advantage the half-dozen books and half-hundred articles written by the pioneers in the theory of the art. If his book is the best, it is partly because it is the latest. But he has analyzed his subject and organized his ideas with unusual vigor and perspicuity. He has attacked the problems of the short-story teller, as W. T. Foster has recently attacked those of the debater, with a desire to be present at every moment of difficulty. Each chapter is followed by a summary and a substantial list of questions, which are really suggestive. There are full lists of materials for study, bibliographies, and an index. The book has all the features of a scholarly work. The emphasis placed upon novelties in phrase-making, plot, local color, titles, and narrative method suggests the peculiar strength and the peculiar weakness of this branch of the literary art. The elaborate formulation of the laws of the *genre* suggests that the period of spontaneous development is over.

Overtaken by a grievous malady, Arthur Symons may never write another line. The fact gives a pathetic significance to the re-issue of one of his most characteristic books of criticism, "Plays, Acting, and Music" (Dutton). Though somewhat revised, it is in the main, as before, the salvage of his journalism. But Symons carried journalism into the realm of art. His usefulness rested largely upon a combination, more French than English, of extreme sensitiveness with regular literary habits. An amateur of moods, a restless evoker of phrases to contain them, he kept them, after all, under a kind of discipline. A subtle analyst of the various impressions of beauty, his style was forthright. He required merely an attentive reader when his argument was most difficult. Being a symbolist poet, it was natural that he should work eagerly towards transpositions of the effects of other arts into the medium of his own, prose and poetry. He had fairly invented a method, something between description and suggestion, by which brief words may convey the feeling of music played by a particular artist, or the flavor of some particular evening when Irving, Bernhardt, or Duse acted magnificently. Possibly the most vivid memorials of these moments, for posterity, will be these terse paragraphs of Symons's. His specialty was in a fashion the ultramodern, to which movement as a poet he belonged, but he was never merely the eulogist of the art of the nerves. Indeed, he is often its most remorseless critic. In the present volume he is just to the acting of Irving and to that of the Sicilian players—in both cases alive to the limitations of the opposed *genres*. He can be enthusiastic about Maeterlinck without denigrating Ibsen. His idol Duse does not blind him to the admirable qualities of Julia Marlowe. Exploring Richard Strauss, he does not forget Bach and Beethoven. Pachmann moves him deeply, and so does Ysaye. Here is something more than the indifferentism of the hardened journalist. Symons retained his zest. Every contact with art was a great adventure. And he was at once so faithful to the thing in hand, and so mindful of that whole which we call art, that he is justified in calling a volume apparently composed of rather insubstantial scraps "a book of theory." His present disability will be a grief to all who have hoped for a criticism commanding the advantages of impression while retaining a rationalistic basis.

It is a question whether Prof. F. N. Thorpe's book, "The Statesmanship of Andrew Jackson" (The Tandy-Thomas Co.), has by itself a sufficient *raison d'être;* it belongs, however, to a series intended to exhibit the principles of American statesmanship in the writings of American statesmen, and in such a series we suppose Jackson could not be omitted. Jackson's state papers, which make up all but a very small part of the volume, are readily accessible in Richardson's "Messages and Papers of the Presidents"; and the question might also be raised whether they ought, in a series like this, to be credited to Jackson or to the other statesmen—Livingston, Taney, and the rest—who actually wrote them. Jackson's authorship of the seven letters on Nullification which Professor Thorpe gives will not, of course, be questioned. Grammar and spelling leave no doubt of it. But these, though interesting, are hardly enough to justify another bulky Jackson book. We are not sure, by the way, whether or not Professor Thorpe means to be taken seriously when he says, in his brief introduction, that Jackson's spelling "was but a premature use of the reformed spelling." In the "Biographical Outline" Jackson is said to have been born in South Carolina, and there is no allusion to North Carolina's claim, which Parton favored.

We have received from the Macmillan Company two large volumes, I and II, of the "Statistical and Chronological History of the United States Navy, 1775 to 1907," by Robert Wilden Neeser, Fellow of Yale College. The whole is to consist of five parts, and is to constitute a comprehensive reference work of our naval history. A most elaborate bibliography engrosses the first volume before us. The second contains Part i, "Administration of the Navy Department and Events and Dates of Reference in United States Naval History"; Part ii, "Engagements, Expeditions, and Captures of Vessels of War," and Part iii, "Captures of Merchantmen." To this is to be added Part iv, a "Complete Record of Every Vessel's Service and Fate," and Part v, "The American Privateers, 1772-1862, the State Navies, 1775-1783, and the Confederate States Navy, 1861-1865." These last two parts will not be finished for some time to come. The author states that "the researches necessary for their completion will cover a number of years, and it would not, therefore, be wise to make any promises." As a work of reference the two books now before us are indispensable to every library and newspaper office and for any student who has hereafter to deal with naval questions. It is evident that effort has been made to render the record accurate in every detail. There is no attempt at a narrative, but simply a brief record of each happening. Mr. Neeser's method and painstaking accuracy may be seen from the following sample record of a prize capture in 1863:

Date—1863, April 20. *Position*—Bull's Bay, S. C. *U. S. Vessel of War*—Lodona. *Class*—S. Str. *Guns*—7. *Commander*—Act. Lt. E. R. Calhoun. *Prize Vessel*—Minnie. *Class*—Schr. *Nationality*—British. *Cargo*—Salt. *Where from*—Nassau. *Bound to*—Baltimore. *Sent to*—Philadelphia. *Remarks*—Condemned.

Copious references to the sources, both original manuscript and printed, follow. In giving accurate and complete information as to the history of the navy, together with a full analysis of the sources consulted, Mr. Neeser has undoubtedly been successful in filling a great need.

L. H. Greenwood's edition of Aristotle's "Nicomachean Ethics, Book Six" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is the best analysis and exposition of that difficult treatise with which we are acquainted. No commentary can make easy reading of Aristotle's discussion

of the "intellectual" virtues, because it involves in the highest degree that interpenetration of ultimate and still unsettled philosophical problems with questions of mere Aristotelian philology or Greek usage which makes many of Aristotle's writings so much harder than they seem. It is impossible for ethical theory to reunite the intellect and the will when we have once allowed psychological analysis to divide them. Ideally "good" conduct depends on (1) the intellectual apprehension and volition of a good end, and (2) the intellectual apprehension of the means. Adopting φρόνησις as the best available Greek word for intelligence in relation to conduct (as opposed to σοφία theoretic wisdom), Aristotle merely evades the problem by saying that the right end is not revealed except to the man whose will is good, and that where the end is not good we will call intelligence with reference to means either δεινότης cleverness, or πανουργία knavery. This is excellent Platonic rhetoric but no solution. Since, then, final philosophic consistency is not to be expected, we need not with Mr. Greenwood stumble over the passage 1142 b 35, in which φρόνησις is spoken of as the right apprehension of the end and not merely of the means. Φρόνησις is moralized intelligence of the relation of the means to the end. But it cannot be moralized unless the end is right. To go over the whole ground in this way with Mr. Greenwood exceeds our scope. It is enough to say that his translation is accurate, his notes evade no difficulties, his Introduction successfully refutes the arguments for the Eudemian authorship of the book, and his two essays on dialectic method and formal accuracy in the sixth book are full of suggestion and instruction for the student of Aristotle.

The Old Persian inscriptions of the Achæmenian King, Darius Hystaspes, on the cliff of Behistun, by all odds the most important early epigraphical records of the Indo-Germanic race, have twice been carefully examined within the last few years, by Prof. A. V. Williams Jackson of Columbia University in 1903, and by L. W. King and R. C. Thompson of the British Museum in 1904. The work of these scholars has gone far toward elucidating many problematical readings recorded by Major Rawlinson in his great edition of the Old Persian inscriptions, published in 1846-47; and while it is by no means impossible that some fragments may yet be found of the copies of the inscription which Darius expressly declares that he sent "into all lands" (one of eight lines has, in fact, been discovered by Koldewey at Babylon), we are already in a position to regard the text of the Achæmenian records as approximately fixed. In view of all this, Prof. Herbert C. Tolman of Vanderbilt University, the leading American authority on Old Persian, has issued, in his "Ancient Persian Lexicon and Texts" (American Book Co.), what must be regarded for many years to come as the best edition thus far made, not only of the Behistun texts, but of the entire body of Old Persian inscriptions. The volume is adapted equally to the most advanced specialist in Old Persian and to the beginner. The text is admirably printed, every reading which the original cuneiform script renders obscure (as *vazarka*, "great," instead of the more common reading *vazraka*) is fully justified either in the footnotes or in the vocabulary, and the translation is most faithful. The *cruces* in the text are treated with the utmost care, and the few *lacunæ* which can reasonably be supplied are filled with plausible conjectures. The lexicon is equally admirable. Every form of each word is given, together with copious etymological equivalents, not only in Avesta, Sanskrit, etc., but also in such modern languages as Afghan, Baluchi, and the Persian dialects. The author is in complete control of the literature of his subject, to which he gives full references; and it is especially gratifying to note that he has directed particular attention to the lexicographical light thrown upon the Old Persian vocabulary by the marvellous manuscript discoveries of the Grünwedel-Le Coq expedition to Chinese Turkestan.

A book of great value, for all students of Zoroastrianism and of Oriental religions in general has been prepared by Ervad Maneckji Nusservanji Dhalla in his "Nyaishes or Zoroastrian Litanies" (Columbia University Indo-Iranian Series, Vol. VI). This comprises the transcribed Avesta text with the native translations in Pahlavi, Sanskrit, Persian, and Gujarati, and an English version of both the Avesta and its Oriental renderings. Particular interest attaches to the Pahlavi commentary (of which Dr. Dhalla had eighteen manuscripts at his disposal) and to the Persian version, both of which are here satisfactorily edited for the first time. The variant readings of the Pahlavi manuscripts are fully given, and all passages in the English version which require elucidation receive attention in a separate appendix of notes. Dr. Dhalla announces a similar volume on the Yashts for the same series, and, it is to be hoped, will ultimately edit in like fashion the Visparad, Gahs, and Afringans. A work which would thus parallel the Pahlavi text of the Vendidad and the edition of the Gathas by Professor Mills of Oxford would be invaluable to all interested in the religious thought of ancient Persia.

Vol. XXXVI, part i (pp. 162), of the *Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan*, contains five papers of notable value. Dr. Timothy Richards, surveying Chinese history, treats of the problem of life in New China. He believes there is hope for the Chinese if they recognize that the fundamental principles found in Confucianism and Buddhism are in perfect accord with the principles of Christianity. Dazai Jun's essay on "Adoption and Marriage" opens a great window into Japanese social life. Professor Kato reveals the primitive monotheism of Japan in treating of the ancient Shinto God Deity-Master-of-the-August-Centre-of-Heaven, one of the triad in which are the Lofty-Producer and the Divine-Producer. While the two latter have always been very popular and their shrines numerous, no authentic shrine was ever dedicated to the Supreme Deity. The chief article is upon the "Life and Teaching of Nakae Toju," born in 1608, the expounder of the philosophy in which the makers of the New Japan were trained. Confucianism, as recast by Shushi in China in the twelfth century, was fixed as the orthodoxy of Japan by the Yedo shoguns for political ends, to traverse or attack which might mean imprisonment or death. The newer philosophy of Oyomei (1472-1528), as expounded by the Japanese independent thinker, the contemporary of Sir Thomas More, Tyndale, and Descartes, saved Japan from the deadening clutch of a single school. While Shushiism stood for arbitrary power, Oyomeism asserted the rights of the people, even to revolt against a bad ruler, and so trained the spirits who overthrew the shogun and feudalism. The chief categories in both schools were the same, but Oyomei made ethics, not philosophy, the central interest, and in practice identified thought and action.

A most entertaining and in many respects quite remarkable book is Gräfin Elizabeth von Montgelas's "Von meiner Löwin und anderen Lieblingen," just published by the Graphische Kunstanstalt, in Munich. The authoress is a warm friend of horses, dogs, and cats, as well as apes, leopards, and other fierce beasts, which she shows great tact in taming and domesticating. Wild and vicious horses, which had been abandoned as intractable, she has often succeeded in breaking and wholly subjecting to her will. Especially interesting is the account of her experience with a lioness, which she bought, when it was three months old, from a collection of animals in Nuremberg. On her way home with her purchase she was obliged to wait an hour or more for the train in Munich, where she let the young lioness run about in the station and amuse the people by its pranks. A policeman deemed it his duty to investigate the unusual exhibition, and asked her what kind of an animal that was. She replied that it was a "Nublan cat," knowing that she would probably get into trouble if she said that it was a lioness. This information seemed to be satisfactory, since a cat of any kind could not be a source of public danger. At home her pet enjoyed the same freedom as a cat or dog, but was far more expensive to keep, since it consumed ten or fifteen pounds of meat every day. It disliked the sound of the piano, and tried to push her aside with its head and to seize her hands with its paws when she was playing, but desisted when she boxed its ears. She never permitted it to have its will in opposition to her own, but always asserted her supremacy. She speaks of it as very vain, but adds that this characteristic is quite natural, if we take into account its beauty and its sex. The volume is rendered additionally attractive by numerous illustrations. The proceeds of the sale will be devoted to the proposed establishment of a zoological garden in Munich, a project in which the Countess takes a lively interest.

Sarah Orne Jewett died June 24, at her home at South Berwick, Me., after an illness of many months. She was born in 1849 in the house where she died, a pretty colonial building erected more than 150 years ago. Her father, Dr. Theodore H. Jewett, for many years a physician of wide reputation and practice, possessed historical and antiquarian tastes. Owing to Miss Jewett's delicate health most of her education was received at home under the supervision of her father, and a glimpse of their happy companionship is given in "A Country Doctor." Her first story for the *Atlantic Monthly* was accepted before she was twenty. "Deephaven" was her first success, and since then she has published a long list of books, including "Play Days,"

"Old Friends and New," "Country Byways," "The Mate of the Daylight," "A Marsh Island," "Strangers and Wayfarers," "The Story of the Normans," written for the Story of Nations Series; "A Native of Winby and Other Tales," "Betty Leicester's English Christmas," "The Queen's Twin," and "The Tory Lover" (1901).

From Paris comes the report of the death of Claude Motteroz, at the age of seventy-eight. He was known as the editor of *L'Imprimerie*, and as a printer of many handsome books for the Maison Quantin, and afterwards for the Librairies-Réunies.

Prof. Ernst von Halle, the well-known writer on political and naval topics, has died in Berlin at the age of forty-one. In 1895 he published in English "Trusts in the United States" and in 1908 "Rise and Tendencies of German Transatlantic Enterprise." Among his German works are "Reisebriefe aus Westindien und Venezuela," "Die Seeinteressen Deutschlands," "Volks- und Seewirtschaft," 'Die Schiffsbauindustrie in Deutschland," "Handelsmarine und Kriegsmarine," "Einfluss der Seemacht an die deutsche Geschichte," and "Weltproduktion und Welthandel."

THE JACOBEAN BOCCACCIO.

The Decameron. Preserved to Posterity by Giovanni Boccaccio and Translated into English Anno 1620; with an Introduction by Edward Hutton. 4 Vols. [The Tudor Translations, edited by W. E. Henley: Vols. XLI-XLIV.] London: David Nutt.

The first English translation of the Decameron was published, anonymously, in 1620, in two parts, each in one volume. By 1625 Part One seems to have been out of print, while copies of Part Two were still on hand. Part One was then reprinted and sold together with the remaining copies of the original issue of Part Two. Some sets are therefore dated in this apparently anomalous fashion: Volume and Part One, 1625; Volume and Part Two, 1620. From the note at Vol. I, p. cxxvii of the present edition, it appears that one of these sets has been chosen as the basis of this reprint.

The choice is to be regretted, not only because of the greater value of a consistent reprint of any one edition—an *editio princeps* at that—but for another reason as well. The title-page of Part One, as here reprinted (p. 1), reads: "The Modell of Wit, Mirth, Eloquence and Conversation. Framed in ten dayes, of an hundred curious pieces, by seven honourable Ladies, and three noble Gentlemen. Preserved to posterity by the renowned John Boccaccio, the first refiner of Italian prose, and now translated into English. 1625." In order to place the name "Decameron" in the title of the reprint, Mr. Hutton was obliged to substitute the hybrid if not actually misleading title which heads this review. Now, the *editio princeps* offered a perfectly clear and unaffected title-page: "The Decameron. Containing an hundred pleasant Nouels. Wittily discoursed betweene seauen honourable Ladies, and three noble Gentlemen. In two Parts. 1620." Of any reason for choosing the 1625-1620 set Mr. Hutton says nothing.

Nor does he explain a matter still more essential—the relation of this book to the original Decameron. Let not the unwary reader suppose that here he has Boccaccio before him, even in an inaccurate version. It is a far cry indeed from the real Boccaccio to this affected, moralized, and emasculated Jacobean translation—utterly void of joy, deficient in pathos as in humor, and quite degenerate from the Elizabethan splendor of style. What has happened to the Decameron?

The earliest list of prohibited books to condemn the Decameron is believed to be that known as the Index of Paul IV, issued by the Roman Inquisition in 1559. Its entry hints at a possible expurgation:

> Boccatii Decades seu novellae centum, quae hactenus eum intolerabilibus erroribus impressae sunt, et quae in posterum cum eisdem erroribus imprimentur.

The suggestion was effectuated by the Council of Trent, which in 1564 placed on its Index Librorum Prohibitorum

> Boccacij Decades, seu novellæ centum, quandiu expurgatæ ab ijs, quibus patres rem commiserunt, non prodierint.

Accordingly, in 1573 there was published at Florence (Giunti) a version "ricorretto et emendato," that is, expurgated as ordered by the Council, and as approved by Popes Pius V and Gregory XIII. Upon this text and the Mannelli MS. the Cavaliere Lionardo Salviati based his famous version—Venice, 1582 (Giunti)—which professes to differ from that of 1573 only in verbal changes specified at the end, but which in fact here and there changes the *novelle* themselves. The editor, like the Florentine *Deputati* of 1573, professes to offer a text "alla sua vera lezione ridotto"; and as the reward of his conformity receives a gorgeous array of *privilegii*. Nevertheless, in 1588 (and again in 1590) at Venice (Zoppini Fratelli & Onofrio Farri) there was published an independent version "Di nuovo riformato"—that is, with mutilations differing from those of other texts—by Luigi Groto, a blind man of Adria, with the license of the Venetian Inquisition. Probably there were other versions of the same kind. Their common characteristic is that in general they leave Boccaccio's licentiousness without essential change, but so modify his *dramatis personae* that the church shall not be scandalized. Thus the offensive stories are told no longer of abbots, friars, monks, nuns or other ecclesiastical persons, but of lay folk—students, judges, princesses in retirement, and the like. In Salviati, the Angel Gabriel becomes Cupid (IV, 2); Fortune, that pagan concept, is dropped from the story of Rinaldo d'Este (II, 2); Masetto da Lamporecchio is a Hebrew youth, who tends the garden of a seraglio near Alexandria, belonging to the Soldan of Babylon (III, 1); and the tale of Alibech and Rustico (III, 10) is turned into mere nonsense.

The English translation of 1620, as Koeppel has pointed out, is based upon Salviati. Of this fact, the exact correspondence in nomenclature and treatment of such stories as II, 7; III, 1; and IV, 2, in both versions, leaves no doubt. The English translator's frequent though inconsistent use of French forms for Italian names suggests that he had before him, together with Salviati, a French text—perhaps the old translation by Laurens de Premierfaict, which was reprinted as late as 1541, or the newer translation by Antoine le Maçon (first ed. 1545, often reprinted). That he did not *translate* from Le Maçon is certain. Le Maçon follows the real Decameron faithfully.

Beginning, then, with a mutilated text of Boccaccio, the English translator proceeded to take further liberties. First he restored, in many places, the ecclesiastical personages of the real Decameron: *e. g.*, though he retained Salviati's "God Cupid" instead of Boccaccio's Angel Gabriel, he restored *Friar* Albert instead of Salviati's marriage-broker (IV, 2); and permitted the errant daughter of the King of England (II, 3) to reappear disguised as an "Abbot," not as Salviati's *Cavaliere*. Naturally, in Protestant England the translator had little interest in saving the Church of Rome from scandal—rather the contrary.

On the other hand, Protestant England was rapidly becoming Puritan England; at least, a considerable portion of its reading public would not buy Boccaccio unexpurgated. More important still, the translation had to be licensed. In 1587 the Archbishop of Canterbury had authorized the printing of the Decameron in Italian; but as no copies of this edition have been found, nobody knows whether the text was mutilated or unmutilated, or whether it was ever printed at all. In any case, times had changed. Under date of "22° Martij, 1619" (N. S. 1620), the Stationers' Register contains the following entry:

> Master *William Jaggard*, recalled by my lord of Canterburyes comand. Entered for his copie vnder the handes of Master TAUERNOR and Master Swinhowe, warden. A booke called *The Decameron of* Master JOHN BOCCACE *Florentine. . . . vjd.*

"So this edition of Boccaccio," is Prof. Arber's comment, "was licensed by the Bishop of London through his secretary, and that license afterwards

revoked by the Primate." The years 1619 and 1620 (both O. S. and N. S.) show no further entry of the Decameron. Was the book printed and issued between the time of the license and that of the revocation, and then suffered to remain unsuppressed as having been published innocently? Or did it undergo further changes, and receive a second authorization, not entered in the Register? Certainly the changes which have left it in its present form were radical—genuine expurgations as we now understand the term. Rinaldo d'Este marries the widow (II, 2); Ricciardo Minutolo repents, while "Catulla" dies in despair (III, 6); Alibech and Rustico (III, 10) vanish altogether, and in their place appears the tedious edifying tale of "Serictha" (Syritha), Princess of Denmark, taken, via Belleforest, from Saxo Grammaticus. Moreover, each tale is provided with a moralizing caption, *e. g.* (IV, 2): "The Second Novell. Reprehending the lewd lives of dissembling hypocrites; and checking the arrogant pride of vaine-headed women."

Finally, the translator injected into the style his own preciosity and bathos. Of his version as a monument of English prose let one specimen suffice—taken almost at random, from that pathetic story of Isabella (IV, 5) which Keats immortalized. Would he have been inspired by this?

> At these harsh words, Isabella fell into abundance of teares, where-among she mingled many sighes and groanes, such as were able to overthrow a farre stronger constitution.

The old immortal pages, indeed!

Concerning all this—the *provenance*, the bibliographical and literary history, and the style, of the translation which he professes to introduce—Mr. Hutton says (p. cxxiv): "In 1620 the first practically complete edition appeared, *translated inaccurately, but very splendidly, apparently from the French version of Antoine le Macon (sic)*." This, and nothing more. It would be difficult to frame another assertion which, so meagre, should yet be so misleading and inaccurate. There is no excuse for the attribution to "le Macon"; for Mr. Hutton had before him Koeppel's valuable article (*Quellen und Forschungen*, Vol. LXX), which shows that Salviati was the source.

Assuming that the reader of the present translation has no desire to know what it really is, or how it came to be so, Mr. Hutton makes the further assumption that the reader *is* interested in the *chronique scandaleuse* of Boccaccio's birth, of Fiammetta's birth, and of their amour. To gossip of this sort he devotes rather more than the first half of the Introduction. True, these circumstances (p. lvii) "decided the rest of [Boccaccio's] life, and are in many ways by far the most important in his whole career." But that life and that career, set forth at such disproportionate length, vanish, as Mr. Hutton himself repeatedly assures us (pp. x, c-ci), in the complete impersonality and objectivity of the Decameron. It is not clear why he should give so much valuable space to matter, often controversial, about a life which leaves no trace upon the book in hand.

Next in bulk to the biographical matter comes the detailed comment upon Boccaccio's works other than the Decameron—a comment of doubtful relevancy, as Mr. Hutton perceives in the case of the "Ninfale Fiesolano" (p. lxxxii): "The story—but what does the story matter here?" etc. What does it matter, indeed, in introducing a translation of the Decameron? Almost everywhere, Mr. Hutton falls between these two stools, now neglecting to give his readers information they need and look for, now offering them information which, interesting as it may be, is far from the purpose.

When Mr. Hutton at last (p. c) reaches the Decameron, his criticism once more defeats expectation. "The greatest story-teller in the world! Does that seem a hard saying?" Such an opening leads us to expect—what, indeed, were greatly to be desired—a study of just wherein consists the excellence of Boccaccio's narrative art. Probably nothing else would so swiftly and effectually have illuminated this subject as a brief comparison of almost any one of the more highly developed *novelle* with its sources. The story of "Tito and Gisippo" (X, 8), for instance, is founded upon an excessively bald and jejune tale from the "Disciplina Clericalis" of Pedro Alfunsi (after 1106) and upon an excessively diffuse Old French poem, "Athis et Prophilias" (about 1200). Boccaccio, with artistic purpose, expands the first and contracts the second; chooses from the second his opening and from the first his close; and largely adopts from the second—here an excellent model—the distribution of his material into stages and scenes, the location of the events in Athens and Rome, and the use of dialogue, soliloquy, introspection, and pathos. Even Boccaccio's mistake—the placing of a long rhetorical harangue in the mouth of his Roman hero—has its own significance. It is in such crucial choices that the literary craftsman can be seen at his work: here—in his infusion of life and human character into this mere ὕλη of mediæval story—here Boccaccio's "humanism" is indeed made manifest; both his "interest in whatever has interested mankind," in the continuance of the great humane tradition, and his skill in remoulding it to the ends of art. But instead of this or any other solid literary study, what Mr. Hutton offers by way of criticism of the Decameron is, first, a lengthy quotation from the Prologue, describing the circumstances and the scene wherein the stories were told—the very same matter that we are soon to read in the reprint itself; then, apropos of the scene, a discussion, partly controversial again, of whether Poggio Gherardo and the Villa Palmieri are really the places Boccaccio intended; and, more generally, such sophomoric *obiter dicta* as the following (p. xi):

> The most human writer that the Renaissance produced in Italy, [Boccaccio] might seem in humanism to have had but two rivals in the awakening world, Chaucer and Shakespeare, who as it happens were the one a lesser and the other a far greater man than he.

This frothy superficiality is the more disappointing because now and again Mr. Hutton has a really keen *aperçu*: "[The Decameron] deals with man as life does, never taking him very seriously, or without a certain indifference, a certain irony and laughter" (p. cxv). The comparison of Chaucer with Boccaccio (p. cvi-cviii), concluding that the one excels in the characterization of his narrators, the other in the plot and the setting of his narrative, is sound criticism. The account of Boccaccio's relations with Petrarch shows genuine insight into one of the "varieties of religious experience," that anomalous outgrowth—so frequent in the Renaissance and so difficult for the non-Latin to understand—of mysticism from sensuality.

The causes which explain the late appearance of this translation also explain in part its failure to influence English literature. Puritanism was come, and "it was never merrie England since." But there were other causes. The Italian *novella* had had a magnificent, a double, "fortune" in England. It had inspired similar English *novelle*, and then it had found upon the Elizabethan stage the form most completely expressive of that single dramatic situation wherein the essence of the *novella* consists. Now its day was passing. The Elizabethan drama was in its decline; and fiction was turning to the more elaborate, expansive, and structural forms of the romance, from which it was acquiring that *longue haleine* which is the condition precedent to the novel. As Rohde has suggested, the relation of the *novella* to the heroic romance of the seventeenth century—and, we may add, to the modern novel—is much the same as the relation of the Milesian tales to the "Æthiopica." In neither case does the greater form build itself up out of the lesser; the difference is a difference in kind. The *novella*, despite its recurrent vogue at the Restoration, never again inspired in England any great form of literature. The translation of 1620, then, came *post festum*, and made no particular impression upon English writers. So that the present reprint, unlike the reprints of Hoby's

Castiglione, Fenton's Bandello, Underdowne's Heliodorus, Silvester's Du Bartas, and others of the Tudor Translations, is scarcely more than a literary curiosity.

The proofreading of the Introduction leaves much to be desired. It would be charitable to attribute the following to the printer: "Fiammetta's mother (whom he has told us was French)" (p. xlv); "And then her eyes, it is always them he praises best" (p. lii); "oppogiato" for *appoggiato* (p. xxxii); "precursi" for *precursori* (p. lxxi); "ò" for *è* (p. lxxvi); "Clectophon" for *Cleitophon* (p. lxxxii); "Stipendari" for *Stipendiarii* (p. lxxxvi); "Acceni" for *Accenni* (p. xcvii); "girdi" for *gridi*, and "logge" for *loggie* (p. cxviii); "Volkes" for *Völker* (p. cxxii); "le Macon" for *le Maçon* (p. cxxiv). The list of Elizahethan translations and imitations of the several *novelle* (p. cxxiii), which Mr. Hutton takes over from Koeppel with only a "Cf." *pour tout remerciement*, is full of misprints and blunders, among which the prize falls easily to "Nacl geahunt of Whetstone." Unacquainted with this work, we turn to Koeppel's list, and find that "Nachgeahunt of" is meant as the English equivalent of *Nachgeahmt von!*

CURRENT FICTION.

The Bride of the Mistletoe. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Serious effort is not so common among American writers of fiction as to deserve anything but respectful recognition when it actually manifests itself. There is no doubt about the seriousness of James Lane Allen's intent. He clearly looks upon his function as prophetic. His utterances, which are few, come forth with a measured and oracular air. His last novel appeared three years ago, and the present story, which is, he says, not a novel, only partly expresses a theme upon which we are to suppose him to have been pondering during the interval of silence. This theme is the American home, its sanctity and its perils.

We have had occasion before now to call attention to the "sentimental voluptuousness," the gauze-veiled eroticism, which has given its peculiar note, and lure, to Mr. Allen's work. There is a touch of unwholesomeness in the particularity with which he is wont to appeal to the lust of the fancy. He will not let us think of an attractive woman without hearing constantly in mind the existence of a body under her clothes. He deals not in the nude, but in the provocatively draped; his imagination finds something too ravishingly improper in the idea of nakedness. Sterne had the same kind of fancy, but redeemed or half-redeemed it by humor, of which Mr. Allen has not a gleam. And in this day of the world, humor or no, the Peeping Tom method must be considered as pretty definitely relegated to the "Amusement Parlors" and their literary equivalents. Mr. Allen's code is of the age when ladies walked with limbs, and men wore inexpressibles. No seriousness of intent can greatly avail Mr. Allen as long as this taint remains. When are we to have done with this harping upon the physiology of marriage? Here is a story of a healthy, natural man who, after ten years of happy marriage, has become less ardent in his billing and cooing than at first. The wife has wished him to be always the same, and at last is goaded to charge him with the horrid fault of having changed in his feeling for her. He does not deny the charge—as what honest husband, or wife, could? She suggests, rather grossly, that he would probably be rather glad if she were to make room for a successor. He does not deny this, and the wife is hysterical. This sufficiently simple theme is embroidered with much fanciful and pompous imagery; we do not quite see what it all amounts to. There is everywhere the suggestion of strain and effort. The writer is evidently determined to do a big thing. How self-consciously he works is suggested by the motto he chooses from Maupassant: "Il faut trouver aux choses une signification qui n'a pas été encore découverte et tâcher de l'exprimer d'une façon personelle."

Mr. Allen has his own manner, but his new meaning is not made clear by way of it. However, we are to have a sequel shortly, dealing with the same characters and their children; and "a third work, not fiction," presenting an interpretation of the Christmas Tree. "These three works," says Mr. Allen, "will serve to complete each other, and they complete a cycle of the theme." We may well wish that the writer's faith in the dignity of his work may be justified.

The Little Gods. By Rowland Thomas. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

It is a precious gift of youth that it can imitate boldly, innocently, and, often, quite successfully. Kipling to-day is not the literary idol he was five years ago; hut if Mr. Thomas had been set the task of writing a volume of Kipling stories, we cannot imagine how he could have turned out anything better than the collection he now offers us. The resemblance begins in the title of the book and continues through the pseudomystic prologue and the succession of episodes down to minute details of phraseology. The general theme helps out the parallel with Kipling, if, indeed, it did not suggest it. For Mr. Thomas's stories are of life in the Philippines, and from Manila to Mandalay is but a stone's throw. The strut of Kipling's Englishman, benevolent despot over millions of abject, inferior Hindus, is minutely reproduced in the strut of the lordly American among a million inferior Filipinos. There are three infantrymen in Mr. Thomas's book who are no other than our old friends Mulvaney, Otheris, and Learoyd. There is insistence on the gulf that separates East from West and on the danger of mixing white blood with dark.

Exorcise the ghosts of the past, and Mr. Thomas's volume stands out as a collection of clever and charming stories. They are told with artful directness. There is enough "go" in them to satisfy the most impatient temperament, and yet they do not drag the poor reader along by the scruff of the neck. The book has fancy, pathos, and humor; the last of a very abundant and uncloying kind. We like very much the vagahond gambler who impressed the natives by calling himself El Duque de la Calle Milochentaitres in America—the Duke of 1083d Street.

Daughters of the Rich. By Edgar Saltus. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

It is to be assumed that the witting and voluntary reading of Mr. Saltus excludes one for the time from the category of "the Young Person," and consequently one opens his pages in the full expectation of finding a simple domestic hearth-brush called a muck-rake; but though we take up this book with our sensibilities steeled to immorality, its puerility shocks us grievously. It is strange that a practised hand like that of Mr. Saltus should have released to any mark but the waste-basket a thing that suggests, both in tone and style, a muddy-minded schoolboy's first attempts to imitate De Maupassant. As a piece of unintentional humor, it has some merit, a fact which is patent in the climactic speech of the orange-haired heroine as she casts herself into the hero's arms: "What girl would refuse a man who loved her enough to kill another woman for her? Dearest, I adore you!" This pretty ending is, fitly enough, the gem of the tale.

Mr. Opp. By Alice Hegan Rice. New York: The Century Co.

The hero of Mrs. Rice's latest book is by no means so exhilarating a character as Mrs. Wiggs, optimist of the cabbage-patch. The story of his life is set in the humorous-pathetic key, and is spun out perhaps a third longer than was necessary. As a result the reading becomes a little dreary before it becomes really interesting. Yet Mr. Opp is a very human being, and distinctly one of us. Vulgar in speech, mind, and manners, he has a heart full of smothered sentiment and struggling half-instinctive idealism. He says "ain't," wears a big seal ring on his forefinger, and

utters bombast; but he is ruinously honest in business, is a faithful dog in love, and heroically devoted to his insane sister. Energetic but almost stupid, he fails in everything he undertakes—as book-agent, as shoe salesman, as editor of a village paper—and yet with the expansiveness of a Micawber and a kind of touching, child-like invincibility, he looks out from his sordid present into an ever-auroral future. One cannot have an honest laugh at the poor fellow in the entire course of his history; for every time he falls into an outwardly ludicrous situation, one knows that his soft heart is bleeding. Upon the last scene of his unquestioning self-sacrifice comedy must drop a tear. Mr. Opp is a hero worth knowing; he bears with more than common fortitude the common lot.

Studies and Notes Supplementary to Stubbs's Constitutional History Down to the Great Charter. By Charles Petit-Dutaillis; translated by W. E. Rhodes. Pp. xiv+152. Manchester: At the University Press.

One of the reproaches most often cast at latter-day British historical scholarship, is its frequent failure to keep abreast of recent publications. In no way is this fault more annoyingly evident that in the absence of improvements in successive editions of standard books. The task of revising and supplementing the work of earlier years in the light of recent monographs and periodical literature is doubtless tedious and uninspiring, but it is also unavoidable; if the author does not do it, the student must.

Stubbs's "Constitutional History" has for many years been a case in point. Edition after edition has appeared, without extensive revision or improvement, until the work, though still indispensable as a whole, has in numerous important particulars become entirely out of date. Meantime, its value as a foundation for all study of English constitutional history in the middle ages has become thoroughly recognized on the Continent, in France as well as in Germany; and a few years ago a French translation was undertaken by Prof. Petit-Dutaillis of the University of Lille (now rector of that of Grenoble), whose "Étude sur le règne de Louis VIII," and elaborate introduction to André Réville's treatise on the Peasants' Revolt of 1381 have already indicated an intimate and scholarly acquaintance with this field. But the Frenchman did not merely restrict himself to translation. When, in 1907, the first volume of his edition appeared, it was found that he had added over 130 closely-printed pages of supplement and correction, incorporating in the original the results of the researches of Fustel de Coulanges, Meitzen, Maitland, Seebohm, Round, and upwards of a score of other lesser lights, and thus bringing Stubbs's work for the first time really up to date. The present book is a careful and accurate English translation of these additional pages, published for the first time as a separate volume.

The work comprises twelve studies, varying in length from two to twenty-eight pages. The first five fall within the Anglo-Saxon period, the sixth and seventh within Anglo-Norman, the last five within that of the three first Plantagenets. The three most important essays deal with the Origin of the Manor (an admirable survey of one of the oldest of controversies), the Origin of the Exchequer, and the Great Charter. They are, for the most part, based on the work of others, but towards the last, when dealing with a field in which he is himself a recognized authority, Prof. Petit-Dutaillis frequently presents his own views. Lucidity, precision, and common-sense characterize every page. A few passages from the concluding paragraph on the "Reasons of the Constitutional Importance of the Great Charter" may well be cited as an example:

> The importance of the Great Charter is in reality due to its fulness, its comprehensiveness, to the variety of problems which it attempts to solve. It does not differ fundamentally from the charters of liberties which preceded it in the twelfth century. . . . Finally, it was the result of a celebrated crisis. The aristocracy in arms wrested it by main force from a prince as redoubtable by his intelligence as by his vices, and its publication was followed by a terrible civil war, which ended in its solemn confirmation. It thus became a symbol of successful struggle against royal tyranny; men have discovered in it, in the course of centuries, all sorts of principles of which its authors had not the least notion, and have made of it the "Bible of the Constitution." There is no need to seek elsewhere the causes of its success in the middle ages and of its long popularity in modern times.

Surely, these are golden words. Certainly one could ask for no better answer to the endless stream of sentimental twaddle which the mere mention of Magna Carta usually evokes to-day. And it is difficult to see how any one but a Frenchman, untinged by patriotic prepossessions, could have made it with such good grace.

A History of Canada, 1763-1812. By Sir C. P. Lucas, K.C.M.G., C.B. New York: Henry Frowde. $4.15.

The Making of Canada. By A. G. Bradley. New York: E. P. Dutton and $3 net.

Canada has never lacked historians of her own, from Lescarbot and Charlevoix (if one may count them Canadians) to Kingsford and Bourinot. Yet she is indebted to American and English historians for some of the most effective narratives of her past. It is not surprising that American historians of Canada should have selected the French régime as the field of their studies. Being for the most part New Englanders —notably Parkman, Winsor, and Fiske —they were more interested in that part of Canadian history that touched the development of New England at so many points, than in the more remote, or less intimate, incidents of the English epoch. It is equally natural that English historians should devote their attention to the period of British rule, with its innumerable links between the old land and the new, and its intensely interesting experiments in British colonial policy.

English scholars who have turned to Canadian history can count no Parkman among their number; it is, indeed, not likely that just such a genius will ever again write on the subject. Yet it must be gratifying to Canadians, as it is to all who have at heart the writing of true history, that English writers of the stamp of Sir C. P. Lucas and Mr. Arthur Bradley should have given time and thought to the interpretation of Canadian problems. Differing somewhat in their point of view and treatment, both these writers seem to have planned their work along the same broad lines laid down by Francis Parkman. With inevitable limitations, they are each doing for the English period of Canadian history what he did so surpassingly well for the French régime—dividing it into fairly well-defined epochs, and treating each of these in a separate volume. Mr. Bradley had already covered the brief but stirring period of the conquest in his "Fight with France for North America"; and had told the story of contemporary life in his "Canada in the Twentieth Century." In the present volume, "The Making of Canada," he takes up the period of transition, the half-century following the conquest, from 1763 to and including the War of 1812. Similarly, Sir C. P. Lucas had devoted a volume to the "Canadian War of 1812," and now, in his "History of Canada, 1763-1812," goes back to the preceding epoch. As a matter of fact, the two volumes before us cover almost the same ground, the principal difference being that Mr. Bradley deals briefly here with the War of 1812, which Sir C. P. Lucas had handled more fully in his previous book.

A comparison of the two works reveals to some extent the differences in matter and manner of the writers. Mr. Bradley's appeal is to the general reader. His book is always readable, but scarcely profound. It is in effect a popular account of the three principal events that belong to this particular period: Montgomery's invasion of Canada and siege of Quebec; the coming of the Loyalists; and the War of 1812.

There is ample room here for effective writing, and Mr. Bradley makes good use of his opportunities. The chief merit of his book is that it brings together in one volume, and in attractive form, material that is elsewhere available only in elaborate treatises, or, on the other hand, in the crowded pages of a general history. It cannot be said, however, that he succeeds in throwing much new light on this portion of Canadian history, nor does he seem to have made any particular use of the wealth of documentary material that has recently been discovered through the efforts of the Dominion Archivist. It is, in fact, just here that Sir C. P. Lucas's work is most clearly distinguishable from that of Mr. Bradley. It will never have the same wide appeal, but to the serious student it will possess a value that the other lacks. Sir C. P. Lucas's book is not so much a narrative of Canadian history as an analysis, exceedingly acute and scholarly, of the causes and consequences of certain events that mark the period. As his "Canadian War of 1812" was based upon such hitherto untouched material as Cruikshank's "Documentary History of the War of 1812," and the manuscript records in the Canadian Archives; so in the present work he has made effective use of the splendid collection of material brought together in Shortt and Doughty's "Documents relating to the Constitutional History of Canada," and Egerton and Biggar's "Canadian Constitutional Development." His work is therefore sharply defined from all previous attempts to write the history of this period; it corrects a number of errors into which previous historians had been led, because they lacked the original documents now available; and it forms, with the "Canadian War of 1812," the best available history of Canada from 1763 to 1815. It is much to be hoped that Sir C. P. Lucas will continue his researches and give us in time a complete series of monographs covering the whole period of British rule.

Science.

Cyclopedia of American Agriculture: A Popular Survey of Agricultural Conditions, Practices, and Ideals in the United States and Canada. Edited by L. H. Bailey. With 100 full-page plates and more than 2,000 illustrations in the text. Vol. I: Farms. Vol. II: Crops. Vol. III: Animals. Vol IV: Farm and Community. New York: The Macmillan Co. $20.

The completion of Bailey's "Cyclopedia of American Agriculture" has for the first time brought within reach of the general reader a comprehensive digest of the agricultural literature which has been poured forth in baffling abundance by experiment stations, colleges, societies, and governmental departments. In the multitude of their counsellors the farmers have found confusion rather than wisdom. In the bulletins, reports, and farm journals, what is new and important is buried in a mass of repetitions and irrelevant detail. That the enormous sums donated by the Federal government and the States for the promotion of agriculture have paid on the whole, is undeniable, but it is also undeniable that a considerable part of this expenditure has been wasted in incompetent and misdirected experimentation and unwarranted publication.

Prof. Liberty H. Bailey was eminently qualified to sift this literature and present its best results in popular form; for the Cornell Experiment Station, under his direction, has been a pioneer in the task of educating the people in agricultural science by means of attractive and practical bulletins. His "Cyclopedia of American Horticulture," in four volumes, is the model followed by the present work. He has enlisted as collaborators and contributors most of the men prominent in agricultural investigation in this country, several hundred names being credited with assistance in various capacities. As the articles are signed, the reader is enabled to judge for himself of their authority, and also, where he knows the attitude of the authors on disputed questions, to make allowance for the personal equation. There is, of course, a great diversity of style, and not a little divergence of view, but the planning and editing have been managed so that the different articles fit together well, and there is not an undue amount of repetition. The arrangement is, for the most part, topical, so that the volumes can be read continuously or used for reference by aid of the index. The pictures are really illustrations, mostly small line-drawings inserted in the text, with occasional pages of half-tones. Some of the pictures of both kinds are obviously superfluous, but the proportion of such is smaller than usual in works of this class.

The first volume deals with the elements, in the primitive meaning of the word, with earth, air, and water. But in spite of its elementary nature, it covers an area of much ignorance; for the immense amount of study that has been given to soil in recent years has shown how very complex and mysterious a thing it is, and the weather, on the study of which even more money has been spent, is still largely unpredictable and altogether uncontrollable. The second volume deals with the crops of the farm: their varieties, characteristics, cultivation, protection from diseases and enemies, methods of marketing, etc., each plant or group of plants being discussed in a section by itself. There is a general introduction on vegetable life, explaining the botanical terms used; and the following volume, devoted to farm animals, has a similar chapter on physiology. Stock feeding, dairying, and animal breeding have also special chapters in this volume.

But the farmer himself is not forgotten. The fourth volume, recently published, is devoted to him, and to his wife and children. It must have offered the greatest difficulty to the editors, and it is not to their discredit to say that this volume does not equal the others in compactness, arrangement, and completeness. In dealing with the animal and vegetable products of the farm, the editors were following smooth-beaten roads, but in this they were on new ground. Physics, botany, and geology are well developed sciences, but sociology, especially farm sociology, is in an immature state. Volume IV, however, contains more that one cannot find elsewhere, even though it does not contain all that one would like to find in it. A chapter on the history of American agriculture from aboriginal times opens the book, and a collection of brief biographies of the men who have taken a prominent part in the making of that history forms its close. A great deal of space is given to the scope and work of the agricultural colleges and to other forms of education and research. The national and State laws relating to pure foods, animal inspection, the sale of fertilizers, the control of the forests, and the preservation of game are summarized and discussed. There are more "live wires" in this volume than in any other, even the one on animal-breeding; but they are handled deftly. Coöperation among farmers for marketing or purchasing; abandoned farms and their meaning; the policy of forest preservation; the influence of machinery; tenantry; mortgages; the drift city-ward; the country church; the Grange and the Farmers' Alliance; mutual fire insurance and telephone companies; roads and canals—such questions as these, the discussion of which is usually tinged with emotion, are here treated with fairness, although not always with thoroughness. Among chapters conspicuously absent is one on the effect of the tariff on the farmer. One of the most valuable chapters of this volume, because it deals with a question of vital importance to the arid West, is that on irrigation policies, which gives an account of the long struggle for the overthrow of the old common-law doctrine of riparian rights. This struggle has involved as many lives and fortunes as some historic wars, yet its significance has not been understood outside of the regions practically concerned. According to common law, water taken from a stream must be returned to it undiminished in quantity and unaltered in quality; but this

would, of course, prevent irrigation altogether, so that there has been an evolution of legal opinion in the irrigated States to the view that the water, like other property, may belong to individuals, and, finally, that it should belong to the State. This is only one instance among many that might be cited of topics here treated which are of general interest but not elsewhere accessible to the general reader. For the "Cyclopedia of American Agriculture" is not a work for the college library alone. Any intelligent farmer will find it a profitable investment, and it will be of service to all who have occasion to look up information on commercial, sociological, or scientific subjects connected with agriculture.

After looking over the last volume we regret that Congress, which is usually so lavish in the publication of agricultural documents, should not have found it possible to give to the people the report on the conditions of farm life prepared by President Roosevelt's commission, of which Professor Bailey was a member.

"Consumption, Its Prevention and Cure," by Dr. C. H. S. Davis (New York: E. B. Treat & Co.), is the enlarged second edition of a work, with slightly different title, which appears to have found its public. It is a small book, just over two hundred pages, giving a popular account of the disease and its treatment, particular stress being laid on the relative futility of drugging and the importance of dietetic and hygienic measures. Three appendices give lists of sanatoria, brief and uncertain tables of the composition of some foods, and a discussion of diets which is not always judicious.

A monthly list of the published maps and charts of all parts of the world is now to be found in Petermann's *Mitteilungen*. The April number contains in addition a useful index chart in eleven sections, showing the location and character, as topographic, geologic, statistical, and oceanic, of the publications of the first three months of this year.

Albert P. Watson, who drove the first bolt in the ironclad Monitor, and for some years was on the editorial staff of the *Scientific American*, died at his home in Elizabeth, N. J., June 22, at the age of seventy-four. Mr. Watson founded the *Mechanical Engineer* in 1881, and he continued its publication for sixteen years. He was one of the founders of the Republican party in New York, stumping the State for Fremont and Dayton.

Drama and Music.

A NATIONAL THEATRE FOR SPAIN.

National theatres appear to be the order of the day. England is struggling for one, and though our own latest project in this city calls itself only New, its promoters hope that it may one day be spelled National. In Spain, they order these things differently: private enterprise waits on government action. If a Spanish National Theatre cannot be created, as was the French, by a Moscow decree, it at least requires initiative by the Cortes. This has already been had. Each house of the Spanish Parliament has passed a bill of its own to establish a National Theatre, but the two measures were unlike, and a mixed commission—officials, actors, literary men, Galdós among the last—has been appointed to harmonize their differences. A statute of eleven articles has now been agreed upon, and promises to become the charter of the new theatrical institution in Spain.

The project calls, in the first place, for a competition among Spanish architects to secure the best plans for the new building, alongside which is to stand a conservatory for the training of actors. A society of actors is to be organized, whose rights and dignities will be secure. They are to give theatrical productions in Madrid for at least six months each year, and their repertory is to consist mainly of Spanish classics, with the best of contemporary plays written in the Peninsula, foreign dramas to be given only sparingly. One provision is that, during the dramatic off-season, the National Theatre may be used to produce works in any language spoken in Spain. This looks directly to the Catalan theatre, in which there has been so much interest of recent years. Whenever a vacancy occurs in the national society of actors, the place is to be filled by competitive tests. At the head of the whole organization will stand a director appointed by the government. In that stipulation lies an obvious danger. A mere bureau chief at the head of the National Theatre might have the fatal effect of making it "official" in the worst sense of the word.

In this whole scheme we have, plainly, no attempt to make bricks without straw. In Spain, they are not deluded by the money-fallacy. They know that, to produce a National Theatre, they must have a supply of highly trained and versatile actors, together with skilled and successful playwrights. In both these items, Spaniards can point to a long and honorable tradition. It is needless to dwell upon the glories and the influence of Spanish dramatic literature. That is a commonplace with the literary historians. But the supply of living drama has not given out. There has been a distinct revival within the past thirty years. When G. H. Lewes wrote of the Spanish theatre in 1867, he found it in a period of decadence; yet even then he was forced to admire the sound and fine tradition of Spanish acting. But a renaissance in Spanish playwriting soon followed. Without the achievements of such dramatists as Ayala, Tamayo y Baus, Galdós, and, above all, Echegaray, we may be sure that the impetus to found a National Theatre would have been wanting.

The Spanish stage has always had more inherent merit than outward recognition. Cervantes's own description of the scanty outfit of actors in his day, and of the cheap settings of the theatre, is to be found in one of his prologues:

> The whole apparatus of an *autor* [at once writer, actor, and manager] was contained in a sack, and consisted of four white sheep-skins trimmed with gilt leather, together with four false beards and wigs, and four walking-sticks, more or less. . . . The stage itself was composed of four benches, forming a square, with four or six planks placed upon them. The back scene consisted of an old blanket which could be pulled by cords to one side or the other.

It is said that a modern Spanish theatre in Madrid—either the Español or the Real—stands to-day upon the very site where Lope de Rueda used to entrance the public from such a rude stage as that described by Cervantes. The play was the thing—and the actor—not rich costumes and elaborate scenery. To support the latter, an appeal has often to be made to the luxurious classes, whose demands do not make for the best development of native talent. Thus in the Teatro Real at Madrid to-day, which could not live upon its small government subvention without the patronage of fashionable society, the reigning taste has compelled the production of a vast amount of Italian opera and foreign drama. It is expected that the new National Theatre will change all that.

We do not know that the Spanish stage boasts to-day any actors of supereminent fame, but it possesses a large body of performers fitted by long and arduous training in their art to undertake the exacting labors of a repertory theatre. Lewes pointed out that the national taste in the matter of acting was "healthy." This being so, any exceptional talent that might present itself would find the arena ready for it. On the Spanish stage one does not see coarse buffoonery or ranting violence. A demonstrative and gesticulating race lays a greater restraint upon its actors than do the colder English. The fun made by a Spanish comedian comes from words and looks, not from bizarre dress and facial distortions. Turbulent exaggeration is never shown by the Spanish players who are able to assume a hundred rôles. They speak, not mouth. And if their method may be sneered at as the "drawing-room style," that may at least be preferred to the "barn style." All told, therefore, the experiment of a Spanish National Theatre, involving the preliminary existence of competent actors and an abundant supply of plays, may furnish one proof more of what a "dying nation" has to teach its complacent patronizers in matters of art.

With excellent judgment the second play chosen to be acted in the Harvard Stadium was Schiller's "Die Jungfrau von Orleans," and for its performance on Tuesday evening of last week the place was transformed into the battlefields of France. The event was for the benefit of the Germanic Museum of Harvard University, and the participants were Miss Maude Adams and a company of players selected from the diverse forces at the command of Charles Frohman. It was given in the English version of Miss Anna Swanwick, with additions and alterations by George Sylvester Viereck. It was more of a pageant than a play, more of a spectacle than a dramatic performance, a thousand supernumerary players having been chosen and drilled to take part in the battle scenes and the other events. Some of these were trained riders, skilled in cavalry exercises, some were selected to form the soldiery and bowmen of the armies of France and England, while others represented the French peasantry of the fifteenth century. Enormous searchlights gave a night as brilliant as day, and the sky roofed in the Stadium in a manner that made perfect the illusion of a vast enclosed space. The entrances and the exits of the players, principals and supernumeraries, were not merely from behind the stage-settings, but as well from openings that pierced the lower wall of buttressed stone steps upon which sat the audience. In this way advance and retreat of vast crowds were accomplished in almost the twinkling of an eye. Miss Adams, in the rôle of Joan of Arc, was no vigorous peasant girl, such as the real Joan of Arc may have been. She was Schiller's Joan of Arc, a fragile, spiritual maiden sent by Heaven to free her country and enthrone her king. It was evident that her mission was a miraculous one, that she herself was a miraculous figure dominated by human instincts. So much was due to Miss Adams's personality. Her voice carried throughout the full extent of the amphitheatre, and with the assistance of her companions, she made the play audibly as well as visually understandable. Singularly enough, although "Die Jungfrau von Orleans" is one of the most famous of Schiller's plays, it has never before, so far as recollection and records serve, been performed in English in this country.

Not only violins, but concert halls and opera houses improve with age. When the Metropolitan Opera House in New York was first opened, the acoustics were certainly less good than they are now, though they still leave much to be desired. The director of the Paris Opéra, M. Gailhard, made the remarkable discovery that a tuning fork which could be heard distinctly when the auditorium was darkened became inaudible when the lights were turned on. Does this speak in favor of the plan of giving concerts in a darkened hall and the Wagnerian habit of turning down the lights? The ancients seem to have known some acoustic secrets that are now lost. The theatre of Tauremonium, for instance, had seats for 30,000 spectators, yet the actors could be heard distinctly by all.

For the second time the Czar has allowed his Imperial ballet to visit Berlin. Ballet dancing has not been much in favor in the German metropolis of late years; it has shared the fate of the old-fashioned operas with which it was chiefly associated. But this Russian ballet is a very different thing from the usual operatic tiptoe dancing. The girls and youths engaged for it have to go through a severe course of training, lasting several years. They are taught a rhythmic precision of which ordinary dancers have not the remotest conception; they pay attention to the slightest accents in the music; the least member of the corps does things that one ordinarily expects only of famous solo dancers. Ballet dancing like this has never been seen in America.

Isidore de Lara has written another opera, called "Solea," which was recently performed for the first time, in Paris. The libretto is by Jean Richepin, and the story, laid in the middle ages, is that of a gypsy girl who falls in love with a Christian knight.

The Mozart festival at Munich this summer (July 31 to August 8) will consist of six performances, under Felix Mottl. "Don Giovanni" and "Figaro" will be given twice each. "The Abduction from the Harem" once, and "Cosi fan tutte" once.

The principal musical and social event of the last musical *temporada* in Buenos Ayres was the opening of the new Colon Opera House. It has a larger stage than any other theatre in the world, and room for 3,000 spectators. Good seats are provided for those who cannot pay the highest prices, and the auditorium is constructed on such broad lines that none of the seats are too far away from the stage. The opening opera was "Aïda," under Mancinelli. Among the other works produced was a new opera, "Aurora," by the Argentine composer, Hector Ganizza, written specially for the occasion at the request of the government. The music is in the Italian style, and there are said to be some effective numbers.

Lucien-Joseph-Edouard Hillemacher, the composer, has died in Paris at the age of forty-nine. He was educated at the Paris Conservatoire, and in 1880 won the Prix de Rome and two years later the Prix de la Ville de Paris. His operas are: "Loreley," "Saint Mégrin," "Une Aventure d'Arlequin," "Le Drac," "Orsola," and "Circé."

Art.

The Tomb of Siphtah: The Monkey Tomb and the Gold Tomb. The Discovery of the Tombs, by Theodore M. Davis. *King Siphtah and Queen Tauosrit*, by Gaston Maspero. *The Excavations of* 1905-1907, by Edward Ayrton. *Catalogue of the Objects Discovered*, by George Daressy. Illustrations in color, by E. Harold Jones. London: Archibald Constable & Co.

Das Grabdenkmal des Königs Ne-user-re. By Ludwig Borchardt. With 143 figures in the text, 24 black and white and 4 colored plates. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrich'sche Buchhandlung.

Works of Art from the Egyptian Museum at Cairo. By Ludwig Borchardt. New York: Bruno Hessling, Ltd.

Recueil de Monuments Egyptiens. By Jean Capart. 1ère et 2ème séries. Brussels: Vromant & Cie.

Une Rue de Tombeaux à Saqqarah. By Jean Capart. 2 vols. Brussels: Vromont & Cie.

Our knowledge of the amazing fecundity and our respect for the exquisite taste of the Egyptian artist-craftsmen are constantly increased by the excavations of Theodore M. Davis in the valley of the Kings' Tombs at Thebes. His latest volume presents the discoveries in three important new tombs, besides that of the already known tomb of Mentuherkhepshef. The new tomb of King Siphtah reveals chiefly a number of wall paintings of surprising beauty for this decadent age at the close of the nineteenth dynasty. In an adjacent sepulchre, far below the level of the freshets in the valley, and covered with the mud carried in by the waters, where most excavators would have abandoned the work in a tomb evidently unfinished and unused, the excavations disclosed embedded in the mud a magnificent set of regalia in gold and silver, once worn by Queen Tewosret at the close of the nineteenth dynasty toward the end of the thirteenth century before Christ. It would be impossible even to catalogue these superb ornaments in the space at our disposal. Besides two sumptuous and complex golden ear-ornaments, which are too large and elaborate to be termed pendants or ear-rings, there are a pair of silver bracelets and eight splendid gold finger-rings bearing the names of Seti II, Queen Tewosret, and Ramses II. These rings were found by Mr. Davis in silver gloves or hand-coverings which had evidently once covered the hands of Queen Tewosret in death. A golden diadem of the queen is built up of a series of rosette-like flowers, distributed along a gold band, recalling the tiara on the statue of the Princess Nofret in Cairo. A superb necklace of spherical openwork beads, each bead built up of a series of tiny tangent wire circles, exhibits taste and workmanship of which any modern goldsmith might be proud. The sumptuous form in which they are published always makes the discoveries at Mr. Davis's excavations of especial value to students of art and archæology.

Ludwig Borchardt has given us more than one important discovery in the art of Egypt, the most notable being the complete reconstruction of an original pyramid-complex on the basis of his recent excavations at Abusir. Many good people still look upon the Great Pyramid as a ruined granary of Joseph, or a repository for standards of weights and measures, or an epitome of the

world's history, past and yet to come, or even an exposition of the fundamental laws of the mechanics of the universe. The books of Seiss and Piazzi Smith are very far from having lost their influence among us. Borchardt's excavations, however, have made it possible to reconstruct with great accuracy the splendid and imposing complex which formed the tomb of Pharaoh. The shining pyramid in spotless limestone crowned the desert cliff above, while on its eastern side, facing the rising sun, rose a massive temple where the mortuary ritual of the departed Pharaoh was unceasingly carried on, supported by an endowment left by the king on his death. This group of pyramid and mortuary temple on the margin of the desert-plateau was reached from below by a long covered causeway of limestone, which dropped by slow descent from the desert to the lower alluvial plain, on the margin of which the causeway terminated within the walls of the royal city. Here the townward entrance to the causeway was adorned with a magnificent monumental portal, a colonnaded porticus. The colonnades found by Borchardt in these buildings supplementary to the pyramid are the earliest yet discovered in the history of architecture. They demonstrate beyond a doubt that the origin of the colonnade belongs to Egypt, and effectually dispose of another of the preposterous claims of the Pan-Babylonians, who would derive everything in the ancient world from Babylonia. Borchardt's elaborate publication of these results will long remain the standard of excellence to be attained in the presentation of such materials.

Many visitors in Cairo, spending never-to-be-forgotten days in the Museum there, or wandering among the shops and bazars, look in vain for satisfactory reproductions of the monuments, especially the sculpture and other works of art in the great national collection. It is a common remark that the Museum at Cairo is the most wonderful collection of the works of early man in existence. An adequate publication of its most notable treasures is, therefore, to be greatly welcomed. Herr Borchardt has made a careful selection of the leading objects, the reproductions are well done by a photographic process, and a sufficient text has been added to make the subjects intelligble. The volumes should be in every library and art museum.

One of the great difficulties in the presentation of Oriental art in the classroom has been the lack of graphic materials. This want will be largely met by M. Capart's excellent selection of Egyptian sculpture presented in his "Recueil." The plates are the best that modern mechanical processes can produce; the text is carefully done, and has assembled the necessary bibliography concerned.

In his "Rue de Tombeaux" M. Capart also gives us the interesting reliefs in an entire series of Old Kingdom tombs disclosed in the excavations of Loret. The series is of unusual importance, perhaps the most notable among them being the representation of a surgical operation some 4,500 years ago. The victim, or patient, who is undergoing the ordeal of circumcision, is held by the surgeon's assistant. The surgeon's words of caution to the latter, not to let the patient move, are recorded over the scene. These reliefs are also important in furnishing examples of the two schools of Egyptian sculpture, which as in the Italian renaissance are so evident; the one depicting its subjects in a distant, formal, official and conventional manner; the other preferring an intimate, personal, informal and unconventional style, much more warm and human. Both these works of M. Capart are indispensable to the art library.

An exceptionally fine villa has been discovered on private land within 600 feet of the point in Pompeii where the government is now working. It contains several rooms decorated with great elegance, and a large triclinium in the best Pompeian style. On the walls of this triclinium are a number of figures a little less than life-size, admirably done. One group represents Silenus offering a drink to a man who bends before him and eagerly presses the cup to his lips. On another wall a figure stands before a prone female figure, possibly an Ariadne, but this fresco is damaged. On the third wall, a large winged Victory appears striking a female figure, who tries to avoid her blows, while a third kneels, praying to the goddess to pardon the guilty one; and a fourth, standing behind, urges her on with clashing cymbals. The expression of these figures, the brightness of the colors, and the truth and lightness of their movements, are said to be extraordinary. A rich cornice, containing a beautiful and original design of maskers, runs around this room.

Jacques Rosenthal of Munich announces as forthcoming an unusually interesting work for art students. It is entitled "Der Münchener Boccaccio: Reproduction der herrlichen, teilweise dem Jean Fouquet zugeschriebenen Miniaturen des berühmten Manuscripts der Kgl. Hof- und Staatsbibliothek zu München" (91 Miniaturen auf 28 Tafeln in Heliogravüre und ausführliche französische Erklärung), by Count Paul Durrieu, member of the Institut de France and Honorary Conservator of the Louvre. Of this fine work 300 copies will be issued on glued *Büttenpapier* at 100 marks per copy, and 25 copies on extra fine Japanese paper at 200 marks.

Lewis F. Day has recast his "Nature in Ornament," published in 1891, into two volumes, under the general title of "Nature and Ornament." The first volume, Nature the Raw Material of Design, is now published by B. T. Batsford, London (imported by Scribner), and is to be followed by "Ornament the Product of Nature." We have found the drawings of plants, mainly by Miss Foord, much more interesting than the text, which deals with generalities that are hardly glittering.

William Verplanck Birney, A.N.A., the painter of hunting scenes, died suddenly June 22 at Saratoga. He was born in Cincinnati in 1858. He studied in Boston under Walter Smith at the Massachusetts Normal Art School, in Philadelphia under Thomas Eakins at the Pennsylvania Academy, and at the Royal Academy, Munich, under Julius Benzur and Wilhelm Lindenschmidt. When he was twenty-six he opened a studio in New York, and he was for three years an instructor at the Cooper Institute.

William T. Trego, a portrait painter and sculptor, was found dead at his home in North Wales, June 24. He was fifty-one years old. One of his most popular pictures is "Rescue of the Colors," purchased by John Wanamaker, and presented to the Bucks County, Pa., Historical Society.

Finance.

MIDSUMMER MARKETS.

Writing on the French stock market, a well-known financial critic of Paris remarked, a couple of weeks ago:

The state of mind now prevalent on the Bourse gives cause for reflection. Every day a new and different stock is pushed up, and the attempt succeeds easily. Nobody asks what is the basis of the rise; that would look foolish. A stock advances because people said it was going to advance. The more absurd the movement seems, the more it impresses the speculative mind. Bears are transformed into bulls, yielding to a force which they deem all the more irresistible because they cannot imagine what is the cause of it. It is the savage worshipping fire. For let nobody deceive himself, the psychology of Stock Exchange speculation is still rudimentary.

But the Paris speculation halted as suddenly as it had begun, and, apparently, a midsummer apathy has spread over the speculative market. The same thing has occurred in London, where an excited speculation in South African mine shares lately raged. In New York, too, the market showed signs of coming weariness. This may have been

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partly because promised news did not materialize. The French government intervened to obstruct the listing of United States Steel shares on the Paris Bourse—partly, it was reported, because of technical irregularities, but partly also because of the rather natural protest of the iron-masters of France against officially inviting French capital into the stock of a competitive foreign combination in the trade. The directors of the Reading Railroad, whose stock had risen 20 or 30 points on reports that the annual dividend would be increased from 4 to 6 per cent. per annum, held their semi-annual meeting and decided against an increase.

On top of all, the critical period of the crops approached, and eminent financiers—some of them identified in public rumor with the recent extravagant speculation—began to plan for their summer vacations. Wall Street then began to say that the dull midsummer season was at hand. It is true, the Stock Exchange did not at once give up its toys. Early last week, it reported Mr. Harriman's physical condition to be desperate, the Sugar Trust to be about to be dissolved by Federal suit, and the proposed corporation tax to be a menace of the first order to investment interests, and stocks broke 3 or 4 points. A few days later, Union Pacific preferred stock rose 7 points in two days, with "rumors" of a "coming deal," and fell 8 points when the rumors had had their effect, the general market moving with it. Yet nobody took either demonstration seriously. Midsummer dulness was actually here, despite the pretended activity on the Stock Exchange.

But will it last throughout midsummer? If hot weather, light business, and vacations are the causes of it, then such a result would seem logical enough. Yet they were quite as logical last year, and, in fact, July, 1908, began with Stock Exchange sales at the lowest level in a dozen years. The next week saw apathy suddenly thrown aside, and a vigorous speculation for the rise begun. Throughout the month the activity increased. In August, the rise continued buoyantly until well towards the close. During seven midsummer weeks, advances such as 19¾ points in Union Pacific, 14 in St. Paul, 18 in Amalgamated Copper, and 11¼ in Steel common occurred.

The summer of 1907 was also one of activity on the Stock Exchange, although in another direction. Prices fell rapidly under the pressure of forced liquidation which began in March and culminated in October. Union Pacific fell 21 points in July and August, St. Paul 16, Reading 18, Amalgamated Copper 14, and so on.

Of the summer of 1906, the story is well remembered. July was a month of comparative dulness until near its close, when there was an aggressive upward movement in prices. On the last day, resumption of the Steel Corporation's common dividend was announced, and the general advance was carried along with spirit. Then came August 17, with the famous announcement of the Harriman dividends, and all this time the Union Pacific treasury was secretly buying its $131,000,000 worth of stocks. The movement of the market thereafter is well known.

Is the summer of 1909 to make a fourth in this interesting series? We shall see evidences, one way or the other, before many weeks have passed.

The fourth edition of Charles A. Conant's "History of Modern Banks of Issue" (Putnams) is a revision of a valuable work, first published in 1896, and now brought up to the end of 1908. The new edition contains 142 additional pages, partly made up of a much more elaborate discussion of banking and exchange in the Orient, partly of new matter in the other chapters, extending the historical narrative. Thus, the currency bills proposed in 1908 by Mr. Fowler and Senator Aldrich are fully discussed, and the operations of the Imperial Bank of Germany during the world-wide "money squeeze" of 1906, and of the Bank of Japan since the panic of 1907, round out the preceding narrative. It is somewhat to be regretted that Mr. Conant did not also treat more fully the recent policy of the Bank of England. The attitude of the governors of that institution, when the joint-stock banks lost their heads in 1906 over the financing of speculative Wall Street, and the history of that institution's reserve during the panicky recourse of New York to England's gold supply in the last months of 1907, have a highly interesting bearing on the bank's position in international finance. The book remains the most complete and serviceable authority on the general question of banks of issue; the bringing of the statistical tables up to date, in this edition, adds materially to its value.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Catalogue of The Macomber Collection of Chinese Pottery. Compiled by John Getz. Boston: Museum of Fine Arts.

Dunn, Joseph. La Vie de Saint Patrice. Paris: H. Champion.

Eiloart, Arnold. No Rheumatism. London: A. C. Fifield.

English Prose. Selected by John Matthews Manly. Ginn & Co. $1.50.

Gulick, Charlotte Vetter. Emergencies: Book II. Boston: Ginn & Co. 40 cents.

Hankin, St. John. The Last of the De Mullins: A Play without a Preface. London: A. C. Fifield.

Hanotaux, Gabriel. Contemporary France. Translated by E. Sparvel-Bayly. Putnam's Sons. $3.75 net.

Haverford Essays: Studies in Modern Literature. Prepared by some former pupils of Prof. Francis B. Gummere. Haverford College, Haverford, Pa. $1.25.

Hueffer, Ford Madox. The Half Moon: A Romance of the Old World and the New. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35.

Magnus, Laurie. English Literature in the Nineteenth Century. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

Mallory, Herbert S. Tempered Steel. Fenno & Co.

Morrice, Rev. J. C. A Manual of Welsh Literature. Bangor, North Wales: Jarvis & Foster.

Morris, James Cheston. Kosmos: A Poem from the Proverbs of Solomon. Philadelphia: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co. 75 cents net.

Morton, Fred A. Winning a Living on Four Acres. London: A. C. Fifield.

Oldmeadow, Ernest Antonio. The Century Co. $1.30 net.

Qui Etes-vous? Annualre des Contemporains Français & Etrangers 1909-1910. Lemcke & Buechner.

Roland & Marie Philipon: Lettres D'Amour (1777 à 1780). Introduction by Claude Perroud. Paris: Librairie Alphonse Picard & Fils.

Roosevelt, Theodore. Stories of the Great West. The Century Co. 60 cents net.

Russell, T. Baron. Science at Home: Simple Experiments for Young People, Fenno & Co. 75 cents.

Salt, Henry S. Tennyson as a Thinker. London: A. C. Fifield.

Sparrow, W. Shaw. The English House: How to Judge its Periods and Styles. John Lane. $2 net.

The Works of James Buchanan. Comprising His Speeches, State Papers, and Private Correspondence. Collected by John Bassett Moore. Vol. VIII. 1848-1853. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1909.

The Week.

The first glimmering ray of hope that has for many days broken upon a tariff-ridden public shone out in President Taft's brief but meaning reference to the tariff in his speech to the Yale alumni. If Aldrich is insensible to the ground-swell of general irritation, Mr. Taft is not. The Chief Executive realizes that the only political responsibility we have evolved in this country is that of the dominant party to the electorate, as construed in the platform pledges. Relegation to the rôle of the minority in opposition is the menace which confronts the cynical violation of political vows. Mr. Taft, it is evident, realizes that the country will hold the Republican party to a strict accountability in this matter. The resentment is not less, but greater, in that the Democrats have shamelessly failed in their obligations to fight the "Dingleyizing" of the House bill. This will eventually make powerfully for a split in the Republican ranks, and not impossibly for new party alignments altogether, unless the President can bring to bear on his party his own sober counsels of decency and honor.

It appears now that the tax on corporation incomes was not devised simply to help the chairman of the Finance Committee out of a hole, but was drafted by the Attorney-General shortly after his appointment. When the House leaders chose to substitute an inheritance tax, the President apparently decided to lie low and wait for his chance. This came in the determination of a Senate majority to graft an income tax upon the tariff bill. Aldrich protested, and when he fled for help to the President, Mr. Taft smilingly produced the corporation tax. Vowing he "would ne'er consent"—or never for more than two years' duration of such a measure—Mr. Aldrich finally "consented." He had even the humiliation of having to swallow his proposed time-limitation, though he files his personal caveat at this feature of the measure. Meantime, Mr. Taft's pointed reference to tariff reduction at New Haven seems to have produced consternation at Washington. Members of Congress regard it as an "ultimatum." They have anxiously rushed to inquire if he really said it, and if it has any political significance. The Washington dispatches report that the query "amused Mr. Taft greatly." There has been a rush of blood to the heads of Congressmen since they were answered genially by the President "to use their own intelligence on that subject."

The list of Independence Day casualties will probably need revision for some time to come. Fuller information may raise the number of the injured. The usual proportion of injuries will go to swell the number of the dead. It remains certain, nevertheless, that the last holiday marked a notable advance towards a sane, if not a quiet, Fourth. This year the country was vouchsafed two days' opportunity for self-destruction instead of one; the sharp decrease in fatalities indicates growing recognition of the truth that people need not sacrifice life in celebrating liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Washington and Cleveland report a noiseless holiday; in Chicago the ban was laid on the giant firecracker and the toy cannon. Many towns restricted the sale of holiday explosives to a few days before Independence Day. Unless the powder manufacturers and the doctors get together and have Aldrich rig up some sort of protection for their threatened interests, it really seems as if future holidays will demonstrate the complete compatibility of freedom and common sense.

In line with the recent declaration of the Merchant Marine League, in favor of free ships, is an article in the July *Atlantic*, "Wanted: An American Merchant Marine." Strangely enough, it is written by a British naval officer. He identifies himself no further than by saying that he is "second officer on a Liverpool liner." In common with the seafaring folk of all countries, he is amazed at the supineness of Americans in letting other nations do practically all their ocean-carrying for them. A chief reason for our marine backwardness he finds in the "insane law" which "makes it impossible for a ship whose keel was not laid down in America to fly the stars and stripes." Ah, but we ought to fear the foreigner even when he is bearing us the gift of good advice! How do we know that this British officer is not a secret agent of English shipbuilders, who want to get orders from the United States? In any case, he shows a deplorable ignorance of our noble policy of protection, when he suggests that we could build ships as cheaply as anybody else, if only our iron and steel manufacturers would sell for as low prices at home as they do abroad. That proves clearly that this benighted Englishman has not the faintest conception of the blessings of a high tariff which favors the foreigner at the expense of the native.

That an indictment should have been found, after all, against the Sugar Trust and its chief officers, suggests a contrast between the present Administration at Washington and a certain preceding Administration. In former days we grew accustomed to the loud threat against corporate iniquity, followed by the discovery that something or other had happened to make the wicked corporation immune. To-day, we have the refreshing spectacle of a government prosecution seemingly foundered on the old rock of the statute of limitations, but escaping the danger very cleverly and going right ahead. Counsel for the Sugar Trust have not been as successful as they thought they were in persuading the government's representatives that the Trust could not be prosecuted. The Department of Justice has found acts of criminality in connection with the Segal case that run back less than the magic three years which wipe out all things. It is a novelty to see Justice displaying something of the resourcefulness which we have hitherto associated entirely with its opponents.

The white firemen on the Georgia Railroad are quite ready to agree that, properly manipulated, arbitration is a very beautiful thing. If arbitration decides in your favor, why, there you are. But if judgment goes against you, then,

as members of a dominant race, you can draft a bill prohibiting negroes from working as railway firemen, and lay that bill before a Legislature which will think twice before it refuses to dance to the tune of the Dominant Race. The most elementary sense of what is just and permissible under the Constitution must be outraged by the latest shameless attempt to apply the educational test clause to the keeping down of the negro in the dirt where, according to Dominant Morality, he belongs. Are we soon to see the day when a man shall not be allowed to stoke an engine or turn a brake-wheel unless his grandfather was a freeman before 1867?

In his recent address to the Yale alumni, President Hadley discriminated between different fields of scientific research. He aptly characterized a certain kind of research as about the poorest business a man could engage in, and still retain the acknowledged status of a gentleman and scholar. Even the discovery of some things unknown before is not, of itself, sufficient to create any obligations on the part of the learned world to the discoverer. There are said, for example, to be known something like a million distinct varieties of living animals. A distinguished zoölogist has given it as his guess that there are probably still uncatalogued an additional million, mostly microscopic, however, and *not* confined to the continent of Africa. Merely to discover a single additional species would serve, of course, as the basis for the "ordinary Ph D. of commerce." But beyond that it would be of little worth. The serviceable investigator must possess at the outset, or acquire, an instinct for such knowledge as is worth while.

A Detroit clergyman, the Rev. Reed Stuart, has just resigned, after a pastorate of twenty-three years, because, as he explains, he does not feel "equal to the work of the institutional church." Without any bitterness, but in the most matter-of-fact way, he defines that sort of church as the one which "believes in free soup, in boys' clubs, and basketball, and in cadets carrying guns in the name of Christ." Those things, he admits, may be necessary in the modern church, but he intends from now on to leave the management of them to others. His early ideal had been that of a preacher, a spiritual leader; but he had found more and more of his time and strength taken up with the infinite variety of organizations within the church. We fancy that many a weary minister would find all this waking a response in his own heart. The institutional church does, no doubt, a world of good; but some of its activities are confessedly only a sort of pious bribe to induce people to occupy pews, and it certainly tends to belittle the prophetic function of the clergyman. What is really needed is a division of labor, by which those who have a talent for "serving tables," in the Scriptural phrase, may wreak themselves on the machinery of the boys' brigades, while those who feel a message burning in their souls may be left free to shape and deliver it.

The assassination in London of Lieut.-Col. Wyllie by a Hindu student is bound to produce a more painful impression in England than it could make in any other part of the world. England has so long been the home of public security that acts of violence take on a meaning often out of proportion to their importance. Englishmen have not known what revolt is for over two hundred years. They must go back to the Peterloo massacre—an event which even among us would be described as a riot—for an example of serious public disorder. When a couple of Russian anarchists went mad and ran amuck in Tottenham a few months ago, the country was driven to discuss the expediency of excluding foreign political refugees of a "dangerous" type. Hence such a cold-blooded act as this political murder cannot help creating a condition of public excitement which may in the end bring harm both to Great Britain and to the Hindus. Lord Morley may have to face a loud outcry for summary action in India. It will be his duty to judge just how much significance must be ascribed to the wanton act of the Hindu student and terrorist. India, as a whole, has accepted the political concessions recently granted her. It would be unfortunate if the work of conciliation should be hampered by the action of a fanatic or a lunatic.

If Professor Dicey and the editor of the London *Spectator* were among the onlookers in Parliament Square at the latest suffragette riot, we may be sure they kept well in the background. It was not only feminine brickbats, but their own words also, that they were afraid of having thrown into their faces. Professor Dicey, in a book he has just published against woman's rights, joins in the belief, "entertained by nearly every man, that women . . . are often lacking in the virtues, such as active courage, firmness of judgment, self-control, steadiness of conduct, and, above all, a certain sense of justice maintained even in the heat of party conflict." In approving this, the *Spectator* goes a step further:

> The basis of all government . . . is force. . . . Women also have less tenacity. This is a simple demonstrable fact. We wish to lay particular stress upon it, because in our own mind, it has a present application of conclusive urgency. Europe is entering upon a struggle for naval supremacy which . . . may mean a physical contest in which *the less resolute combatant* will surely be the loser.

Amid the din of charging suffragette cavalry, crashing window glass, and nightsticks thumping on feminine backs, constitutionalist and journalist heard a strange answer to their arguments.

Sydney Smith once defined benevolence as the feeling which A experienced when he thought that B ought to do something to relieve C's necessities. This vicarious excellence seems to-day to prevail in international public finance. The corporation tax works excellently in France, but, it is argued, is ill-suited to the United States. Mr. Lloyd-George finds that land taxes are admirable fiscal devices in the United States and Australia, but the Opposition is impressed with the totally different situation in Great Britain. The German Chancellor admires the patriotism with which the death duties and the legacy taxes are borne in England, but the Prussian Junker resents the importation of such a noxious fiscal project into the Fatherland. No expectant contributor sees the tax-halter draw "with good opinion of the law." If this mode of argument continues, the "shifting of taxation" will soon bear a different meaning. Like the criminal who asked as a dying favor that he might choose the tree on which to be hanged, the prospective tax-payer returns at night with the weary sheriff and confesses with tears that he cannot find a suitable tree.

The contrast between the latest utterances of the Kaiser and Lord Charles Beresford is significant. It is also very much in the Kaiser's favor. To use a nautical phrase, it quite takes the wind out of the sea-dog's sails. Lord Charles is not a panic-monger, and yet he insists on the necessity of expending between $275,000,000 and $300,000,000 on the navy, "in order to put the Empire in a state of safety by March, 1914." In the interim, what is to prevent Albion's foes from driving her from the seas? Lord Charles, it should seem, has as yet failed to substantiate the charges he launched against the Admiralty administration of Sir John Fisher. But with a Herculean reserve, he refrained from reference to the charges that are still *sub judice*. There might almost be a suspicion that the gallant tar is a veritable Hobson come to judgment, were it not for his reference to German industrial progress. The Kaiser in pacific fashion agrees with the doughty son of Neptune. In his recent interview with the head of the French Parliamentary Arbitration group, the Kaiser spoke deprecatingly of the current hysteria in England, and remarked that the British nervousness would disappear when Great Britain realized that by progress in industry she might regain her lost economic ground.

German method inheres even in German madness. So venturesome an undertaking as Zeppelin's proposed flight to the North Pole is to be gone at with an elaborate precaution which may be enough to turn madness into success. Before the final dash for the Pole, the region between the starting point and the goal is to be carefully explored for its geography and its meteorology. When Zeppelin sails at last it will be on no uncharted atmospheric seas. Were accident eliminated and the problem reduced to a mere question of distance to be traversed, Peary might yet see himself anticipated by the Germans. But, unfortunately, accident still thickly strews the paths of the aeronaut. True, that most dreaded peril to balloon and aeroplane, the tree, is beneficently absent from the Polar regions, and except for a possible impalement on the Pole itself, collision can occur only with an obstinate ice-hummock here or there. But that other dread foe, the wind, blusters sadly in these northern regions, and in case of storm everybody outside of England knows that there are no German regiments at the Pole to hold the airship down in safety.

M. Cruppi, Minister of Commerce, outlined on Monday, in his speech to the Deputies, the government's attitude toward the pending tariff revision in France. His speech was a singular blend of studied moderation in practice and of intellectual detachment as regards theory. A customs policy, he declared, is "not an essential factor in the economic development of nations." Free trade in Great Britain and protection in Germany are proof. But M. Cruppi would not disturb the *status quo*, and believes in the efficacy of an elastic tariff as a weapon in bargaining for markets. The "reasonable protection" which France has established he deems compatible with an extension of foreign trade by reciprocity treaties. But he deprecates the loud talk of tariff reprisals. With an export trade of a billion dollars he believes in soft words for the foreign customer. He undoubtedly impressed his auditors by citing the alarm evidenced by French chambers of commerce at the drastic way the Parliamentary commission on tariff revision is setting about its task. Especially delicate were M. Cruppi's allusions to Great Britain and the United States. It was the kind of counting-house prudence which appeals to the thrifty *bourgeoisie*. It shows a shrewd realization of the fact that French exports are largely of a luxurious or quasi-luxurious character. Silks, porcelain, wines, objects of art and of voluntary consumption, not necessities, are the wares that France excels in. It is the part of wisdom not to talk of drastic reprisals when the world at a pinch can do without many of these creations.

The most regrettable aspect, perhaps, of France's latest "affair," the navy scandal, is that the reactionary element will fashion a weapon for itself out of the exposure of frightful maladministration under the present régime. The Republican *bloc* which came into power under Waldeck-Rousseau was naturally concerned, first of all, with saving the country itself from threatened wreck over the Dreyfus affair. It was inevitable that reasons of political strategy should have outweighed every other consideration. Yet once the crisis had been weathered, the *bloc*, like every other government, should have concerned itself with governing. Now, the anti-Republican parties are in a position to show that what most Frenchmen consider the chief duty of their rulers, the maintenance of an adequate system of national defence, has been wofully neglected. When Gen. André, some ten years ago, set about ridding the army of anti-Republican intrigue, the result was, according to the opponents of the *bloc*, that the army was brought down to a state of disorganization which was first revealed in 1905, when France had to accept Germany's dictation concerning Morocco. Now come revelations which, if true, would argue that the French fleet is about as well prepared to meet an enemy as was the late Admiral Rozhestvensky.

The Young Turk leaders have evidently decided that the most pressing need of the moment is to ward off a second reactionary upheaval. They must show themselves as zealous for the maintenance of Ottoman supremacy in the Empire as they have hitherto been for constitutional progress. The attitude of the government in the matter of Crete is an instance in point. Had it consented to the occupation of that island by Greece, the government might have had another counter-revolution on its hands. In forcing the Powers to consent to a virtual continuance of the Cretan occupation, the Hilmi Ministry has closed, for a time at least, the mouths of the reactionaries. Parliament, meanwhile, has been working along the same lines. In giving statutory form to the various provisions of the Constitution of 1876, it has repeatedly laid stress on the connection between the Islamic religion and the Empire. Recently, the Chamber adopted an educational clause which provides that public instruction is free, but that "all schools are placed under the control of the government. The necessary measures shall be taken to assure to every Ottoman subject a uniform system of education." In spite of the accompanying guarantee that "there shall be no interference with the religious education of the different communities," the Greeks and Bulgarians profess to discern in the proposal of a uniform educational system under government control a possible curtailment of their existing rights.

NEARING THE TARIFF END.

Two reasons explain the speed—almost beyond the legal limit—with which the Senate is winding up its part of tariff-making. With the corporation tax adopted after less than a week's discussion, the Constitutional amendment authorizing an income tax passed without debate or even opposition, the special customs court voted in one day and the administrative features of the tariff agreed to at the same time, people might be excused for wondering what forces had suddenly overcome the Senatorial inertia. But there is always this kind of accelerated motion, when the Senate is dealing with large and controverted measures of legislation. The first paragraphs are debated with minute and apparently endless obstinacy. Time is wasted, and the endurance of mortal lungs and throats taxed to the uttermost. Despairing observers begin to think 'twill never be done. And then unexpectedly the whole discussion falls in a heap, and many of the sections which seemed to promise oratory world without end, are accepted without demur or delay. This is partly the result of sheer physical exhaustion. After three months of incessant use, the tongue even of a La Follette cleaves to the roof of his mouth. Moreover, the power of a disciplined majority has, by then, fully asserted itself. Opponents ask themselves wearily: "With mate in four moves inevitable, why insist upon making them all painstakingly?"

Another reason for the rapid crumbling of the Senate debate lies in the general conviction that the tariff is not really to be shaped by it. As Senators near the end, they are more and more impressed with the fact that their end is not the true end, that a great deal of insincerity and lack of finality has marked their procedure, and that the tariff law actually to be put in effect will be framed, as the English Parliamentary phrase is, "in another place." That place is the committee of conference between the two houses. The ten or twelve men who meet in secret are the real tariff-makers. What they report back will be put through *en bloc*, by the House of Representatives under special rule admitting of no amendment, and by the Senate under the irresistible pressure of party organization. So why need Senators haggle any longer over details which may issue from conference after having undergone a sea-change, altered into a shape which may or may not be rich, but which will certainly appear strange to those who begat them? Hence the growing desire in the Senate to get it over.

One would have said that the entirely new provision of the Senate bill, establishing a court with special and final jurisdiction in customs cases, would have furnished controversial matter enough to last the Senate a month. Yet it was dispatched in a single session. True, several vital amendments were adopted. Senator Rayner did good service in exposing some of the doubtfully constitutional, as well as manifestly unjust features of the plan, and secured their abandonment. The salaries of the new judges of the Customs Court were also cut down to the level of those of other Federal judges. With these changes made, and with the understanding that cases can be taken from the Customs Court by *certiorari* to the Supreme Court, when it can be alleged that flagrant injustice has been done, or property taken without due process of law, the chief objections of lawyers to the proposed court are removed. President Taft may be counted upon to appoint able and disinterested judges—even if this qualification rules out the men who have been toadying to Aldrich in the hope of judicial preferment.

The fact that every Senator present voted for the proposed amendment of the Constitution, authorizing the levy of an income tax, is not alone to be explained as a part of the bargain made by Aldrich and the President. Such unanimity is significant of a strong popular feeling in favor of a clear Constitutional warrant for that form of taxation. The House will undoubtedly agree with the Senate in this matter. It is said in Washington that those opposed to the tax are confident that the amendment will not be ratified by three-fourths of the States. They talk of eleven States—names not given—of which they say they are certain the Legislatures will reject the amendment. But such predictions are more easily made than fulfilled. The arguments for the amendment are not necessarily arguments for the tax. It may fairly be maintained that the power to lay an income tax ought to exist, even if it be unwise to use it at present. The opinion of the Supreme Court judges, as well as the utterances of Presidents and other public men, shows how serious a thing it might be for the nation, if in a great emergency, it found itself shorn of the right to place a direct tax on incomes. Add to this consideration the obvious spread of the conviction that the Federal government will be compelled in the future to resort to direct taxes more freely than at any time since the civil war, and the chances that the Constitutional amendment will be ratified by the necessary number of States, seem to us to be very good. We shall know within two years whether there is, after all, any truth in the assertion so often made that it has become impossible to amend the Constitution of the United States.

With the whole tariff question now nearing its final stages, the responsibility of President Taft for the ultimate form of this legislation grows acute. The country looks to him to exert all his influence and authority to induce the conference committees to agree upon a bill which he can honorably sign, and which the people will not regard as a betrayal and a mockery.

THE SCIENCE OF RACE-HATRED.

Two recent magazine articles on the negro invite consideration because of their individual significance and the contrast they offer. In the July *McClure's*, William Archer enters on a thorough search for a solution to the negro problem, after he has convinced himself that such a problem exists. Having enumerated the four possible ways in which the South can deal with the question—all of them calling for "almost superhuman wisdom, energy, and courage"—Mr. Archer finds it impossible to conceive that the negro can be exterminated, assimilated, or tolerated, and therefore pronounces in favor of segregation. A negro State within the Union might be built up, at first by the voluntary emigration, and after some twenty-five years by the forcible transportation, of all negroes under the age of forty-five. Into the details of a scheme which the writer admits is one of enormous difficulty, we need not enter here. The idea is not a new one. Whether either white men or black men in the South want such a State, whether such a State could be erected, and, if erected, whether it could long exist, are really questions of more than magazine scope.

Booker T. Washington s opinion of the plan is well known. Given a separate negro State, it would take a very high wall to keep the negro inside, and three or four very high walls to keep the white man out.

But it is with the writer's moral justification of his scheme that we are concerned. Mr. Archer widens the question from the negro and the South to the world and its various races. He argues:

"But," it may be said, "the rights and liberties of civilized humanity include the right to move freely hither and thither over the face of the earth. This right, at any rate, would be denied to the Afro-American, inclosed within the ring-fence of his own State." There is, I think, a sufficient answer to this objection. The right to travel would not be denied to the negro. Nor would he be debarred from emigrating and settling abroad among any community that was willing to receive him. It is, I think, becoming more and more clear that the right of every man, white, black, or yellow, to effect a permanent settlement outside his own country, is subject to this qualification. The idea that all the world ought to belong equally to all men, and that rational development tends toward an unrestricted intermingling of races, seems to be signally contradicted by the trend of events. Is it not the great essential for the ultimate world-peace that races should learn to keep themselves to themselves?

This is plain speaking. It immediately suggests the other article to which we have alluded, William English Walling's "Science and Human Brotherhood," in a late number of the *Independent*. Mr. Walling is without doubt an enthusiast. He is quite as strongly in favor of race admixture as Mr. Archer says the white South is against it. But, again, it is not with Mr. Walling's specific views that we have to do, but with the general issue he raises. Are we in the midst of a reaction away from those ideals of democracy and of human brotherhood to which the eighteenth century gave birth and from which the nineteenth century drew its nourishment? Our writer protests against what he describes as the growing Nietzscheanism of the times. Under modern names and backed by scientific instead of theological authority, the ideals of caste, of national exclusiveness, of the rule of force, are coming back to thrive among us. As for the Declaration of Independence, all scholars know nowadays that it embodies a vicious compound of Rousseauism and demagogy.

Such a view of the present march of civilization seems to us greatly exaggerated. But that such a view should be entertained seems natural enough when a man so conspicuously identified as is Mr. Archer with progressive ideals in literature and other fields of life, finds it easy to ask, "Is it not the great essential for the ultimate world-peace that races should learn to keep themselves to themselves?" Put aside the utter insufficiency of real evidence in favor of such a contention. Pass over the fact that a half-dozen years of Imperialist madness cut no permanent groove for the progress of the world. Merely consider that the ideal of race-exclusiveness here hinted at means nothing less than a throw-back to conditions that antedate civilization. High Chinese walls around every country to keep out not only the stranger's goods, but the stranger himself—that is what the modern theories of race-superiority and race-purity bring us to. Mr. Walling asks:

Will the defenders of individual freedom, social justice, and human brotherhood awake in time to the danger of the most monstrous reversion in history since the foundation of the religions of human brotherhood and love two thousand, yes, three thousand years before the period when the world was made physically one by steam and electricity, and half the population of the earth became sufficiently enlightened to claim a share in the world's progress?

We do not think the danger so imminent as all that. We find it deplorable, nevertheless, that Western thought should be dandling about ideals which we associate with a somnolent China and a caste-ridden India, and at a time when China and India are forcing their painful but steady way towards Western ideals.

The position held by Mr. Archer considers itself, and is apt to be considered, as scientific. His opponent's views are apt to be stigmatized as sentimental. Yet deeper reflection will show that science in a truer sense is with the old humanitarian view against the race and caste advocates. The chief scientific characteristic of the latter is their cold-bloodedness. A segregated negro State, a locked-up frontier, is impressive because it is cruel. It is not scientific to fix one's gaze upon the present spasm of militarism in Europe, and overlook the growing desire of the world's masses for peace, as twice shown at The Hague. It is not scientific to dwell on the defects of democracy in the West, and to pass over the stirring of nearly all Asia to democracy. It is not even scientific to interpret racial conflict as tending to racial exclusiveness. California's and Australia's hostility to the Japanese seems to Mr. Archer proof that the races must be kept apart. But it is nearer the truth to say that the existence of anti-Japanese feeling only means that the old rule of exclusiveness will no longer work. When the Japanese didn't count, no one disliked them. Now they do count, and, for all the temporary hatreds and exclusion laws, they must make their way to equality as their strength grows. Civilization which has grown by contact among the nations of the earth will not tolerate the splitting up of the nations.

AS BAEDEKER SEES US.

There is one pleasure which loyal members of the "See America First" society can never enjoy. This is the pleasure of perusing Baedeker's United States from the comparative point of view. The American tourist who associates the limp red binding with old-world associations gets a positive thrill from the inspection of the volume devoted to his own native land. John Graham Brooks in his recent volume, "As Others See Us," has skimmed the cream from many a volume of forgotten lore about our country, but did not include the impersonal Baedeker. It must not be imagined that anything one could say of this world-renowned series of travellers' hand-books can add to or detract from their merits. They have become an international institution. But one may venture to indulge in reflections upon the Procrustean formality with which they envelop the business of travel. Their Olympian aloofness and cosmopolitanism do not alter with a change in latitude. The serious-minded British globe-trotter and the indefatigable German tourist insist on taking their pleasures sadly, and find support in the ever-faithful Baedeker.

Despite the fact that Dr. J. F. Muirhead has for over a quarter of a century had charge of the English editions of Baedeker, the style has been thoroughly subdued to the material in which he works. The introductory article proves this up to the hilt. Beginning, as is proper, with the question of the expense of an American tour, he remarks truly enough that it may be reckoned inevit-

ably from one-fourth to one-third more in this country than abroad. "Persons of moderate requirements," however, by frequenting boarding houses, instead of hotels, and by avoiding carriage hire, may travel comfortably in this country. On one point he is very reassuring: "Throughout almost the whole country, travelling is now as safe as in the most civilized parts of the world, and the carrying of arms, which, indeed, is forbidden in many States, is as unnecessary here as there." Thrice armed is he who has his sensibilities under control. "He should, from the outset, reconcile himself to the absence of deference or servility on the part of those he considers his social inferiors; but, if ready himself to be courteous on a footing of equality, he will seldom meet any real impoliteness." As to hotels, the best American hostelries will be found "fully as comfortable as the first-class hotels of Europe by all who can accommodate themselves to the manners of the country, etc." Real penetration is evidenced, however, in the warning to avoid restaurants "which solicit the patronage of 'gents' "; and discrimination in the remark that "soap, curiously enough, though provided in hotels, is not provided in boarding houses or lodgings." Ringing for soap is evidently not a monopoly of the traveller in effete Europe.

As to travelling, he weighs carefully the respective merits of the American and European railway carriage, or "car," as he notes it is called here. A "single crying infant or spoiled child may here annoy from sixty to seventy people," whereas abroad the worriment will be confined to "the few in the compartment." Rugs, as a rule, are not necessary upon our trains. Indeed, our trains are generally overheated, even in winter, we are informed. But there are corresponding advantages, such as the amusement derivable from watching the other occupants of the long car, though, in case of accident, there are but two exits. He does not commit himself to a final decision, yet he is not quite without hopes of us. Even at Niagara Falls, "the former extortionate charges and impertinent demeanour of the Niagara hackmen have been somewhat abated." Under "General Hints," the comparative method of sociological induction yields the following gem: "The art of the *Barber and Hair-Dresser* has been developed to a high point in the United States, where the 'tonsorial saloons' are often very luxurious. The prices, however, are high, 10-25 cents for a shave, including hair-brushing and the application of essences."

Most important, however, are the tourists' Glossary and the allied hints about social usages upon the frontier. "An American takes a lady *out* to dinner, while an Englishman takes her *in*." To "wait on" the table does not imply that the *garçon* here leans against or sits on the festal board, but is merely the American equivalent of "waiting at" dinner. A "block" is a "rectangular mass of building, bounded by four streets." A "deck" is a "pack of cards," though with Teutonic thoroughness it is noted that this use of the term is found in Shakespeare. A "bug" is *anglice* "a beetle, insect of almost any kind." And time itself would fail us to tell of the patience with which "gums" and "rubbers," "biscuit" and "crackers," "grips" and "baggage," "high Balls" and "chowders," "pie" and "parlor," are defined for the wandering subjects of the Kaiser or the King. We were sometimes disposed to complain of a certain condescension in foreigners. We were sometimes inclined to ask shudderingly how we were vulgar, and were rebuffed by the answer, "Because thou art not like unto us," from Lucifer, Son of the Morning. But we have changed all that. Our sensibilities ought no more to be wounded by the stranger within our gates. For as the excellent Baedeker says: "The first requisites for the enjoyment of a tour in the United States are an absence of prejudice and a willingness to accommodate one's self to the customs of the country."

WHY WE COMMEMORATE CALVIN.

I.

It would probably be difficult to find anywhere to-day more than a handful of persons who would really enjoy being called by the name of "Calvinist." Yet the Protestant world is joining with singular unanimity in celebrating, on the tenth day of this month, the four hundredth anniversary of Calvin's birth. Geneva, the scene of his chief outward activities, will, in these days, be the central point of interest for all those, who, divided in every detail of religious organization, are one in their opposition to a church of authority. If we can explain this apparent paradox, we shall come near to an understanding of what Calvin means to the thinking men of our day.

The approach of the present anniversary has revived to a notable extent interest in Calvin's dominating, but perplexing, personality. The materials for the history of his life and work have been presented to the world in absolute completeness, and biographical studies of greater or less extent have helped in a general understanding of the man and his meaning for the world. Still, after all, the popular impression of him remains singularly inadequate. Probably most Protestants and all Catholics continue to hold the idea once expressed in the writer's hearing by an educated woman, that Calvin was a malignant, at times a furious, fanatic finding his chief satisfaction in violent controversy, a man whose memory was to be execrated and whose example was valuable only as a horrible warning. Nothing could be further from the truth. "Fanatic" is the last word that could properly be applied to Calvin. If it means anything, it means a man so absorbed by one idea that all others lose their proper proportion in his mind. From the first moment of his approach to the problems of his life, Calvin shows us the type of the deliberate, systematic, constructive mind to which all fanaticism is specially abhorrent, which cannot even co-exist with it. No fanatic has ever become a great leader of men along lines of constructive utility. Fanatics have, indeed, often given the inspiration that has roused enthusiasm and led indirectly to great results, but they have never built up the world's systems, either of thought or of social organization.

If we inquire into the causes of Calvin's influence, we shall be impressed first of all by its universality. The other great leaders of reform, Wycliffe, Hus, Luther, Zwingli, were, each in his time, identified with the special needs and the historical conditions of a single country. Each of these men represented, in a singularly true and singularly complete sense, the spirit of his own nation. Each was in his own way and has remained ever since the popular type of the people he primarily served. It might fairly be said of each, that he was the natural product of the national genius. His work was done for the nation and was made possible through it. The man and the nation belonged together, reacted upon each other, determined each other's character and defined the limits of expression within which each might move.

No such limitation exists in the case of Calvin. True, he was, as has often been pointed out, in many ways a typical product of the French genius; but France would not receive this, one of the greatest of her sons. She drove him out into an exile, bitter at first and never to become quite sweet to his emi-

nently domestic and affectionate nature. Through this exile, he lost that background of national support his earlier colleagues had possessed, but the gain was greater than the loss. Without fault or merit of his own, he was freed from a multitude of complications that had fettered in countless ways the thought and the action of the other reformatory leaders. They had been compelled at every turn to take account of the social and political conditions of their several lands. They had, almost from the first, been driven into compromises and adjustments that had seriously modified their own original views. They had had to consider ways and means, sometimes to play fast and loose with the standards of right they had themselves laid down, and all this had cost them dearly in the estimation of the world, even the world of sympathizers outside.

If, for example, we compare the Luther of 1520 with the Luther of 1530, we are at once impressed with the change that has come over his ideals. Step by step during that decade he had been driven from one position after another by the insistent demands of one and another policy too important for him to overlook. He had been warned by the extravagances of the radical wing on the one hand, and by the conservatism of existing powers on the other. His attitude, defiant at first, had by 1530 become largely apologetic. The great Confession of Augsburg, the Constitution of later Lutheranism, is penetrated throughout by the spirit of compromise made necessary by the complications of German political and social life. We are not questioning either the wisdom of this attitude or the nobility of the ideals still preserved in the Lutheran position. We are only illustrating the practical limitations of nationality and world-politics that kept the Lutheran movement mainly within the sphere of German life. It would be easy also to draw similar illustrations from Switzerland, from Bohemia, and from England. In each of these cases the Reformation had to make its way into the structure of an already fixed social and political order, and the measure of its success depended largely upon the degree to which it could conciliate the various elements of that society.

II.

If now we turn to Calvin we find an entirely different situation. The exile of 1535 remained an exile throughout his long life. Geneva, the home of his active years, was never the "place where he belonged." Instead of claiming him as its own, as Bohemia claimed Hus, it was rather taken in hand by him as material for the working out of ideas already elaborated elsewhere. Geneva was Calvin's laboratory, not his fatherland. Calvin belongs, therefore, not to Geneva, as Luther belongs to Germany, but to the world. His greatest work for humanity was not so much what he did for and with Geneva, as in the system of ideas worked out into tangible form before the thought of carrying them out into practice could ever have occurred to him. The author of the "Christian Institution" was a young, solitary, and homeless scholar, living, like so many others of his class, under the sheltering hospitality of that Swiss town of Basel, where Erasmus had spent his most peaceful and most fruitful years. The theology of the Reformation in its main propositions was already established. Under its Lutheran and its Zwinglian forms it was making its way; but so far no one had gone at the problem free of all entanglements, as a theologian pure and simple. It is true, Calvin addressed his appeal directly to the French king, but one feels at once that the audience he had in mind was as wide as the interest in religious things.

If we compare this appeal to the French government with Luther's "Address to the Christian Nobility of Germany," the difference is obvious. Luther proposes a series of practical measures whereby the religious ideas he would enforce might be realized under the leadership of the only "safe" class in the community to which he belonged. Calvin rises above all immediate questions of policy into the higher regions of speculative thought, entrusting to time and circumstance the realization of his ideals. It is this quality of universal appeal that more than anything else has made Calvin a name of dignity in the world of thought. Agree with him or not as we may, we recognize in him the man of universal grasp on the greatest problems of the religious life.

Keeping still within the field of speculation we may find a second explanation of Calvin's permanent influence in his emphasis on the great fundamental fact of human sinfulness. In our more joyous and, I venture to believe, sounder view of human life we shall doubtless feel at first thought as if this were but a sorry title to the lasting memory of our kind. Calvinism suggests probably to most of us, first of all a sour-faced disapproval of most pleasant and natural things, a gloomy insistence upon a Hebrew standard of morality little in harmony with our modern respect for what is natural and our modern sympathy with what is beautiful. That Calvin's emphasis on the sinful side of human experience was exaggerated, we need not question. It was exaggerated, as every reaction against rooted evil must be, if it is to be effective. It becomes intelligible only when it is seen in relief against the background of evil it was designed to remedy. Calvin's service in this matter was in making once again clear to the conscience of Christians that sin was a fact of individual experience, not a mere theological device to explain the mystery of human nature, but a tremendous, insistent fact, not to be explained away by theological ingenuity, nor palliated by ecclesiastical devices, but met squarely and dealt with in such fashion as the corporate conscience of Christianity might approve. Of course, in seeking support for his position he went back to the source of all later thinking on the fundamental problems of man's moral nature, to Augustine, and reminded the world anew of its debt to that singular medley of reason and unreason, the Augustinian theology. Of course, again, in so doing he ran perilously near the line along which Augustine was always coasting, the borderland of dualistic thought, ever tempting with its easy solution the loyalty of every Christian thinker who approached its frontier. His nickname of *Novus Manichæus* shows that his contemporaries did not fail to see his peril. He saved himself as Augustine had saved himself, by insisting, after all was said, upon the unity of the divine, even to the point of admitting the divine authorship of what man in his blindness calls "evil."

III.

To estimate this service of Calvin we must look at it, not in the light of our modern adjustments, compromises, or by whatever name we may call our ways of getting along with our consciences, public and private, but rather in the light of what Calvin, in common with the whole Protestant world, was trying to replace. His work was dictated by a profound sense of the need of reform, which no right-minded man of his day could overlook. Least of all could right-thinking Catholics afford, for the sake of their own institutions, to neglect the insistent demand for a pretty thorough overhauling of the whole ecclesiastical system. With the pitiless logic of the French mind, Calvin went straight to the heart of the matter, and found his solution in that emphasis upon personal sin as a part of the very nature of every human being which we are here considering. He had no new criticism of the existing order to offer. All that had been done before. From Wycliffe on there had been no lack of reminders as to the outward ills of the ecclesiastical body. What was needed was some principle whereby men could coördinate and harmonize all the varied forms of protest that so far had been inefficient for lack of such a rational unity. Neither was there any absolute novelty in the proposition regarding sin in itself. The Church accepted it and had built up its machinery of sacramental remedy and recovery upon it. What was new was the emphatic position given by Calvin to sin as the central fact in man's dealing with his religious needs.

Under the Roman system this consciousness of sin, though theologically accepted, had in practice become obscured and confused in a mechanism that kept the mass of believers satisfied, but could never escape the criticism of whoever could read the signs of the times. The reformers preceding Calvin had paltered with the sacramental system, trying to hold as much of it as possible out of regard for the weaknesses of those on whom they depended for support, both from above and from below. Calvin, to all intents and purposes, threw away these fictitious props to the religious life, calling sinful men back sharply to their sin and giving them what he believed to be the true means of remedy.

It is impossible to pass over this chapter of Calvin's activity without reference to what would now probably be thought his most repellant doctrine. The idea of predestination had never been able to take deep root in Christian soil. Ever since Augustine it had risen now and again to the surface of discussion, only to be either repudiated or so greatly modified as to lose its most distinctive character. Augustine himself had distinctly balked at the extreme form of putting the inevitable logic of the situation. He was willing to accept a selection of those destined to be saved, but he could not go the length of admitting a divine determination of those who were to be lost. Calvin did not shrink from this dire alternative. From the point of view of God, *i. e.*, of an ultimate philosophy, such as Calvin believed himself to possess, there was no great difficulty in accepting the idea that divine knowledge and divine will were so absolutely one that the final destiny of every man was determined in every sense in that infinite plan, which lay at the back of all Augustinian thought. The horror of the "double" predestination comes when we frail mortals try to bring in the element of human will and human responsibility. Calvin saved the day for himself and for those who followed his conclusions, as Luther had done before him, by the doctrine of justification by faith. The man of faith brought—or, what was the same thing, believed he brought—his own will so entirely into harmony with the divine that there was no contradiction between them, not indeed once for all, but so that a continual effort was necessary.

That is the explanation of the extraordinary grip of the Calvinistic morality upon minds of a certain type wherever they were found. French Huguenot, English Independent, Scotch Covenanter, New England Puritan, all alike were seized by the irresistible logic of Calvin's argument. The obvious comment, heard already in Augustine's day, that all predestination was fatal to morality, because, if a man's fate were determined beforehand, all motive to morality was taken away, proved itself utterly irrelevant. It was precisely this fact, this stripping away every element of bargaining with Providence, this categorical imperative without reference to rewards and punishments, that stiffened the moral sense and braced it to meet the assaults of temptation. The principle of effort, personal to every man, unaided by human mechanism, necessary at every point and wholly without guarantee as to its final result—this was something worth while for strong men and patient women. They were nerved to the effort, not by the hope of [illegible] by the conviction that they were thus entering vitally and personally into the "inscrutable plan of God." Right was right, no longer in virtue of a canonical system depending upon human enactments or human compromises, but because of an imperative command, laid down by divine sanction and needing to be interpreted only by the human conscience, guided by such light as a reverent study of the "Word of God" would give.

IV.

It is this directness of appeal that forms the third claim of Calvin to the respect of the modern world. It would, of course, be the insanity of laudation to describe Calvin as an apostle of religious liberty as we of to-day understand the word. Such an idea was utterly foreign to the thought of the sixteenth century. Men were searching, not for any abstract liberty, but for trustworthy guidance. They were repudiating the direction of an institution that seemed to have outlived its usefulness, but they were not proclaiming "Rights of Man" nor building temples to the "Goddess of Reason." They were seeking, in bitter earnestness of soul, for a better guide, and believed they had found it in the infallible written word. It needs no skill to point out the crudities and absurdities of any literal Scripturalism, Hebrew, Mohammedan, or Christian. Such criticism is only too easy, and it has been tried in every possible form. Nothing useful can be gained by it. To ridicule the appeal to Scripture as narrow and blind and fatal to human progress, is only to miss the point of the real Calvinistic contribution to the world's movement. The doctrine of the final authority of Scripture may well be compared to the theory of law which has led now and again to important codifications of existing legal practice. Society was getting along rather clumsily with its precedents and their interpretation by the courts, but how much neater it would all be if this mass of confusion could but once be analyzed out into chapters and paragraphs so that he who runs might read. So codes of law have been made. But, alas! no sooner was the ink dry upon their pages than the process of interpretation has had to be begun over again, lest the law, the hourly creation of the changing needs of men, should be hardened into a rigid system sure to defeat the very ends of justice for which it was framed.

This appeal to Scripture is really the summons to every individual man to go for himself to the original sources of Christian truth, and to interpret them for himself in the light of every illumination he can bring to bear upon them. If from time to time experts throw new light upon the meaning of Scripture, their appeal is again to the reason and conscience of the individual, and so new regions of thought and experience are opened up for the profit of generations to come. Such illumination can come only out of the continuous effort of individuals stimulated to their best thought by the call to personal action.

To this directness of the appeal to faith corresponds, then, a similar directness in man's approach to his God in every stage of worship. As he is free to believe what he must, without the dictation of any organization, so he is free to come face to face with the divine mystery without the aid of any priestly intervention. "The priesthood of the Christian man," the idea that every believing soul stands just as near to the sources of all truth as any "ordination" can ever bring him, is in many ways the most precious legacy of the Reformation. No doctrine of the reformers struck more vitally than this at the vested interests of every establishment or called forth more violent opposition. The reforming churches modified it in practice. Their ministries became sometimes as despotic and as arrogant as any apostolic succession could ever be, yet these ministries could never forget that they owed their authority, in the last resort, to their own personal superiority, intellectual and spiritual, to the people they guided, and would lose it if they failed in these particulars. The sources were as open to one as to the other, and if the ministry should deny a reverent freedom to their flock, they would be undermining the very basis of their own influence.

It would, of course, be idle to maintain that all these glorious possibilities were realized in the Geneva of Calvin: but the history of his struggle there to make his abstract scheme of a *civitas Dei* acceptable to the warring factions of the Genevese citizens is a perfect illustration of the principles we are considering. These hard-headed citizens had not thrown off one tyranny, only to accept another. The Reform must commend itself to them in all essential ways before they would commit themselves to it. The notion that Calvin, in some mysterious fashion, hypnotized Geneva into a blind obedience to his will, as the saintly heroes of the Middle Ages

won their victories by appeals to the superstition of a credulous age, is wholly erroneous. His life there was one long conflict with men who were as determined as he not to accept what did not commend itself to their judgment.

V.

The universality of his appeal, the emphasis upon personal sin and the directness of the approach to God as the way of salvation, these were what roused the individual to a new religious experience, and these constitute the chief part of the world's debt to Calvin. One other side of his activity claims our attention. Calvin was, indeed, primarily a theologian, but his idea of theology was a very large one. Already, in the first draft of an "Institutio Christiana," he had outlined his view of the mutual relation of religion and the state. Developed theoretically in the later editions and put into practice at Geneva, this contribution to political science forms the practical commentary upon the soundness of the more speculative achievements of Calvin's genius. The example of England, where a determined monarch had declared himself under God Head of the Church in his realm, filled him with indignation. The Lutheran solution of expediency which allowed the head of the state to dictate the religion of his subjects was hardly less repellent to him. In principle his ideal differed little from that of the Roman Church. Like that, it favored complete independence of church and state, provided only that the state should be absolutely dominated by religious purpose. The world owes to Calvin the lesson to be learned from his model experiment with the little community of Geneva. It was, humanly speaking, an accident that gave Calvin his opportunity. So far as we know, he was not seeking a chance to put his theoretical scheme into practice, but was simply resting at Geneva in the course of a journey back from Italy to his study in Basel, when he was importuned by his early friend, Farel, then chief minister of the reformed Geneva church, to stay and help him in his difficult task. We cannot even be sure that the opportunity was welcome to Calvin. He had never been what we now call an "organizer." He was anxious to be back at his congenial studies. His *nolo episcopari* was more than the conventional reluctance of the canonical tradition. Yet that momentous resolve to lend a hand where it was sorely needed gave an impulse to the whole process of delimiting the civil and the spiritual powers, the most recent wave of which has appeared in the final separation of church and state at Geneva itself. The advocates of that separation were the true spiritual children of Calvin, rather than their opponents, who claimed that title for themselves.

The Calvinistic state was, indeed, very far from being what we now think of under the name of a purely civil order. Its ideal was almost a theocratic one. It conceived of a community so thoroughly penetrated by religious feeling that its government should be only the working expression of religion. It was not that the government, being something different from the people, as in a German principality, might dictate the forms of religious belief and practice. Rather, the government was the instrument whereby the people was to carry out its highest ideals into beneficent practice. Yet Calvin's ideal form of government was not a democracy any more than it was a monarchy. It was an aristocracy, that is, really a government by the best fitted to govern, and so far as the world has advanced in this matter the results have at least not yet disproved the value of this ideal.

It is through this principle of a civil community interpenetrated with the ideals of a kingdom of God on earth, that we come to Calvin's chief service as a teacher, although an unconscious one, of human liberty. If it were true that every man had a right to be heard on the most important problems of the spiritual life, and if the community as a whole were to be founded upon the best results of such deliberation, then it seemed to follow of necessity that every man might also in the last analysis have a right to his opinion on the problems of social order as well. This conclusion did not need to be drawn in any theoretical fashion. It was suggested by the very working of the Calvinistic state itself. It was idle for leaders of the Reformation to protest that they were not advocating a liberty that in the end must prove dangerous to the tyrannies of every land in which it could gain a foothold. It was only a momentary check that came from such a monstrous inconsistency as the destruction of Servetus, carried out by Calvin and approved by the leaders of the reformed churches everywhere. The ancient Church was perfectly right in maintaining that the impulse of the religious revolution could not be permitted to go on without danger to all the traditions it held most precious. It was impossible for the reformed state not to go further. If the sources of religion were to be understood in such a way as to make them vital for the people's good, then they must be studied, no longer in the foolish manner of the mediæval allegorizing method, but with an honest desire to know what the writers of the sacred books really said and meant. If such study were to be successful, education must be directed to this end. If education were to be free to work out its own ends, it must be protected by the civil order. Scholarship must be raised from the service of a religious institution to an independent standing as the indispensable foundation of all sound doctrine. If the enlightened human reason were, indeed, as Calvin maintained, a necessary adjunct to a complete understanding of the word of God, then it was obvious that a sound philosophy must come in to make the mere linguistic accuracy of Christian scholarship effective. In short, if we examine the progress of all modern liberal thought, we see that the way was prepared for it by the struggles after clearness of the systematic reformers and, above all, of Calvin and his successors. There is no fact better worth impressing on the modern liberal churches than this: that they have come to be what they are through a development out of the Calvinism they are only too ready to undervalue or to despise. Whatever they have that is most vital to the religious experience of to-day, they owe, not to the rags of ecclesiasticism that still cling about a timid Protestantism, but to the sound, creative principle of reverent liberty that is the best heritage of John Calvin. EPHRAIM EMERTON.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The volumes of Charles Evans's great "American Bibliography" are coming along with surprising regularity. Vol. V, covering the period 1774 to 1778, has just been sent out by the author from his home in Rogers Park, Chicago. This was a prolific period for the American Press, and 3,085 books, pamphlets, and broadsides appearing in those six years are described in the present volume. The total number of items recorded from the introduction of printing in 1639 to the end of 1778 is 16,176. With each volume the quality of Mr. Evans's work improves. His first volume was mainly a compilation, few of the books were described *de visu*. Now he is getting into a broader and fresher field, much of his work is new, and his descriptions are largely made from the books themselves. As he points out in his preface to the present volume, up to 1774 the literature of America had been distinctly religious. But for a period beginning with 1774 the intellectual effort of the best minds of the colonies were occupied with political discussion, and the presses teemed with political pamphlets. The first Congress met at Philadelphia, September 5, 1774, and extracts from their proceedings were reprinted in most of the colonies. These various publications have been well worked up by Worthington C. Ford, in his edition of the "Journals" being brought out by the Library of Congress. In January, 1776, Thomas Paine's "Common Sense" appeared anonymously from the press of Robert Bell in Philadelphia, and of the twelve editions, according to Mr. Evans, not less than a hundred thousand copies were printed. The Legislature of Pennsylvania voted its author five hundred pounds in appreciation of its value to the cause of American liberty.

The difficulty of securing paper must at that time having seriously hampered the printers. Some copies of "Additions to Plain Truth; addressed to the Inhabitants of America," printed by Bell in 1776, have

the latter portion printed on blue paper with a slip:

To every purchaser. The impossibility of obtaining white, constituted the law of necessity for part of these Additions to appear in blue. The philosopher reacheth beyond outward appearances. The patriot surmounted every difficulty. And the bookseller industriously attempteth business, agreeable to the prescriptions and decrees of the British and American laws of freedom concerning the liberty of the press. Third Street, April 24th, 1776.

Another printer, Isaac Collins of Burlington, in his Almanac for 1773, says:

> Paper so scarce is grown of late
> My customers I stint,
> For tho' I've matter in my Pate
> It can't get into print.

In our notices of the preceding volumes we have called attention to the wastefulness of the space in the column headed "Auction Values." It is even more notable here. Out of the 3,085 titles recorded "auction values" are given for seventy-six only. No effort whatever seems to have been made to secure this information, and the values where given are largely from the Brinley sales and other now antiquated records. Misleading values are worse than useless. As examples: for Romans's "History of East and West Florida," 1775, the Barlow sale record of $85 is given, though a copy brought $410 in the Conely sale at Libbie's in 1902. For that Tory tract, "A Dialogue between a Southern Delegate and his Spouse," 1774, the "value" is given as $16, though $100 was paid for the Pennypacker copy in 1907. Other similar cases might be noted.

Correspondence.

WAS JOHN COTTON THE PRECEPTOR OF HENRY VANE?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter of Dr. Henry M. King in your issue of June 10, "Was John Cotton the Preceptor of Sir Henry Vane?' since it calls in question statements made in the present writer's "Life of Young Sir Henry Vane," of twenty years ago, is a challenge to maintain, if it can be done, those positions. That Vane was affected by his association with John Cotton, Dr. King denies; and in general that an influence went back from New England to Old England which was potent in shaping the English Commonwealth, he gravely doubts. In these opinions Dr. King rejects the conclusions of J. Wingate Thornton, in his "Historical Relations of New England and the English Commonwealth" (*passim*) and of David Masson, in his "John Milton" (vol. II, pp. 597-8).

He attaches no weight also to the contemporary testimony of Baillie, the Covenanter, the enemy of the English Commonwealth, nor to that of the Independent ministers and leaders who promoted it powerfully. The popular cry of the days of the English Civil War, that Independency was "the New England Way," Dr. King makes little account of. If his opinions are just we must regard as discredited one of the most picturesque and interesting traditions of New England history, which until now no good scholar has seemed inclined to question.

As regards an influence upon Vane proceeding from Cotton, Dr. King objects to the phrase "trained in Cotton's study," employed by Thornton and approved by the present writer in his biography. Vane in New England was little more than a boy in years, but twenty-three in fact, finely endowed and precocious indeed, ripened, too, by remarkable experiences, for he had travelled over Europe as far as Vienna in the depth of the Thirty Years' War, seen life in courts, camps, and universities, and enjoyed the privileges of a high-born English youth. He was nevertheless immature, showing plainly in his New England career the youthful faults of conceit, petulance, and unsteadiness. He was, of course, susceptible to influences from his environments. He had been trained at Westminster and Oxford, trained also, there is too much reason to suppose, at Vienna in the crafty atmosphere of the Jesuits, who, under Ferdinand II, were laboring to undo the Reformation; trained also among Calvinistic disputants in Protestant lands. Now came a time of training in John Cotton's study. What manner of man was John Cotton? If we had only his writings to judge from, he is at a disadvantage as compared with several of his New England contemporaries. To modern readers he is less interesting than the candid and sensible Winthrop, the bold and earnest Roger Williams, the pungent Nathaniel Ward, "The Simple Cobbler of Agawam." In the enormous perplexities, moreover, among which his lot was cast, his course was sometimes vacillating and inconsistent. In spite of all this he must be reckoned one of the best purposed and forceful Englishmen of his day. For a generation his character leavened the life of the Eastern counties of England in a marvellous way. After his emigration he dominated New England no less; he maintained his prestige, though unsteady in his politics and theology and apparently treacherous in his friendships; and when he died at last the people who had felt his power saw portents in the heavens as at the passing of almost a God-inspired prophet.

With this strong figure, then, in full maturity, Vane, at an age when all men are impressionable, came into close association for many months. Dr. King thinks Vane must have regarded Cotton with repulsion. Why, then, did Vane seek Cotton out and cling to him? Dr. King does not question the accepted story that during Vane's sojourn in America they lived together by Vane's election in the same house. So far from being repelled, Vane was plainly attracted by Cotton. They had many points in sympathy, notably an admiration for the prophetess Anne Hutchison. Cotton was no democrat, avers Dr. King. Nor was Vane a democrat, for not until a time long after this did he accept the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people. Of course they differed. When is it otherwise in contacts of vigorous natures? There is the best evidence that for Vane Cotton was a presence winning and congenial. As the two leaders of the colony, Winthrop being for the moment in the background, we may infer without much stretch of the imagination what they talked about. Certainly the constitution of the churches would be a topic, and the author of "The Way of the Churches" and "The Keys," epoch-making tracts of Cotton about to appear and become the accepted text-books of Independency, would instil into Vane's mind Independency—a thought, of course, not new to the youth, for, as Dr. King rightly declares, it had been working its way in England for half a century. But the veteran's convictions would certainly not fail to clear and deepen the idea in the mind of the inciplent champion. In 1637 Vane and Cotton parted, the latter to pursue a career in which a disposition naturally broad and kind was warped into severity and narrowness which would not have developed among other surroundings, the former to move among conditions which carried him at last into an atmosphere of the freest. The facts of human nature being what they are, Vane must have carried an impress from Cotton. Besides his wide training in other schools, it is certain he was trained in Cotton's study.

As to the claim that New England had an important influence in the setting up of the English Commonwealth, a claim which Dr. King seems to think not well founded, since New England Congregationalism was something quite different from Independency, this may be said. For full half a century, no doubt, before the Plymouth and Massachusetts immigrations, Robert Browne's leaven was working in England. Independency was, however, a movement under the surface, not effectively voiced, and without vogue among the classes which held place and power. It was nevertheless struggling up, and notably the founders of Massachusetts Bay were scholars and gentlemen well disposed toward free ideas. At the setting up of the First Church, August 27, 1630, the church of Plymouth was invited to appear and take part. Plymouth sent its delegates, who, however, were prevented by storms from arriving in time. The ceremony was of the simplest, the ordination of Wilson and Nowell being by a simple laying on of hands by members of the congregation, and when the Plymouth men, out and out Separatists, arrived, all that had been done was fully approved. Winthrop was naturally of a liberal spirit, undergoing rebuke for undue "leniency." Cotton, too, arriving somewhat later, was by nature as we have said, broad-minded. But the experiences of Massachusetts Bay soon discouraged a tolerant policy. However much we may admire Roger Williams, his words and deeds were often of a kind to startle people of steady habits, anxious for a quiet, well-ordered society while they clung precariously to the edge of the new continent. When a little later the Hutchinsonian excitement began, however much the prophetess may call out our pity and sympathy, no careful student of the time will judge otherwise than that the crisis was appalling. When men like John Underhill, the successful soldier of the colony, claiming to be a "subject of grace," gave himself up to libertinage, such excesses as those of Munster seemed not far off. When in the Pequot war, with a blotting-out of the colonies imminent, the Boston contingent, an important part of the forces, refused to march because the chaplain, John Wilson, was "under a covenant of works," it was only reasonable to ask how under such conditions the English hold could endure. Inevitably the disposition toward toleration grew feeble, giving way to the con-

viction that, if the colony was to stand, there must be greater rigidity in both church and state. Hence it came about that what Dr. Dexter calls a "presbyterianized congregationalism" set in in place of the freedom to which the wiser leaders at first inclined. Plymouth, not populous and in a way remote, felt the strain less; the tradition of spiritual freedom, moreover, was deeper and stronger there; it remained liberal. Liberal, too, remained Rhode Island, which was only, in fact, the asylum of the Massachusetts recalcitrants; and also Providence, though it ought not to be lost sight of that there were bounds even to the tolerance of Roger Williams.

Turning now to Old England, the development was widely different. Browneism, long submerged, working its way among humble people with little recognition from the scholarly and high placed, found at last authoritative statement, a setting forth which gave it prestige and respectability; and the champion was no other than John Cotton (Masson's "Milton," II, 598), in his earlier time the ecclesiastical light of the Eastern Counties, and now the dominating personality of the New England Church. No one will contend that he was consistent. He vacillated; in the strait into which he came he did violence to his natural disposition and went back upon his earlier professions; for democracy in church or state he never had a kind word. Nevertheless in the "Way of the Churches" and "The Keys" (the ideas in these tracts we may suppose were in his mind during his intimacy with Vane) he distinctly enunciated an order in which certainly neither prelate nor synod had part, each congregation, after the Browneist fashion, being left to determine for itself what it should believe and practise. Tho books appeared at the critical moment. The writer was in a distant wilderness, but they went far and wide throughout agitated England, and we have the testimony of the great independent divines how powerfully they were themselves affected by them, and how far the tracts contributed to crystallize and make potent the ideas at the basis of the then nascent Commonwealth.

The return tide from New England to the old home was strong. While immigrants poured westward, there was always a reflex stream eastward, and in the stream went many men of force and education whom it was a misfortune for the colony to lose. Most of the first Harvard class, of 1642, found their careers in the Old World, an illustration of the strength of the attraction exercised by Europe upon the more intelligent young men. While in one way the drain was calamitous, in another it was for the best, for it is quite certain that far the larger part of this New England reflux engaged in the effort to establish that construction in which the Anglo-Saxon race has especial reason to take pride, the English Commonwealth. A few New England men, no doubt, found Presbyterianism more congenial, of whom Thomas Weld was a type; but far the larger number, however balked in its development the Independency might be from which they had come, upheld the Root and Branch, fought with the Ironsides, and helped to break the power of crown, bishop, and synod.

To glance at a few figures of especial significance among these returning New Englanders, first comes Henry Vane, whose early inclination toward Independency we persist in believing, with all due deference to Dr. King, was defined and confirmed by his training during his Boston sojourn in John Cotton's study. He was in the head and front of the leadership which achieved among such trials the great result. A man of great influence, too, was Hugh Peter, who, however he may at one time have disclaimed Independency, as Dr. King shows, became in a new environment perhaps the most extreme type of the idea he had once rejected, the especial *bête noire* of Cavalier and Covenanter, whether he preached or headed a squadron of Ironsides or sat at the ear of Cromwell as the most radical of counsellors, until at last he was tortured to death by his foes in a martyrdom whose details must not be given for modern readers. A soul of even purer zeal and devotedness was Roger Williams, who sped back and forth across the Atlantic, and was scarcely less a power in Old England than in New. In particular his "Bloudy Tenent" established toleration as a cardinal principle of the Independent creed. In the same company must be reckoned George Downing, nephew of John Winthrop, a Harvard alumnus of 1642. Beginning his English career as chaplain of Okey's regiment in the New Model, he soon became an active soldier, rising, until at last as "scoutmaster-general" he became the eye of the army; later he was not less capable in the field of Cromwellian diplomacy. He fell at last under a cloud, adhering to the Stuart after the Restoration, and while he feathered well his own nest, betraying his old comrades to suffer as traitors and regicides. For long George Downing ran well, though sadly hindered at the end from winning the race.

Such were the leaders; men of lesser note following numerously, the reflex stream from New England recruiting and invigorating essentially the forces of Independency. There are good historical grounds for saying that the idea was first authoritatively formulated in John Cotton's study, in which Henry Vane, the boy Governor, underwent a useful training, and that the popular voice in England did not go wide of the truth when it spoke of Independency as the "New England way."

JAMES K. HOSMER.

St. Paul, Minn., June 25.

THE BACON ACROSTIC.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have been following with an interest perhaps disproportionate to its real value in affairs in general, this latest Bacon acrostic. It is the "curiousest"—as Alice would say—puzzle that I have ever met with. Here is a variation of the old numerical "string" cipher, used, apparently, as an identification mark for keeping Bacon's name in Shakespeare's works.

There are some—and your columns have already given them expression—who consider the acrostics to be accidents. So did I at first. A friend of mine, however, a mathematical professor, examined Mr. Booth's book for me, and showed me, on a scientific basis, how such a thing was, in the present case, impossible. One acrostic found in an indifferent place in a book—such as Gray's "Elegy," with which Bacon could have had nothing to do, is not significant. The problem in Mr. Booth's book is this: Can a series of similar acrostics recurring on first and last pages throughout a single set of writings be due to chance? It is the duplication, the reduplication, in corresponding and significant places that counts.

Let me relate a personal experience: Having the mathematician's words echoing in my mind, I set to work looking for acrostics. Instead of confining myself to one man's books, however, I took down volumes at random from my shelves, and, applying *all* of Mr. Booth's varieties of the (one) method, sought for "signatures" on *first* pages. Out of over a hundred books thus inspected I got *one* acrostic, better than those which Mr. Rice published in your paper for the 24th. It read Francisco Bacono from the corner of the top line to a central O, and then ran out backwards to a corner F on the last line. It read the same *up*. It read Francis Bacon in the same two directions, keying on a central N. It read Fran as well as Fra Bacon up, but not down. Moreover, it should be repeated, this was only *one* in a hundred first pages, and there was no recurrence in the book—on first and last pages of the chapters.

Calling then the chances of finding an acrostic by accident on first or last pages one in one hundred (and this was by using all the "approaches" that Mr. Booth uses) the chances of finding another, in the same book, in a corresponding place, are two in a hundred squared. Three would mean three in a hundred to the third power, and so on. If there were a hundred, as is the case with the First Folio, the figures are so overwhelming that the veriest Shakespearean—as I once was—must throw up his hands. Of the accuracy of this calculation there can be no question, and I am anxiously waiting for the scholars who understand this problem to tell us what it all means. The literature of the cipher is so little known in this country, however, that we may have to call on Germany to help us out.

W. L. STODDARD.

Boston, Mass., June 25.

[In the interest of fair play we gladly print this letter, though we feel compelled to add that the illustration and the argument seem to us not at all final. That the works, in whole or in part, attributed to Bacon, Shakespeare, Spenser, Marlowe, Puttenham, Bodenham, and Barnfield, were written by a single man, is so repugnant to historical evidence and the most elementary literary sense as to demand proof of an altogether extraordinary sort. Such a cipher, if it exists—and its existence is far from being proved—could only have been inserted by some wanton mystificator. The discussion is not profitable.—Ed. Nation.]

FIFTEENTH CENTURY VERSES IN PRAISE OF PRINTING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The correspondence on what we may perhaps call the evolution of Cardelius (see the *Nation* of April 1, May 6, 13, and 27)

has been very amusing. Before the appearance of the illuminating letter of Mr. J. C. Dana I had been much puzzled by the quotation from the pseudo-Cardelius, for I was at the time occupied with a genuine fifteenth century poem in honor of the first printer. It is remarkable that so little was in its early days said of the invention of typography. In ancient times it was the function of poets to celebrate the heroic deeds and skillful achievements of those who contributed to the advancement and prosperity of the tribe or nation to which he belonged. But this was discontinued at an early date, for where is the poem to celebrate the invention of printing? And yet what battle or conquest has had so wonderful an effect on civilization as the art of multiplying books by means of metal type?

The greatness of the invention was, however, not entirely without recognition. In reading Mr. Alfred William Pollard's remarkable monograph on "Colophons" I came across phrases which show that some men had at least a dim sense of the power of the new revolutionary force. But the most elaborate attempt I have seen is in the verses subjoined by Hieronymus Bononius to his edition of the "Orthographia" of Tortellius of Arezzo, sometimes called Jean Aretin, which was issued in 1477. Of the author there is a characteristic notice by Pierre Bayle in his "Dictionnaire." Bononius is known to me only as a name in the British Museum catalogue. The text of his poem begins thus:

Tingere dispositis chartas quicumque metallis
Cœpit: et insigues edidit ære notas
Mercurio genitore satus: genitrice Minerva
Præditus ætherea semine mentis erat. . . .

The whole poem, which extends to thirteen couplets in the original, may be turned thus into modern speech:

THE POEM OF HIERONYMUS BONONIUS IN HONOUR OF THE FIRST PRINTER.

The man who first devised the happy art
With brazen type on paper fair to write,
Was surely son of Hermes, god of skill;
Pallas Athene was his mother wise,
And in him dwelt the spirit of the gods,
Nor Ceres nor yet Bacchus did he love,
And was disdainful of all worldly wealth.

The Latins, eager though they were for books,
Had but a slender store for their delight.
Now goodly books on every side are seen,
Thanks to the man in whose applause we speak;
Now for a trifle books of worth are sold,
Though countless coin they cost in former days,
So greedy were the sellers then of books.
Now Livy's History in the mart is seen;
Virgil and Pliny, Marcus Cicero,
Alike in every grammar school are found.

Such are the happy arts of this our day
No books lie mouldering on forgotten shelves.
Kings only in the past, yea scarce a prince,
The priceless volume could obtain, but now
No man so poor but he may own a book.

Here in this goodly volume, by this art,
The words of wise Tortellius are set forth.
Then buy this book all ye who wish to know
The Latin tongue in all its varied forms.
Buy this and from the skilful master learn
Whenas the double letters must be used.
And when the syllables are short or long.
Master this book, and you will skilful be
In all the use of right and pleasing words.

And you who from this volume shall receive
Pleasure and profit, quick make known to men
By hearty praises all your gratitude.

May Providence forever prosper him,
The pious artist-craftsman, who has made
By his skilful art this ever useful book.

Our poet's testimony as to the change in the cost of literature is very emphatic and useful. But how gladly we would exchange his complimentary phrases about Mercury and Ceres for some homely details about that first printer who had excited the poet's gratitude.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Southport, England, June 28.

Notes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce that the fourth volume of the "Cambridge History of English Literature" will appear early in the autumn. It will cover the period from Sir Thomas North to Michael Drayton.

Other publications announced by Putnams for the early autumn are: "A Book of Precious Stones," by Julius Wodiska; "A Quiz Book of Nursing for Teachers and Students," by Amy E. and Tbirza A. Pope; "Biographical Story of the Constitution," by Edward G. Elliott, and "American Inland Waterways," by Herbert Quick.

Another Stuart book is to be issued by the Oxford University Press, dealing in this case with "The Last Days of Charles II," from the point of view of the physician. The author is Dr. Raymond Crawfurd.

From T. Fisher Unwin we learn that a volume containing the Complete Plays of Robert Greene is to be added to the Mermaid Series. The editor is Thomas H. Dickinson of the University of Wisconsin. The series is published in this country by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce the following books for early publication: "Tables and Diagrams of the Thermal Properties of Saturated and Superheated Steam," by Lionel T. Marks and Harvey N. Davis; "Hydraulic Tables and Diagrams for Practical Engineers," by Capt. A. ff. Garrett; "Artificial Manures," by Georges Ville, translated and edited by Sir William Crookes; "The Basis of Ascendancy," by Edgar Gardner Murphy; "Explorers in the New World," by Marion McMurrough Mulhall; "Some Papers of John Francis," from essays and speeches delivered by him, and "Elementary Chemistry," by W. H. Godfrey.

Mme. Gabrielle Sand, granddaughter of George Sand, is dead. She has bequeathed the château at Nohant for an academy, with $20,000 for its maintenance.

"The Love Letters of Famous Poets and Novelists," selected by Lionel Strachey and prefaced with descriptive sketches by Walter Littlefield (The John McBride Co.), is a prettily bound volume containing seventeen groups of amorous correspondence by English, German, French, and American geniuses, with their variously beautified Ophelias. There are philandering epistles by Laurence Sterne expressing the pious hope that, when his inamorata is a widow and he is a widower, they may meet under more auspicious circumstances. There are tragic little sallies of wit and love from Heine lying half blind in Paris and waiting for death. There are frenetic outgushings of sentiment by Victor Hugo. There are romantically idolatrous letters from Poe. Bulwer-Lytton is exhibited in his doddering erotic idiocy. Goethe reveals his sempiternal softness. Keats swoons in ecstasy of passionate expression. Byron betrays the unscrupulous rake. This collection, though it looks like a bible for Daphnis and Chloe, is really a museum of curiosities made up of just those things which the curious public rushes to see, and which the judicious critic declares should be burned. The showmen do not bore us with any tedious historical preamble or moralizing conclusion. They merely inform us, not without a certain zest in the salacious, of such facts as are essential to a lively relish of the object. They make it perfectly plain that when it comes to an affair of the heart a great genius may be as consummate a fool as a grocery clerk. They assemble considerable evidence of the fact that several distinguished men of letters have been very free moral agents. The excerpts from the various writers are so short that one can gain from them no adequate conception of character; but the gossip-loving ear retires satisfied as from an exciting session at seventeen different keyholes.

Like that other traveller, the Lady of the Aroostook, the visitor to Florence "wants to know." He wants more of the human side of the city's story than the standard guides tell him, especially if he outstays the four days assigned by Baedeker. When, for example, all Florence goes hunting crickets in the meadows of the Cascine, he wonders at the association of this *festa del grillo* with Ascension Day, and asks how it represents the "aspiration of youth for love." To meet such needs a class of books which supplement rather than supplant the standard guides has sprung up. To this class belongs, in spite of its pages of "useful information," Signora Elvira Grifi's "Saunterings in Florence," of which R. Bemporad & Son have just issued an enlarged edition. The author shows familiarity with both Italian and English sources, and writes adequately of Florence, and *con amore*, yet briefly, of Florentine heroes and families. The book has so many excellences that one would gladly recommend it as a desirable accession to American librarians, did it not sorely need passing through the hands of a competent English editor, for the sake of added clearness and conciseness and to remove the frequent lapses in grammar and spelling which reappear uncorrected in successive editions.

In "Italian Highways and Byways from a Motor," by Francis Miltoun (L. C. Page & Co.), we are carried through delightful scenes, but the method of conveyance is not calculated to give the traveller more than a superficial impression of the country he is going through. How can it be otherwise? In the space of 370 not over closely printed pages, diversified by Blanche McManus's suggestive illustrations, we are hurried from the Genoa Riviera to Naples by way of Tuscany, around through Romagna to Venice, Lombardy, and back to Piedmont. A motor car can merely speed through—may one say?—the broader byways and allow only a fleeting glimpse at the obvious. At Sermione, for example, we can see all we wish of the Scaligers' fortress, while passing it at the rate of twelve miles an hour, but that most alluring of spots, the villa of Catullus, would require a pause, and with the pause would come the temptation to linger. This temptation Mr.

Miltoun spares us. The book, however, is full of helpful hints, not only regarding by-ways to seek out, but, when these have been sought and found, other directions of a more practical nature concerning distances and inns, garages, and gasolene. It may well be a literal *vade mecum.*

"Motor Tours in Wales and the Border Counties," by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell (L. C. Page & Co.), is written for those who can read it in immediate connection with the same journey, and admirably fulfils its purpose. From Shrewsbury, through North Wales, the Heart of Wales and South Wales to the Valley of the Wye, Mrs. Stawell is a pleasant and observant guide. The motor is not obtrusive and the historical and antiquarian information is clearly and often attractively presented. The general reader will miss a more interpretative estimate of landscape and associations, and will wish that a lurking wit and sentiment had been allowed to develop into distinction of style. But motorists who desire to learn of new tours will be fortunate in the uniformly good taste of this convenient guide book. The photographs used in illustration greatly enhance the brief descriptions of a charming country.

"The Statesman's Year Book" is well on the way toward middle age, the volume for 1909, which has just reached us, being the forty-sixth annual issue. With advancing years it has gathered increase of authority, but also a decided corpulence which the publishers have attempted to counteract by dispensing with the larger type used for a good deal of the explanatory text. By such heroic measures the book, 1,400 pages and more, has been kept down to the moderately chubby size which makes it so comfortable to handle. The ordinary reader will probably hasten to find what this standard British annual has to say on matters connected with the great question of the time, Great Britain versus Germany. A colored insert compares the growth of naval construction in the two countries. A table summarizing the finance and commerce of the principal nations is useful. One error, however, has crept in. When Germany is credited with a per capita revenue of about twelve dollars, as, for instance, against France's twenty dollars, it would seem as if the Kaiser's ministers were quite justified in declaring that the German people are among the most lightly taxed of the nations. The table should have stated that the revenue given is only the German Imperial revenue. Add to that the taxes imposed by the separate States, and the German taxpayer is by no means a subject for congratulation. Under Turkey we catch the evidently unrevised statement that "the will of the Sultan is absolute," etc. That is no longer so, as the text goes on to show. Under New York, the State census of 1905 is not referred to. These are, perhaps, minor blemishes in a handbook of very large and recognized usefulness.

"Qui Êtes-vous?" the French Who's Who for 1909-1910, comes to us from Lemcke & Buechner. We note that an appendix of some thirty-nine pages has been added, giving the regular biographical information about a number of *Étrangers.* This will add to the usefulness of the book. We must say, however, that continual reference to the preceding volume during the past year has shown that the list of home names does not do for France what "Wer Ist's" does for Germany and the two "Who's Whos" do for England and America. "Qui Êtes-vous?" should be enlarged to double its size by the inclusion of the many minor celebrities now omitted.

The standard set by the earlier volumes of "The Catholic Encyclopædia" (Robert Appleton Co.) is fully maintained in the present (fifth) volume. The fear has been expressed in many quarters that the controversy over Modernism might affect the work unfavorably, interfering with its scientific character and compelling the editors to give it a more exclusively traditional tone or to suspend publication. The fear has thus far proved groundless. Volume V, which, like its predecessors, carries the ecclesiastical *imprimatur,* continues to show the same breadth and fairness of treatment, and the same desire to make its readers acquainted with the results of the best modern scholarship. The article on the Old-Catholic Professor Doellinger, where if anywhere in a Roman Catholic dictionary the polemic spirit might be expected to manifest itself, is on the whole remarkably sympathetic and appreciative, though the author's own personal attitude on the issue raised by the Vatican Council is revealed clearly enough toward the close, when he says that Doellinger "weakly yielded to the pressure of those who were bent on apostasy"—a rather unhappy characterization of the motives of the men who could not accept the dogma of Papal infallibility! Among the more elaborate and notable articles are those on Discipline, Dispensation, Divorce, Dublin, Eastern Churches, Ecclesiastical Art, Education, England, and Egypt. Evolution is treated with intelligence, though the evolutionary hypothesis is rejected as not proven. The articles on early Christian writings are critical and fully up to date, as for instance the one on the Pseudo-Dionysius. The interesting article on Doctors gives a useful list of the titles applied to the mediæval Doctors in Theology—Acutus, Angelicus, Ecstaticus, Subtilis, etc., and that on Doctrine, which deals chiefly with the subject of catechetics, contains much convenient and valuable information concerning Roman Catholic catechisms. On the other hand the insertion of a portrait of the Philadelphia banker, F. A. Drexel, one of the few portraits in the volume, seems rather unnecessary, and is to be regretted as decidedly out of keeping with the dignity and general character of the work.

The Gibb Trustees have also undertaken the publication of Ibn Miskawayh's history, "The Book of the Vicissitudes of Nations and the Results of Efforts." The only known complete copy of this work was discovered in 1906 by Dr. Horovitz in the library of the mosque of St. Sophia, while making researches in the libraries of Constantinople on behalf of Leone Caetani, Principe di Teano. The manuscript has been reproduced in facsimile, and the first volume has now appeared (Leyden: Brill; London: Luzac), with a preface and a summary by the prince; this volume brings the history down to A. H. 37 (A. D. 658). Ibn Miskawayh (eleventh century of our era) is remarkable among Moslem writers for the almost modern character of his conception of historical writing. He regards it not, as his contemporaries do, as an undiscriminating citation of facts, legends, and gossip, but as an organic structure, whose details must be verified. He suppresses the legendary and the miraculous, passes briefly over Mohammed's prophetic mission, but gives the Sassanian history at length—this last fact is explained in part by his position as treasurer to the Persian Buwayhid Sultan Adud-ad-dawlah. A note gives what is known of the historian's life. The whole work is to comprise six volumes.

A. C. Hollis, to whom we owe an excellent book on the Masai, now gives us an equally excellent study of the Nandi (New York: Henry Frowde). These people, living in the British East African Protectorate, north of Lake Victoria, belong in a group of tribes that resemble one another in ideas and institutions, and differ markedly from the Bantu. The Nandi, formerly nomadic but now agricultural, appear to be clearly related to the Masai; a noteworthy fact is that the Nandi magicians are descended from a Masai clan. The principal magician is the supreme political head; the young warriors are organized as a separate body. Worship is paid to the sun and to the dead, and spirits good and bad are recognized; it is, however, a mistake to say (as our author does) that they have a supreme deity and a "devil." Circumcision is performed on both sexes. Sexual license prevails before marriage, but after marriage the relations between the sexes are carefully guarded. Mr. Hollis gives a number of myths, folk-tales, and proverbs, and a full sketch of the grammar; the most noticeable morphological feature is the elaborate structure of the verb, in which distinctions of time are clearly expressed. Sir Charles Eliot, the well-known traveller and student of Oriental peoples, contributes an introduction, in which he discusses the institutions of the Nandi and the related tribes, with a comparative study of the languages of a considerable group—an interesting contribution to the linguistic history of this little-known region. The question of the possible Semitic origin of the Nandi has been raised; Sir Charles properly holds that the available evidence does not favor the supposition of such an origin. In fact, the character of the verb-forms is distinctly non-Semitic. Mr. Hollis does not offer his work as exhaustive, and it is to be hoped that he will continue his investigations.

It is worth while recalling the existence and indicating the progress of the giant "Bibliographie des travaux historiques et archéologiques publiés par les Sociétés Savantes de la France," prepared under government auspices by Robert de Lasteyrie of the Institut, with the aid of Alexandre Vidier, sub-librarian of the Bibliothèque Nationale. The third fascicle (Nos. 95,413 to 100,817) of the fifth volume has appeared (double-column, pages 401 to 600, Leroux). The eighteenth series (Fiches, 1701 to 1800) of the "Répertoire bibliographique des sciences mathématiques" is also published (Gauthiers-Villars).

"L'Année Internationale—politique—ouvrière," by F. Challaye, P. G. La Chesnais, and A. Thomas, begins its first year with 1908 (Pages Libres). The nineteenth year (1908) of "L'Année philosophique" is still directed by F. Pillon, its founder, along

with Renouvier. Besides the valuable French philosophical bibliography of the year, it contains four essays (Alcan). Dr. Georges Bohn publishes in a compact volume "La Naissance de l'intelligence" (Flammarion), with forty figures to illustrate the text from the natural science to which philosophy now stoops.

H. Ollion, professor at Lyons, gives a small volume to "Notes sur la correspondance de John Locke," with thirty-two unpublished letters of the English philosopher to Thoynard, written during the years 1678 to 1681 (A. Picard et fils). Georges Deherme, who has shown original thought in his sociological experiments, has written a book with a strong personal flavor, "Auguste Comte et son œuvre" (Giard).

Paul Mantoux, who has already published scientific studies of English social organization, in "À travers l'Angleterre contemporaine," treats of English opinion and the South African war, the organization of the Labor party, and political evolution (Alcan).

The Fratelli Treves of Milan publish a series of essays by Prof. Luigi Luzzatti of the House of Deputies entitled "Libertà di Coscienza e di Scienza," which, while examining the relations between church and state, historically and constitutionally, reflect the attitude of the most liberal minds in Italy alike towards clericalism and anti-clericalism, "the product of the same moral deformity, intolerance," and at the same time reveal the attitude of the leaders in church, government, and anti-clerical circles towards these minds.

The death, in his fifty-seventh year, is announced of John Joseph Jennings, a well-known newspaper man of St. Louis and New York. He has to his credit two books: "Theatrical and Circus Life" (1882) and "Widow Magoogin" (1900).

Clement Lawrence Smith, professor of Latin at Harvard from 1883 to 1904, and dean of the college from 1882 to 1891, has died in Cambridge, Mass., at the age of sixty-five. He graduated at Haverford College in 1860 and taught at that college before going to Göttingen. On returning from Germany he held the position of professor of Greek and German in Swarthmore College for one year, and then, in 1870, went to Harvard as tutor of Latin. Besides contributions to philological journals, his chief publication was an edition of the "Odes and Epodes of Horace."

Henry Hardwicke, formerly a leading criminal lawyer of New York, has died at the age of forty-seven. He wrote five books: "The Art of Winning Cases," "The Art of Living Long and Happily," "History of Oratory and Orators," "The Art of Rising in the World," and "The Art of Getting Rich."

The death is announced of Learmont Drysdale in his forty-third year. Mr. Drysdale, who belonged to the younger school of Scottish composers, was head professor of composition in the Glasgow Athenæum School of Music. He first came into prominence by winning a prize of thirty guineas for his overture "Tam o' Shanter." At the time of his death he had practically completed the score of a grand opera for which the Duke of Argyll had written the libretto.

The death is reported, in his fifty-third year, of Giuseppe Martucci, director of the Royal Conservatory in Naples since 1902. He wrote two symphonies, a number of pianoforte concertos, and much chamber music.

OUR WATERWAYS.

The Great Lakes: The Vessels that Plough Them; Their Owners, Their Sailors and Their Cargoes, together with a Brief History of Our Inland Seas. By James Oliver Curwood. 72 illustrations and a map. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The Story of the Great Lakes. By Edward Channing, Professor of History in Harvard University, and Marion Florence Lansing, Editor of the "Open Road Library." With maps and illustrations. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Old Times on the Upper Mississippi: The Recollections of a Steamboat Pilot from 1854 to 1863. By George Byron Merrick. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co. $3.50 net.

Mr. Curwood's volume belongs to the American Waterways Series, the scope of which has been indicated by previous reviews in these columns. The facts of the lake freight traffic which he has here presented are doubtless in great part new to most Americans possessing no immediate financial interest in the subject, and are of unquestionable value to students who wish an accurate grasp of the main features of our present material development, and of its probable trend in the future. The more unconcerned reader, however, may be pardoned for tiring a little of the insistence with which the material magnitude of everything connected with the Great Lakes is thrust upon him by the author, who seems deliberately to prefer the tone of the professional promoter. One is continually meeting the city where in 1907 "was built more tonnage than in any other city of the United States," the "richest country on the face of the earth," the "greatest freight traffic road in existence," the "greatest waterway of commerce in the world," until even the adult head is in a whirl comparable only to that of the boy on his first visit to the wonderland of a Barnum and Bailey. The boy who starts down at the bottom and rises to do things is much in evidence—the two who began in overalls and grease, pulling and heaving with common laborers until they stand to-day "monuments to courage and ambition, the earth's two greatest builders of ships"; the poor ten-hour-a-day mechanic of a few years since, "whose word is now law in the directing of more than a hundred vessels, the greatest fleet in the world"; the president of five steamship companies who began as a messenger-boy at Lansing, Michigan, "with just two assets: his clothes and his ambition"—and many another. One could wish that there had been less insistence upon such matters as these and somewhat more of detailed description of the methods by which some of the results of our lake traffic are secured. The pen and camera together might have given, for instance, a fairly complete and clear idea of the development of loading and unloading devices, a triumph of mechanical ingenuity, the extent and importance of which is one of the first things to impress itself upon the mind of the traveller on lake waters.

The pages given by Mr. Curwood to the earlier history of the lake region are too hurried and subordinate to bear comparison with the second volume before us, in which the historical motive is, of course, foremost. Professor Channing divides his work into three parts: Discovery and Exploration, the Struggle for Possession, and Occupation and Development; in the last of which we get in more subdued light the main features of that material growth to which Mr. Curwood's volume is devoted. The main features of the story have been often told, but the grouping of the facts about the great bodies of water which so often gave them their character had never been systematically done, and was well worth the doing. Many readers who have already made the discovery that a number of statesmen of high ability and usefulness were thrown into undeserved obscurity by the brilliant light of the Websters and Clays of the first half of the last century, will appreciate the justice done in this volume to the services of Lewis Cass, as Governor of the Michigan territory during the critical years subsequent to the War of 1812. Though born in New Hampshire, Cass was a frontiersman by early training, and held the first certificate of admission to the bar granted by the new State of Ohio, dated in 1802. He knew the Indians, and in his dealings with them never lost that sense of justice which so many apparently regard as applicable only to men of like skin. Many treaties were negotiated by him during this period of reorganization, always with insistence upon three points: The chiefs should understand fully the purport of the treaties to which their assent was asked; concessions received from them should in all cases have fair remuneration, and the agreements entered into should be faithfully kept by both sides. "The flag that he carried into the lake region remained during his administration the symbol of justice and honor, and won the respect of all."

Mr. Merrick's title, "Old Times on the Mississippi," naturally suggests the somewhat random character of the chapters over which it stands. But even random observations are worth while if the observer knows what to look at, and a river pilot of the old days had perforce to train his eyes to catch what

was really significant. His experience at the wheel lasted less than ten years, but it came when the development of railway building had not as yet cut deeply into the rich profits which the business of steamboating drew from the rapid occupation of the lands of the river valleys of the Middle West, nor had the spice of variety and danger been removed by the clearing of snags and wrecks, the dredging of bars, the straightening of channels, the maintenance of lights, and other aids devised by a generation of experience in river improvement at government expense. Mr. Merrick, therefore, has many a story of absorbing interest to tell, and he does not hesitate occasionally to put into four or five pages material which a more practised hand and a keener eye for the market would have been tempted to expand into twenty. It is a good book for any one to pick up for a half-hour of recreation, but it is still more than that to any reader who would realize the life of our Western rivers a half-century ago, when mere human ingenuity, without scientific training, was meeting and mastering a class of problems of enormous difficulty, now removed and all but forgotten.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Romance of a Plain Man. By Ellen Glasgow. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The story of this book needs a special charm to make one overlook its triteness—to forget would be impossible. In brief, it is the rise of a man who works up from absolute destitution to spectacular wealth, and marries a girl of refinement and high social position. Her family in outraged pride disown her, and her husband, pursuing the Business to the neglect of the Dream, drives her in loneliness to lean almost to scandal on the tender consideration of a rejected but constant lover. The husband is ruined, and falls ill; Sally does fine laundering to maintain the family, and there is a brief interlude devoted to the Dream. But with Ben's returning to strength, the Business regains the ascendency, and he recovers his fortune only to find at last that he has tried Sally's faithful heart too far and that her sweet and dutiful affection can never be rekindled even by the sacrifice of his ultimate ambition, which, knowing this, he makes silently, in expiation, not in hope.

As with the greater number of Miss Glasgow's books, the plot is only a thread whereon are held up for our delectation single characters as carefully and intricately cut as Chinese beads. There is a fine distinction in the brief but suggestive picture of the hero's mother; in the more exhaustive presentation of the General, the "gay old bird," all whose faults cannot wholly belittle his inner greatness; and of those two gentle daughters of Pooh Bah, the conservative Miss Mitty and the radical Miss Matoaca, united only by sisterly love and "family pride." Miss Matoaca indeed impinges sensibly upon the issues of to-day. As she marches with her suffragist banner, "her eyes on the sky and her feet in the dust," one is reminded of modern instances of the pathetic incongruity of the real with the ideal; while in the General's naïve outburst, "I tell you there's not a woman alive that ain't happier with a bad husband than with none at all. What business has a lady got with a view anyway?"—one catches the crude essence of the spirit that, homœopathically, to be sure, is still prescribed for the health of the body social. The plain man himself is so living and human that one involuntarily compares him with other figures of fiction. The story as a whole has a haunting flavor of "Lewis Rand," and readers of the two books will find it an interesting diversion to note the startlingly frequent points of similarity. The resemblance, however, is kept well this side of the danger-line by the subtle individuality of the writer, which invests the most hackneyed themes with a touch of her own originality.

Stickeen. By John Muir. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

We have had no American "nature-writer" of quite the quality which has distinguished that indomitable patriarch of the wilderness, John Muir. Mr. Burroughs is of the farm, the domesticated countryside; he is the balladist, as Bradford Torrey may be called the sonneteer, of wild life in the dooryard. Thoreau at his most savage was within hail of the pencil-market and his mother's kitchen-garden. Professor Van Dyke has studied the desert wastes as he has studied pictures or economic conditions—as a series of interesting, even exciting, phenomena, worth the consideration of sensitive and sophisticated town-dwellers. But John Muir, with a full equipment of city lore, has written in terms of home-felt enthusiasm about the wilderness, that stupendous far-western wilderness, which is (to so many whose daily walk hugs the Eastern seaboard, and whose daily gaze turns instinctively yet farther eastward) but the shadow of a name.

This little story of a man, a dog, a storm, and a glacier, is full of the glamour that belongs to the heroic-in-little. Hop o' my Thumb was a great boy because he was such a little one; and Stickeen, the least and most nondescript of all dog-kind, triumphs for similar cause. And yet far more than that: Stickeen is a tiny but vital atom pitted against a vast conspiracy of inorganic forces. He recognizes the odds, yet, at the summons of his fellow-atom, man, dares the impossible—and wins. There is an epical suggestion in this, as in other episodes recounted by Mr. Muir, which reduces to their right proportions, for the moment at least, those anecdotes of street, shop, or parlor with which our magazines, and daily lives, are filled.

Young Nemesis. By Frank T. Bullen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Bullen is straying further and further from the excellence which Kipling discerned in "The Cruise of the Cachalot," and which a large audience recognized in one or two later books. His early catches were excellent, and to all appearances he is now able to dispose of pretty much anything that happens to find its way into his net, seaweed, rubbish, and all. The number of his books has already passed the score, and it must be confessed that most of the later ones are pretty bad—none quite so bad, perhaps, as the latest of all.

"Young Nemesis" is a really ludicrous performance; a tract aimed at that pirate-worship which is implanted in all normal youthful breasts. Mr. Bullen has taken it into his head that the world is laboring under a damnable delusion with regard to the real nature of pirates, and here sets himself to demolish those false idols. Piracy is a monster of frightful mien, and he proposes to picture it to us down to the last horrid lineament. The result is one of the most bloodthirsty books on record, which we cheerfully recommend to all good lovers of pirate lore. But, of course, there needs no able writer to invest such villany with glamour. We greatly prefer the pirates in this book to the young prig of an avenger whom Mr. Bullen has set up against them, and we do not see why it is not more fun to be bloodthirsty at the expense of virtue than of vice, which is sadly remote from the lives of most of us. If details like the Ten Commandments are going to be considered, Mr. Bullen might as well take our giants and our ogres away from us, and be done with it.

Salvator. By Percival Gibbon. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Arms and the Man, Mr. Gibbon sings; a man's life flung into the bottomless pit of devotion to a chimera. Salvator, the hero, is a gallant, vividly colored figure against the background of plain, honest, common-sense people who seem somehow hopelessly stodgy and self-centred by contrast with the fanatical idealist. He is bent upon the regeneration of Mozambique, and to this visionary life-work he sacrifices his love for an English girl—a part of the Background aforesaid—and finally his

life as well, for he is shot by a traitor in the moment when his revolution is declared. As a story of adventure the book would be commonplace and lacking in artistic finish; but its appeal goes below the surface. The writer has wisely kept his central idea so prominent that the eternal strife of the ideal and the practically expedient dwarfs the mere narrative. Reason admits the unanswerable character of all the solid arguments of the Background, and yet—where would this world be now without the flaming efforts of those divine fools who have filled up so many quagmires by what seemed the useless throwing away of life?

Poetical Works of Giles and Phineas Fletcher. Edited by Frederick S. Boas. Vol. II (Cambridge English Classics). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

This second volume contains an exact reprint of the poems, original or translated, of Phineas Fletcher, which appeared in or after the year 1633, together with "Brittain's Ida," first published in 1628. The earlier work of Phineas, together with all the poems of Giles, made up the first volume. It is unnecessary to repeat the commendation of Mr. Boas's care in carrying through this difficult task. How needful such care was any one may learn for himself by comparing a few pages of "The Purple Island" in the present volume with the text of that poem as printed by Grosart. Our commendation of the editor's labor is the warmer for a reason which Mr. Boas would probably repudiate—that it is expended on one of the most unrewarding poems of the language. Phineas evidently thought himself, as indeed he was called by Francis Quarles, "the Spencer of this age"; and in so far as he possessed to an exaggerated degree all the faults of his model, the characterization is just. It would be a fairly amusing diversion to compare "The Purple Island" with "The Faerie Queene," II, ix, of which it is a monstrous expansion, so to speak, and show how Spenser's passion for allegory, which only his great genius could save from tedium, becomes in Fletcher's hands not only tedious but endlessly absurd; and how, not content with rendering Spenser's allegory grotesque, he must lug in a would-be Spenserian pastoral theme with which the allegory has no natural connection. It is well to speak the truth bluntly about "The Purple Island," for since Lamb's day an utterly false value has been attached to the productions of the minor Elizabethans, or Jacobeans—among them to this dreariest work of the Fletchers. As a matter of fact, if Phineas is ever great, it is not when he is imitating Spenser, but, as it were, preluding Milton. His true genius lay not in suavity or beauty, but in a kind of impulsive crude sublimity. There are passages in "The Apollyonists" which must have been in the mind of the author of "Paradise Lost" when he portrayed the rebel Satan, and which possess an indisputable, if formless, grandeur of their own.

The total absence of warm beauty and genuine sensuous charm from Phineas Fletcher's work makes it difficult to follow Mr. Boas in attributing to him "Brittain's Ida," which is included in this volume. That poem, it is well known, was published in 1628 as a posthumous work of Spenser's. In 1762, Thomas Warton, in his "Observations on the Fairy Queen," after rejecting Spenser's authorship on internal grounds, observed that "It's (*sic*) manner is like that of Fletcher's 'Purple Island.'" This conjecture was taken up by others, particularly by Grosart, but has of late years not found general favor. Mr. Boas now attempts to confirm it by the comparison of a number of lines in "Brittain's Ida" with passages from the undoubted poems of Phineas. As for Warton's suggestion, any one who can see a similarity of manner in "The Purple Island" and "Brittain's Ida" has a sharpness of vision to which the present reviewer lays no claim. "Brittain's Ida" is a copy of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," whose theme it takes, with a sensuous charm, rather pale, but very genuine, which to the rich glow of Shakespeare is as the moon to the sun. Of charm or appeal to the senses, there is nothing in "The Purple Island," and but the faintest glimmer, or semblance, in the other poems of Phineas, whose theme would naturally lead to such qualities. The verbal parallels pointed out by Mr. Boas, if they mean anything, would indicate, not identity of authorship, but that Phineas thought "Brittain's Ida" to be Spenser's, and borrowed language from it for his amorous poems as he had borrowed images, and even words, from "The Faerie Queene" for his allegorical "Purple Island." The parallel passages noted by Mr. Boas could not, in the judgment of the present reviewer, have been written by the same man. To take an example, Mr. Boas quotes from the "Piscatorie Eclogues" of Phineas:

> So is my love an heav'n; her hair a night:
> Her shining forehead *Dian's* silver light:
> Her eyes the starres; their influence delight:
> Her voice the sphears; her cheek *Aurora* bright:
> Her breast the globes, where heav'ns path milkie-white
> Runnes 'twixt those hills: her hand (*Arions* touch)
> As much delights the eye, the care as much.
> Such is my Love, that, but my Love, was never such——

and asks us to believe that these halting lines were composed by the poet who made this stanza of "Brittain's Ida":

> Her spacious fore-head like the clearest Moone,
> Whose full-growne Orbe begins now to be spent,
> Largely display'd in native silver shone,
> Giving wide roome to beauties Regiment,
> Which on the plaine with love tryumphing went:
> Her golden haire a rope of pearle imbraced,
> Which with their dainty threds oft times enlaced,
> Made the eie think the pearle was there in gold inchased.

It is extremely doubtful whether "Brittain's Ida" was really the work of Spenser; from the comparison of two such stanzas as those here quoted it seems to be not at all doubtful that it was the work of a better poet than Phineas Fletcher.

The Love Affairs of Napoleon. Translated from the French of Joseph Turquan, by J. Lewis May, with numerous portraits. New York: John Lane Co. $5 net.

A Favorite of Napoleon: Memoirs of Mademoiselle George. Edited from the original manuscript. By Paul Cheramy. New York: The John McBride Co. $2.50 net.

Like the other books of the author on the women of the Empire and the Restoration, "The Love Affairs of Napoleon" has not the slightest claim to original research. It tells us nothing new, is evidently composed of memoirs of the period, extracts from pamphlets, and stories of scandalous episodes, for several of which M. Turquan does not advance any authority. But the work is decidedly interesting. Several of the anecdotes, and the book is fairly stuffed with them, will find an excuse for their presentation, in spite of their sadly unedifying details, in the light they shed, not only on the social turpitude of the time, but on certain political events. In the pages of M. Turquan, the men and women who surrounded Napoleon are depicted as unspeakably coarse and brutal, with none of the grace and elegance which, in the opinion of the famous Irish orator, palliated the immoral excesses of the ancient régime.

Perhaps the most amusing chapters in the volume are those which treat of Napoleon's relations to Josephine before and after their marriage. It has been said, with some truth, that the Bonapartes belonged to the Renaissance in their morals, views of life, and indifference to all the proprieties. The brothers and sisters of Napoleon, especially the sisters, are shown by M. Turquan to have been as sublimely indifferent to personal morality as were the deities of Olympus. But Napoleon, in his earlier years, loved Josephine with

an affection that was almost disinterested and that lasted for years, in spite of her extravagance, frivolity, and numerous infidelities. There is something pathetic, as well as comical, in the narrative of his courtship of the Beauharnais. The eagle-eyed warrior, the future despot, shows himself on this occasion as weak as a schoolboy. The whole affair is an illustration of the cynical maxim that in love, there is one who loves and one who consents to be loved. Josephine consented to be loved, and she made no secret of the fact among her intimates that her youthful suitor was perfectly indifferent to her, and that she married him in the hope of being relieved from her monetary embarrassments. Then when the divorce came, her anger and despair passed all bounds. There is no doubt that she began to experience at this period as strong a passion for Napoleon as that with which she had once inspired him. Some moralist has said that women really love only those who ill-treat them.

One conclusion the reader will deduce from the work of M. Turquan, namely, that not a single one of the women to whom this Corsican sultan deigned to throw the handkerchief had the slightest affection for him—though we fancy that the author might have excepted Madame Walewska and Mademoiselle George from the list. And they were all false to him—Marie Louise and Josephine and all.

M. Cheramy, the grave and venerable president of the Society of the Solicitors of Paris, has deemed it necessary to defend in a long preface his actions in publishing the memoirs of an actress like Mlle. George. The gist of the whole explanation amounts simply to this: In the days when George IV was king, or when Plancus was consul, M. Cheramy was very fond of frequenting the society of actors and actresses; now that he is retiring from public life, he is returning to his *premiers amours*. But no apology was necessary. M. Cheramy is a Frenchman, and a Frenchman never grows old.

Mlle. Weymer, who assumed the name of Mlle. George, was born in 1787. Her father led a little wandering troupe of actors through the French villages, and was, in fact, what we would call a barnstormer. His daughter must have been a precocious young person, for she played comedy, vaudeville, and tragedy at the age of five. She grew up a marvellous beauty, to which circumstance, rather than to her talent, she owed her engagement at the Comédie-Française, when barely sixteen. The next day, the consul saw her, and invited her to a supper at the Tuileries. The liaison lasted from 1802 to 1808. Her memoirs certainly reveal the Emperor in a sympathetic aspect. If we are to believe them, Bonaparte was a tender and thoughtful lover. But like many of her class, she was very good-natured, not vindictive at all, and utterly free from malice. Subsequently, she had a multitude of ardent wooers, embracing kings, princes, authors, diplomats, and even a bishop, Talleyrand. The last of her lovers seems to have been Victor Hugo. M. Cheramy is inclined to consider her at heart a virtuous woman. He contrasts her tranquil and kindly nature with the frenzied and passionate transports of that other lover of Victor Hugo, Marie Dorval, whose correspondence he intends publishing.

Science.

Birds of the World. By Dr. Frank H. Knowlton. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $7 net.

This is the third volume thus far published in Group I of the American Nature Series, the others being Jordan's "Fishes" and Kellogg's "Insects." The predecessors set a very high standard of excellence, which we are glad to see has been well sustained by the present publication. Dr. Knowlton is a palæobotanist in the United States National Museum, so that his success in this ambitious venture into ornithological work is all the more remarkable. He has had the assistance of two well-known ornithologists, Dr. F. A. Lucas, who has contributed a short but able chapter on the anatomy of birds, and Prof. Robert Ridgway, who has acted as general editor of the whole manuscript.

In a single volume of 873 pages the author has succeeded in setting forth in non-technical language the salient facts regarding the birds of the world. Such an undertaking by a naturalist to-day is, of course, largely a matter of compilation. Careful search through the pages shows that Dr. Knowlton has scanned a vast mass of literature and has shown good judgment in the selection of quotations. For example, in the two pages devoted to that strange reptile-like bird, the Hoactzin, we have, first, a well-worded general description of the plumage and structural peculiarities of the bird. Then comes a paragraph from Newton in the "Dictionary of Birds" concerning the remarkable crop, and then long quotations from the "Ibis" by Quelch and from a "National Museum Depot" by Lucas, treating of habits and general ecology. A final paragraph relates to the various opinions of Huxley, Sharpe, and Gadow as to the relationships of this strange creature. The frank way of using direct quotations is admirable.

The general method of arrangement is the conventional one. Five preliminary chapters treat respectively of Birds in General, Anatomy, Geographical Distribution, Migrations, and Classification. These are full, well-balanced accounts, embodying the most recent results obtained by ornithologists. The remaining twenty-one chapters are devoted each to a single order of birds, this treatment making the chapters of very unequal length. The chapter on the elephant-birds (Æpyornithiformes) occupies only two pages, while that on the Passeriformes covers 244 pages. The lowest unit of classification to be covered in detail is the Family; all known groups of this rank being included. Below this, especially in the larger assemblages, only the more typical genera and species are mentioned or described. The Families are marked by sub-headings, and the representative birds by black-faced paragraph titles.

The classification adopted is essentially that of Professor Gadow, modified by the more recent investigations of other ornithologists. Their influence may be illustrated by the rejection of the sub-class Ratitæ, and by the change of name of the genus of our American robin, from Merula to Planesticus. It is scarcely worth while to criticise any linear classification, the necessary sequence of groups written one after another rendering the relationships misleading and erroneous. But it is the best we can devise for written use until some one invents a genealogical diagram utilizing all three planes of space.

A review of the main body of facts shows that the author is conservative in all mooted problems. Both sides of a question are presented, and the more plausible solution is suggested. Beyond this he does not go, as he is avowedly not writing for the advanced ornithologist, but for the average intelligent student of birds who desires general information.

The proof reading and editing have been carefully done, and errors are chiefly those accepted in compilation. For example, on page 337, as regards the South American Trumpeter; the bird does *not* call with its bill widely open; the females *also* share the trumpeting ability; the nest is *not* placed on the ground, and the eggs are *not* bright green. But errors of this sort show only how much we need real field observations on birds. The author, by occasionally admitting our ignorance, stimulates observation on the part of bird students, as, for instance, in the chapter on Migration, where he confesses that the cause of this world-wide phenomenon "still remains without a wholly satisfactory answer." And again, "it may be acknowledged that we do not yet know the winter home of our Chimney Swift, Bank Swallow, and Cliff Swallow."

The black and white illustrations number 236, and with few exceptions are old friends, taken from well-known English, German, and Dutch works. Their average of excellence is rather low, and we could have wished for a new set by some modern artist. The

sixteen colored plates partly make up for this lack. They are from paintings by Miss Mary M. Mitchell of Washington, and are unusually true to life. The surroundings are carefully chosen, and minute attention has been devoted even to the selection of appropriate plants. Thus in the frontispiece, representing the Resplendent Trogon, we have as a background a Mexican composite flower, and the ruin of an Aztec conventional carving of this bird, the deified Quezal of that ancient nation.

A copius index of both common and scientific names adds much value to the work. The most serious drawback to the book is its unwieldy size and its weight of seven and a half pounds.

"A Little Maryland Garden," by Helen Ashe Hays (G. P. Putnam's Sons)), is a chatty and confidential book, well worth reading. When to its charm of style is added that of drawings in neutral tints, and a few remarkably fine illustrations in color, one can see that here is a garden-book above the average. Of course, the reader does not expect to get from the amateur horticulturist much information which is not presented formally in the standard treatises, but he is sure to get some good hints as to what to avoid. It has been asserted, apparently with truth, that the rapid advance in photography has been largely due to the work of amateurs. This class of enthusiasts can always be found ready to try costly experiments and to break over and through conventionalities: whereas the professionals do not care to take great risks. In gardening much the same holds good. New methods are constantly tried either through design or happy accident, and the results are made known without reserve. The writer of these pleasing chapters had known the glories of sky and the profusion of bloom in California, and she brought to her little garden in the East a strong love for many plants, together with numerous dislikes, and even marked antipathies. Columbines are on the black list, although the author had often seen their brilliant colors in the cañons. The pea-shaped flowers of small size are in the same class of unloved blossoms, although she admits the larger sweet-peas to some favor. And wistaria, as well as yellow broom, are tolerated. Coleus she "detests." And ampelopsis is also under the ban. It is always a pleasure when we find that our likes and dislikes are shared by someone who dares to speak out. This writer takes one into her confidence and offers a wide range of choice as to likable and unlikable things. And if sometimes we cannot agree with her preferences, or may even think them unreasonable, at least the statement of her case is generally well put. It is to be noted also that she is one who delights to work with her own hands, and thus has a claim on the sympathy of a large and increasing group of true garden lovers. A curious effect is produced on the printed page by the bold rejection of capitals for generic names: thus hemerocallis, montbretia, tigridia, and forsythia present almost an unclad appearance without their usual large initials; but if this is a step in the direction of employing these words as common names, no good objection can be urged.

The "Absorption Spectra of Solutions," by H. C. Jones and J. A. Anderson (The Carnegie Institution), is a continuation of Professor Jones's work on absorption spectra, which appeared as No. 60 of the Carnegie Publications. It gives results for about 1,200 new and different solutions. Besides publishing the maps of the spectra, an analysis of the bands has been undertaken for the purpose of comparison with Beer's law. This law states that in a simple solution the absorption of light of a given wave-length would be simply proportional to the number of absorbers in the path of the light. The authors find many confirmations of the law, but there are numerous exceptions to be accounted for. For example, in spite of the large amount of work on solutions of cobalt chloride, no adequate explanation of its absorption spectrum is known. In this work, the authors also find an unexpected effect in the appearance of new lines when a little water is added to certain non-aqueous solutions. This fact apparently opens up the question whether a salt forms a compound with the solvent.

"L'Amérique précolombienne" (Rudeval), by Alphonse Gagnon, is a serious essay on origins of civilization in our side of the world (376 pages, 55 illustrations in text). Lieut. Lucien Marc of the Colonial Infantry, in "Le pays Mossi" (Larose), gives one of those geographical reports for which we are indebted to official expeditions of the French in their new colonial empire. It deals with the country and peoples of that central part of Africa which is in the neighborhood of the Niger curve. The book is illustrated from sketches and photographs taken on the spot.

Dr. Daniel John Cunningham, professor of anatomy in the University of Edinburgh since 1903, and dean of the Medical Faculty, has died at the age of forty-nine. His published works include: "Manual of Practical Anatomy," "Monograph on the Marsupials (Challenger Reports)," "Two Cunningham Memoirs in the Royal Irish Academy," "The Microcephalic Brain," and "The Anatomy of Hernia" (with Prof. E. H. Bennett).

Art.

ART EXPERTS ON THE DEFENSIVE.

No lawyer and no judge, we fear, respects the expert witness. His follies and less pardonable vagaries are well understood. But the art expert has on the whole managed to maintain the mystery and dignity of his high calling. We depend on him to tell us when pictures were painted, for example, and who painted them. Your more skeptical collector will buy no work of art without a written guarantee signed and attested by some well-known authority. Even such reactionaries as the gallery directors admit grudgingly to their catalogues the more plausible pronouncements of this pontificate. Yes, the times are distinctly for the art expert.

And yet the other day the profession got a knock that sets the plain man to thinking very hard. In the gallery of Cologne and elsewhere exist a certain number of old pictures, unduly pretty, inconsequential as art, but much extolled by German criticism as the evidences of a strong and independent school of painting on the Lower Rhine. Because documents prove that a certain Meister Wilhelm lived at Cologne towards the end of the fourteenth century, these pictures have been arbitrarily ascribed to him. Well, it turns out that these panels were one and all fraudulently repainted early in the nineteenth century. The restorer had ideas of his own. He not merely improved upon his archaic originals when professing to rejuvenate them, but when the restoration of an intricate bit of decorative background was called for, he took the easier way of painting in his own figures to conceal the damage. What a hundred treatises have with greater or less laudation set down to "Meister Wilhelm," turns out to be the work of a journeyman restorer, whose name even escapes us. Fortunately these repaints are being removed, and under the skilful fingers of Herr Fridt is reappearing the fine old work that was ruthlessly travestied some hundred years ago.

All's well that ends well, but what shall we think of the expertise that consecrated this vandalism, gave it credit as art, found in it the sources of German painting? Can we trust anything any of the experts say until the restorers have gone over all the pictures in all the galleries? As for the plain man, how shall he feel comfortable in any enthusiasm, until he knows what he is looking at? Of what avail are the itinerant interpreter and the very best of stereopticians until we are freed of the horrid doubt that all this rhetoric may apply to the work of some painter chap who flourished yesterday and probably belonged to a union? What's the use, in short, of the expert, and of what possible value can be his judgments?

If the average man argues thus, no one may blame him. And if expertism is for a while put on the defensive, no one need be surprised. Only good will come of a general testing of the accepted theories. But some one will say this was not a question of theory, but of fact. We understand that theories may lead into a realm of moonshine, but an expert is supposed to know whether a painting was done a hundred years ago or four hundred. Well, if all of art criticism and expertise were of a piece with this "Meister Wilhelm" business, we should be quite justified in dismissing the self-styled expert to the limbo of the astrologer and alchemist. But, as a matter of fact, "Meister Wilhelm" is a

very special case, involving many possibilities of illusion that rarely enter into expert judgments.

In the first place, this mare's nest was "made in Germany." Next, it was made when Germany was at her silliest, namely, during the Romantic movement. Accordingly, nearly all the writers on the subject have been consciously or unconsciously dealing, not in art history, but in patriotism. It became a national article of faith to extol the ancient Wilhelm, the predecessor of the Van Eycks. A German critic was as little inclined to inspect injudiciously these panels of the early Cologne School as a devout believer is to challenge the articles of his creed. English, French, and Italian critics have given but casual attention to this mythical master, and it is fair to say that they have seldom accorded him high praise as an artist. Foreign criticism, that is, while depending too indolently upon the Germans for the facts, does not seem to have been far off in its æsthetic judgments. To the credit of the Germans it should be said that they are now destroying "Melster Wilhelm" as unflinchingly as they invented him lightheartedly.

Where personal or patriotic fallacies enter, no expert, and for that matter, no scholar of any sort can be trusted. In our times an obvious forgery of Leonardo da Vinci has passed a number of the greatest specialists, for no better reason than because it once belonged to the critic Giovanni Morelli. Every judgment into which such motives enter is suspect. Perhaps an overhauling of recent art criticism would reveal other cases as absurd as that of Cologne. Yet such a revision would not be a demolition. Happily, the chief results of art historical research are not infected by these sentimentalisms. We may measurably trust the expert when he puts himself seriously in contact with the facts. What we have to fear is some intervening emotion that makes him judge before he really sees. Scholarship implies the elimination of these disquieting idols, and as a scholar the art expert is neither more nor less fallible than the biologist or the historian. The plain man must take the same precautions in every case.

But "Meister Wilhelm," what trouble he has made! If he could have stayed home; but no. Again and again Italian scholars, misled by a sort of generalized prettiness in Meister Wilhelm, have speculated on possible relations between the Cologne School and that of northern Italy. Could Pisanello have been influenced by Meister Wilhelm? Gentile da Fabriano? In the light of recent revelations, evidently not. But the painter who disfigured the old panels of the Canon Wallraf collection, may well have been at Paris, where Napoleon had gathered in Pisanello and eke Gentile. This hint mere journalism gives to art history for what it is worth.

It is not pleasant to have to condemn a book on art by an emeritus professor of the history and criticism of art at Yale University, but we can find little to praise in D. Cady Eaton's "Handbook of Modern French Painting." It gives, indeed, a good deal of information in a handy form, but the text is so carelessly printed as to deprive this information of much of its value. What, for instance, is one to make of the statement that, "according to Diderot," who died in 1784, "Constable's pictures, exhibited in Paris in 1824, produced great excitement," or the other that Raphael Collin was born in 1885 and received a medal of the second class in 1873? Of Professor Eaton's criticism it might be enough to say that he considers Gérard and Horace Vernet among "the greatest of French artists," that he has little sympathy with Ingres, that he prefers Breton to Millet, and is evidently inclined to think Corot the inventor of "an unnatural style that captured the careless eye of the public," which "he worked out fully to the satisfaction of his pocket." One specimen of what the publishers call "illuminating criticism" we will, however, give in full—a well marked, but by no means exceptional, type of his style of comment. Of Lefebvre's "Truth," holding aloft her immemorial symbol, the mirror, he discourses as follows:

> His Vérité has not the ideal grace or poetic beauty of some of his other subjects. She is a nude woman of ample proportions and life-size, standing upright in the bottom of her well. Her right arm, stretched straight up, holds a gleaming incandescent globe. With her left hand she holds the rope with which she ascends and descends. The rope is realistic; the electric globe is very modern; the well looks damp and uncomfortable.

That is all; and anything further on our part is surely unnecessary.

An exceptionally valuable work has been published by Karl W. Hiersemann, Leipzig, entitled "Altorientalisch Teppiche," a continuation on a large scale of the work under the same title which appeared from 1892 to 1896 under the auspices of the Vienna Museum of Art and Industry. The work appears in twenty-five richly colored folio plates, with a descriptive text in German, English, and French. The editor is A. von Scala; the introduction is written by Wilhelm Bode; and the text is by Friedrich Sarre. The edition is limited to 370 numbered copies. The Austrian Cultus Ministerium has granted a liberal sum to defray the expense of publication.

The *Anthropos* brings intelligence of a remarkable discovery, made in the garden of the Trappist monastery in Durban, Natal, recently. This is a bronze coin, yellow in color and containing four Hebrew words, two on each side, these together reading: "Fourth year of the Delivery of Zion," which is by specialists considered as referring to the delivery of Jerusalem by Judas Maccabæus (143-136 B.C.). Similar coins have been found before, but this is the first ever to turn up in Africa. Anthropos declares that two things are facts: (1.) that the coin must have found its way to Natal by sea; and (2.) that its discovery throws an entirely new light on the vexed question as to the origin of the great field of ruins in South Africa. It will be remembered that not a few archæologists now insist that the gold land of Ophir, to which Solomon sent his fleets, was in Southern Africa.

Finance.

The Fourth was flanked by holidays on Saturday and Monday, and the calm surface of the market was hardly marked by a ripple for the week past. The only real exception to the ruling apathy was cotton. The government report of the average condition of cotton was issued at noon on July 2. For the entire cotton belt the average is 74.6 per cent., the lowest record for this date for a period of fifteen years. Cotton jumped at once from 40 to 50 points—about two dollars a bale—and profits were taken on the bulge amidst excitement not paralleled in years. But the activity in this market did not prove contagious in stocks, whose dealers looked on with a rather envious surprise, but quite unmoved. It should not be forgotten that there is still a full month of growing weather for the staple, and that its position differs from that of wheat, in that the left-over stocks of the cereal are not large in comparison with the promised harvest.

The Lackawanna melon was cut on Tuesday last. It carried a 50 per cent. cash dividend for registered holders. The railway has now done formal obeisance to the commodity clause of the Hepburn law by organizing a coal company. The cash dividend was designed apparently to facilitate the railway's shareholders' absorption of the coal company's stock. The coal taken from the D., L. and W.'s properties is to be bought by the coal company at 65 per cent. of the tidewater price. The carrier will carry the freight as heretofore.

While the market mourns the dearth of the speculative customer and the paucity of genuine investment demand, the world of productive industry seems to be quickening its pace. Bank clear-

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ings are 38 per cent. more than last year at this time. Imports are on the increase, but this may be in part a rush to evade higher duties. Postal receipts are swelling. The number of idle freight cars is on the decrease. With it all, money is fairly easy. The Treasury's call on the banks for $25 000,000 of government deposits and the export of two millions in gold to Holland and a half million to Argentina produced no appreciable stiffening in loan rates. Compared with the attitude of business men in Great Britain, our industrial leaders seem fairly apathetic as regards the pending corporation tax in Congress. The small investor who is credited with acquiring a little block of stock here and there in the recent rich man's panic is particularly immobile. He is sitting on his holdings very hard, even if he is not able or willing to take any more just at present.

The summary of actual receipts and expenditures in the fiscal year ending June 30 has been issued by the Treasury Department. Owing to the new system of Treasury statements, the deficit is variously estimated. The nominal expenditures, including the redemption of national banknotes, exceed the receipts by $115,000,000. The actual difference between cash received and disbursed is $89,000,000, as compared with a similar deficit of $59,000,000 for the previous fiscal year. But the total cash receipts for the last fiscal year were only a trifle over three millions in excess of those of the year previous, and were sixty millions less than those for 1906-7. The cash expended in the past twelvemonth was $694,000,000, or $37,000,000 more than in 1907-8, and $116,000,000 more than in 1906-7. In other words, while the annual revenue has fallen approximately by sixty millions since the last year of normal trade, annual outlay has increased by nearly one hundred and twenty millions. The expenditure in the War Department alone ran $40,000,000 ahead of last year's. But the idea of necessary retrenchment seems inexplicably to be wholly lacking. Forecasts there are as to whether the Treasury's working cash balance can safely tide it over the midsummer months when outlay is proverbially heavy; or whether Panama bonds or certificates of indebtedness authorized by the Spanish war act of 1898 will have to be issued; but a serious proposal to bring about budgetary equilibrium is conspicuous by its absence.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Lute of Jade: Being Selections from the Classical Poets of China. Introduction by L. Cranmer-Byng. Dutton & Co. 60 cents net.

Baedeker's Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. Scribner. $2.40 net.

Barnett, Dr. L. D. The Golden Town and Other Tales: From Soma-Deva's "Ocean of Romance-Rivers." Dutton & Co. $1 net.

Bierwirth, H. C. Beginning German: a Series of Lessons with an Abstract of Grammar. Revised edition. Henry Holt & Co. 90 cents.

Browne, Rev. P. W. Where the Fishers Go: The Story of Labrador. Cochrane Publishing Company.

Butler, Samuel. Erewhon, New and revised edition; Erewhon Revisited, Twenty Years Later; Essays on Life, Art, and Science, Edited by R. A. Streatfield; The Way of All Flesh. London: A. C. Fifield.

Clark, Imogen. A Charming Humbug. Dutton & Co. $1.20 net.

Conway, Moncure D. Addresses and Reprints, 1850-1907. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

Coolidge, Asenath Carver. Cherry Feasts for Barbarous Fourths. Watertown, N. Y. 25 cents.

Crockett, Walter Hill. A History of Lake Champlain: The Record of Three Centuries, 1609-1909. Burlington, Vt.: Hobart J. Shanley & Co.

Davidson, John. Fleet Street and other poems. Mitchell Kennerley. $1 net.

Dearmer, Percy. Body and Soul: An Enquiry into the Effect of Religion upon Health. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Duff, J. Wight. A Literary History of Rome. Scribner's. $4.

Enright, Thomas. The King of Nobody's Island. The Gibson Pub. Co. $1.

Essex Institute Historical Collections. Vol. XLV—July, 1909. Salem, Mass.

Grey, Zane. The Short-Stop. Chicago: McClurg & Co. $1.25.

Grumbine, Harvey Carson. Love, Faith, and Endeavor. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1 net.

Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Edited by a Committee of the Classical Instructors of Harvard University. Vol. XX. Cambridge, Mass.

Helm, Mary. From Darkness to Light. The Story of Negro Progress. Second edition. Revell Co. 50 cents net.

Hingston, W E. Forgeries and False Entries. Boston: Roxburgh Pub. Co. $1.

Hirst, Margaret E. Life of Friedrich List and Selections from his Writings. Scribner's. $2 net.

Huckel, Oliver. Mental Medicine. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $1 net.

Humphrey, Richard L. The Fire-Resistive Properties of Various Building Materials. Washington. Government Printing Office.

Hutton, Edward. In Unknown Tuscany. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

Illinois Historical Collections: Governors' Letter-Books, 1818-1834. Vol. IV. Springfield, Ill.: Ill. State Historical Library.

Islandica: An Annual Relating to Iceland. Vol. II. The Northmen in America. Cornell University Library, Ithaca, N. Y.

Lorraine, Rupert. The Woman and the Sword. Chicago: McClurg & Co. 75 cents.

Lowe, Charles. The Prince's Pranks. John Lane Co. $1.50.

Low, May Austin. Confession and Other Verses. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. 80 cents net.

Meakin, John Phillips. Leaves of Truth: Utah and the Mormons. Salt Lake City: J. P. Meakin.

Miller, Val. Standard Recipes for Ice-Cream Makers. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $1.

Mitchell, Edward Bedinger. The Shadow of the Crescent. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Nead, Benjamin Matthias. Some Hidden Sources of Fiction: A Paper Read Before the Historical Society of Dauphin County, Pa. Phila.: Jacobs & Co.

Racine, Jean. Andromaque, Athalie, Britannicus. Three volumes. Edited by F. M. Warren. Holt & Co. 35 cents each.

Reiset, Vicomte de. Belles du Vieux Temps. Paris: Émile-Paul.

Sewall, Charles Henry. Lessons in Telegraphy. D. Van Nostrand Company. $1 net.

Stewart, Mary. "Tell Me a True Story": Tales of Bible Heroes for the Children of To-day. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25 net.

The English Vegetable Garden. Written by Experts. Scribner. $3 net.

The Journal of the American Irish Historical Society. By Thomas Zanslaur Lee. Vol. VIII. Published by the Society, Providence, R. I.

The Legacy of a Man Who Wanted to Do His Duty. By Theocratus. Part I. Corona Publishing Company. 50 cents.

The Progressive Road to Reading. By Georgine Burchill, W. L. Ettinger, and E. D. Shimer. Books One and Two. Silver, Burdett & Co.

The Splendour of God: Being Extracts from the Sacred Writings of the Bahais. Introduction by Eric Hammond. Dutton & Co. 60 cents net.

Underwood, Wilbur. Damien of Molokai: Poems. London: Elkin Mathews.

Victor Hugo's Ruy Blas. Introduction by Kenneth McKenzie. Holt & Co. 65 cents.

Wagner, Rev. Charles. The Home of the Soul. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.20 net.

Willman, Reinhold. The Errors of Mind Healing. St. Joseph, Mo.: Advocate Pub. Co.

World's Story Tellers: Stories by Chateaubriand; Stories by Balzac; Stories by the Essayists. Three volumes. Edited by Arthur Ransome. Dutton & Co. 40 cents each.

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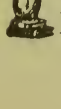

Henry Holt & Co. 34W.33d St. New York

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Darwin and Modern Science

Essays in Commemoration of the Centenary of the Birth of Charles Darwin and of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Publication of "The Origin of Species." Edited, for the Cambridge Philosophical Society and the Syndics of the University Press, by A. C. SEWARD, Professor of Botany in the University, Honorary Fellow of Emmanuel College. Large Royal 8vo. 609 Pages. 5 Ills. $5 net, Carriage 30 cents.

In the contributions to this memorial volume, some of the authors have more especially concerned themselves with the results achieved by Darwin's own work, while others pass in review the progress of research on lines which, though unknown or but little followed in his day, are the direct outcome of his work.

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The Week.

Four months after the President called an extraordinary session of Congress to revise the tariff, the real work of revision has begun. All that has gone before is merely preliminary; providing the basis upon which the conference committees will do the actual shaping of the final bill. In the nature of the case, Mr. Taft will now be drawn into the affair though he has steadily refused to be down to the present. Others will be the conferrees; he will necessarily be the referee. The Republican leaders cannot be so mad as to pass a bill which they know the President will not sign. That would be party suicide. It is inevitable, therefore, that they will, from time to time, refer disputed schedules to him, as the discussions in conference go on. Indeed, it is an open secret at Washington that the President has prepared himself thus to act as umpire. He has had full tables made of the duties proposed by the Payne bill, as compared with those adopted by the Senate, and will be ready to meet each case as it arises. Mr. Taft has said that he thinks the tariff bill which the House passed to be a fairly reasonable measure, and that, if the further reductions made in the Senate could be embodied in it, he should regard the resulting law as in accord with the pledges of the party and the expectations of the country. The question now is whether he will be able to compel the besotted protectionists to surrender the prey in which they have set their teeth.

The almost unanimous vote by which the House assented to the Senate's joint resolution for a Constitutional amendment authorizing an income tax signifies the strong trend of public feeling in favor of such a measure. The majority apparently are in favor of the project as a regular part of our Federal financial régime. Others, like Mr. Payne, based their support on the sure ground that such a source of revenue may be needed in an emergency. Of the opponents, Mr. McCall made the most strenuous fight on grounds whose present-day validity is extremely doubtful. He referred to the Constitutional provision of direct taxation by apportionment to population as one of the great compromises between the large and small States, consecrated by the Constitution. So it was originally, along with equal representation in the Senate. The repeal of the former provision he pictured as a sort of temptation to the small States with a majority in the Senate to plunder the larger commonwealths. But both as historian and as prophet, he seems in error. The numerical preponderance of the large States in the House forever bars any such hypothetical assault on the large States as he fears. Moreover, it would appear that the linking of direct taxes to population was originally motived by the slave-holding States. A Federal poll tax, if it fell on slaves, would have been a serious burden for the South. By the three-fifths rule applicable to both taxes and representation in the House, the slave States were exempted from paying poll taxes on more than 60 per cent. of the slave population. A similar protection was afforded to States which had vast tracts of land of little value. If land area were made the basis of imposition, such States would suffer more sharply than the other States. The disappearance of slavery made the Constitutional provisions relating to direct taxation practically obsolete.

Attorney-General Wickersham's advocacy of a Federal charter for corporations, in his speech before the State Bar Association of Kentucky, is the revival of an old idea, but with a difference. One difference is that Mr. Wickersham speaks not as a heady reformer in a hurry, but as a cool and sound lawyer. His premises are, not his wishes, but the statutes of States and the nation, and the decisions of the Supreme Court. Another difference is in the changed posture of affairs, both economic and legal. With a Federal tax on corporations now certain to be adopted, involving inspection and a certain measure of control, the argument for national incorporation becomes stronger, and the objections to it fainter. Corporations may in time run to embrace what they long shrank from in terror. The initial difficulty is that of change of status. Creatures of separate States as they now are, the corporations will find it a complicated process to shake off their present obligations, or surrender their existing privileges. But more stringent State regulation confronts them, in any event. The Attorney-General dwelt upon this, and suggested a method by which the device of a holding company might be met. This is to vacate the license of any corporation to do business within a given State, whenever 50 per cent. or more of its capital stock is held by any other corporation, domestic or foreign. Such a law would be, Mr. Wickersham showed, in consonance with doctrines laid down by the Supreme Court, and would, in his opinion, be effective in checking the too rapid growth of monopolies, and in halting monopolies. He did not say, what lies on the surface, that legislation of that kind would more incline the hearts of corporations to seek a Federal charter.

The address of Mr. James B. Forgan of Chicago to the Michigan State Bankers' Convention, last week, sounded a warning as to the banking and currency legislation promised at the next session of Congress. There is a very real danger in devising elaborate, but unworkable powers of inquiry into banks and their condition, and then reposing in a quite unjustifiable confidence upon the law. Mr. Forgan called the Comptroller of the Currency the most powerful man in the financial world—this, presumably, because of his right of inquiry into the condition of any national bank. But he correctly said that in the last resort the responsibility for the honest and capable management of any bank must rest with its own directorate. The bank examiner can satisfy himself as to the presence of the requisite cash reserve. He can assure himself, negatively, that the loans and discounts do not offend against the explicit prohibitions of the statute. But to judge the quality of the assets, where they so largely consist of discounted paper, is beyond the power of any bank examiner, unless he be exceptionally acquainted with the financial condition of the particular locality, or unless he devote himself to a long-continued study of a single institution.

Nothing finer has been urged for a long time than the proposed celebration in 1914 of a century of continuous peace between the United States and Canada. The suggestion is said to have been made at the Harvard Commencement by MacKenzie H. King. The Canadian Premier, Sir Wilfred Laurier, is reported to approve the project very heartily. With a century of peace behind us, we should have good reason for mutual congratulation. It should afford the cause of world-peace an impetus, this notable instance of two neighborly nations with a common boundary line of 3,000 miles without fortifications on either side. It is true that a system of jurisprudence fundamentally similar, and a common language, bind the two peoples together. But whatever abatements may be pleaded, the spectacle is one to be proud of. It is to be hoped that our Government may heartily respond to the invitation for a joint celebration which the Canadian Government will probably extend.

If calling a man "grafter" does not constitute libel, as a Chicago court has ruled, it must be because "graft" by indiscriminate usage has lost so much of its original precision. The law of libel is concerned not with phraseology, but with intent. If a prominent corporation lawyer were to slap a United States Senator on the back and say, "Hello, you blackguard, come and have a drink," it would not be as if he had made use of the epithet after a sharp dispute at a directors' meeting. On the other hand, the courts have held that for a stock-broker to refer to a fellow-broker as a lame duck, while underlining his words with a wink, constituted defamation of character. "Graft" has undoubtedly been a useful term, but useful just because it offered a convenient handle to the lazy man with a dislike for distinctions. The Harrisburg capitol thieves grafted; the contractor who made only the customary overcharge, grafted; the clerk who used the office stationery for his private correspondence, grafted; the maiden aunt from the country who came self-invited for a three months' stay, grafted. Having set up a standard of absolute virtue such as never has been realized on land or sea, we have called everything that wavered a hair's breadth, graft. Thus the term became a substitute for plunder, defalcation, bribery, rebate, allowance, prerogative, perquisite, tip, and favor. That a word of such broad connotation should always carry libel with it, was clearly out of the question.

In the death of Prof. Simon Newcomb, this country lost a distinguished scientist of world-wide reputation. In his own special department of mathematical astronomy, his achievements were both solid and original, and, unlike the work of many scientists, much of Professor Newcomb's was of the greatest direct serviceability, especially in the domain of navigation. The born man of science was in evidence, whether he was journeying to a remote land in quest of observational knowledge, or whether he was calmly pursuing his scientific inquiries in Paris while the window panes of his observatory were rattling under the musketry of the Commune. Like all of the greatest men of science, he was simple, direct, unaffected, never ashamed of admitting the limits of his knowledge. An illustration of this almost naïve quality once came under our notice. He complained of his inability to grade written examination papers. He said he never felt certain that the relative markings he gave were correct. The secular variations and mutual relations of the asteroids, the weight and the orbits of the planets, hid little from his scrutiny. But the elusive windings and spectral emergencies of the human mind he recognized as beyond any precise rule that he could frame. Particularly noticeable was a contribution of his to economics, that of the distinction between "funds" and "flows" of wealth. The whole terminology of modern economics which hinges so much on the difference between income and capital may be regarded as the outcome of this pregnant suggestion. Equally sane was his recent summary of the limited possibilities of aerial navigation.

It is a little surprising—this claptrap that is indulged in by various critics of college education. Not that the colleges are not open to criticism on legitimate grounds, such as administration, curriculum, the organization of extra-academic activities, and the like. But when the indictment is based on the intangible ground that "the moral output" of the college or university is entrusted to nobody in particular, it is time to call a halt. This last charge was uttered by the president of the Religious Education Association, Prof. George Albert Coe, in an address at Chautauqua. The allegation seems to imply that "moral output" is something that can be weighed and measured like sugar or candles, or at least that it can be graduated on some scale of value. Matthew Arnold's "doctor of the soul" could canvass with official breath "the future and the viewless things," but it remains for the practical "religious hustler" of to-day to compile the current statistics of "moral output." The truth is that there is nothing more conducive to "moral output" than insistence upon the student's making proper progress in a well-chosen scheme of intellectual pursuits. Like many other admirable things, moral maturity, in college or outside, comes generally without observation, and the drum and trumpet scheme of an all-too-formal organization of such activities is as apt to retard as to advance the consummation so devoutly to be wished for.

It is reported from New Haven that a higher standard of entrance examinations has resulted in the rejection of 622 candidates out of 900 applicants for admission to the Sheffield Scientific School. It fails to indicate whether the 900 includes only candidates for immediate entrance, or whether it embraces also candidates taking preliminary examinations, with the intention of passing final examinations a year hence. Statistics of college entrance examinations are slippery things for the outsider to handle. A large percentage of applicants admitted may indicate either adequate preparation on the part of the ordinary candidate, or complaisance and lack of rigor on the part of the examiners. The same thing is true of the percentage of admissions with or without conditions. One tolerably good index of the comparative difficulty of college entrance examinations is found in watching the current among the less efficient students in the large preparatory schools. They are quick to discover where it is "easy to get in"; and in the absence of family preferences to the contrary, they try the easier openings. If it is true that candidates admitted to the Sheffield

school are weeded out so that the classes lose one-half of their initial membership in the first two years of the course, a higher standard of entrance requirements would seem to be desirable.

Princess Lwoff-Parlaghy, lately arrived on our shores with the purpose of painting the portraits of the twenty-five greatest Americans, will not immortalize Mr. Rockefeller, the reason she gave being, it is alleged, that "he is too selfish." She apparently does not deny that he is one of our twenty-five greatest men. That she concedes, but she will not paint his portrait because his "progressiveness is for himself only." It is clear that the Princess has never been bitten with the idea of art for art's sake. She does not seek, apparently, the characteristic, but the virtuous. This does her honor, no doubt, as a woman, but her attitude as an artist is revolutionary. Of course, there is a possibility that she is not an artist, and. if this dreadful alternative be true, it is easily understood why she seeks ready-made heroes and heroines of virtue for her subjects: for these are fully formed and fitted in the popular imagination, and do not need the interpretative touch of the artist. Mr. Rockefeller, we imagine, would appeal greatly to an artist, whatever the artist's ideas might be in regard to his influence for good or evil. A searching artistic interpretation of the Standard Oil magnate might throw fresh light on his character. There is a story by Henry James in which, by means of a profoundly interpretative portrait, the hidden villany of a man is shown, for the first time, to a woman who knew him intimately. Thus, even with the best intentions in the world to work for art's sake, the artist may find that he has done a moral act, by bringing out the deeper truth.

The British public, in its recent naval scare, went like a crab, backwards. Alarm began over what might happen to the British fleet in 1913, and ended by making some Englishmen sit up of nights in the year 1909. What will happen in 1913 no one knows, not the experts who have fallen madly afoul of one another, and not the ministers and prime ministers whose personal knowledge of "capital" ships and striking strength is about equal to the average United States Senator's intimate acquaintance with the cotton schedules. What the situation among the world's navies is to-day, has been put into brief compass by the Office of Naval Intelligence at Washington and given to the public. Taking the navies in the order of their ship tonnage, both Dreadnought and pre-Dreadnought, it appears that the old order hath not yet changed into the new. Great Britain is first with 1,669,000 tons; the United States is second with 685,000 tons; France is third with 629,000 tons; Germany is fourth with 525,000 tons, and Japan is fifth with 372,000 tons. After that, expert opinion may perhaps veer around to the belief that the pre-Dreadnoughts are something more than scrap-iron, after all.

The "Chancellor-crisis" in Germany naturally takes up great space in the German newspapers. They do not agree, however, either in their assigning of causes for Prince Bülow's fall, or their reading of the immediate political future. Through all the accounts runs the distinct implication that he had lost the Imperial favor. It was the subtle conviction of this that blew his Parliamentary *bloc* in pieces, and left him a Minister without a majority in the Reichstag. With that combination broken up, it was evident that, as the semi-official North-German *Zeitung* promptly said, the success achieved at the general election of 1907 was at once made "illusory." With the Kaiser stanchly behind him, the Chancellor might have decided on a dissolution of the Reichstag. But neither William II nor Prince Bülow cared to face the hazard of an election so soon, with the practical certainty that the Social-Democrats would make great gains; and, besides, the Emperor made it clear that he was ready for the Chancellor to go. Von Bülow had repeatedly declared in the Reichstag that he should remain in office as long as the Kaiser wished him to do so; and his sudden announcement that he would leave his post as soon as possible, could only be interpreted as an admission that he no longer had the Imperial confidence.

Such royal and personal motives, however, are not enough to account for the Chancellor's retirement. Tney may explain the final push over the brink, but do not show how the edge of the precipice was reached. Von Bülow had been long in power, and upon any statesman of whom that is true, difficulties and resentments accumulate. In Bismarck's famous "dead-tired" speech of 1880, he spoke of the *haines inassouvies* which necessarily hung over him, after eighteen years as Chancellor. Prince Bülow has not the personality to provoke such unappeasable hates as Bismarck stirred in his enemies, yet a growing political hostility has faced the present German Chancellor. The deepest reason for this lies in his failure to have a clear and vigorous policy all these years, and particularly in his lack of sympathy for the classes in Germany that have been rising to wealth and strength, and should have been allowed to rise to political power.

From Teheran comes news to confute the facile philosophers who have sneered at the Orient's make-believe game of constitutionalism. The Nationalist forces have fought their way into the Persian capital, and with the sympathy of the populace entirely on their side, they should have no difficulty in making themselves masters of the situation. The Shah has taken sanctuary in a foreign legation. Thus Moslem Persia has almost repeated the experience of Moslem Turkey. Like the Turks, the people of Teheran conquered a Constitution almost at a blow. A Parliament assembled at Teheran, the Shah repeatedly took oath to the Constitution while plotting for its undoing, and after long hesitation he succeeded, with the aid of a mercenary force under Russian generalship. Here was the time when the East should have shown how really unprepared it is for any other government than despotism. But the Liberal element refused to be discouraged. With Teheran under a reign of terror, Tabriz, the northeast, the entire south, rose in insurrection. When Tabriz was occupied by the Russians, the Nationalist cause flared up all the more brightly in the south. The Shah's hired men have proved too weak to enforce quiet in Teheran and defend it against attack from the outside. The triumph of the Nationalists was foreshadowed in the excommunication of the Shah by the heads of the Shiite faith. Once more it was shown that the religious authority of Sultan or Shah was no very terrible weapon, after all.

INTEREST IN DIRECT PRIMARIES.

Political activity up the State, unlike that in Greater New York, does not wait for the coming of September. Several contests for Assembly and Senate nominations have already been fought out, and others are under way. In all of them, the chief issue is Mr. Hughes's plan of direct primaries. This must astonish those confident gentlemen who had sunk that measure of the Governor's forty fathoms deep, but it is the fact. Indeed, the opponents of Gov. Hughes have found the people so interested in his project that they have made haste, in some counties, to call the party primaries at an unprecedentedly early date, so as to forestall discussion and outwit the advocates of the direct primary. In various parts of the State, as in Chenango County, candidates are announcing themselves in opposition to the choices of the party managers, and are doing it on the Hughes platform. Be their motives selfish or not, their course testifies to the extraordinary hold which the proposal to introduce direct primaries has taken upon the political imagination of the people of New York.

In this fact lies the really strongest reply to such arguments against the direct primary as are advanced by Prof. H. J. Ford, in his article in the July *North American Review*. His trenchant contention practically comes down to this: all political machinery is bad; it leads directly to irresponsibility and graft; therefore, instead of arranging to give the people more to do with primaries and elections, you ought to be planning to give them still less. Professor Ford's view frankly leans to the aristocratic theory of government—we use the word in no invidious sense. He would have as few elected officials as possible, with large powers entrusted to them, and with political machinery and the interference of the electorate reduced to the minimum. This is that idea of heaven-born rulers of men, placed above the crowd, which Lord Salisbury once expounded and which John Morley afterwards attacked with such an array of historic proof, showing what a mess the aristocrats had made of government. Be that as it may, we are in for the democratic movement, think what we will of it. The people are going to participate in their political management, whether we like it or not; and the only questions to ask are how they can be got to do so wisely, and what useful political weapons we can place in their hands.

Professor Ford seems to think that no one can favor direct primaries, unless he can show, or believes, that they will prove a panacea for all our political ills. But Gov. Hughes is under no such illusion. He does not expect to get rid of the boss or the professional politician. What he is aiming at is a wider and more flexible system of party government. Of the new machinery, it may well be true that the skilled practitioners of politics will, in ordinary times, get control. They are in the business year in and year out, so that the average citizen cannot hope to compete with them. Yet the fact will remain that a new possibility of popular assertion, and even, in a pinch, of popular revolution, has been provided. Voters will be able more easily and directly to effect their will, when they really will something very hard. And undoubtedly it is this thought which most sways the people of New York, who are displaying so much interest in the subject of the direct primary. They are not abstract political philosophers. In the mere frame of government, as such, they are not deeply concerned. But they strongly desire to make their political activity more felt and effective; and because they are convinced that Gov. Hughes has pointed out the way to that end, they are supporting him with so much enthusiasm in his plan for reforming party management.

A LIBERAL AND LABOR ALLIANCE.

Last Friday's bye-election in the Cleveland Division of Yorkshire was hailed by the Conservatives as a blow to the Government, because the Liberal majority was cut down one-half. In 1902, the last time this constituency was contested, the Liberal candidate, Mr. Herbert Samuel, received a majority of 2,036; now the figure is reduced to 971. This result may or may not indicate dissatisfaction with the budget, but one thing is certain: the majority would have gone much lower, and might have been wiped out altogether, had not the Independent Labor party decided not to put up a man against Mr. Samuel. And this decision, of course, was due almost wholly to the Labor party's satisfaction with the budget. Indeed, the signs of a closer electoral coöperation, if not tacit alliance, between the Liberals and the Laborites are multiplying, and are causing the Conservatives much uneasiness.

One of them writes to the London *Times* declaring that this "Liberal-Labor" movement means the extinction of the Liberal party. He is particularly distressed by the situation in Mid-Derbyshire, where a bye-election is soon to be held, and where the Liberals have endorsed the Labor candidate, Mr. Hancock. The latter, in his election address, committed himself flatly to free trade, and said that he was "opposed to any return, under whatever guise, to the old and discredited system of protection." This Labor representative also applauded Lloyd-George's budget as "the most democratic and beneficial to the general community ever put forward." As the Liberal majority in this district was more than 3,500 in 1906, the chances of Mr. Hancock's election must be thought excellent. If three candidates had stood, the Conservatives had high hopes of winning the seat. As it is they are exclaiming at the disgrace of the Liberal party in "surrendering seat after seat to 'Liberal-Labor.'"

The thing goes far beyond these scattering bye-elections. It foreshadows an understanding and working agreements between the Liberals and the Labor party in the general election, which cannot be deferred much after next year. If the committees of the two parties are able to arrange it so that nearly all three-cornered contests can be avoided, the task of the Conservatives in winning a majority, independent of the Irish, will be made much harder. As the drift now is, their success seems assured; but the great preponderance to which they have been looking forward, as a basis for a strong and lasting Ministry, will not so easily be attained if the Liberals and Labor party go into the struggle practically as allies. Hence these Tory tears.

Furthermore, this new political combination will have highly important immediate effects. It will make any meddling with the budget by the Lords, much more their throwing out of the finance bill altogether, an exceedingly delicate and dangerous operation. Should such a revolutionary step be ventured by Mr. Balfour and his obedient Peers, the infallible result would be to weld all radical elements indissolubly. The cry would be raised that the Conserva-

tives were merely the party of the landlords and of privilege. And a new and burning issue would be injected into the campaign, the voting upon which no man could predict. All these considerations are plainly giving the Conservative leaders pause. Many among their followers, and several newspaper organs, in their violent denunciation of a "socialistic" and "confiscatory" budget, have been demanding that the House of Lords take its courage in both hands and make an end of the measure entirely, challenging an appeal to the country at once. But Mr. Balfour's cautious Scotch nature does not incline him to such vertiginous policies. During all the debates on the budget in the House of Commons, he has not once intimated that it might be done to death in "another place." And the likelihood is strong that his aversion to such a course will be deepened by the evident preparation of the Liberals and the Independent Labor party to pool their electoral issues.

Unquestionably, Mr. Asquith and Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill are in a position to appeal strongly for Labor support. They have sought to enact a budget which, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer asserted in the Commons, is a war budget—that is, a war for social reform. In addition to making a beginning of special land taxation, which the Labor party has long urged, they have inaugurated the system of old-age pensions, and have besides undertaken, through a system of official Labor Exchanges and in other ways, to grapple with the problem of the unemployed. If gratitude were the most powerful motive in politics, the Liberals might certainly be able to count upon the heartiest kind of support by the Independent Labor party. We know, however, that it is not. Pride, selfishness, greed, the spirit of faction, often show themselves able to lead political man to do what gratitude is too feeble to induce him to attempt; and, in spite of the *rapprochement* now visible, it is not probable that we shall see anything like a real consolidation of Liberals and Laborites, even for one general election.

INDIA AND TERRORISM.

Only three days before the assassination of Lieut.-Col. Wyllie, a special correspondent of the London *Times*, in summing up his researches into the present condition of India, showed himself a prophet and a sage:

> That the anarchist organization will continue to spread and will break forth into fitful outrages is tolerably certain. The anarchists remain a class apart, though they are really only the ultimate expression of a very widespread phase of Indian feeling. Lord Morley is under no illusions about their continued existence, and has repeatedly warned the British public that "bombs are not an end." Alone the anarchists could do little. A Punjab civilian said proudly, "The bomb is not made that could burst the Indian Empire."

The murder of Col. Wyllie came, and British opinion, in spite of early manifestations of rage and panic, has on the whole remained sober in the face of exceptional provocation. The Tory press will probably raise an insincere cry for strong measures in India. The violated sanctity of human life in sea-girt Britain will be insisted upon. But the noise will be made for partisan purposes, since India, like the navy, is no longer outside the sphere of domestic politics in England. At heart, there are few Englishmen of standing who believe that reaction is possible or desirable in India.

We catch this mood in the article on Britain's future in India from which we have quoted. At first sight, the writer is openly in favor of a drastic policy against Indian "sedition." He declares that, so far as British rule in the peninsula is endangered, Lord Morley's reforms have not abated that menace in any material degree, for British rule is disliked, not because it is bad, but because it is foreign. Nearly every experienced administrator in India is against the reforms. If Hindu discontent has recently shown signs of abatement, the reason is found, not in Lord Morley's policy of conciliation, but in "the tardy vigor of the authorities in dealing firmly with the seditious press, and in the wise and discriminating exercise of the salutary power of deportation." As for Britain's general attitude toward India, we find the argument of the mailed fist put forth with engaging frankness. "While we believe our presence in India to be for India's good, we must maintain it against a growing and unappeasable antagonism" And yet, for all his fine frenzy, this writer cannot help revealing his perception that force alone will not avail against a great people awakening to national consciousness and modern ideals. He admits that the Indian official is too prone to say, Do this and it shall be done. The Indian politician's right to speak his mind boldly must be recognized. British policy, administrative or legislative, must be willing to defend and explain itself.

But just how it is possible to reconcile the Indian politician's right "to speak his mind boldly" with "the wise and discriminating exercise of the salutary power of deportation," is hard to see. The danger is that a discontented people may be driven to make use of that "ultimate expression" of its feelings which the Hindu student in London employed against Col. Wyllie. Terrorism as a policy has been repeatedly proven futile, as notably in Russia. Terrorism as a symptom has its value. The isolated act of a Guiteau or a Czolgocz is indicative of nothing but an individual aberration. But in Russia, or in India, the political assassin, even though fanatic or half-insane, is the product of conditions. His act may do more harm than good, as the case usually falls; but only in Russia is it imagined that a nation's ailment can be permanently done away with by hanging the individual in whom the general ill-being rises to fever heat. Common sense, which with the British people rises to genius, must recognize the folly of making terrorism an excuse for reaction. Given the awakening of Asia to the aspirations of Western liberalism, and it is not Britain's army, but such reforms as Lord Morley has "forced"—so we are told—upon the Indian administration, that will shape the future of India with a minimum of riot and political assassination.

REFORMING THE FOURTH.

It should seem, to judge from figures compiled by the Chicago *Tribune*, that our great national holiday has this year, thus far, cost us fifty-two lives. After the same interval of time last year, the death-roll was seventy-two. Thus our attempt at a sane Fourth has saved us twenty lives—a great saving, but not enough. To effect a moral reform, the substitution of a good habit for a bad one is essential. A drunkard could never reform in a moral and æsthetic vacuum. But give him sustained new temperamental and emotional interests, and he may wonder why he was ever intemperate. The Fourth of July, as we celebrate it now, is a bad habit, a bad na-

tional habit, bad in its destruction of life, of health, bad for the nerves and character of the young, as all extreme things are, and harmful to the taste of the entire nation.

Yet, bad as the habit is, we probably cannot get rid of it without the substitution of something else which is good and equally satisfactory to the temperament of the nation. It has been suggested in many places that a wise substitute would be a pageant, representing the trappings and the romantic backgrounds of history. Everybody loves a show, from a circus to a painting by a sixteenth-century Venetian, where a crowd of gayly dressed courtiers and fine ladies march across the piazza, their hearts filled with the excitement of love and with the romance of the national victory they are celebrating. But in our country, it may justly be objected that there have been no kings and queens blazing in ermine and wrought gold, no mediæval church or haughty conquerors; there can be no millennium of history, "no pell-mell of the men and women of Shakespeare's plays," no solemn cathedrals to enter, no "Cistercian abbesses, in garments whiter than the driven snow."

Nevertheless, if we have perhaps a sober-garbed history, it is not entirely devoid of the picturesque. Our white-wigged and short-trousered Revolutionary heroes strike tenderly to every American heart, as the decorative costuming of our romantic plays indicates —and what girl novelist of the States has ever failed to find material in our history for a romantic and appealing background? Our wars give opportunity for military scenes in which the trumpet and the brass band may supplant the isolated, impertinent, and destructive firecracker. A hero riding up San Juan Hill is a suggestion that may be made parenthetically.

There are, perhaps, other difficulties in the way of a great American historical pageant. We should need to learn more public honesty, for pageantry would require great coöperation and large appropriations of money. Imagine Tammany Hall organizing a consistent New York pageant for the occasion; imagine the appropriations that would be made!

One of the most important benefits to accrue from a national pageant would be the æsthetic education involved. It would give an opportunity for our municipal artists to exploit their decorative talents. Modern Paris shows how a great spectacle can be organized on a holiday without an impossibly rich reference to history, and with a moderate expenditure of money. Sensibility to form and color and musical harmony would grow, and with it a true patriotism, for we could justly be more patriotic if we had more to be proud of. If the romantic elements in our history could be shown strikingly, who can doubt that our æsthetic taste and our love of country would be heightened? There is no more patriotic people than the French and none that loves more a beautiful, orderly spectacle.

The adoption of the pageant might even create better harmony between parent and child. Children love a loud crackling noise, and their parents hate it. By means of the pageant we might be able to do away with this annoyance, for the pageant would please and refine both parents and children. The trumpet and the band would tickle the ears of the eager child, while his eyes and imagination would be ravished by the glittering pictures of the past. And if he saw at his side his father and his mother as pleased as himself, he might understand the strange fact that grown-up people are human and a pretty good sort, after all.

ELIMINATING THE CHILD.

How is it with the birth-rate in books and on the stage? People who take their æsthetic pleasures seriously, and like to speak of literature as the mirror of life, may find striking confirmation of their view in the simultaneous disappearance of the child from real life and from books. The task of statesmen is being made harder every year by a slackening increase of population. But the novelist and the playwright are not at all in the same boat with the statesman. Small families lighten the writer's problem. His interest being chiefly with the passions and behavior of men and women, he prefers to remove so complicating a factor as children very often constitute in the lives of their fathers and mothers. Thus it has been to the author's purpose even grossly to exaggerate the world's growing reluctance to reproduce. The family, as he usually sees it, is the family of two. We have travelled far from Victorian fiction, with its hordes of angel-infants dying amidst a welter of pathos; but children who die nowadays in literature are so much fewer because so many less of them are born. The dramatist, in this respect, is far more ruthless than the writer of novels. Take the particularly strong plays of the last few seasons, and in those that deal with the triangle or with any other geometrical refutation of the marriage tie, this is the common formula: five or ten years of marriage, husband busy in Colorado, wife bored in Paris, no children; or, husband well-meaning but stupid, wife intellectual and high-strung, either gnawing away at the other's happiness, no children; or, artist husband busy with pictures, artist wife busy with music, temperaments clash, and no children.

In the end, therefore, this kind of literature is untrue, even to conditions in our high-priced apartment houses; for even in flats and apartments children have been known to exist. They may be there in sadly diminished number, but there are enough of them at least to raise most human couples to human families. To Mr. Roosevelt the difference between one child and five children may seem enormous, but that is as nothing, of course, compared with the difference between the home with one child and the typical barren pair of the play or the novel. Why the stage in particular should be like Bethlehem after Herod's orders had been carried out, several matter-of-fact reasons occur. If a playwright puts children into his manuscript, they will have, as a rule, to be shown on the stage. Only now and then will audiences be content with mere allusion to a young family behind the scenes; we know how anxious Sir Roger de Coverley was for a peep at young Pyrrhus, who, by all that was said of him, must have been a fine child. Now, good child-actresses are rare. Plays like "Way Down East" still make their appeal with a stageful of little ones in checked aprons and bonnets, but our more sophisticated audiences will not tolerate the checked apron, and will howl with laughter at the stage-mother who dares to fondle the traditional rag-baby. Yet no such reasons exist for the novelist. If he leaves Rachel disconsolate because her children are not, it is because he chooses to do so.

Not that the modern child is banished either from the theatre or the story.

Peter Pan, and the unnumbered successors of Alice and of Fauntleroy, show quite enough to the contrary. Our magazines give up an utterly disproportionate amount of space to the humors and tragedies of child-life. There are Josephine Dodge Daskam's children, Myra Kelley's children, Miriam Michelson's children, Ellis Parker Butler's. But here again we have a peculiar type of artificial isolation. It is the children that fill up the book, with parents and other adults as mere foils and background. In other words, the child is the protagonist, and not what he is by nature, the child. He lives in a world of his own into which he has seemingly been projected by a special creative power; he is not a part of the world of grown-up men and women. Corresponding to our realistic form, the type of the father and mother without children, we have here almost a type of children without parents. Perhaps the only branch of art which shows the child in his natural environment is the illustrated joke. When Tommy at the dinner-table asks the minister why his wife is so homely, the artist distinctly shows a horrified father of Tommy at one end of the table and a horrified mother at the other end.

The futility of our childless literature is all the more striking, because so much of this literature attempts to deal with the phenomena of marriage. It is amusing to turn to book after book in which wedlock is depicted either as a trial, or a disillusion, or a burden, or a curse, or at best a very difficult problem, and find the vital factor of the question absent. We imagine Mr. Harriman looking into the affairs of a bankrupt railway. If he discovered that, in spite of economical road-bed construction, excellent equipment, and an admirable personnel, bankruptcy came because the managers objected to hauling freight and hated to bother with passengers, we wonder what Mr. Harriman would say.

NOTES ON FRENCH BOOKS.

PARIS, July 1.

"Le Pluralisme" (Alcan) has an added interest from its author, J.-H. Boex-Borel, the elder of the two brothers that, under the joint name of J.-H. Rosny have won renown in the writing of very distinctive novels. His book is an essay on the discontinuity and heterogeneity of phenomena, from which he argues against all Monism. "L'Être et le connaître" (Leroux), by H. Espinasset. leaves questions of existences to deal with Being, which is the heart of metaphysics, and its relations with Knowing, which is the underpinning of all philosophy and of scientific certainty as well. "Les Systèmes de philosophie" (Alcan), by the late Ernest Naville, treats of "affirmative philosophies," and is, as it were, the last testament of one, who, for the greater part of a century, had taken an active place in philosophic thought. "Essai historique sur les rapports entre la philosophie et la foi, de Bérenger de Tours à Saint Thomas d'Aquin" (Lecoffre), by Th. Heitz, is a study by a Catholic doctor of letters in a question which is still burning, but which was philosophy itself in the mediæval centuries chosen by the author for his theme, when the Scholastic philosophy was in its period of growth. Paul Fournier, dean of the university law faculty at Grenoble, in his "Études sur Joachim de Flore et ses doctrines" (A. Picard et fils), writes learnedly of the mystic doctrines of one who is little known, and that only as an apocalyptic seer. For Dante, who came just a century later, he was "with the spirit of prophecy endowed"; the Scholastics variously noted him; and his Eternal Gospel has been claimed alike by orthodox and heretical religious revivals down to our own day. René Waltz, in his "Vie de Senèque" (Perrin), presents an earnest study of the philosopher who strayed into Roman imperial politics with harm to himself and no apparent good to Nero, but with good intent as the book explains.

Professors Charles Gide and Ch. Rist publish a considerable work, "Histoire des doctrines économiques depuis les Physiocrates jusqu'à nos jours" (Larose). "Le Contrat social et les idées politiques de J.-J. Rousseau" (A. Rousseau), by Henri Rodet, a doctor of laws, analyzes the history of ideas which had to do with North and South America as well as French Revolutions. Eugène d'Eichthal, son of John Stuart Mills's correspondent and himself of the Tocqueville Liberal Democratic school, in 'Pages sociales" (Alcan) comes back again, briefly and clearly, on the social revolution, State and Democracy, and moral and religious France. J. Maxwell, a French judge of experience, treats of the duty of the community to the underworld, in "Le Crime et la société" (Flammarion); the book forms a volume of the popular Bibliothèque de Philosophie scientifique.

The Vicomte G. d'Avenel continues the long series of his studies in the economic life and mechanism of France from the middle ages to our own day, in "Les Riches depuis sept cents ans" (Armand Colin). It completes the book already published by him on peasants and workmen during the same period of time. The rich are all those who have a yearly income exceeding $500, whether from capital or labor. State functionaries, soldiers, judges, priests, diplomats, professors, and professional men, like doctors and lawyers, artists and actors, and men of letters—all pass in review from the standpoint of their annual money receipts or the payment of their work. Even the exceptions are interesting, like the million and a half of francs paid for an operation on Louis the Fourteenth, and Voltaire's riches, which were earned by other than literary industry. The final chapter comes to striking, and, at first sight, confusing conclusions. Capital in France within a hundred years has increased sixfold and wages only fourfold; and the distance between rich and poor has been increased. And yet the cost of living has scarcely doubled. Here are pretty problems of human equality. The total annual money income of France is estimated at 27,000,000,000 francs; and there are 11,000,000 separate households. Divided equally, this would give 2,500 francs for each home—the $500 per year which the book counts as riches. Country laborers earn not one half as much; many Paris workmen earn much more. Our author goes on to show that, meanwhile, the employer's share in industry and trade has also diminished. The increase of capital has, therefore, not been made at the workman's expense. That is, capital grows for other reasons than labor—by unearned increment in cities and elsewhere with ease of communications; by interest on public funds and bonds, in which capital has been invested—for labor has a yearly receipt, but capital is the accumulated receipt of fifty years. And, most of all, in France, capital increases from foreign sources where money is invested. In France, there are consequently more revenues than wages in the annual receipts; in America more wages and salaries than revenues. Hence the vanity of hard and fast deductions to prove an opposition in the development of capital and wages, or against the production of "economic highnesses" by democracies, since inevitable evolution may equalize enjoyments of well-being, but never of fortunes.

The third volume of "L'Internationale —documents et souvenirs (1864-1878)," by James Guillaume, deals with a period (1872-1876) in which the organized movement to equalize social conditions by the suppression of individual distinctions due to the possession of capital reached its natural end in the Anarchy of Bakunin. As in the former volumes, the very personal rôle played by the author colors and heightens the interest of his narration, the more so as the spirit of the Internationale has not lapsed with its organization. We have the long-announced posthumous volume

of Sully-Prudhomme, "Le Lien social" (Alcan), edited by C. Hémon, one of the poet-philosopher's disciples. It is deep dreaming of a subject by one whose mind's eye was essentially philosophic; but it is to be feared that our general confederations of labor will look rather to realities in countable wages than to moralities like solidarity and social union.

Henri Hauser of the University of Dijon continues his great work for students of history in the second volume (A. Picard et fils) of "Les Sources de l'histoire de France, XVIe siècle (1494-1610." It covers the reigns of Francis I and Henry II (1515-1559), with a first section on general and French sources, and a second on foreign sources for Francis; a third section for Henry; and a fourth devoted to details of Henry's reign. The third volume will do the same work for Francis II, Charles VIII, and Henry III, leaving a fourth for Henry IV. The entire work will thus comprise the Renaissance in France from its beginning in the Italian wars of Charles VIII and Louis XII, which was the matter of the first volume. It is rare that so complete a period of national life coincides so nearly with an artificial division of centuries. M. Pellechet publishes the third volume of his general catalogue of the Incunabula of the public libraries of France, reaching from "compagnies" to "Gregorius Magnus." It forms a volume of 660 pages. Georges Doutrepont of the University of Louvain gives us a volume of 550 pages on "La Littérature Française à la cour des Ducs de Bourgogne" (H. Champion) —Philippe le Hardi, Jean sans Peur, Philippe le Bon, and Charles le Téméraire.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A copy of the exceedingly rare account in Italian of Frobisher's voyages has recently turned up. This little book, of which no other copy is traceable, has been barely mentioned by bibliographers, who have only quoted Ternaux's meagre transcript. The title, condensed, reads: "Lo Scoprimento dello Stretto Artico et di Meta Incognita Ritrovato hel' Anno MDLXXVII & 1578 dal Capitano Martino Frobishero Inglese. Posto Novovamente in luce nel nostro idioma Italiano dal Sig. Gio. Lorenzo Anania. . . . In Napoli Appresso Gio. Battista Cappelli, 1582." The copy of the book which sold in Bright's sale (No. 2304 of the Catalogue), in March, 1845, bringing £2 10s., cannot now be located, unless it be, indeed, the present copy, which is in similar binding, "vellum, gilt leaves."

The authorized contemporary account of Frobisher's three voyages of 1576, 1577, and 1578 was prepared by George Beste, and printed by Henry Bynnemann in 1578 (the colophon is dated December 10) with the title, "A True Discourse of the late Voyages of discoverie, for the finding of a passage to Cathaya, by the Northweast." Of this book there are copies in the British Museum, John Carter Brown, and Lenox Libraries, and in the private collections of Robert Hoe, E. D. Church, A. T. White, and E. E. Ayer.

In his Dedication Beste says that "hy sundrie men's fantasies, sundry untruths are spread abroad, to the gret slaunder of this so honest and honorable an action." The printer, Bynnemann, in his address to the reader, refers to the same unauthorized publications as follows:

> And for that (as I understand) many trifling pamphlets have bin secretly thrust out, not only without the consent of the captaynes and executioners of the same, but also rather to the great disgrace of the worthy voyage, than otherwise.

The "trifling pamphlets" referred to must be those little books by Settle, Ellis, and Churchyard. Dionysius Settle's account of the second voyage (of 1577) was published as "A True Report of the Laste Voyage into the West and Northwest regions" by Henrie Middleton in 1577. Three copies are known, in the British Museum, John Carter Brown, and E. D. Church libraries. The latter copy brought £760 at Sotheby's in March, 1907. The British Museum copy contains a manuscript note to the effect that the writer had "seen a second edition of Settle's True reporte of the same year, with some slight alterations" but no copy of this second edition, as described, can now be traced.

Thomas Ellis, "sailor and one of the companie," wrote "A True Reporte of the Third and Last Voyage into Meta Incognita," which was printed in 1578 by Thomas Dawson as a small octavo of twenty leaves. Though this book (wrongly called a quarto) is described by Lowndes and copied from him by Sabin, the only copy now known is the one in the Church collection. It was purchased at Sotheby's in March, 1907, for £920.

Thomas Churchyard, a literary hack of the end of the sixteenth century, was a friend of Frobisher's apparently. He published in May, 1578, just before Frobisher set out on his third voyage, "A Prayse and Reporte of Maister Martin Forboishers Voyage to Meta Incognita," and at the end of the year he added to some copies of his "Discourse of the Queenes Maiesties Entertainement in Suffolk and Norffolk" four leaves containing "A welcome home to Master Martin Frobusher." This latter is in verse, and in it he refers to the preceding book:

> A Boke I made, at thy Farewell,
> In prose (where ere it is)
> Another for thy Welcome home,
> thou shalt have after this,
> If this mislike thee any whitte.

Of the prose tract only three copies seem to be known, two in the British Museum, and a third in the Church collection. The latter brought £1,000 in March, 1907.

Settle's book seems first to have been translated into French and printed (probably at Geneva) by Anthoine Chuppin as "La Navigation du Capitaine Martin Forbisher." Of this there are copies in the British Museum, John Carter Brown, and Lenox libraries, and in the Church collection.

From the French version translations were made into Latin and German, both published in 1580 at Nuremberg by Catharine Gerlachin. These had included an account of the second voyage only. Then in 1582 at Naples there appeared the Italian translation noted above. This contains an account of both the second and third voyages, the latter probably adapted from Ellis's book.

Correspondence.

"BOOSTING."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Not long ago, Edward S. Martin wrote for the *Atlantic* an interesting little essay on advertisement. In its cheerful homage to the God of Things As They Are, the essay was characteristic both of the author and of the times. If I understood Mr. Martin correctly, his drift was that the prejudice against the advertisement of personal or professional qualities is old-fashioned and rather foolish; that advertisement of everything is a natural development of democracy and the spread of education; and that it must be a good thing, since "it is a form of publicity," and publicity is "cousin to Truth, and Truth shall prevail." The cousinship sometimes appears to be rather distant; but, even if we let that pass, is it not rather a strange kind of argument by which the excellence of a person may be inferred from the belief that his cousin shall prevail?

Whether the inference is sound or not, I presume the conclusion would be accepted without much question by most Americans. As a nation, we believe in advertising everything, from sermons to shoelaces, from colleges to cathartics. There is a form of advertisement very popular in this part of the country and I think growing in popularity elsewhere, commonly known as "boosting." No doubt it is a distant cousin of Truth. At all events, I should like to examine both the cousin and the cousinship a little.

The term is, of course, a metaphorical application of a word that we all used as boys. The metaphorical usage, I think, originated in the West; it is widely employed here, and seems to be coming into use all over the country. Not long ago I came across it in the comparatively classic pages of the Springfield *Republican*. The dictionary says that the word is etymologically connected with "to boast," and with words in other languages meaning "to blow" or "to swell." It is a hard word to define accurately, but it means approximately this: to praise constantly and liberally anything or everything relating to one's self—for instance, one's town or State or college or country; and never to admit any defect in these things. The direct opposite of "to boost" is "to knock," that is, to blame, recognize, or admit some faults or differences from the ideal in anything relating to one's self. Boosting is coming to be recognized as one of the cardinal virtues. A newspaper recently concluded an enthusiastic eulogy of a prominent citizen with these solemn words: "He was a booster." Knocking, on the other hand, is regarded as one of the Seven Deadly Sins, having, perhaps, displaced pride in that illustrious company.

The conscientious cultivation of this virtue and avoidance of this vice have already led to some interesting results in the rising generation. The avowed aim of boosting is progress, and progress of a material kind may have been aided by the first generation of boosters, who never more than half believed what they said. They were whistling to keep their courage up. But the second generation takes boosting literally. Through a natural and par-

donable confusion of boosting with its distant cousin, Truth, they have reached a state of mind similar to that of those who, in other days, believed that they were the elect—with this important difference, that, while the elect believed that they alone had attained perfection, the young Americans I have in mind believe that everything even remotely pertaining to themselves has attained it. You cannot convince them, for instance, that English railways have fewer accidents than ours, or that German cities are better governed. The thing is inconceivable: are not we the greatest and best people in the world?

The ideal goal toward which the boosters are tending and which, as I have suggested, some of them have already reached, is a state of mind similar to that of China before China began to wake up. Could anything be more Chinese than the following paragraph, from a high school oration which was approved by the principal of the school and entered in an interscholastic contest:

Conceit reigns unmolested in the hearts of men. Foreigners have been so careless in their expressions and so conceited in their hearts as to pick flaws in American character and custom.

Taken by itself, this is amusing enough, but when we consider that it represents the honest opinion of a considerable part of young America, it is enough to make the judicious grieve, if not to make the angels weep. The lack of opportunities for comparison resulting from our geographical isolation makes us peculiarly liable to this sort of infatuation. It may become a serious menace to the national welfare. A keen observer, Mrs. Anna M. Rogers, who recognizes and deplores this tendency, has suggested that it might be partly counteracted by introducing into our public schools the reading of such intelligent foreign criticism of America as Arnold's and Münsterberg's. The suggestion seems worth careful consideration. A bit of reading which might be quite as valuable for this purpose, and which ought to be printed in every reading book in America, is Cardinal Newman's definition of a gentleman. The ideal there beautifully set forth is one that we cannot afford to forget.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Colorado Springs, June 24.

THE DUTY ON PICTURE POST-CARDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your arraignment of the action of the Finance Committee of the Senate in increasing the duty on picture post-cards by over 300 per cent. (contained in your issue of July 1) has had rather an exhilarating effect on me, although I am myself engaged in the lithographing and printing business, and am a member of the National Association of Employing Lithographers, through whose efforts, I believe, the Finance Committee of the Senate was persuaded to raise the import duties in question.

I feel that in principle your position is absolutely correct. I believe in the blessings that come with the fight for existence, and I personally delight to meet and to grapple with competition. In fact, as for myself and my company, I do not much care what the tariff is. But I feel it would be as unfair to press my convictions on my colleagues, as it seems unjust on your part to pass judgment on the apparently ludicrous proposition of raising the duties on picture post-cards over 300 per cent., without carefully weighing what may be said on the other side of the question.

The facts are that without some such equalizing duty post-cards, of the kind in view, cannot be produced in America. Whether or not, under these conditions, they should be attempted at all is another question. My own company, on several occasions, has considered the advisability of entering this large and seductive field, but was obliged each time to pass the proposition by.

The reasons why, without heavy tariff protection, picture post-cards cannot be made in America are:

(1.) Because the wages for work of this class are in Germany from one-half down to one-fourth of our own standards and scales as established by the unions.

(2.) Because we are debarred by Federal laws from importing from European countries artisans expert at this class of work—or any other, for that matter.

Now, in commodities of this kind, the labor item alone is between 35 per cent. and 50 per cent. of the output value. Against this initial cost the fact that the German must buy photographs here, reproduce them at home, transport them back again, is of very small significance. All our ingenuity and efforts at economy in production go for little when the item of skilled human labor forms so large a part of the selling price of a given article.

But the greatest handicap that commercial art work in our country has to contend with is contained in that disgraceful and insidious law which prevents the engagement freely of new talent wherever it may be found: the so-called alien contract law. Organized labor, the father of this law, secure in its hold upon American industry, has contrived to deaden individual effort and to restrain technical advancement among its members, while at the same time, with the aid of this law, it prevents the employer from infusing, by importations from technically more alert and advanced countries, new blood with which to take up competition with the rest of the world on something like equal terms.

JULIUS GUGLER.

Milwaukee, Wis., July 4.

TAXING CORPORATION BONDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In "The Week" of your issue of July 1, you refer to the proposal, in the tariff bill now before the Senate, for a tax on corporations and strongly object to exempting them from paying a tax on their bonds. I cannot conceive how you or any other sensible man can see any right, equity, or justice in an attempt to make a corporation, or a man, pay a tax on the debts he owes. Corporate bonds are merely evidences of a debt owing by the corporation. Why should a corporation pay taxes on its debts any more than you should pay a tax on your note of hand or on a debt you may owe to your grocer or butcher? I have never heard of a more monstrous proposition. If you would have the owner of the bond pay a tax on it, you would then have an income tax and not a corporation tax at all.

Congress, and, I believe, every property owner in the country, are opposed, and rightly, I think, to an income tax, and I believe Congress would do a great wrong if it tried to accomplish by indirection what it dare not do directly.

Of course all socialists, and populists, and non-tax-payers are in favor of an income tax, for the reason that it will rob the property owner, but I cannot conceive that you belong to either of these classes, and hence cannot conceive how you can think that a corporation should pay a tax on its debts.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Chicago, July 5.

[There was no proposal to tax bonds. It was only a question whether the interest on bonds should be deducted from the net income of the corporation on which the tax was to be levied.—ED. NATION.]

THE TARIFF ON ART.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The tariff bill, now in process of preparation, having passed the Senate, will soon be in the hands of a committee of conference of the two Houses.

I believe that there is a difference between the Senate and the House on the subject of the admission to this country of works of art, the provision of the Payne bill relating to that matter being more liberal, according to my present understanding, than that of the proposed Aldrich or Senate bill.

In the issue of the London *Athenæum* for June 12, 1909 (p. 708), there is a paper on the "Chauchard Legacy to the Louvre." In this case a collector of works of art had accumulated a most valuable gallery of modern paintings, numbering nearly 200 pictures of a high grade; and he has now left it to the nation. Among these masterpieces are no less than twenty-five examples of Corot, seventeen of Diaz, eight of Daubigny, seven of Th. Rousseau, eighteen of Troyon, and twenty-six of Meissonier. After thus enumerating them, the writer of the article in the *Athenæum* proceeds as follows:

The most famous, although perhaps not the finest, of the seven by J. F. Millet is L'Angelus, which, originally sold for about £60, was knocked down in the Sécretan sale in 1889 for 553 000 francs. It was then obtained by M. Antonin Proust, who was acting on behalf of those who desired that it should remain in France; but the French government decided not to purchase the picture at this high price, and M. Proust handed it over to an American syndicate, who had been the underbidders. But the American customs authorities claimed a duty of something like £7,000, which they consented to waive on condition that the picture did not remain more than six months in America, and was not resold there. So the picture found its way back to Paris, and was purchased by M. Chauchard.

At just this juncture, and with a new proposed tariff under consideration, the above extract from a foreign journal calls for no comment. It speaks for itself.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

Boston, July 7.

THE TRIAL OF ANIMALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent notes in your columns on the trial and punishment of animals in

mediæval times seem to have come exclusively from antiquarians, philologists, and literators. It is a little odd that the lawyers' share in elucidating the meaning of those practices has apparently not come to the notice of your learned correspondents; though the subject is essentially one of legal history. A careful study of it was printed in 1892, by Prof. Karl von Amira (then of Innsbruck, now of Munich), one of Germany's greatest legal historians, "Thierstrafen und Thierprocesse." A long list of other references (in part by legal historians) will be found in Dr. E. P. Evans's "Criminal Prosecution and Capital Punishment of Animals" (New York, 1907). The first part of this volume treats the matter historically; Dr. Evans, not being, I believe, a lawyer, has not fully traced out the latent legal ideas.

A chief explanatory fact, for all these practices, is the primitive and mediæval attitude towards what we should now call the theory of criminal responsibility; the treatment of animals is merely one side of a larger subject. Citations to the works dealing with it, not only in Europe but in other systems of law, will be found in essay No. 66 of "Select Essays in Anglo-American Legal History" (Boston; vol. III, now in press). W.

Chicago, July 1.

Notes.

Ernest H. Shackleton's book, giving a full account of his antarctic expeditions, 1907-1909, will be published in November by the J. B. Lippincott Company. It will be issued in two substantial volumes with color plates and more than 300 illustrations from photographs.

The Oxford University Press announces for early publication "A Short History of English Agriculture," by W. H. R. Curtler.

Late this summer Duffield & Co. will bring out Albert Sonnichsen's "Confessions of a Macedonian Bandit," giving his adventures in Macedonia as a member of the Committee of Revolution. The same house promises for the early autumn a new issue of the Shakespeare Library, to be called "The Shakespeare Allusion Book." It will be in two octavo volumes, and will contain the allusions originally collected by Dr. Ingleby, Miss L. Toulmin Smith, and Dr. Furnivall, now for the first time arranged in chronological order and supplemented with explanatory notes.

A ninth edition of "Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, with Excursions to Iceland and Spitsbergen" has come to us from the incomparable Baedeker (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). In its present form this work is revised and somewhat augmented, and with its abundance of maps and plots offers a strong lure to travel in these Northern lands.

The first of the series of Noble Thoughts, edited by the late Dana Estes, and published by Dana Estes & Co., contains the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius." It is regrettable that no indication is given of the translator whose version is here followed, or of the fact that the text is not reproduced in its complete form. A second volume contains "The Thoughts of John Ruskin," a series of short paragraphs grouped under such headings as Beauty, Painting, and Nature Studies. Each volume has a suitable introduction, and is printed in heavy faced type and bound in limp green leather.

Mr. (or, as we must now say, Sir) Henry W. Lucy's "Sixty Years in the Wilderness: Some Passages by the Way" (E. P. Dutton) is a pleasant but slight narrative of his journalistic experiences and his friendships. Most of the volume had previous publication in various periodicals, and the collection of the articles here does not rob them of their fugitive look. Good nature, a gentle humor, absence of bitterness or of style that bites—these are the qualities which the writer has long identified with his name, and they mark this latest book of his.

The Rev. P. H. Ditchfield has evidently taken upon himself to gather into a succession of volumes the romance and humors of old English life. Some time ago (November 7, 1907) we had occasion to speak of his book on "The Parish Clerk." Again, the next year (September 10, 1908) he brought out a pleasant work on "The Charm of the English Village." Now E. P. Dutton & Co. are publishing in this country the second edition of "The Old-Time Parson," which, as the title implies, is a companion volume to "The Parish Clerk." It seems to us a pity that Mr. Ditchfield in this book should have given so much space to controversial matters of the Reformation, and especially to a rather bitter account of the sufferings of the clergy under the Commonwealth. That he should write from the high Anglican point of view is natural, and indeed only a man of such persuasion would be likely to devote his time to gathering up these annals of clerical life. But we enjoy his work much more when he forgets the battles of intolerance and gives us stories of the eccentricities and beautiful charities of old-time country parsons. There is abundance of material of this sort in his chapters, but there is still room for a fuller story of the life represented by such men as George Herbert on the one hand, and R. S. Hawker on the other.

"The Struggle for Imperial Unity," by Col. George T. Denison (The Macmillan Co.), recounts the experiences and recollections of a Canadian imbued with a dominating passion for a Pan-Anglican *Kriegs- und Zoll-Verein*. The question of the desirability of an eventual economic and political alignment of Canada with the United States is simply not arguable with Col. Denison. For a Canadian to entertain such a hope he says flatly is treason. The book narrates the author's exertions in awakening the imperial spirit in Canada and in England. Some passages offend the American reader. There is a superfluous strain of rather contemptuous reflection upon our "national spirit," the "Yankee militia," and our mercenary motives (pp. 66, 162, 193). One must concede, however, that the design which Col. Denison has at heart has been very sensibly promoted by his tireless efforts in its behalf. His accounts of interviews with Lord Salisbury, Joseph Chamberlain, and others, are illuminating, and the American statesman may profit by the author's account of how the national spirit in Canada has been fostered by our own stupid policy toward them. Since the expiry of our reciprocity treaty with Canada, the Dominion has been created, and manifold ties have bound it more closely to Great Britain. We have contributed our share to this alienation of Canada by the McKinley tariff and the virulence of the Venezuelan message.

The publishing house of A. Pierson, in Dresden, has brought out "Perlen Englischer Dichtung" (Pearls of English Poetry), by Herman Behr. Mr. Behr is not a German author, but a New York business man, who devotes his leisure to literary pursuits. "Perlen Englischer Dichtung" is the result of several years' labor of love, inspired in turn by the translator's enthusiasm for the fifty poems which he has rendered into German. Nor has he made his problem easy by selecting poems that, as it were, translate themselves. Certainly, "The Bridge of Sighs" is one of the most difficult English poems to reproduce in a foreign language, yet Mr. Behr has preserved not only the dirgelike rhythmical cadence, but also the pathos of the original. "Locksley Hall," in certain stanzas, actually seems more sonorous in German, and several of Keats's odes are most happily transferred. Indeed, Mr. Behr's translations hold to the poems, from which they are made, the same relation as do fine mezzotint engravings to the original paintings. They are interpretations in another medium, not copies.

President Henry Churchill King's "The Laws of Friendship" (Macmillan) is a good book for an age little given to seeing visions or indulging in dreams. It treats its great theme, human and divine, *con amore*, yet without rapture. President King does not value very highly those rare moments of ecstasy which come to the introspective saint. Into the genuine and mysterious joys of life we pass, he holds, by no mysterious means, but by common and open ways. The man who has learned obedience to the laws of disinterested love in the human relationship has already learned the laws which govern right relationship with God. This implies that friendship with God must be sustained by a broad, many-sided culture. "How can our love increase," was the deep question of Thoreau, "unless our loveliness increases also?" Particularly suggestive is the chapter on the "Self-Forgetful Mood," which is an exposition of the inalterable truth that the strongest friendships are formed between those who forget themselves and each other in their devotion to some heart-uplifting cause—the cause, for example, of God. Though we miss in this work the golden vistas of illumination opened to us by the old English divines, we find in it something of their eagerness to know the highest friendship, and something of their wisdom in the pursuit of it.

The two volumes on Edward Randolph, now issued by the Prince Society (Boston), add not a little to our knowledge of that interesting and somewhat erratic royal commissioner, sent from England to control customs duties in the colonies in the last quarter of the seventeenth century. A number of documents have been found since Mr. Toppan's volumes on Randolph were printed, and of especial value is a series of letters from Randolph to Blathwayt intended for the personal use of the latter. In such a form the agent

could be more free in his expressions, and full use was made of this freedom. This he found to his cost, for an intercepted letter led to his imprisonment, the Governor of Bermuda not liking some of the criticisms of his conduct. Nor was this the only instance of persecution directed against Randolph. It was but natural for him to arouse the dislike and opposition of the colonists, for he was possessed by the idea that a good part of the colonial trade was illegal, and attempted to prove it so by enforcing the laws. It was one thing to pass the laws in London, and quite another to enforce them in America. Many in high office were concerned in the forbidden practices, and they resented his interference. The Governors would tell him that they were there to carry out the laws, and their instructions were sufficient to control the administration of the customs. Wherever he went, and he was in every colony from Piscataqua to Bermuda, he saw the same conditions: neglect of the law, dishonest officials, and combinations among the great to share in the illegal profits. He warned his superiors against the "leprosye of Rebellion" that had spread from Boston. He suffered by his connection with Andros and his eagerness to prove his worth to the King. The juries would not convict, the courts would not enforce his seizures of goods or vessels, and the merchants ignored his demand for formalities in entries. He was, as he said, an "unwelcome guest." He had a strong prejudice against the Scotch, who had been active in absorbing the rich tobacco trade of Virginia and Maryland; but his protests were ignored or met in such a fashion as to make him "quite tyred with the starched conversation and Spanish Gravity of ye Genl. Assembly." He appears to have been an intelligent but over-zealous and untactful officer, recognizing what was wrong, and intent upon correcting through law. His reports are good reading as well as good history, and he was as honest in pocket as in opinion, which is high praise for that day. The documents are admirably edited by the Rev. Mr. A. T. S. Goodrick.

"The Russian Conquest of the Caucasus," by John F. Baddeley, with maps, plans, and illustrations (Longmans, Green, & Co.), gives a history of the campaigns against the Caucasus as a whole up to 1829, including an account of the Turkish and Persian wars in the regions south of the mountains; and of the conquest of the tribes in the eastern Caucasus, ending with the capture of their leader Shamil in 1859. The desultory fighting against the western tribes, as intrinsically less interesting, is not recounted. Mr. Baddeley is personally familiar with the regions of which he writes, and draws his historical materials largely from Russian official sources. His main subject, the wars of the Russians with the tribesmen, has never before been presented to English readers. Of them he gives a clear and impartial, but not a particularly animated, narrative. Though his point of view is that of a military historian, he is not blind to the human and romantic interests involved. Of each commander's work he forms an independent judgment, casting grave doubts, for example, on the wisdom of Yermóloff's policy of ruthless repression, which he regards as responsible in large measure for the growth of Muridism and so for the nearly thirty years of warfare, with its legacies of hatred, required to repress it. His general sympathies for the Russians do not prevent him from heartily admiring the heroic struggle of Shamil and his few thousands of followers against the forces of an empire that encircled him on all sides. The volume is handsomely and accurately printed. A full index, and, above all, a number of excellent maps, make it possible for even an untrained reader to follow the complicated operations described in the text.

"Brittany: the Land of the Sardine," by Hugh M. Smith, in the *National Geographic Magazine* for June, is an unusually interesting and suggestive account of a people remarkable in many respects, but especially for the preservation of their ancient racial characteristics. Their aloofness from their neighbors is shown by the fact that one in every five Bretons cannot speak French, while "many features of Breton religious practice to-day are relics of prehistoric paganism." As the author's visit was in the interest of the Bureau of Fisheries, of which he is deputy commissioner, the most attention is paid to the sardine industry, which is the principal dependence of the people, some of the more than 100 canneries having an output in ordinary years of 5,000,000 boxes each, the number of employees being 30,000 fishermen and 20,000 canners, mostly women and girls. The article is fully illustrated. Attention should also be directed to the remarkable series of pictures of the world's highest mountains with accompanying text by Charles E. Fay, first president of the American Alpine Club. The announcement is made that the National Geographic Society has sent an expedition, under the leadership of Prof. R. S. Tarr of Cornell and Prof. L. Martin of the University of Wisconsin, to spend July, August, and September in studying the glaciers of southeastern Alaska, in many respects the most important, geographically, in the world.

The Pope has recently established in Rome a new Papal Bible Institute, and the Catholic papers reproduce the official Apostolic Declaration that is to control its work. The rules are the following: (1.) The Papal Biblical Institute is directly dependent on the Apostolic chair and is to be controlled by the directions and orders of the latter; (2) the management of the Institute is to be in the hands of a chairman to be appointed by the Pope, and this chairman is to represent the Institute externally and report all important matter pertaining to the Institute at least once a year to the Papal chair; (3) the full or ordinary professors of the Institute are to constitute its council, which, in conjunction with the chairman, is to oversee its work; (4) the highest norm for the studies and the control of the Institute will be determined by the Apostolic chair and be issued by the Papal Biblical Commission in the form of decrees and orders. These decrees and orders are to be rigidly observed, and all members of the Institute are to coöperate in this work, be they teachers or students. By way of comment on this new arrangement the *Kirchenzeitung* of Leipzig, a leading Protestant organ, declares that the whole project is to control Bible studies within the Catholic church, crush out independent scholarship, and make learning subservient to the interests of the Papal chair.

As a further instalment of the Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher (Tübingen: Mohr), we have now "Christus, Die Anfänge des Dogmas," by Prof. Johannes Weiss of Heidelberg. The popularity of this remarkable series appears from the fact that this brochure is at once published in an edition of ten thousand.

The Insel-Verlag of Leipzig has issued the seventh volume of its new and complete edition of the works of Wilhelm Heinse. It is a book of 316 pages, containing the diaries from 1780 to 1800. The editor is Carl Schüddekopf, assistant professor of the Goethe und Schiller Archiv in Weimar. The work gives intimate glimpses of the personality of the author, whose "Ardinghello" and "Hildegard von Hohenthal" have delighted artists and musicians no less than readers of philosophical fiction.

No writer among the German romanticists has been more frequently edited and more widely discussed than E. T. A. Hoffmann. French critics so readily appreciated his fanciful whimsicality that he became one of the most popular German authors in their country. Interest in his versatile and erratic genius has recently experienced a strong revival in Germany. His musical compositions have been published, and the Bibliographische Institut of Leipzig has entrusted Dr. Victor Schweizer with a critical, annotated edition of his complete works, of which the fourth volume is now ready.

Volume II of the Arabic text of Jaqut's "Dictionary of Learned Men," published by the Trustees of the Gibb Memorial (Leyden: Brill; London: Luzac), is edited by Prof. D. S. Margoliouth of Oxford, who asks that persons who discover the existence of portions of this work in libraries or collections of which there are no printed catalogues will communicate their knowledge either to him or to one of the trustees. This volume, like the first, is taken from MS. Bodl. Or. 753, and brings the work down to the end of the letter *Jim.*

The Academy of Neuenburg in Switzerland, by resolution of the government authorities, has been changed into a full university. This makes the seventh university in Switzerland.

The Bavarian Academy of Sciences in Munich, with the assistance of the Academies of Berlin, Göttingen, and Leipzig, has begun the publication of a "Gesamtausgabe der Mittelalterlichen Handschriften Verzeichnisse Deutschlands." The material has been collecting since 1906, and includes all the libraries and book centres of the Middle Ages in Germany and German Switzerland. The matter will be brought down to 1500. This new venture, of equal importance for the theologian, the philologian, and the historian, is in editorial charge of Dr. Paul Lehmann of Munich.

The 30,000 francs of the Fondation Brousse has been distributed by the French Institute. Three thousand francs go to the publication of the correspondence of Bossuet, and a like amount for the reproduction of a MS. of Plato. Other awards are made, the largest of which is 7,000 francs for the rearrangement of the library and reference room of the Institute.

John F. Hume, an abolitionist editor and banker, died last Saturday in Poughkeepsie,

aged seventy-nine years. Mr. Hume was graduated from Wesleyan University in 1850. In 1855 he was a member of the Ohio State Legislature. In 1858 he moved to St. Louis, where he became editor of the *Globe-Democrat*. He was a vigorous opponent of the slave traffic. One of his books, "The Abolitionist," is considered a classic on the subject.

From Gotha comes the news of the death of Dr. August Specht, at the age of sixty-four. He was for many years editor of *Menschentum*, a liberal organ. His publications include: "Populäre Entwickelungsgeschichte der Welt," "Theologie und Wissenschaft," and "Gehirn und Seele."

RECENT VERSE.

Star-Glow and Song. By Charles Buxton Going. New York: Harper & Bros.

The House of Falling Leaves and Other Poems. By William Stanley Braithwaite. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

Nirvana Days. By Cale Young Rice. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A Wine of Wizardry and Other Poems. By George Sterling. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

Day Dreams of Greece. By Charles Wharton Stork. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Artemision: Idylls and Songs. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Artemis to Actæon and Other Verse. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

When Lincoln Died and Other Poems. By Edward William Thomson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Songs from Sky Meadows. By Charles H. Crandall. New York: Outing Publishing Co.

The Irish Poems of Alfred Perceval Graves. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The Joy o' Life and Other Poems. By Theodosia Garrison. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Each in His Own Tongue and Other Poems. By William Herbert Carruth. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Poems of Richard Watson Gilder. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The verse has been running a little thin of late. For the season there may be a dozen volumes of interest—hardly more. Curiously enough, they have few characteristics in common, as though the writers were uncertain of the right way and had agreed to scatter in search of it. And yet there are certain recurrent, if not persistent, notes which make a kind of comparison possible. Among them is distinctly audible the pulse of the sea—not the heroical Homeric beat, the oceanic heave and surge, but a dreamlike nostalgic murmur, insinuating and Circean. Like a sob it haunts the second part of Mr. Going's "Star-Glow and Song," which contains by all odds his best work, such is the natural witchery of the theme:

These are great songs that hold the heart
Wakeful among the silences.
. . . . . .
Songs of the sea
That murmur round the caverns and the crags,
Sob in the rising tide and prattle low
Ebbing among the pebbles of the beach.
They cry strange things, and call along the strand
Till men leave home and love to follow them.
And some return with vision-haunted eyes;
But some the sea drags down, and over them—
Dim, spectral, wavering—the hollow surf
Intones forever.

It is the same strain that mingles, too, with the elegiac rustle of foliage in Mr. Braithwaite's "House of Falling Leaves," and accompanies regretfully his plaint for the loss of Frederic Knowles, to whose memory the volume is dedicated. In a sonnet on Sir Walter Raleigh, in particular, he catches admirably, save for a halting line or two, the plaintive appealingness of coastwise waters, the sea of reef and shallow and falling shore:

He heard the four winds and the seven seas,
And voices inland under alien stars,
And drove ambition like auroral cars
Striking the hill-tops when the darkness flees.
Vain in his dreams but brave in his vanities;
No carpet-knight yet versed in parlor wars;
And half a rogue when honesty debars
The desire to take the prize his fancy sees.

And yet he knew the silences of speech—
The leaf-heard utterances of April rains;
The echoes in the twilight out of reach
Beyond the dim horizon where it wanes.
And like the distant sea-wash on the beach
He sang a few sad tender lyric strains.

With Mr. Rice also the sea is a favorite subject. But in his "Nirvana Days" it has begun to grow a little feline. It is not merely a presence that calls to the kindred tides of the blood and the pulses of the brain, but an *Ungeheuer*, a thing shifty, seductive, and perfidious as well:

Night is above me,
And Night is above the night.
The sea is beside me soughing, or is still.
The earth as a somnambulist moves on
In a strange sleep. . . .
A sea-bird cries,
And the cry wakes in me
Dim, dead sea-folk, my sires—
Who more than myself are me.
Who sat on their beach long nights ago and saw
The sea in its silence;
And cursed it or implored;
Or with the Cross defied;
Then on the morrow in their boats went down.

Significant or not, the little sense of uncanniness which is just perceptible in these lines, is worth noticing, for it reappears every now and then, stringing these verses like a scarlet thread. Mr. Rice himself has drawn it out and woven it into an extraordinary pattern in another poem, "more or less dramatic," purporting to be "written in Hell by Sir Giles, whom the witch of Urm leads to Judas Iscariot." A single stanza will suffice as an example of this curious experiment in unearthliness:

So I was drawn through dark cadaverous
with the sound of gabbling dead.
Where we heard them hoot palaverous
Drivel learned beneath unsavorous
Moulds, and saw a glutton's head
Grin to a hissing bat,
That scraped him as he spat.

Tour de force though this may be—for the verses have a kind of cumulative imperiousness when read consecutively—it gains a certain authority for the kind of thing it is, when it is found repeated independently by other poets. Mr. Sterling's "Wine of Wizardry" contains another example in a "Dream of Fear"—a sort of ghoulish graveyard stroll—in which the two spirits of romance and fatality, which mark his verse most prominently, seem to have met and condensed into a hopeless obsession of misery. He is at his best, however, when he keeps the two strains apart—in his "Homing of Drake" or his resonant "Romance":

Thou passest, and we know thee not, Romance!
Thy gaze is backward, and thy heart is fed
With murmurs and with music of the dead.
Alas, our battle! for the rays that glance
On thy dethroning sword and haughty lance
Are of forgotten suns and stars long fled;
Thou weavest phantom roses for thy head,
And ghostly queens in thy dominion dance.

Would we might follow thy returning wings,
And in thy farthest haven beach our prow—
Thy dragons conquered and thine oceans crossed—
And find thee standing on the dust of kings,
A lion at thy side and on thy brow
The light of sunsets wonderful and lost!

Perhaps it is the nerves, after all, which make the difference in matters of this kind. The pious Æneas's descent to the underworld is quite other than that of the wily Ulysses. And in Mr. Stork's prettily told version of Psyche's wanderings, which occupies the greater part of his "Day Dreams of Greece," the heroine, who has much the same journey to go, takes it very differently from Mr. Rice's Sir Giles or Mr. Sterling's Dreamer of Fear, thus:

Psyche stepped
From out the world of sunlight and of air
Into the land of shadow, following down
The path by which no living thing returns,
Which darkened as she went until it seemed
To lead her straight into the heart of night.
From that time forth the terrors of the way
Were as a dream that seethes with nameless shapes.
The spirits of the dead trooped by, pale blurs

That stared from out the windows of the dark;
Gigantic beasts and titans loomed above,
More awful than the blackness. By the shore
Of Styx a gibbering concourse swayed and thronged
Round Charon's boat, but Psyche, resolute,
Passed on and pushed the yielding shades aside
As one who wades in haste through waving wheat.

This is another thing, to be sure; but the contrast between the same subject treated romantically and classically is not uninstructive; and there is a touch of sobering tradition about Mr. Stork's work which most verse just now seems image:

On the contrary, Mr. Hewlett's treatment of classic themes, of which his "Artemision" is composed, has suffered to some extent from the poet's temperament. To say that Mr. Hewlett has no sense for such subjects, would be absurd. But he does appear to be without the requisite transparency for their most successful transmission. Against this severe and sober background his embroideries look a little filigree. Admirable in themselves, as applied to classic story they have something of the incongruity which we associate with the Renaissance. Even his pentameter couplets at their smoothest, as in his attractive little picture of Niobe and her children, are somewhat too teased and ruffled to yield a perfectly clear image.

But when the long day drows'd
And fell asleep, and all the men were hous'd,
And Thebæ's streets were still—only the watch
Paced slow the ways, looking at every latch
And eyeing every hurrier—she and they
Within the close-shut doors in white array,
Gather'd to rid the master of his toil.
Him and his sons, with unguent and sweet oil,
Washing of feet; all service of the house
They did, and comely serv'd the decent use
Of those old days, which saw women most fair
When most men's helpmeet, and most debonair
When meekest. After this they sat at meat
In order due, and when desire to eat
And drink was put away, one with a harp
Would draw sweet verse from children's voices sharp,
And eagerly about that rafter'd hall
The anthem soar'd; and lads and maidens all
Together made strong harmony
(Even as they lived harmonious). Only she,
Niobe, sat quite still and thrill'd apart,
Brooding upon her joy, and heard her heart
Follow the descant with its own strong rumor.

Even Miss Wharton's "Artemis to Actæon"—the most finished, the most literary volume of the collection—is by no means free of nerves. It is hardly uncanny or yet morbid—those are not the words; but it is musky. It is full of unrest and strain; it itches to allegorize in strange effective fashions. For this reason "Life," the most distinctive poem in the book, is intelligible only as a whole; but the following fragment of a sunset is not uncharacteristic in its way:

Leaguered in fire
The wild black promontories of the coast extend
Their savage silhouettes;
The sun in universal carnage sets,
And, halting higher,
The motionless storm-clouds mass their sullen threats,
Like an advancing mob in sword-points penned,
That, balked, yet stands at bay.
Mid-zenith hangs the fascinated day
In wind-lustrated hollows crystalline,
A wan Valkyrie whose wide pinions shine
Across the ensanguined ruins of the fray,
And in her hand swings high o'erhead,
Above the waste of war,
The silver torchlight of the evening star
Wherewith to search the faces of the dead.

On the other hand, Lincoln's anniversary and its associations, working in a contrary sense, seem to have provoked a perfect apotheosis of homeliness. The disposition is curious—not so much to relieve the poetic from the mask of commonplace which disguises it, as to insist upon the absolute poetic value of the rind itself. As such it involves a complete displacement of ideals. A quotation from Mr. Thomson's "When Lincoln Died" will illustrate the feeling aptly:

My private shrine. The Gettysburg Address
Framed in with all authentic photographs
Of him from whom the New Religion flows.

Homely? That's it. A perfect homeliness.
Homely as Home itself that countenance
Benign, immortal sweet, his very soul.
The steadfast, common, great American.

It is a gladness in my aging heart
These eyes three times beheld himself alive,
Ungainly, jointed loose, rail-fence-like, queer
In garb that hung with scarecrow shapelessness—
Absolute figure of The States half-made,
Turning from toil and joke to sacred war.

Nor in the revival of familiar feeling does the Rough Rider want his poet. Amid the various contents of Mr. Crandall's "Songs from Sky Meadows," he, too, is sung with some spirit, if little dignity. But then he has always been something of a fancy figure in current verse:

Unpretendingly he dropped the branding-iron upon the plain,
Threw the lariat to his partner, waved the eastward-glimmering train;
Bade adieu to dog and bronco, friends that drew a brace of tears;
Wondered if he'd round-up Spaniards handy as he coralled steers.
Then he sweated in the transport, broiled upon the torrid sand,
Fingering the Krag-Jorg lever 'til 'twas ready to his hand;
Got his clothes to setting on him, got just chummy with the sun—
Cooked immune in showers that sizzled when they pattered on his gun.
Then he took the trail, all quiet, stepping in his comrade's tracks;
Stripping slowly for the tussle, dropping extra togs and packs;
Gripping to the stock and barrel, ready for a Dago rise,
Humming softly little songs of Sunday-school and Paradise.

Racy, perhaps, rather than homely—at all events they are bound to seem so to the Yankee—are Mr. Graves's "Irish Poems." Influenced to some extent by the Gaelic revival and in some cases drawing their inspiration directly from the native literature, they have quite a different tang from ordinary Anglo-Irish poetry, while preserving all the shrewdness, naïveté, and mischievousness of their country. At the same time, traces are noticeable here and there of that odd literary sophistication which the poets of Ireland apparently find it hard to get rid of:

O, Woman, shapely as the swan,
Shall I turn wan for looks from thee?
Nay, bend those blue love-darting eyes
On men unwise, they wound not me.
Red lips and ripe and rose soft cheek,
Shall limbs turn weak and color flee,
And languorous grace and foam-white form,
Shall still blood storm because of ye?

Thy slender waist, thy *cool* of gold
In ringlets rolled around thy knee,
Thy scented sighs and looks of flame,
They shall not tame my spirit free.
For, Woman, shapely as the swan,
A wary man hath nurtured me;
White neck and arm, bright lip and eye,
I shall not die for love of ye!

Nor is Mrs. Garrison's "Joy o' Life"—for all its spontaneity and freshness, its fondness for the open air and the high road—wholly free from a slight air of research. At all events, there is about it at times a mixture of motives, an anachronism of mood which recalls with a difference Christina Rossetti:

I know that Pan is dead, yet now
Along the river's darkling edge
I saw the slender, silver sedge
As 'neath a fleeting footstep bow.
. . . . . .
And there I saw the river break
In gentle ripples, circling wide
As though some long dead naiad sighed
Beneath it for old loving's sake,

And fain would rise again and greet
Her goat-hoofed lover as he came
Beneath the clustered trees, aflame
To pipe his longing at her feet;

Where black against the rising moon
The mad Bacchante's wine-splashed crew
Hailed them as mates of theirs and drew
Them captive by the wide lagoon.

If it is not uncommon to find a capital sonnet or two embedded in a mass of otherwise indifferent work, so that a disproportionately large amount of good verse seems to be appropriated by this

stanza, the reason is not far to seek. Evidently, the poet, like other men, is the better for discipline. One such happy exception from Mr. Carruth's "Each in His Own Tongue" is too good to be left to take its chances:

In Etzel's land they sat long years ago
In the tense evening of that fatal day;
On Hagen's knees a naked sword there lay,
And Volker stroked his baleful fiddle-bow.
So the Fair Vengeance found them counselling low;
No greeting but defiance offered they
To her fierce menaces and kept at bay
With grim, sad eyes, the wily Hunnish foe.

When insolent Fate, with doom in either hand
Came lording on us as we sat alone
Before the battle, friend, we did not rise,
But each read fealty in the other's eyes,
And like those doughty Niblungs dauntless scanned
Her scowling ministers, and faced them down.

For all these new claimants to their attention, habitual readers of poetry will welcome none the less warmly a complete edition of Mr. Gilder's verse. Mr. Gilder has been writing so long and is so well known that he hardly requires characterization or illustration here. It is not ungrateful, however, to have the opportunity of quoting a few lines:

Great Universe—what dost thou with thy dead!
Now thinking on the myriads that have gone
Into a seeming blank oblivion,
With there and there a most resplendent head,—
Eyes of such trancing sweetness, or so dread,
That made the soul to quake that looked thereon,—
All utterly wiped out, dismissed, and done;
Lost, speechless, viewless, and forever fled!
Myriad on myriad, past the power to count;—
Where are they, thou dumb Nature? Do they shine,
Released from separate life, in summer airs,
Or moony seas, in dawns?—or up the stairs
Of spiritual being slowly mount
And by degrees grow more and more divine?

CURRENT FICTION.

Roads of Destiny. By O. Henry. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Within a little less than a year O. Henry has published three volumes containing a grand total of about sixty stories. It is not right to infer that he has turned them out with the quiet regularity of the Saturday night sermon, for a good many of them made their appearance in periodical publications more than twelve moons ago. But on the evidence submitted one may easily suspect that he could have done so, had he wished. Of the particular type of short story which he produces, O. Henry is a perfectly assured master. Heeding the maxim of Goethe, he has worked in a strictly limited field. He has attempted no rivalry with Irving or Hawthorne or Poe. It is shocking to find him mentioned in the same sentence with them, for he has so limited his field as to exclude wonder, beauty, passion, terror. On the other hand, he has as sedulously avoided the risky formula of the naturalistic short story which has flourished in France. Never penetrating beneath the surface, he has furnished an astonishing amount of diversion by presenting the merely comic aspects of universal rascaldom. One picks up this new volume of tales expecting to find the familiar world of tramps, burglars, and adventurers a little cloying; but one lays it down at the end of the twenty-second tale—they run rather longer than those in "The Gentle Grafter" and "The Voice of the City"—with a conviction that the author is a peculiarly beguiling writer. He deals here largely with the picturesque riff-raff floating through the South and West—Mississippi, Texas, Mexico, and South America. He leaves one with no very distinct impressions of individual characters, but with a very lively sense of the general characteristics of the group. He has even imparted a kind of unity to the volume by an insistence throughout upon luck and fate as the divinities presiding over the lives of his people. The surprise-endings of which he makes a specialty are not all equally surprising, but one is reasonably certain of a sharply heightened amusement at the last page. "Art and the Bronco," "Phoebe," and "Two Renegades" have perhaps the most of narrative interest. The zest and fidelity of his frontier tales suggest that in the interest of posterity he ought to give us three volumes more of this sort for Porto Rico, Alaska, and the Philippine Islands.

The Hand on the Latch. By Mary Cholmondeley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

It is hard to believe that the extraordinary preface here printed was actually written by way of introduction to the four tales which make up the volume. This is an utterance of an old-fashioned and well-nigh obsolete type—hardly paralleled in recent literature unless (to compare small things with greater) in Swinburne's late "Dedicatory Epistle" to his collected poems. It was still common enough two or three generations ago, as in some of Bulwer's prefaces; but we have come to expect greater reticence, or at least greater self-command. If an author has his grievances, he is usually content to air them in letters to the press, or through the vicarious offices of the literary gossip. But the present writer has harked back to the ancient method of prefixing a personal plaint to the literary product as offered for sale. The result is a lively, if undignified and irrelevant effusion, of some dozen pages. The articles of complaint are two: first, that the author of "Red Pottage," though she has "been writing books for five-and-twenty years," has found it difficult to make people believe that she wrote them; and, second, that she has been wrongfully, persistently, and maliciously accused of putting real people into said books, with intent to ridicule and decry. Her asseveration and denial are embroidered with anecdote and irritably facetious comment. To say the truth, one might not unreasonably hesitate to connect the authorship of the remarkably finished stories which make up the body of the book with that of this so-called preface. There appears to be nothing libellous in them. It may be that the Aunt Emmy of "St. Luke's Summer," and the supposed lady-author who tells the story called "The Lowest Rung," may be traced to real life by some imaginative English reader. The irony of the latter narrative is well-sustained, its stark substance surviving and shining through the wretched little affectations of the narrator. This note of irony is, in fact, characteristic of all these stories. Each of them dwells in its own way upon the uncertainties of human character. In each of them there is a contrast drawn between greatness and littleness of soul, the magnanimity appearing in an unexpected quarter, or in an unexpected guise. The title story—with its rather vague American setting—is perhaps the most striking of them.

Love Among the Chickens: A Story of the Haps and Mishaps on an English Chicken Farm. By P. G. Wodehouse. New York: The Circle Publishing Co.

This cheerful tale has its technical surprises. Whether or not they are worth while is a question; nevertheless, an author who begins his book in the third person, changes abruptly to the first, and ends with dialogue and stage directions, probably has reasons for his proceedings, and it would be interesting to know them. The ordinary reader is likely to believe that the author has, in his first change, abandoned a great advantage. The hero, who up to that time has been as amusing as the remaining characters, at once becomes, in his function of narrator, a semi-serious person, and subtracts by so much from the possibilities of the book.

Apart from this, the tale fulfils its aim of pleasant entertainment. Of the Jacobean school, yet with a higher social sphere than that preferred by the author of "Many Cargoes," it shows the actions of persons who take themselves soberly. They endeavor to manage a Devonshire chicken-farm, though they have little more than a hopeful knowl-

edge of the reproductive possibilities of the hen. Hope likewise forms the larger part of their capital. A dog and a cat enliven the situation. This venture is mixed up with a love affair, which in its turn is complicated by an irascible parent and a highly artificial rescue. A golf-match, cleverly managed by the author, who is well supported by the hero, brings about a happier end to the love affair than comes to the chicken enterprise. The book has brisk movement, and a bright style, which, though unable to handle the plot without shifting grips, is quite adequate to the minor incidents.

In the Wake of the Green Banner. By Eugene Paul Metour. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This book borders perilously upon sound and fury with the Shakesperean connotation. The writer evidently has still to learn that a good story is not to be constructed entirely of local color and tumultuous action. A dash of barbaric color is as stimulating as a clash of brass—but a camaieu of scarlet and orange and an orchestra of cymbals leave one with a degree of weariness beyond the power of neutral tones to compass. The story will possess its greatest interest for those who have visited the places described and can thrill with pleasant reminiscence and proud recognition at sight of the Arab words and phrases that plentifully lard the text. It is doubtful whether such readers, however, will find their hunger to revisit the desert in any wise whetted by the adventures of Mr. Metour's characters, who stumble through a wilderness of battle, murder, and slow death by torture to a not altogether convincing happy end. It is hardly the book to choose as a travelling companion for friends about to sail for Africa.

Scheiternde Deutschen. Von Moeller van den Bruck. Minden i. W.: J. C. C. Bruns' Verlag.

Deutsche Geschichte. Von Einhart. Leipzig: Dieterich'schen Verlags-buchhandlung.

Concise, vigorous, and leaving no doubt as to what the author thinks, the volume from Van den Bruck, in his series on "Die Deutschen," may easily prove one of the notable volumes by a German dealing with the modern history of the country, and especially the reign of Emperor William. He approaches the present *Schauplatz* with a series of excursions into the history of the early Germans, and in this way seeks to point out how Germanic tradition has served as a foundation for the magnificent work of Bismarck and the Kaiser, and to what extent it must now be abandoned by those who would break with the narrower tradition and make of twentieth-century Germany a great nation of the world. Passing from a discussion of Goethe and his relations to the past, his own period, and the future—a future that in many respects Goethe never dreamed of, so that, to a certain extent, one may say that Goethe began with Walter and Wolfram and ended with himself—Van den Bruck reviews the raw, wild times of Armin, the tragic fate of Alarich, the brilliant exploits of Frederick I, and goes on to the more brilliant sway of Maximilian. The next stepping-stone he finds in Stein, the stanch opponent of Napoleon and the prophet of Prussia, who, like Goethe, Schiller, and many others of their time, was tempted to emigrate to America, being tired of the old régime, and allured by the prospects of the New World.

All these historical-biographical essays, which form the greater part of the volume and lead to the discussion of present-day problems in Germany, are just such studies as should be made occasionally for every nation, to stimulate a healthy interest in its past; and they contribute to a better understanding of the author's view, at least, of what Germany has come to be, or is striving after. In Bismarck, for example, another manifestation with Nietzsche of late German effort to reach the highest, Van den Bruck finds the embodiment of Armin, Barbarossa, and Stein. To a partial extent only have the Germans understood the greatness of Bismarck and what he did for Germany; but just as the Americans are coming more and more to realize the worth of Lincoln, so Bismarck each year grows in the hearts and minds of his countrymen, until already a certain kind of Bismarck-worship has been established. Nor has this appreciation of Bismarck suffered in the increasing recognition of Emperor William and his worth, a man whom Bismarck made, and who, in turn, tried to unmake Bismarck.

Wilhelm II is regarded as the true exponent of the present German people, at least in all matters pertaining to national or public life. He started public life as an optimist, and no one has done for Germany what he has accomplished in bringing industry to a high and successful stage, in insisting that Socialism, and other movements likely to entangle Germany through bonds of sympathy with other peoples, should be regarded solely as German problems, and in steering Germany as a great political power into a position of first rank among the other leading nations, and, keeping her there, all in all, as a great factor for peace. Where the Emperor has failed, and failed miserably, is that he has not stuck to his last as a political shoemaker, but has posed as an interpreter and dictator of the fine arts. It is not to be denied that, here and there, the Kaiser has shown insight into art, as when he suggested the Siegesallee and other innovations for Berlin, by which he expected to make Berlin the handsomest city in the world; but the environment of the Schloss in Berlin still remains a muddle, and some day, perhaps, the Kaiser will awake to discover that his whole dream of directing the art expression of his people has ended in fiasco. Meanwhile, through his leadership in some matters, and against his will in others, the nation is marching on, though somewhat scattered in energy; "business" is the one thought of the Americans, and "time is money" the controlling impulse of the English, while the Germans grope and experiment. Soon, however, they too must find a motto that will adequately express their mission in the century—their call to *do;* and perhaps it will be none other than the motto in English: "The Germans to the front!"

In "Deutsche Geschichte," by "Einhart" (probably Fritz Lienhard of Weimar), we have a popular history of the Germans in Germany and beyond the seas, of value to the foreign reader as showing the probable popular feeling in the Fatherland concerning various questions of moment. Judged by its treatment of the history of the Germans in the United States, the work is accurate and sympathetic. A good share of the credit for America's success, based on the service rendered to Washington by Herkheimer, Von Steuben, Kalb, and others, is claimed for the Germans, and some regret is expressed that, of the 5,000,000 Germans who came to the United States between 1820-1900, so little of enduring, distinctly German character should survive. There is also an interesting review of the Germans in Brazil and other parts of South America, coupled with the assertion that, "on the highest of state authority," it may be accepted that the Germans have never thought of establishing a political power on the Western Continent.

The Basis of Ascendancy: A Discussion of Certain Principles of Public Policy involved in the Development of the Southern States. By Edgar Gardner Murphy. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.50 net.

This is a volume intercalated between the author's "The Present South" and a new work of similar tenor which he is soon to publish. It seems to be not so much left-over material, as surplus philosophizing, which Mr. Murphy here utilizes. For the work is almost pure abstraction. The writer's mind seems to move most easily amid symbols. It is seldom that one reads a book which is so little drenched in fact. Mr. Murphy delights in such phrases as "the potential units of a demonstrated social

achievement," "racial repugnancies arising within the legislative indirections of the State"; he mentions scarce a name, cites no statistics, writes almost the whole time as it were *in vacuo*. This intellectual habit may be due in part to the confining ill-health from which he has so unfortunately suffered; but it certainly makes his book hard reading. One finds one's self longing for illustration, for hard realities, for anything concrete, after a long stretch of this metaphysics about "the negro" without the introduction of one actual and living black man.

Mr. Murphy has frankly—or is it unconsciously?—chosen for the title of his book a word which is steeped in tyrannical and hateful associations. The "ascendancy party" is the name by which Irishmen have for four generations reproached their oppressors. Mr. Murphy's "Ascendancy" is that of white over black in the South. He seeks to establish its philosophic basis. With all of his philosophy, if we understand it, it would be impossible for us to agree; but we can at least recognize a brave and generous spirit in this Southerner writing primarily for Southerners. By whatever dubious or halting theories he accounts for what has been done in the past, he faces the future as one who would see justice done lest white and black and all our political order perish together. Mr. Murphy is for negro education, for qualified negro suffrage, and, in general, for placing the open door of hope and opportunity before the colored men and women of the South. We can best indicate the attitude of this progressive Southerner, and best attain the purposes of our review, by quoting here and there from his pages:

> The fundamental issue is not what we will do with the negro, but what we—with the negro as the incident or provocation of our readjustments—will do with our institutions. . . .
>
> The arch-enemies of race integrity are those white men who have become the strident opponents of negro development. The fomenters of the race's despair are among the factors of its disintegration. The promoters of racial fusion, the real, though unwitting, apostles of amalgamation, are no longer the Abolitionists of the East, but those anti-negro extremists of every section who in their war upon the opportunities of this weaker race would put the foundations of its integrity upon the shifting and dissolving basis of its self-contempt. . . .
>
> The real question is not as to whether the worthy negro has, as yet, any very marked political capacity, but as to whether the attitude of the State toward such capacity as he has, is to be that of development or repression. Is it to the interest of the State that there should be perpetuated within its limits a vast politically excluded population, a population of permanent non-participants in the interests, inspirations, and responsibilities of suffrage? . . .
>
> Democracy is wholly consistent with the restriction of suffrage. It declares, however, that such restrictions shall bear no stigma of class, and that any fraction of our citizenship, under the provisions of the local State, shall be excluded—if excluded at all—only on the common terms.

Builders of Spain. By Clara Crawford Perkins. 2 vols. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $5.

The history of Spain, especially previous to the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, is so little known to English-speaking readers that it affords a most attractive field for the conscientious and scholarly investigator. Unfortunately, the prevailing ignorance of Spanish history also furnishes an opportunity, too often improved, for untrained persons to put forth shallow and worthless volumes with considerably less risk of detection than if they followed more familiar paths. The present work is an egregious example of the latter class. Its first two hundred pages are occupied with a curiously jumbled account of the history of Spain from Celt-Iberian times to the present, which is little more than a series of glimpses of the biographies of different monarchs, selected arbitrarily and without rhyme or reason; the remainder consists of scattering descriptions, chiefly architectural, of the principal towns and provinces of the land, into which a host of the less credible legends of Spanish history are interwoven with consistent inaccuracy. Wrong dates, misspellings and mistranslations, loose and meaningless sentences abound. The arrival of the Visigoths took place in 414, but they did not "overrun the entire peninsula" until the later part of the sixth century, when Leovigild conquered the Suevi; both events, in this book, are crowded into the years 417-19. The dates of the reign of James the Conqueror are 1213-76, not 1214-74. The overthrow of the Ommeyades at Damascus occurred more than one thousand years earlier than this book would have us believe. "Covadonga" and "Covadongo" are alternately given as the scene of the resistance of Pelayo. Alfonzo II of the Asturias would scarcely have answered to the title "Il Castro." The "c" in "Provence" is invariably burdened with a cedilla. "Bertrand de Guesclin" is an unprecedented designation for the French warrior, and "Pomponias Mela" for the Roman geographer. We learn with surprise that Hapsburg Burgundy in 1500 "included Dauphiny"; and the statement that Richelieu, Mazarin, and Louis XIV were "the great protagonists of Philip III and Philip IV in the field of European statesmanship" is meaningless.

But it is useless to continue with other examples of this sort. Any one with time to waste can find plenty for himself. If the book contained any really valuable information, there might be some palliation for them, but it does not. It is as ill-arranged and ill-proportioned in its main features as it is untrustworthy in detail. Even the architectural descriptions, which are better than the rest, are clearly inferior to those in the standard works. The illustrations, which are numerous, well-chosen, and admirably executed, form the sole bright spot in the entire two volumes.

Science.

THE DARWIN CELEBRATION IN CAMBRIDGE.

Cambridge, Eng., June 26.

Representative scientists from all parts of the world have assembled at this university the present week to do homage to Charles Darwin. The occasion is the centenary of his birth and the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of the Origin of Species. The celebration was instituted by the university where he graduated, but the centre of the observance has been Christ College, where he studied. His room at the top of the second staircase in the first quadrangle was accessible to visitors, while a collection of memorials of the great scholar had been arranged in a series of rooms on the ground floor. This contained an interesting series of portraits of Darwin at different periods of his life, as well as of his distinguished father, Erasmus Darwin, and of his family; also the scientific instruments used by him in his famous five years' voyage in the Beagle, medals and diplomas conferred by various scientific societies; while upon the walls hung early caricatures and lampoons directed at his doctrine of the origin of species. The identical image of a monkey, in spectacles, with banjo, and in bright dancing costume, which was lowered from the gallery of the Senate House by wicked students when Darwin received the degree of doctor of laws in 1877, had also a place amid more sacred relics. Among the numerous manuscripts and letters is the original draft of the "Origin of Species," written in pencil upon large sheets. Later revisions, also present, show the author's unwearied care in revision and in the elaboration of details. The bronze bust of Mr. Darwin by William Couper of New York, which was presented to the university by Professor Osborn of the Museum of Natural History, stood at the head of one room and received very favorable comment.

The exercises began on Tuesday evening, with a reception of delegates and other invited guests by the chancellor of the university, Lord Rayleigh, in

Fitzwilliam Museum. The chancellor, in his official robes, stood at the head of the staircase and greeted all as they arrived. The scene was brilliant. The members of the Senate wore hoods and bands, the doctors scarlet, while the foreign delegates wore robes of various colors, the rectors of foreign universities mantles and chains. The grounds of Peterhouse College, which are connected with those of the Museum, were illuminated and were open for the reception of guests. The real exercises of the celebration began on Wednesday morning at ten o'clock in the Senate House with an address of welcome by the chancellor, and the presentation of and addresses by the delegates of the various universities and learned societies which were represented. There were about two hundred and forty delegates present; of these seventy-eight were from the United States and an equal number from Germany. The delegates were grouped according to countries, and announced in that order, beginning with America and ending with Switzerland, the British representatives following the foreign, beginning with the colonies in Africa and ending with the delegates from England, Scotland, and Wales. Among the most heartily applauded were Metchnikoff, Sir Oliver Lodge, and especially the sons of the great scientist, Sir George Howard Darwin, Francis Darwin, William Erasmus Darwin, and Major Leonard Darwin. Naturally, much time was consumed in presenting so many memorials. Brief addresses followed, eulogizing the work of Darwin, by Professor Hertwig of Berlin, in German; Professor Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute, in French; Dr. Ray Lankester, and Dr. H. F. Osborn. The last address was one of the most attractive of the occasion. Dr. Osborn said:

> Through John Harvard of Emmanuel, Cambridge became the mother of our colleges. Did not Emmanuel beget Harvard, and Harvard beget Yale, and Yale beget Princeton and other descendants to the third and fourth generation? They thus saluted the venerable but ever-youthful ancestor of many of the American universities, academies, and institutes of science, national and State museums represented here, and, in large part, guided by the true sons of the true daughters of the Alma Mater on the Cam. A son of Yale succeeded a son of Harvard as President of the United States. If your university men were leading the empire, theirs in America were leading the nation. To them Darwin, more than any other naturalist, seemed greatest in the union of a high order of genius with rare simplicity and transparency of thought. . . . In conclusion, they, the delegates, naturalists, and friends, desired to present to Christ's College as a memorial of their visit a portrait of Charles Darwin in bronze, the work of their countryman, William Couper, a portrait which they trusted would convey to this and future generations of Cambridge students some impression of the rugged simplicity as well as of the intellectual grandeur of the man they revered and honored.

Prof. Oscar Hertwig spoke in German of Cambridge as the centre of Darwin's influence, and referred to the immense effect of Darwinian thought upon the minds of German scientists. Professor Metchnikoff spoke impressively and with marked emphasis of the effect and the extent of Darwin's teaching in France. He laid especial stress upon Darwin's influence upon pathological research of the future of which he spoke most hopefully. Dr. Ray Lankester's address was more technical and not without a strong controversial suggestion, the only note of this kind in the entire proceedings.

In the afternoon, a garden party was given by the Master and Fellows of Christ's College to the delegates and guests. This enabled the guests to meet familiarly, to visit Darwin's room, and to inspect the Darwin memorials. The bewildering variety of academic costume and decoration was here witnessed to its full extent. Few of the guests could interpret the significance of the many fashions in the different universities, distinguishing the various faculties and degrees.

The banquet held on Wednesday evening was one of the most brilliant functions of the celebration. It was given in the new Examination Hall in Pembroke Street, which was used for the first time on this occasion. More than five hundred were present. Among the guests at the high table, at which the chancellor presided, were Prince Roland Bonaparte, who wore the costume of the French Institute; the Duke of Northumberland; the Rt. Hon. Arthur Balfour, in the scarlet doctor's gown of Cambridge; the Bishop of Ely; the Dean of Westminster; Sir Edward Fry, the representative of England at the Hague Conference; Viscount Esher, Master of the Rolls; Lord Collins, Mayor of Cambridge, and many others. The academic gown was generally worn.

The striking feature of the banquet was the address by the Rt. Hon. Arthur Balfour, who introduced the toast to Darwin. I have heard Mr. Balfour frequently in the House of Commons and always admired his readiness and versatility in defending any position which he assumed, involving often the most adroit dialectics, but I have never heard him, when the constructive and appreciative element in oratory was more beautifully and nobly revealed. Mr. Balfour's books have shown his capacity for clear and discriminating philosophic thought. The charm of his manner and his winning personality, which transform hostile opponents into personal friends, were never more delightfully manifested.

William Erasmus Darwin, the eldest son of Charles Darwin, delivered, with many touches of humor, a most simple and reverent description of his father in his home relations. This was a prominent note in all the exercises, namely, the beautiful nature of the great scientist. Other addresses at the banquet were by Professor Arrhenius of the Nobel Institute, Stockholm, delivered in very good English, and by Professor Poulton of Oxford. The chancellor said there were no lips from which a Cambridge man would more gladly hear his toast than from an Oxford man.

On Thursday morning a second and concluding exercise of the celebration was held in the Senate House. Twenty-one degrees were conferred upon the delegates, three upon Americans, *viz.*, Professor Loeb of the University of California, Professor Wilson of New York University, and Professor Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. Other notable delegates who received this honor were Prince Roland Bonaparte, the grandson of Prince Lucien, one of the younger brothers of Napoleon the Great; Professor Perrier of the Institute of France; Professor Hoeffding of Copenhagen, and Francis Darwin, "one of the illustrious sons of his father," as the public orator announced. Professor Sandys, the golden-mouthed orator, was never more happy than in his characterizations, in classical Latin, of the achievements of these modern heroes of science. The public orator must possess an omniscient knowledge of the attainments of every candidate; Professor Sandys is tall, with a face of striking intellectuality. He portrayed Prince Bonaparte "as a second Cæsar, bearing his victorious eagles to a new world." Surely, only carping criticism can call in question such a felicity of expression, even if exuberant in praise, on an occasion like this. Much regret was expressed at the absence of Darwin's great friend and compeer, Alfred Russel Wallace, from the exercises, whose age alone prevented his presence. A telegram of salutation was sent to him by the delegates through the vice-chancellor.

The final gathering, apart from a meeting held by the Royal Society, was of a personal character, and was held in the cloisters of Trinity College. The members of Charles Darwin's family welcomed the delegates and invited guests.

Thus closed one of the most notable gatherings in the history of science. Probably no other name among the brilliant discoverers in science of the last century could have attracted such a gathering. Much of the credit of the success of the undertaking was due to the honorary secretaries, J. W. Clark and A. C. Seward, but mainly to the latter.

W. T. Hewett.

The Fireless Cook Book. By Margaret J. Mitchell. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25.

Great as is the number of culinary guides, none of them competes with Miss Mitchell's "Fireless Cook Book," which touches fresh ground and marks a new epoch in the art of preparing food. If housewives throughout the land understood the bearing of the book on their comfort and happiness, it would be the "best seller" of the year. As the author remarks:

> Does the idea appeal to you of putting your dinner on to cook and then going visiting, or to the theatre, or sitting down to read, write, or sew, with no further thought for your food until it is time to serve it? It sounds like a fairy tale to say that you can bring food to the boiling point, put it into a box of hay, and leave it for a few hours, returning to find it cooked, and often better cooked than in any other way. Yet it is true.

The fireless cooker has long been known to Norwegians, and in Germany its use is becoming quite general. In this country the army has found it a great boon, and families are becoming gradually interested in the wonders told of it. Not a few of the adventurous women, however, have been disappointed in their experiments with it, and have come to the conclusion that it is not practical, has too limited a scope, fails to cook starchy food, and that there is little economy in using it. What these women needed was a guide to show them that the fault was not with the cooker, but with the cook. Miss Mitchell points out that, in reality, there is a saving of up to 90 per cent. in fuel, beside the great saving of time already referred to; that with the aid of the insulated oven, which is the latest development of the fireless cooker, and to which she devotes a special chapter, the variety of foods that can be cooked in this way is greatly increased; that the absence of heat and odors in the kitchen is an advantage not to be overlooked; that in the matter of flavor there is a distinct gain in fireless cookery, and well-flavored food is not only more enjoyable but also more digestible than such food as is usually cooked in our kitchens; and, finally, that the bearing of fireless cookery upon the servant problem is of superlative importance. As the author remarks, "when cooking no longer ties one to the kitchen, is no longer a labor that monopolizes one's time, dishevels one's person, and exasperates the temper, the cook may go. We shall save her wages, her food, her room, and her waste, and have more time to spend in ways that bring a more satisfactory return." No doubt, in due course of time, there will be experts who will take care of our cooking boxes. One man or woman could easily visit a dozen houses each forenoon, start the lunches and dinners, return in the afternoon to prepare for the breakfast; and the cost per family would be small.

Fireless cookers can now be bought of various sizes and degrees of efficiency. Miss Mitchell's book gives clear directions also to those who wish to make their own hayboxes. No phase of the question is overlooked. She has found that full understanding of the management of the boxes has resulted in complete success, "followed inevitably by enthusiasm"; but there are pitfalls to be avoided, among them overcooking and undercooking, but these can readily be shunned by following her advice. The question of seasoning is discussed, and there are chapters on soups, cereals, various kinds of meats, desserts, etc., with hints as to how to tell good material from bad. In short, it is a complete cook book for the fireless method up to date; there are recipes telling how long each kind of food should remain in the cooker; menus for various occasions; recipes for cooking in small or large quantities, or for the sick; and there is an appendix relating to experiments illustrating the scientific as well as the practical side of fireless cookery.

SIMON NEWCOMB.

Prof. Simon Newcomb died at his home in Washington early Sunday morning of cancer, the first symptoms of which appeared last September. The members of his family were at his bedside when the end came. Though of American lineage, he was born in Wallace, Cumberland County, Nova Scotia, on the 12th of March, 1835. He was educated at home, but in 1853 left Canada for Maryland, where he found employment as a teacher for two or three years. Then he had the good fortune to form the acquaintanee of Joseph Henry, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and Julius E. Hilgard, superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, who were greatly impressed by his aptitude for mathematics, and in 1857 secured his appointment as a computer on the United States Nautical Almanae. The office of the Nautical Almanac was then in Cambridge, which gave the young scholar an opportunity to enter the Lawrence Scientific School, from which he was graduated in 1858, remaining three years as a graduate student.

While in Cambridge, he found time to plan and execute a notable piece of astronomical work. This was the computation of the orbits of the asteroids revolving about the sun between Mars and Jupiter. His first calculations were made on four of the asteroids in 1859, and attracted much attention when presented at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Springfield, where he exhibited a diagram showing the changes in the orbits during thousands of years. In 1860, he published his general mathematical theory on this subject, and the treatise quickly won for him an international reputation.

In 1861, he was appointed professor of mathematics in the United States navy and transferred to Washington. In 1870, having been already elected a member of the National Academy of Sciences, he was sent to observe a total eclipse of the sun, visible on the Mediterranean, and established a station at Gibraltar. Unfortunately, the principal observations were prevented by clouds, but he seized the opportunity to make certain original studies concerning the minor motions of the moon. Lunar tables showing the recognized motions of the moon were already in existence, notably those constructed by Hansen and published by the British government in 1857; but even before 1870, it had been found that the observed positions of the earth's satellite did not correspond with the computed positions, as shown by error in the calculation of the eclipses and in other ways; but the problem had not been solved. Newcomb at once attacked it, visiting different observatories and consulting the earliest records extant. The task was not abandoned until formulæ had been found for constructing accurate lunar tables.

He now applied himself to the accurate determination of the "elements of the solar system," including the measurement of the dimensions, weights, and orbits of the principal planets, the larger asteroids, and the more important satellites or planetary moons. This work was carried forward in connection with official duty as opportunity offered. As early as 1867 he had published a final memoir on the secular variations of the orbits of the asteroids; this was followed in 1874 by results of investigations concerning the orbit of the planet Uranus. The final researches into the motions of the moon were published in 1876, and other results were set forth at frequent intervals in official reports, as well as in unofficial scientific papers.

In 1877 he was appointed senior professor of mathematics in the United States navy, with the relative rank of captain, and superintendent of the Nautical Almanac Office, which he held until 1897, when he retired with the relative rank of rear-admiral. In 1884 he was appointed professor of mathematics and astronomy in Johns Hopkins University. This post he resigned in 1893, but was reappointed in 1898. For a number of years he was professor of astronomy at Columbia University, and his services were called into requisition, of course, when the Lick Observatory, in California, was in course of establishment. He helped materially in the preparation of the equipment, and passed on the glass and mountings of the great telescope.

A list of the various volumes and essays published by Professor Newcomb would fill several columns. Among the most important may be mentioned those "On the Secular Variations and Mutual Relations of the Orbits of the Asteroids," "An Investigation of the Orbit of Neptune, with General Table of its Motion," "Researches on the Motion of the Moon," "Measure of the Velocity of Light," and "Development of the Perturbative Function and its Derivative in Sines and Cosines of the Eccentric Anomaly, and in Powers of the Eccentricities and Inclinations." He also wrote a series of textbooks on algebra, geometry, trigonometry, logarithms, calculus, and astronomy, besides his well-known general

work on "Popular Astronomy." On finance and political economy he published several books, including the "A, B, C of Finance," and many articles in the magazines. One of his latest essays was on the subject of aeronautics. He thought that airships might be useful in scouting expeditions, but doubted whether they could ever be developed for carrying freight or passengers commercially.

He was a member of the leading scientific societies of this country, including the American Association for the Advancement of Science, of which he was president in 1877, and the National Academy of Science, of which he was vice-president from 1883 to 1889. He was the first president of the American Society for Psychical Research. During his long and busy life he was the recipient of all the ordinary and many special honors from most of the learned institutions and associations of the world.

Samuel Edward Warren, at one time professor of descriptive geometry in the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, and afterwards in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has died at the age of seventy-seven. He published a long list of text-books, beginning with "General Problems in Descriptive Geometry" (1860), and ending with "Descriptive Geometry" (1904).

A dispatch from Paris announces the death last Sunday of Henri-François Peudefer de Parville, the scientific writer and editor of *La Nature*. M. de Parville was born in 1839, at Evreux. He was an officer of the Legion of Honor, and had received decorations from Italy, Turkey, and Greece. He wrote many articles on scientific subjects for the *Journal des Débats*, the *Journal Officiel*, and other publications. His books are: "Causeries scientifiques," "La Planète Mars," and "La Clef de la Science."

Art.

Geofroy Tory, Painter and Engraver: First Royal Printer; Reformer of Orthography and Typography under François I. An Account of His Life and Works, by Auguste Bernard. Translated by George B. Ives. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Edition limited to 350 copies. $37.50 net.

Of Geofroy Tory, royal printer to François I, classical scholar, poet, reformer of French orthography, bookseller, designer, miniaturist, so high an opinion has existed among collectors that the lack of an authoritative biography in English and of means of becoming familiar with his crisp designs has been a constant surprise. This is actually the first English translation of Auguste Bernard's "Geofroy Tory, peintre et graveur," the earliest edition of which was published in 1857, the second edition, embodying later discoveries, in 1865. No other work has since appeared in rivalry to this. The thoroughness of M. Bernard's researches has been attested by A. W. Pollard of the British Museum Library, who has said that "they are so well done that no one has any excuse for going over the ground again." The same authority several years ago regretted that no French publisher since the development of modern processes of reproduction has had the enterprise to substitute proper illustrations for the meagre and not particularly faithful woodcuts which accompany M. Bernard's commentary, and which have so disappointed readers, unfamiliar with the originals.

M. Bernard's monograph, as revised by him in 1865, was divided into three parts: biography, bibliography, and iconography. Certain supplementary facts are given in appendices. The biographical sketch contains all that patient research has unearthed regarding the artist's career. He was born in humble circumstances at Bourges about 1480. Under favoring patronage he studied at the local university, and afterwards in Italy, of which he always retained a grateful memory. In 1504 he went to Paris to fill a professorship and to edit post-classical Latin authors. When he began to take interest in typography is uncertain. It was apparently before he made a second journey to Italy, on returning from which in 1518 he began to practice engraving. The death of a favorite daughter, Agnes, in 1522, led to his adopting as the mark of his bookshop, a sign of his own grief, the Pot Cassé, with its broken jar signifying the dissolution of the body; the toret which pierces it, Fate; the three chains and padlocks, the closing of life by the three fatal goddesses. Many variants of this symbol appear in books which he printed. The results of the printer's studies in the French language and his indignation against the *rufients*, who were changing its nature on the pretext of perfecting it, appeared in the recondite illustrated book, "Champ Fleury," devoted to theories of typography and language, which was published in 1529, and which made important recommendations leading to genuine linguistic reform. In 1531 Tory was appointed King's Printer to François I, being the first to hold that office. He died not long after, probably between June and October, 1533.

M. Bernard's bibliography describes minutely the books "that we owe to Tory, whether as publisher, as author, or as bookseller and printer"; the iconography gives the works "which he enriched with his paintings and engravings during twenty years of his life."

The justice of Tory's fame appears in any survey of his influence upon contemporaries and immediate successors, or of recent developments in the printing art. His versatility and industry were almost incredibly great. M. Bernard, indeed, maintains that scarcely an illustrated volume of any consequence was published in Paris during the first half of the sixteenth century which does not embody designs and decorative ideas evolved or suggested by Tory. A score or more of fellow engravers and booksellers employed him to engrave their private marks. His vignettes, marks, and symbols were copied by printers of his own and other countries during a long period. Ornamentation, for instance, plainly derived from Tory, has lately been noted in specimens of early American colonial printing. For a man whose first training was literary, his draughtsmanship was highly competent. There is some doubt as to the extent of his achievements as a painter; yet the productions of the miniaturist of about 1520, which are signed respectively "G" and "Godefroy," are attributed by M. Bernard, with apparently good reason, to our Tory. As one of the foremost philologists of his time, and an enthusiastic patriot anxious to contribute to the improvement of his mother tongue, he was responsible for fixing many of the French forms, supplying accents and the cedilla, and settling important questions of orthography. Above all, he impressed upon his age the value of simplicity, proportion, harmonious color, logic, sanity—qualities which were conspicuous in the best French typography for a long time after his death, and which, it is needless to say, have become national characteristics.

The lessons in style taught by Tory to his contemporaries have been effectively re-read among most of those present-day printers who, in plying their trade, try also to practise a fine art. In contradistinction to some of the arts and crafts which affect Gothic and mediæval models, the printing art, following the example of the finest work of the Italian and French Renaissance, has come to depend for its effects upon clear, beautiful type, good paper, and well-proportioned type-pages. The black illegibility of books supposed to be artistic in design because archaic in appearance has been succeeded by an agreeable grayness of tone and by the legibility that is the first mark of good printing. Style is less often than formerly confounded with mannerism

The reputation of the Riverside Press Editions as works of fine art, done under the personal supervision of Bruce Rogers, will be sustained by this publication. Although illustrated with reproductions of designs of varying sizes, shapes, and color, selected from many sources, and hence lacking in the unity that may be achieved when all the decorative elements have been designed to create a single impression, the "Tory" is likely to have a high place in the series that began about a decade ago with the publication of the "Sonnets and Madrigals of Michael Angelo." The pages, viewed individually and in pairs, are invariably agreeable; although, seen serially, their transition from one kind of design to another, or to no design, is

sometimes a little abrupt. The font of type specially cut by Mr. Rogers for this edition is admirable for its purpose. It is based, naturally, upon the Caslon, but with such modifications that a type-page of the modern book, on a creamy hand-made paper, closely resembles a characteristic page of one of the better-printed books of Tory's time. It is a type laudably free from affectation. Judged, indeed, by D. B. Updike's dictum, that "the better the style, the less dependent it is on 'earmarks' or archaisms, peculiar decoration, or whimsicality," this new Riverside Caslon is nearly perfect. The footnotes are in ordinary Caslon.

The treatment of the problem of reproducing Tory's ornament deserves especial commendation. So competent an admirer of the artist's work as Mr. Pollard has said that the faithful redrawing of Tory's brilliant and dignified designs is the only method by which they can be made to take their proper place in relation to the type, while adequately preserving the character of the originals. The limitations of direct photography, when it is a question of translating feeling as well as fact, are obvious. The reproduction of accidents of coloration due to age, and of irregularities resulting from imperfect or careless presswork; the appearance of the half-tone on a kind of paper for which, if it had existed in Tory's time, a very different illustrative treatment would have been adopted—these and other infelicities have been avoided in the present work by exact redrawing of a number of characteristic designs. Some of the resultant pages are more agreeable than others, for Mr. Rogers's type, although harmonizing perfectly with the lighter, grayer designs, is a little overpowered by the blacker ornamentation which Tory affected at one time. Everywhere, however, there are evidences of an effort to reproduce the *printed feeling* of the best work of the sixteenth century, and to conform at the same time to those general principles of the printing art, adherence to which is giving us to-day, amid the immense output of wretchedly done books, not a few notable examples of simplicity, reserve, and right sentiment.

Mr. Ives's rendering of the French text is accurate and painstaking, but now and then leaves the reader a little conscious that it is a translation.

More than a year ago the Italian Parliament appropriated 6,000,000 lire for the purchase and excavation of the so-called Monumental Zone. This is a sector extending from the Arch of Constantine as a point and spreading towards the Porta S. Paolo (formerly Porta Ostiensis) and the Porta Latina. It encloses the Baths of Caracalla, and includes the inner slopes of the Cælian and Aventine hills. The reservation of this space is perhaps the great archæological event of our times. There was always danger that the growth of the city would cover this site, that avenues inconsiderately laid out might lock up acres of ground rich in monuments, that ditching for drains, gas, etc., might actually destroy many valuable remains. Such dangers are now measurably averted, though the Royal Commission on the Monumental Zone must still count upon the good will of Parliament and the municipality. Meanwhile, a good beginning has been made in expropriating the land. On June 24, Commendatore Boni presented an elaborate plan of campaign which the commission promptly accepted.

At the Arch of Constantine the neighboring foundations will be examined and the old Via Triumphalis (now Via di S. Gregorio), broadened to its original extent, or at least sufficiently to give an adequate vista toward the Arch. At the south end of the Palatine the remains of the monument of Septimius Severus will be sought. Here the ancient marble plan of Rome indicates the presence of fountain niches. If possible, these will be again supplied with water. At the Circus Maximus the level of the via Antoniniana will be reached and at the curve of the Circus the foundations of the Porta Pompæ, built 81 A. D., should come to light. Toward the Porta Capena the ancient roads as they are traced will become walks bordered with laurel and myrtle, plants which surrounded, we read, the neighboring temple of Venus Vertieordia. To determine the position of the Porta Capena itself will be one of the main objectives. This will involve going down to the level about the Baths of Caracalla, thus revealing their grandiose foundations. At this gate might be found the sepulchre of the Horatii, mentioned by Livy, and more certainly the arches of the Appian aqueduct of 312 B. C. Outside should appear traces and perhaps more of the temple built by Marcellus in the third century B. C. Only the vigilance of the Commission prevented the cutting of a drain through this most sacred site. Near by should be also the altar of Honor and Virtue set up by Augustus in the year 19 B. C.

The opening of the Appian Way will be ascertained, its bordering tombs cleared, and the sites of the triumphal arches of Verus, Trajan, and Drusus (so-called) examined. The intramural portion of the Via Latina will be widened to include the bordering tombs, and the city will be petitioned to reserve this road as a pleasure drive. Upon the Porta Metronia, which was narrowed in the Middle Ages to the mere postern it now is, three Roman roads with a united width of 140 metres converge. Accordingly, this must have been a monumental gate and the Commission will investigate its original form. The Commission will buy the triangle between the Appian and Latin ways, which contains many patrician tombs of the Republic, but for the present will not excavate in this area.

Throughout the Monumental Zone sculptural and architectural remains will be so far as possible left in place, trees and shrubs will provide shade, and the ancient fountains will be restored. Under this genial project of Commendatore Boni there is work in hand for many years. It is to be hoped that the Royal Commission which has already approved the plan in principle will now provide for its systematic and continuous execution. The important thing seems to be a simultaneous advance. The piecemeal methods which have been followed in too many excavations involve inevitable interruptions in the work and faulty coördination—needless waste, that is, of time and money. The generosity of Parliament should quicken in these administrators a corresponding imaginative and magnanimous attitude toward their task. The pathway of the imagination will prove to be also that of economy and efficiency.

The following awards have been made by the Académie des Beaux Arts: The Prix Estrade-Delcros (8,000 francs) to François Émile Ehrmann; the Prix of the Société Française de Gravure (1,400 francs) to A. Lamotte; the Prix Ary Scheffer (6,000 francs) to M. Boutelié; and the Prix Durand (3,000 francs) to A. F. Desarrois.

We regret to report the death on Monday of Louis Loeb of New York, the well-known artist and illustrator. Mr. Loeb, who was forty-two years of age, was staying at his summer home in Canterbury when he died. When he was nineteen, he drifted to New York, and joined as a student the Art League, of which he became president in 1889. He went to Paris, where he spent several years, his principal master being Gérôme. He gained in his first year there the *premier prix d'atélier* at the Beaux Arts, and his pictures were hung on the line at the Salon. In 1896, he exhibited there two portraits, one of which received honorable mention. About the same time his illustrations in the *Century Magazine* of Janvier's article on the Greek plays at Avignon attracted much attention. In 1901 he was elected an associate of the Academy, and five years later he became an Academician.

From London comes the report of the death of A. W. Bayes, the painter and etcher. Mr. Bayes was in his seventy-seventh year.

Gustave Jacquet, the French painter, died in Paris Monday at the age of sixty-seven. He was a pupil of Bouguereau and made his début at the Salon of 1864 with two genre pictures, Modesty and Sadness; but it was not until three years later, when he exhibited The Call to Arms, that he attracted any attention. His Sortie de Lansquenets of 1868 was bought by the state. He is principally known in this country by his pictures of women, for most of which his wife posed.

The death is announced of Louis Marchetti, a native of Rome, who had studied under Fortuny. He lived for many years in France and exhibited at the Salon.

Dr. Richard Muther, the well-known art critic and professor of the History of Fine Arts at the University of Breslau, has died at the age of forty-nine. His "History of Modern Painting" is much consulted by English readers. Among his works in German are the following: "Anton Graff," "Die altesten deutschen Bilderbibeln," "Geschichte der Malerei im 19. Jahrhundert," "Geschichte der Malerei," "Studien und Kritiken," "Lucas Cranach," "Geschichte der englischen Malerei," "Renaissance der Antike," "Leonardo da Vinci," "Francisco Goya," "Rembrandt," "Geschichte der belgischen Malerei," "Millet," and "Courbet."

Finance.

CROPS AND TARIFFS.

The basic character of our country's wealth may be far better inferred from the crop report, just issued, than from the rumors that will soon leak through the cracks of the tariff conference committee room. The abundance promised on a million broad prairies quite dwarfs the results, whatever they may be, that shall emerge from the covert network of Congressional intrigue. The ordinary citizen feels for Congress something of the superb contempt which the English lord felt towards his niggardly steward. The steward complained that the lord's heir was wasting his father's goods, and got for a reply the indifferent remark: "I believe there is a good deal to waste." So Brother Jonathan, viewing his three billion prospective bushels of corn, is largely indifferent to the feverish anxiety at Washington about rates and schedules and drawbacks and customs courts.

How vital the yield of agricultural staples is to our real industrial welfare, may be gauged by the very genuine solicitude that expresses itself in market quotations when an unexpected turn for better or worse is announced by telegraph. The government report on cotton a few days ago created almost a riot upon the cotton exchanges; whereas the final vote in the Senate upon the Aldrich bill is received with a languid apathy, too profound to simulate the pretence of interest.

The explanation of this attitude of the public mind may best be seen when we try to realize the magnitude of the impending harvest. Of corn alone, there is standing over 109,000,000 acres, more than 7 per cent. gain over last year. The average condition is 6½ per cent. better than last year. The statistician of the Produce Exchange estimates on this basis a total yield of over 3,160,000,000 bushels, almost 500,000,000 bushels more than last year, and over 200,000,000 bushels in excess of the record crop of 1906. In its money value, the corn crop has long exceeded the total value of wheat. Although corn has not yet rivalled wheat and cotton as an article of export, its importance as food for live stock, as also for men, has made it the agricultural crop par excellence in this country. The bumper corn crop will be the more welcome also because hay, timothy and clover, does not quite attain the dimensions of last year. The broad distribution of corn gives it an additional importance. It is grown in every American latitude. Texas stands third only to Illinois and Iowa in corn growing, while four of the nine leading States in this staple are in the South. But while corn bulks largest in Ceres's cornucopia, there is plenty of room for other grains. The oat crop is just short of a billion bushels, and is only slightly surpassed in size by the record-breaking crop of 1902. Even wheat, whose price with that of flour has risen of late, promises to come within a million bushels of last year's output. The holdings of this prime cereal in farmers' hands have been reduced, however, by something like 15,000,000 in the twelve months past. The auxiliary staff of life, the white potato, covers a larger acreage than last year, while only the apple crop has refused to be coaxed back to the proportions it reached in 1908.

The statistics of raw materials imported for the fiscal year ending June 30, while not yet complete, presage almost unmistakably a favorable year for manufacturers. Measured by tale and weight, the raw materials laid down in our ports have broken all records. Their declared valuation, it is true, falls nearly $100,000,000 below the valuation of 1907. This is due to the world-wide recession in prices. But the abundance of crude materials, combined with their low purchase price, doubles the advantage of the manufacturer. It is likely that the prospect of increased rates of duty has induced many importers to lay in heavier stocks than they would have done otherwise But, with rising prices for the finished product, they will have made a profitable venture. Among the notable items in the inventory of imports are silk and India rubber, both of foreign production exclusively, and hides, skins, vegetable fibres, wool, copper, tin, lumber, and cotton. In silk, the prospects are for a total entry of 23,000,000 pounds, as compared with a previous maximum of 17,500,000 pounds. On the other hand, the aggregate price paid promises to reach $79,000,000, as compared with the previous maximum outlay on raw silk of $70,000,000. Raw wool imports give promise of attaining the grand total of 266,000,000 pounds—exceeded in quantity only in 1897. Crude India rubber will approximate 86,000,000 pounds—nine million in excess of any previous year's takings. Hides and skins will run well ahead of the earlier record, in 1906, of 425,000,000 pounds, though their values are far below those of 1906 or 1907. So far as cotton and tobacco are concerned, the imports are of kinds and qualities which supplement the domestic product. Of the latter, this year's importation will again break the record, while the amount of cotton will fall below the figures of 1902 and 1907 only.

While only the values, and not the physical qualities, of foodstuffs exported are as yet reported, the higher prices of food are shown very clearly to be traceable to the relatively short supplies that were forthcoming last year. Thus, corn exports fell in value from $33,000,000 for 1908 to $24,000,000 for 1909. Wheat showed almost precisely the same relative decline, from ninety-nine millions in 1908 to sixty-six millions in 1909. As was to be expected, meat and dairy products, which are essentially only allotropic forms of the cereal output, declined from one hundred and seventy millions to one hundred and forty-six. The fall in the value of cotton exported was doubtless traceable in part to a somewhat relaxed demand for the raw material. But the decline in export values of staple was only from four hundred and thirty-seven millions to four hundred and seventeen millions.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anderson, William J. The Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy. Fourth edition revised and enlarged. Scribners. $5 net.

Armstrong, C. W. The Mystery of Existence. Longmans, Green.

Batten, S. Z. The Christian State: The State, Democracy, and Christianity. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. $1.50 net.

Bianchi, Martha Gilbert. The Cuckoo's Nest. Duffield.

Croce, Benedetto. Logica: Come Scienza del Concetto Puro. Second edition. Bari: G. Laterza & Figli.

Dealey, J. Q. Ethical and Religious Significance of the State. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. 10 cents.

Dillon, Mary. The Patience of John Morland. Doubleday, Page. $1.50.

Dutch Bulbs and Gardens. Painted by Mima Nixon, described by Una Silberrad and Sophie Lyall. Macmillan. $2 net.

Eigenmann, C. H. Cave Vertebrates of America. Washington: Carnegie Institute.

Enock, C. Reginald. Mexico: Its Ancient and Modern Civilization. Scribners. $3 net.

Franklin, Wm. S., and Macnutt, B. Light and Sound. Macmillan. $1.60 net.

Gibson, Arthur H. Human Economics, Books I and II. Natural Economy and Cosmopolitan Economy. Longmans, Green. $3.50 net.

Gratacap, L. P. Geology of the City of New York. Third edition, enlarged. Holt & Co. $2.50.

Gruse, E. Poems. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.

Guerber, H. A. Easy French Frose Composition, Based on Contes et Légendes, Ire Partie. American Book Co. 25 cents.

Harvey, R. S. Rights of the Minority Stockholder. Baker, Voorhis & Co.

Hauhart, W. F. Goethe's Faust in England. Columbia University Press. $1 net.

Henderson, C. R. A Reasonable Social Policy for Christian People. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. 10 cents.

Hill, J. L. The Transition. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.50.

Hobson, J. A. The Industrial System: an Inquiry into Earned and Unearned Income. Longmans, Green. $1.50 net.

Hueffer, Ford Madox. The "Half Moon": A Romance of the Old World and the New. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35.

Johnston, Annie F. The Jester's Sword. Boston: Page & Co.

Johnston, R. M. Napoleon: A Short Biography. Holt & Co. $1.25.

Johnston, R. M. The French Revolution: a Short History. Holt & Co. $1.25.

Jones, Henry. Idealism as a Practical Creed: Being the Lectures on Philosophy Delivered Before the University of Sydney. Macmillan. $2 net.

Kipling, Rudyard. From Sea to Sea Letters of Travel. Doubleday, Page. $1.60 net.

Luclni, P. Carme di Angoscla e di Speranza. Milan: Rassegna Internazionale.

Milham, Willis I. How to Identify the Stars. Macmillan. 75 cents net.

Morrison, John H. History of New York Ship Yards. J. H. Morrison, Brooklyn, N. Y. $2 net.

Murphy, E. G. The Basis of Ascendancy: Principles of Public Policy Involved in the Development of the Southern States. Longmans, Green. $1.50 net.

Noguchi, Yone. The Pilgrimage (2 vols.). Kamakura, Japan. The Valley Press. $2.

Ostwald, W., and Morse, H. W. Elementary Modern Chemistry. Ginn & Co. $1.

Oppenheim, Samuel. The Early History of the Jews in New York, 1654-1664. S. Oppenheim.

Roberts, G. E. T. Flying Plover. Boston: Page & Co. $1.

Ruskin, John. Noble Thought Series. Edited by Dana Estes. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $1.50.

Scollard, Clinton. Song for the Tercentenary of Lako Champlain. Clinton, N. Y.: G. W. Browning.

Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. In six parts. Sources relating to the Germanic Invasions, by C. H. Hayes; Transportation and Industrial Development in the Middle West, by W. F. Gephart; Social Reform and the Reformation, by J. S. Schapiro; Responsibility for Crime, by P. A. Parsons; The Conflict Over Judicial Powers in the United States to 1870, by C. G. Haines; A Study of the Population of Manhattanville, by H. B. Woolston. Columbia University.

Varney, G. R. Out of the Depths: A Story of Western Love, Religion, and Reform. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. $1.25 net.

White, W. A. A Certain Rich Man. Macmillan. $1.50.

Wilson, John. How God Has Spoken. Scribners. $2 net.

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Narrative Lyrics

See *The Nation* for May 13th, 1909.

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The Week.

President Taft has at last spoken out on the pending tariff bill, and his trumpet gives no uncertain sound. It was straightforward, and it was also sagacious, for him to let the public know what he said to the twenty-two Republican members of the House, who went to him to protest against free raw materials and lower duties. The President's reply is a notification at once to Congress and the country. If words are half-battles, such a statement as his is a whole battle. Mr. Taft feels himself the representative of the whole people, obliged, as he says, to take a "broader point of view than that of a single member of Congress in respect to articles produced in his district." Somebody must speak for the consuming masses. Somebody must consider good faith with the people. In declaring flatly for a downward revision of the rates, and maintaining that the Republican party is in honor bound to give it, President Taft openly antagonizes Aldrich and gives the lie to Senator Lodge, but that will only increase the country's sense of indebtedness to his courage. The response of the people will, we are convinced, come up to the White House like the sound of many waters. The whole situation is changed by this explicit and manly utterance of Mr. Taft's. The Aldrich bill is dead. If it is not cut to pieces in conference, it will be vetoed by the Executive. But the chances are enormously in favor of the President's getting what he wants from Congress. This will be, not simply because he wants it, but because the country demands it.

One of the refreshing things in President Taft's tariff deliverance is his reference to American "energy and enterprise," together with the "effectiveness" of American labor and the "ingenuity" of our inventors. These qualities, taken with our unsurpassed natural resources, ought to be, in the President's opinion, a sufficient dependence in the case of most businesses, and ought to tend steadily to bring down the cost of production. Mr. Taft puts with much force the older theory of protection, according to which a temporary aid against foreign competition would enable domestic manufacturers so to perfect their methods that they would soon be independent of protective duties, and would be willing to have them reduced or abolished. But our insatiate protectionists have, of course, left all that far behind. The bigger their profits, the higher they want the tariff. With them, protection has become the means of making laziness and inefficiency successful. The oldest and most obsolete mill must be enabled by the tariff to pay fat dividends. Mr. Taft's statement is of a sort to stop the mouths of fair and honest protectionists, but nothing but blood can stop the mouths of the horseleeches that have fastened themselves upon the people under the pretence of protecting them. If anybody does not believe this, let him consider the way in which the President's moderate utterance has filled with rage the secretary of the Home Market Club of Boston. Col. Clarke is simply "amazed" at the President's taking up with "the entering wedge of free trade." His only consolation is that Mr. Taft "does not understand the tariff question." But that is just it; he understands it all too well, and so does the country, to be imposed upon any longer by the organized appetite of the Home Market Club.

Considerable opposition was made in the House last week to the appropriation of $25,000 for the travelling expenses of the President. It was attacked mainly on party lines, though a few Republicans joined the Democrats in voting against it. There appears to be no doubt, however, that the urgent deficiency bill will finally include this item. Charges of bad faith were made by Congressman Clark, for the Democrats, on the ground that, when the President's salary was raised from $50,000 to $75,000, the increase was understood specifically to cover travelling expenses. On the other hand, it is alleged that the salary was fixed at $75,000, instead of $100,000, in the general expectation that an extra $25,000, or so much thereof as might be necessary, was to be voted for the expenses of the President when travelling on public business. But these "understandings," whatever their tenor, are no part of the record. The money will be voted irrespective of them.

The lawfulness of such an appropriation has been sharply challenged. But it is doubtful if anybody would ever take the matter into the Supreme Court, and pretty certain that the judges, if it did come before them, would validate the appropriation. The money is not for the President's private purse. He may not expend it as he sees fit. It is limited to the one purpose of incidental travelling expenses—such as those which the Government pays in the case of an Indian Commissioner or Assistant Attorney-General—and any balance unexpended for that object must be covered back into the Treasury. The main question concerns, not the money for the travels, but their purpose and value. Unless a President has some definite object to accomplish, some message to deliver to his countrymen, some important public policy to expound and advocate, he might better stay in the White House. There are, admittedly, a certain number of ceremonies and celebrations at which it is well for the President to be present in his official capacity—as Mr. Taft has just been at Norwich and Lake Champlain—to lend dignity to the occasion and to speak, if possible, words of wisdom. But such functions aside, there is little use or propriety in the President travelling about the country merely to ingratiate himself with the people.

Mr. Bryan's appeal to the President to give the people the chance to vote upon a constitutional amendment for the direct election of United States Senators is adroit, but not momentous. Mr. Bryan has learned the art of keeping in the public eye. When a noted opponent of Mr. Bryan's was put in a pillory by a legislative resolution of rebuke, he broke its force by a dramatic long-distance horseback ride. When Mr. Bryan sees some of his thunder being appropriated, he keeps under notice of the masses by suggesting publicly that more of his thunder be stolen. The truth is that States which very strongly desire

the direct election of United States Senators practically secure this desideratum by requiring pledges of candidates for the Legislature. The issue of the direct election of Senators is not likely to be injected into the present arena of national politics at any man's dictum.

With New York's Public Service Commission become so wretched a failure and farce (taking the word of some people for it), one can but be surprised that other States should think of following the mad model. Yet, somehow, Gov. Hughes's plan of dealing with public-service corporations by means of a commission with ample and appropriate powers continues to receive the flattery of imitation. Early proposals for public-utility commissions came to little, in both New Jersey and Connecticut. Corporation influences, particularly in the latter State, were powerful enough to prevent action. But just now in Connecticut there has been put out by the special legislative committee the draft of a bill to place all telephone, gas, and water companies under control of a board of three commissioners. In the opinion of the Hartford *Courant*, the measure is one which will "work large and most beneficial reforms, and grow in favor." What, after Gov. Hughes's abject failure?

To a lover of contrasts in character and point of view, the meeting in Paris between Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, and the French labor leaders is suggestive. Mr. Gompers is known as an adept in dodging an issue. He is, among people interested in sociological matters, a "practical" man, in the sense that it is always a condition and not a theory that confronts him. Going to Paris to be instructed in labor conditions there, he has come in contact with leaders who in training and temperament are his exact opposites. He is conservative to the point of hating a general idea; they are radical to the point of caring little for conditions which, however, they may intimately know. The idea of revolution is to Mr. Gompers a nightmare. Revolution in France is a familiar social idea, and the leaders of the French Federation are openly revolutionary. Mr. Gompers has recently come to think that the labor organizations should go into politics, as is the case in England. Organized labor in France, on the other hand, is suspicious of politics, and its leaders frankly say that their representatives in the government could not, even with the best intentions, really represent labor; they could not "overcome the atmosphere of the House," as they say in England. The French leaders have clear and simple ideas which they develop with violent logic. They belong to the "intellectual" class. They will find it difficult to understand Mr. Gompers, and for this Mr. Gompers will not be sorry.

At the recent meeting of the Northern Baptist Convention, in Portland, Oregon, was read the report of a commission on Baptist denominational journalism. Baptist papers, like those of most other religious denominations, exist only at a poor dying rate financially. The ownership of denominational papers by the convention itself was dismissed; and the suggestion that the convention raise a fund to be loaned to the papers according to need met the same fate. The commission favored a combination of existing Baptist papers, so as to leave but one for New England, one for the Middle States, one for the Central West, and one for the Pacific Coast. The report recommended that the convention should use all its influence to build up these four papers. This report was adopted "with apparently no dissent." It may be questioned if this course is not as sure to hinder independence in denominational journalism as either of the plans rejected.

The real difficulty with religious journalism to-day is that it tends to live on denominational patronage, rather than to make a place for itself by merit. The desire for more local religious news and comment than the secular paper can give, occasions a demand for a denominational paper. It is started, with but little capital behind it, and a meagre editorial force. It manages to live along from year to year, although unable to render any real service other than the printing of minor denominational news. That the majority of such ventures are unwise is clear enough, but it is not clear that the situation can be made satisfactory by freezing out the many through the extension of official denominational patronage to a selected few. The denomination will gain in the long run by applying its official energies in other directions and giving to each journalistic aspirant a fair field in which to win the support of individual readers. The ideal denominational paper will cultivate its own field more fully than any other paper can, will keep its readers in touch with the main currents of religious life, will aim to keep abreast of all sincere efforts for the betterment of mankind, and will do what it can towards the intelligent editorial discussion of matters of the day from its own point of view. A paper satisfactorily meeting these requirements will secure support without the hampering aid of ecclesiastical backing.

Tennyson's airy navies and Byron's engines to carry man to the moon are brought distinctly nearer by the piling up every day of news about fresh feats in aeroplaning. What has been called the "patient prudence" of the Wright brothers seems now certain to reap its reward in the near future, by their meeting the terms of their contract with the War Department. The attempted cross-Channel flight of Hubert Latham on Monday was sensational both in conception and result, though success was not attained. Doubtless, it will be soon. Meanwhile, how thoroughly experimental and uncertain the art of human flight yet remains, may be seen in the futility of expert comments before the event. The London *Times* had, ten days ago, an article by a skilled engineer on the projected air-crossing from Calais to Dover by M. Latham, in which the gravest danger was argued if the aeroplane should fall into the sea. Said the writer:

> As it would have been travelling at something like forty miles an hour, even after gliding down from an altitude of 300 feet, the speed of the apparatus on touching the water would not be less than twenty-five miles an hour. The whole machine, with the pilot, weighs about half a ton. Imagine the impact and the effect it would have on the wings, on which, however, M. Latham counts to keep the whole apparatus afloat. They are, it is true, air-chambers a foot deep at the base and tapering to the extremities. But would not the canvas be torn to shreds, even if the whole wings were not wrenched off the machine? The aviator's position would be perilous in the extreme.

Yet, in fact, he was found riding at ease and smoking a cigarette!

Lord Lansdowne gave last Friday the first official intimation that the House

of Lords might throw out the Finance Bill. His threat was veiled, but was nevertheless unmistakable. He said that it would be preposterous to suppose that the Lords could be compelled to swallow the Finance Bill whole. This implies the right of amendment, but, in practice, the Lords have no such right. The reason is that the Commons have long regarded any such amendment as tantamount to rejection. This was clearly laid down, in 1897, as the constitutional practice, by a Tory Lord Chancellor, Lord Halsbury. If, for example, the Lords should now strike out the taxes on the increment in land values, it would be tantamount to throwing out the whole bill. So there is no room for indirection. The Lords must either swallow the bill, or spew it out entire. Their right to do the latter is undoubted, but the grave public and political inexpediency of their doing so was described in weighty language by Lord Salisbury in 1894, when another contentious finance bill of the Liberals was before the upper Chamber. Lord Salisbury said:

> I draw a very strong distinction, as strong as it is possible to draw, between the legal powers of this House and the House of Commons, and the practice which considerations of obvious convenience in the interest of the public welfare may induce the two Houses to adopt. It is perfectly obvious that this House in point of fact has not for many years past interfered by amendment with the finance of the year. The reason why this House cannot do so is that it has not the power of changing the executive government; and to reject a finance bill and leave the same executive government in its place means to create a deadlock from which there is no escape.

Now that Mohammed Ali, King of Kings, is sent flying from his throne at Teheran, the world of Islam has witnessed in the course of less than a year the deposition of the sovereign head of every independent Moslem state. Turkey, Persia, and Morocco will each have its living ex-Sultan, and Morocco may have two; for Mulai Hafid seems to be in danger of following his brother, Abd el Aziz, into the obscurity of private life. After this it will not be so easy to speak of the dread power which hedges in every Mohammedan ruler as the shadow of God upon earth. After this it will be more difficult to speak of the Mohammedan creed as a religion of stagnation; and, in a wider aspect still, the supposed historical opposition between religion and political liberty will appear less evident than ever. For it is to be noted that in Turkey, the representatives of Islam, while divided into two camps, have on the whole worked harder for progress than against it. In Persia, the rôle of the priesthood would seem to have been wholly admirable. The doctors of the law were among the pioneers of the liberal movement, and at a critical moment they acted boldly by proclaiming the excommunication of the Shah. In Morocco, it is true, Mulai Hafid was believed to have won against his brother as the avowed champion of orthodoxy. But the speed with which Hafid's authority has crumbled away shows that in reality political motives of some sort must have been predominant even in Morocco.

Great Britain's attitude towards the Constitutional cause in Persia is scarcely receiving fair consideration. England's treaty with Russia for the parcelling out of Persia into spheres of influence has given rise to the charge, or at least the suspicion, that British methods in the Shah's Empire must henceforth be Russian methods, and consequently that British hostility to the Parliamentary régime must be presumed. Now, in the first place, even Russia in the present affair does not stand patently condemned. With Great Britain she has publicly urged upon the Shah the necessity of restoring the Constitution and reconvening Parliament. Her occupation of Tabriz has done the Liberal cause more good than harm. Had the Shah's troops entered that city, the prestige of the Constitutional party might have been submerged in a tide of massacre and destruction. Russian intervention saved the Nationalist leaders and enabled them to march on Teheran with what results we know. As for Great Britain, it was under her encouragement that the Persian Liberal movement won its first victories. The argument that a Constitutionalized Persia would endanger the British position in India is scarcely valid. The Hindus already know what they want, and Great Britain knows what she must concede and can concede with safety. Continuous civil war in Persia, such as the Shah's ascendency would bring, would probably exercise a more disturbing influence on the neighboring tribes in India than could any Persian Parliament.

If Abdul Hamid refuses to withdraw the millions which his bankers would like to get rid of, it is not because he has read the Contributing Editor's article in the *Outlook* on the disadvantages of great wealth. The late Sultan, on the other hand, is firmly convinced of the merit that lies in cofferfuls of treasure, provided it cannot be taken away from him all at one time. The Turkish nation, during these last few months, has learned to look upon Abdul Hamid as one of its most important sources of revenue. He has been signing checks with a freedom of gesture that many a Pittsburgh millionaire on Broadway might envy. Presumably, the Turkish Department of the Interior is still at work tapping the walls at Yildiz in search of hidden wealth. If a secret chamber yields satisfactory results, well and good. If the chamber turns out empty, word is passed on to Salonica, and the ex-Sultan signs a check for a fair equivalent.

How the times move forward in Asia comes to us with something of a shock when we find the Chinese press discussing the empire's need of factory legislation. Shanghai and Pittsburgh, Nankin and Sheffield here meet on the basis of a common want. The foreign press in China, while naturally friendly to the general cause of reform, is inclined to be skeptical of sudden and drastic change. It is all the more gratifying in the present case to come across so enlightened a view as that to which the Shanghai *Mercury* gives expression: "Human life is abundant in China by reason of the very fertility of the soil and the fecundity of the people, but abundant life must not be held to justify the cheapening of life; and it should not be possible for China to produce millionaires as some other countries do, at the expense of literal flesh and blood." This is bold thinking for a predominantly commercial community like Shanghai, in which supposedly the principle of unrestrained competition would rule. And if it be argued that China must go through the same process as the West, if she would attain the civilization of the West, our commentator takes sharp issue. "It is," he says, "to save China from such difficulties as other countries have had to face that we urge the necessity of immediate action in this matter. Prevention is better, and cheaper, than cure."

PERSONALITY IN POLITICS.

The extraordinary and approving response which President Taft's frank and clear statement has evoked, is one tribute more to the power of strong personality. We admit it everywhere else, but are reluctant to allow it in politics. In life, in literature, there is no magic charm like that of personality, but politicians are afraid of it in their business. Of this they sedulously cultivate the idea that it must be conducted by committees and parties, never by individualities. Everything is collective, nothing personal. Intrigue and subterranean management are the prime forces; and the old practitioners of the art are always aghast when some man of native vigor comes forward with open methods and direct appeals. It has been so with Gov. Hughes; it bids fair to be so with President Taft.

And what increases the bewilderment and the pain of the politicians is the joyful way in which the people rise to such men when they show themselves. This is not merely the jealousy of time-servers when they see servants of the public rapidly advanced over their heads to honors toward which they themselves vainly aspire. The old hands at the political business are really puzzled at the phenomenon. Trained to depend upon far other qualities than courage and downright convictions, they are always at a loss when they encounter a man dowered with such gifts, and are absolutely taken aback when he proceeds to his goal amid popular acclaim. This only shows that Burke's reproach was just, when he said that politicians did not know their own tools. The greatest power they have to deal with is personality; but, despite repeated demonstrations of that truth, they remain as men unaware of it. They are continually astounded, and look at each other in a kind of wild surmise, whenever

> —the spirit of a single mind
> Makes that of multitudes take one direction
> As roll the waters to the breathing wind.

In the puzzlement which the plodding dealers in routine politics feel in the presence of a public man of large and elemental force, they are sometimes led to curious confessions and fears. The exhibition of power they cannot deny, but its effects they profess to dread. Thus Senator Raines has lately unbosomed himself about the perils that threaten the people of the State of New York, because of their great "friendliness" to Gov. Hughes. In their enthusiastic admiration of the man, they are in danger of adopting his policies; and as those policies go counter to some of the cherished plans of Senator Raines, they are, *ipso facto*, bad for the commonwealth. In the same way one of our daily papers has been gravely arguing with the people to restrain them from the folly of blindly following Gov. Hughes. They do not in the least understand what the direct primary means, but are working for it and voting for it with eagerness, simply on his say-so. This is a dangerous form of hero-worship. The next thing will be for the Governor to advocate abolishing the Legislature, and then we shall have the multitude making haste to agree, purely out of their convinced feeling that the Governor is absolutely honest and disinterested. A sober citizenship ought not so to be carried off its head by an outstanding personality.

Well, all these timid folk who are so terrified by the advent of a real man, need not be driven to entire despair. The world has not, as they seem to fear, gone daft over personality in politics. It has not taken up with Carlyle's theory of rule by the strong man. The strongest man has to act under certain limitations. His leadership is qualified by a thousand conditions which he cannot control. He, like the rest of us, is caught in the common predicament; and when his fellow-citizens give him their confidence and their suffrages, it is only because he has fathomed their difficulties, interpreted their desires, and shown them a way out of the coil. Senator Root correctly diagnosed what he called "the very great popularity" of Gov. Hughes, when he said that the people had grown impatient of narrow and selfish partisan control, and that the Governor was trying to help them throw off its yoke. Similarly, to-day, the mighty volume of support which is flowing to President Taft, is due to the fact that he has understood and expressed the wishes of the great mass of his countrymen. He is not attempting to impose his individual will upon Congress. It is merely that he has sensed the desire of a great people not any longer to be held in the clutch of special interests, and has uttered a feeling which is universally recognized as not merely his own, but that of the American citizenship whose direct representative he is. Suppose that the President had thrown himself brutally on the side of the tariff extortioners, what would his personality have counted for then? As it is, he is strong because he is on the side of justice and decency.

Yet the most righteous causes languish till a man is found to embody them. People will stand conscientiously for a principle, yet they best fight for it when it takes on form in a human personality. In times of political crisis we feel the truth of this. Then the cry is always for a leader. So true is it that, in politics, too, a man is more precious than the golden wedge of Ophir.

JUDICIAL REVIEW.

The power of courts of law to annul statutes on the ground of their alleged incompatibility with organic law is to-day the chief difference between our judicial system and Great Britain's. Conservative statesmen in England have of late frequently cast covetous glances at this feature of our polity. Notable among such expressions was a recent guarded but emphatic utterance of the Lord Chief Justice in criticism of certain acts of Parliament which withdraw executive actions from the cognizance of the courts, and which make the findings of administrative boards final. The London *Times* echoes his forebodings and opines that "there may come a time when we shall have a *droit administratif* according to which the Treasury, the Local Government Board, and one or two other departments will have powers to do as they please without review or control and, like the Sovereign, will be able to do no wrong." In curious contrast to this implied laudation of our practice of the judicial veto is the dissatisfaction recently manifested at home over this very feature of our system. The popular agitation against "government by injunction" is a recent phase of this irritation. Nor is it wholly confined to those interested in the powers of labor organizations. Mr. W. F. Dodd, in a recent article in the *Political Science Quarterly*, avers that "the courts have now become practically legislative organs with an absolute power of veto upon statutory legislation which they regard as inexpedient."

The historical origin of this divergence in the powers exercised by courts

here and in England has been traced by an American scholar, Mr. Charles H. McIlwain. He has abundantly established the fact that originally the notion of any clear-cut distinction between legislation and adjudication was unknown. Indeed, the very idea of *making* law was foreign to the early English jurisprudence. There prevailed everywhere the dominant idea of a constituent, organic, and customary law which it was the business of the High Court of Parliament as well as the other courts of the realm to *discover* or *declare*, and to apply to individual cases. Thus the name of the supreme legislature in Great Britain, as well as the judicial functions of the House of Lords, embalms what was at one time the very essence of Parliament's activity. When the sovereign originally called a meeting of his Parliament, writs were issued to the judges of the courts to attend as a matter of course. Puzzling cases were habitually referred by the regular judges to the supreme court of Parliament, in much the same course as is followed by our system of appeals to higher tribunals, but at the instance of the judges rather than of the suitors. Causes could be instituted also in the High Court of Parliament upon petition; action upon such petitions rather than by bill being the normal procedure in early days. Even more remarkable is the fact that the final drafting of statutes was often left to the regular judges when the substance of the matter had been determined by the full Parliamentary conclave, which would adjourn and allow the judges of the realm to issue the act.

It is quite certain, therefore, that nothing could have been more repugnant to the jurisprudence of even Tudor times than Blackstone's theory of Parliamentary omnipotence—that Parliament can do anything which is not naturally impossible. Down into the times of Queen Anne there persisted the belief that English courts might virtually annul acts of the legislature which contravened essential principles of Magna-Charta or other parts of the constituent law of the realm. Instances of such action by English judges are neither few nor unimportant. This conception of a dominant organic law of higher authority than mere statutes the American colonists took with them to the new world; enshrined in Montesquieu's concepts of the division of powers, it appears in our Federal and State Constitutions.

The triumph of the doctrine of parliamentary sovereignty in England was the outcome of the political struggle against Divine Right, against a personal sovereign *legibus solutus*. No less trenchant a weapon was needed to beat down the pretensions of royal prerogative. But, despite its serviceability in the struggle for constitutional freedom, the subordination of the executive and the courts to Parliament has proved more than once a menace to the real safety and prosperity of the United Kingdoms.

Of course, the most striking instance is seen in the American colonists' successful struggle against Parliament's pretensions to power in this continent. Since that time, the doctrine of parliamentary omnipotence has been but sparingly applied in any of the self-governing colonies of England. But far-seeing statesmen who have at heart the creation of a real empire, have more than once bemoaned a theory of parliamentary sovereignty which works only when left in quiescence. Frederick Scott Oliver complains:

> There is no sovereignty. Everything hangs on sentiment, influence, and management. In the Three Kingdoms, sovereignty so far has not been impaired: but outside these islands, it is a very different matter. . . . The true meaning of the situation is no less painful than it is plain. The most powerful member of a loose confederacy is content to defend her fellow-members from foreign attack for so long as they are willing to acquiesce in her policy. . . . Even with fine weather, it is only a miracle that maintains it, and under rain or storm, there must be a shifting of the balance that can have no issue, but disintegration.

These instances of the results of a concentration of powers in the hands of the Legislature may encourage us in those desponding moments when we lament the way in which the separation, or rather the isolation, of departments of government under our system seems often to scatter responsibility and to impede vigorous, straightforward policy. But, if our plan of judicial review, however far it may disappoint us in individual cases, corresponds to an essential element of the body politic, an essential part of the organic character—the conscience or the memory as opposed to the irresponsible will—we may congratulate ourselves upon having a brake upon inconsiderate legislation.

A ROMANTIC SURVIVAL.

The death of Gen. de Galliffet has put the final seal to a modern D'Artagnan, in the imagination of France. He seems to have possessed to the full those qualities of irony, form, joy, courtesy, and courage, which have been the inalienable heritage of the hero of the Gallic strain. He had as great an *élan* as Hotspur and was as brave. It is not recorded that he liked to kill before breakfast. But his joy in a well-done deed of the heroic type was a beautiful thing to contemplate.

How he gayly interrupted the monotony of garrison life by jumping on horseback from a bridge into the Saône; how, when a captain in the Crimean war, he crossed the Russian lines gallantly to keep a rendezvous with a lady; how, in Mexico, his abdomen torn open by a bullet, he continued, with a fine gesture, to give orders of battle; how, under the walls of Sedan, he did unbelievable deeds—such are a few of the tales that are told of this modern Roland.

Like Paul Jones, De Galliffet believed that "grape-shot sometimes has its uses in the struggle for the rights of man." He played a stern and leading part in the violent suppression of the Commune. When blamed for this by the radicals, he replied: "Let them talk. I would rather be taken for a great murderer than for a petty assassin." Even the radical enthusiast, if he could see the difference between the accidental and the eternal, would recognize in De Galliffet a spiritual brother. For the romantic hero and the dreamer of dreams along political or social lines are alike in this: they both love to engage in battle with the most powerful forces they can find. De Galliffet's romance seems to have extended even to the immaterial world, as all romance really does, for it is said of him that he always asserted his opinions with the vehemence of youth, and that he selected, with a kind of ironical joy, the side which had the greatest opposition.

In a certain sense, De Galliffet was a survival. He was a true "romantic," and, to the extent that romance is dead, De Galliffet and his kind belong to the past. *Le Figaro* says of him: "This fine and great soldier will remain one of the most strikingly original of this epoch, with which he forms a most remarkable contrast. At a time when everything is calculation and selfishness, he re-

mains an excellent example of disinterestedness, energy, and rashness. His courage had in it something prodigious. He might have said, with the poet: 'The more useless it is, the more beautiful.' "

Certainly, in this day of realism in literature, of business methods in politics, of a polite condescension and secret contempt for poetry, of pragmatism in philosophy, of the tremendous insistence everywhere and in every department of life on what is practical, the gaunt figure of this modern D'Artagnan comes to us as something outworn, indeed: the deepest point of our sympathy can go no further than envisaging him as a sort of Don Quixote: where the disinterested and romantic is concerned, we insist on a touch of the ridiculous.

And yet this quality of the romantic and the so-called unreal always appeals to our imagination; it is still true that many of our novels and plays undertake the most meretricious "reproductions" of old heroic periods, with all their gorgeousness of decoration and highfaluting sentiment and their deeds in high-relief. We, to-day, have a genius for the prosaic, for low relief, for hard, careful analysis, for humility of vision, for an unsympathetic re-casting of many warmly-felt ideals. But that we love, and shall always love, the truly romantic is as inevitable as that there shall always be beautiful maidens and men who appreciate them, and generous souls who give themselves, through force of idealistic temperament, to what is unpractical.

It is probable that when we get familiar with our new interests, a fresh romance, so far as material and form are concerned, will be born. When we "move around easily" in our enlarged world, we shall see its modern beauty and gladly sacrifice to it, with new individual and social gestures, with a new conception of *noblesse oblige;* but with the same old disinterestedness, with the same old gayety of heart, with the same worship of the beautiful, with the same chivalry for the weak, with the same joy in self-sacrifice, and the same æsthetic need of clothing our virtue in striking external forms.

The order in which Shakespeare's plays appeared is suggestive as to the normal development of the sense of romance. His early dramas are full of youthful poetry and a love for what is heroic and striking, full of pageantry. Here his romance is, relatively speaking, of the thoughtless and historical kind. Then come the plays of his middle period, when his imagination played over the terrible fate of mankind—the great tragedies. This is his period of realism and of gloom, of social seriousness. But there is a third period, when, in plays like "The Tempest," he returns to pure romance, but a romance this time which is the inner, unseen essence of reality. Perhaps we love romance, in the last analysis, just because it represents the most ultimate reality. And so, when De Galliffet is stripped of all his historical accidents, he remains a figure sympathetic to all, whatever our personal or class interests may be.

THE TRAVEL CURE FOR OLD AGE.

Long before Metchnikoff had diagnosed old age as a disease, the epigrammatists had labelled it as a bad habit. But modest science, as usual, gave more hope than arrogant wit. From our diseases, hygiene and medication may conceivably relieve us, whereas our habits are too often our masters and decline to be exorcised. One may acquire a liking for sour milk, with its beneficent microbes, more easily than one may straighten shoulders once rounded. Happily, the remedy for both the malady and the habit of old age has been discovered. You have only to take an Atlantic liner, or halt in any of the tourist caravansaries from London to Assuan, to see throngs of happy patients complacently taking the travel treatment. Before it old age has withdrawn, and takes its last stand among the sedentary, the unenterprising, and the poor.

One need only observe the gusto of these persons in years—not old persons, mark you—to feel that the enemy has been foiled. It is they who follow cheerful lines of fad and foible, seek unstaled impressions off the beaten track, turn the rubs of the road into adventure or pleasantry, face undauntedly the changing commerce of the inevitable *table d'hôte.* Indeed, it sometimes seems as if the very young or the very old had come to be the only true travellers. While modern means of transportation have reduced travel to a dull system, excluding the unforeseen, isolating the stranger from the people he professedly comes to observe, the young and the old still retain the fine sentimental tradition of the road. Where everything is expansive sensibility, the day's work one long gorgeous discovery, there naturally can be no *ennui,* and that is the condition of the young person when unspoiled. Equally the mild, knowing, and measured expectancy of old age makes for good travelling qualities.

Perhaps the chief merit of travel as a prophylactic is that it keeps alive or renovates failing capacities for companionship. Whatever may be the charms of our American life, the provision for a comfortably serene old age is not one of them. Between those who strive and those who have ceased striving an unnatural gulf is established. Young America hardly has time to parley beyond the moment's need with old America. With the disappearance of caps and stocks it has become more difficult for old people to seem venerable. Instead they struggle to keep young, thus depriving themselves of a dignity and society of a grace. They tend to settle into hopeless ruts among themselves—story-telling, bridge, golf in the limbo beneath the handicap classes. Households, unless we are mistaken, have an increasing tendency to break up into smaller groups, leaving the older members stranded in a rather mournful independence. At any rate, one rarely sees in the city those patriarchal families in which grandparents, aunts, uncles, and aged cousins could easily have cast a majority vote.

Now, travel is the great compensation for the lack of an old-style nest. One has only to follow the preferred isotherms to see contented old age. Indeed, this modern substitute for slippered ease at home has certain obvious advantages. Minor infirmities that loom formidably large at home vanish before constant diversion of the mind. Timorous or anti-social moods are put to flight by the pleasures and necessities of the route. Moreover, a trained judgment and matured humor—the most precious attributes of old age—are kept sharp by daily attrition upon the most various material. What strikes one most in the many aged acquaintances one makes in travel is their indefatigable spirits and unblunted capacity for friendliness.

Modern methods of locomotion distinctly play into the hands of the old. Whatever of romance has vanished with the postchaise and diligence they can very well spare. To-day, they may travel

without peril of exposure and privation. Given moderate means, they can secure en route all reasonable comfort and safety. In the truest sense, the world is at their disposal, for they command that most precious thing, time, and they move without the perturbing energies of younger years. It was a venerable—not an old—lady, just entering the eighties, who, planning a trip to the edge of the African desert, was told that she surely would be buried there. Her retort was that she must be buried somewhere. As a matter of fact, she recovered from a most serious African fever in time to pass through the Kingston earthquake unterrified if not unscathed, and since then she has visited much of the fairest scenery about the Mediterranean.

We have no desire to weigh the relative advantages of old age at the fireside and on train or ship. The new mode is possibly better for the peripatetic elderly person than it is for our society at large. With old age assiduously seeking novelty, what is to become of our traditions? Those of us who are too old or too young to travel may well consider the advisability of inducing a certain number of our most impressive old people to stay at home for the sake of posterity. But we fear the proverbial answer will be wafted from many a departing liner: "What has posterity ever done for me?"

WESTON AND WALKING.

Mr. Weston has arrived at San Francisco after his walk from New York. His ambition to accomplish this trip in one hundred days, he missed, and is much chagrined; he has even declared his walk "a failure." But the feat is the same whether it took a few days less than a hundred or a few days more. He encountered difficulties which would have proved insuperable to a less indomitable spirit. For over 2,000 miles he was forced to walk along railway tracks, a line of march as galling to the nerves as to the muscles.

Mr. Weston is in his seventy-first year, a time of life often considered the day of slippers and the ingle-nook. With Dr. Eliot, he shares the honor of being a concrete refutation of this idea. That a man with a good constitution should turn sedentary at forty-five is usually no one's fault but his own. Moreover, the sight of Three-score-and-ten taking a jaunt on foot across the continent should carry a helpful lesson to cock-sure Nineteen. Too many young men who have hardly reached their growth look upon fifty as athletically impotent superannuation. The *carpe diem* philosophy is applied altogether too much to athletics, with the not infrequent result that youth burns out muscular resources. To take the proper amount of exercise and at the same time to husband one's physical stamina is the real secret.

This long walk is an effective protest against the present-day craving for speed in locomotion. "Rapid transit" has become almost synonymous with transit of any sort. But we hear the critic remind us with a chuckle that Mr. Weston himself sought speed above all else, that his was a perpetual forced march. True enough, as pedestrians go, he made fast time. But walking of any sort is comparatively slow. Pedestrianism is rather a fine art than a means of locomotion. And the fact that the striding old gentleman could make seventy-five miles a day on a pinch does not impair the moral.

He who uses his legs is thereby enabled to use his eyes. Nature in all moods is the companion of him who walks. A network of sun and shadow, or a maze of muddy pools, lies before his feet. His cheek feels the impact of kindly breezes or harsher rain. The bend in the road lures him onward and fills him with peaceful conjecture. A pleasant comrade at his side seems not amiss to most, though Hazlitt and Stevenson cast their voices against it, declaring that the full flavor of a walking tour is best tasted in solitude. Stevenson better analyzes moods, but Hazlitt is the more lyric. He was among the first of Anglo-Saxon blood to sing the open road. He feels its intoxication. He cries:

> Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like "sunken wrack and sumless treasuries," burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again.

To be one's self is, after all, the great thing. The dweller within walls is today offered countless chances to see Nature. He may also limber up his muscles by various means. But to combine the two: there is a rare privilege. To hobnob with the outdoor world, to catch new vistas, to stray whither one will across the countryside, to feel an unwonted thrill pulsing along taut sinews, and at the same time, avoiding the stress of competitive sport, to preserve a peaceful mind—this is the guerdon of walking. If Mr. Weston's trip should remind folk of this and should set them to experimenting, the jaunt would have been a public benefaction. The humble mode of walking contains the germ of elemental happiness. It will be well when many, with Thomas Randolph, say:

> Come, spur away,
> I have no patience for a longer stay,
> But must go down,
> And leave the chargeable noise of this great town.
> I will the country see. . . .

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

When Hermann Bahr published his last novel, "Die Rahl," he sent out with the book an announcement of the programme which he had outlined for his future work in fiction. Inasmuch as humanity continually repeats itself in variations of a few original types, and the heroes of Homer are sitting in some disguise in the Café Monopol, just as the Luegers and Bülows can be found in Sallustius, he intended to present those original characters as they occur in modern Europe in such a way that the individual should be totally merged in the type and the type in the individual. His new book, "Drut" (S. Fischer & Co., Berlin), is a deliberate and successful illustration of this theory. The life of a typical officer of the Austrian army, whose infatuation with a fair adventuress of exotic antecedents ruins his career, is relieved against a background of contemporary Austrian life. There are few social and political problems of timely interest to that country that he does not present under some aspect. With its diplomatic, military, and clerical specimens, the story is a panorama of Austria as it is to-day. The defection of Liberalism, the petty jealousies and vanities of the middle-class, and the secret machinations of the clergy—all these are reflected with convincing vitality. Its balance of humor and pathos, and its undernote of human sympathy, make the book enjoyable reading.

Many of the problem novels that flood the market of Germany may have the same significance, but by a preponderance of matter over manner fail to convey an artistic impression. This is espe-

cially true of the stories concerned with sexual and marriage problems. However needful may be the message of books like Hans von Hoffensthal's "Lori Graff," there is an element in them bound to repel not only the more prudish Anglo-Saxon, but every reader who resents being treated to medical and psychological studies in the guise of fiction. It is even more difficult to fathom the *raison d'être* of a story like Frank Nabl's "Hans Jäckels erstes Liebesjahr," and to explain the popularity which the records and revelations of such a nature are enjoying in Germany. Of quite a different order, though the somewhat bald titles are rather misleading, are "Eine Jungfrau," by Emil Lucka, and "Vaterschaft," by Karl von Perfall, both published by Egon Fleischel & Co. of Berlin. The first story pictures the multifarious interests and activities by which an average modern girl tries to find a substitute for her "natural sphere." The second book, being the story of a young man's devotion to his illegitimate child, bears an ethical message rarely heard in a world still dominated by the Code Napoléon. The spirit of both works is serious and dignified, and the treatment of their themes is free from repulsive features.

Since the publication of tho trilogy in which Georg von Ompteda painted with genuine feeling and true color the slow disintegration of the old nobility and its enforced adaptation to new needs and standards, the author until now has written nothing that merits serious attention. His latest work, however, "Droesigl" (imported by G. E Stechert & Co.), seems to mean a new start, and though the main motive, marriage between old nobility and new wealth, is commonplace, he has succeeded in redeeming the subject through the medium of remarkably lifelike characters and situations. They are admirable types, the two Droesigls, father and son: the father, with his obstinate pride in the work of his head and his hands, satisfied to be the master of his thousands of workingmen, and a captain among captains of industry; the son with the parvenu's ambition for the advantages of rank and culture, and the parvenu's tenacity of purpose. On the other side, there are the scions of aristocracy, impoverished by shiftless and extravagant habits, yet solicitous to maintain the dignity of their title and the traditions of the past.

E. von Keyserlingk's "Beate und Marelle," published in S. Fischer's Bibliothek zeitgenössischer Romane, is one of the best stories of the author, whose novels for their style and their atmosphere alone deserve to be ranked higher than ordinary fiction. He, too, has a social climber in this novel—the fascinating but unscrupulous daughter of the manager of a baronial estate, who, on returning as a famous singer to the scenes of her childhood, is invited to the castle and works havoc among the hearts of the masculine guests. Keyserlingk has a singular gift of investing with individual significance and color the well-worn triangular relation, and the conflict in the hero's soul, when he finds himself placed between two women equally dear to him, is worked out with admirable delicacy and consistency.

A set of characters new in German fiction appears in "Kaspar Krumbholtz," by Herm. Anders Kruger (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), for the scene of this story of an orphan's growth is a Moravian mission school. Of an honesty and purity rare even in those surroundings, given to religious musings and doubts, the sensitive reserved nature of the boy becomes to him the source of years of martyrdom. Into the account of his struggles with the ignorance and the narrowness of his well-meaning guardians and tutors there often enters a touch of humor, though never without a note of sympathy; for the author evidently knows well the follies and the foibles of this remote little world, and has a smile of indulgence for the men and women that rule it.

Hermann Stehr's "Drei Nächte" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is a schoolmaster's tragedy. Stehr's art is deeply rooted in the poverty-stricken soil of Silesia, the same soil that produced "The Weavers." A schoolmaster whose heresies have made him an undesirable colleague, and whose personal idiosyncrasies have isolated him from all intercourse except that of his pupils, is the hero of a story heavy with the weight of the incomprehensible. The occult power of the past over lives of the present gives the book its tone. But with this element of mysticism is coupled a close touch with the realities of life, as in the work of Gerhart Hauptmann, who was one of the first to call attention to Stehr.

Friedrich Huch is a writer who stands apart from the general trend of modern German fiction. There is in his works an imaginative quality that seems to take us back a generation or two. In "Pitt und Fox: Die Lebenswege der Brüder Sintrup" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) he records the evolution of his two heroes as leisurely and intimately as if we were not living in a time of rapid transit and literary overproduction. But his method justifies itself, for from the variety of characters that carry the action the reader constantly reverts to the figures of the heroes. Pitt, the dreamer, hyper-conscious, sensitive, analytical, incapable of pleasure without forethought and equally incapable of shaking off the afterthought, is always engaged in a quest for the indefinite. Fox the poseur, clever, enterprising, sociable, unscrupulous in gratifying his wishes, never losing an opportunity or failing to make his margin, is the man of the moment. Life in the towns where they study and work is a shifting background, animated by bourgeois types which are drawn with great fidelity. The plot is one of many incidents and often comes close to a comedy of errors. Yet the story deserves being classed among the more serious fiction of the season.

Several volumes of short stories commend themselves to the reader. Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach's "Ein Buch, das gern ein Volksbuch werden möchte" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is a selection of short stories which show the gifted author to great advantage both for her human understanding and her artistic sense. The book contains two of her best tales. That of the district physician whose altruistic consciousness is awakened by the appearance in his community of a visionary reformer has for its background a long forgotten page in the history of Galicia. The other gem in the collection, "Der Vorzugsschüler," anticipated by some years the numerous school tragedies that have since been written in Germany, and have become the vehicle of social criticism and psychological and pedagogical theories.

Georg Engel's "Der verbotene Rausch" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is full of such rollicking good humor as one rarely meets in the fiction of to-day, yet not without a deeper meaning. Rudolf Stratz indulges in excursions into the unknown in his latest book, "Die zwölfte Stunde" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). Of a very high order are the stories by Rudolf Hans Bartsch, which have been published under the title "Vom sterbenden Rokoko" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). The author, who has so rapidly risen to well-deserved popularity by his "Zwölf aus der Steiermark" and "Die Haindlkinder," gives proof in this book that his art is not limited to the soil that gave birth to him. With true historic instinct he couples delicate poetic feeling and a sense of dramatic values.

A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

An author is seldom an authoritative source for bibliographical information about his own books. When James Russell Lowell edited his works for a final edition, in 1890, he prefixed the following note to "A Fable for Critics":

This *jeu d'esprit* was extemporized, I may fairly say, so rapidly was it written, purely for my own amusement and with no thought of publication. I sent daily instalments of it to a friend in New York, the late Charles F. Briggs. He urged me to let it be printed, and I at last consented to its anonymous publication. The secret was kept till several persons had laid claim to its authorship.

And in a letter to R. W. Gilder, dated February 9, 1887, he says of the poem: "I wrote it (slap-dash, in less than a week, I think) with no notion of publication." The correspondence between Lowell and Briggs, part-

ly published and partly unpublished, shows more accurately the facts as to the writing and publication of the book

On November 13, 1847, Lowell copied off "Emerson," as a specimen, and sent it to Briggs, saying that "about six hundred lines" were ready, "all written with one impulse" and "the work of not a great many hours." This portion was copied out on December 31, and sent to Briggs as a New Year's gift, and instructions were given for its publication. Toward the end of January, 1848, Briggs wrote: "When I send you the first proofs you must send me back some more copy, but don't let it interfere with your review articles nor with anything that will produce you cash or comforts of any kind." On February 1 Lowell had, in addition, "and exclusive of Emerson, etc., about a hundred lines," "chiefly about Willis and Longfellow." On March 26 he was "waiting for pleasanter weather in order to finish" the poem. In that letter he told Briggs: "I hope you will write and give me a spur"; and adds, "I ought not to have sent you any part of it till I had finished it entirely." On May 12 he had "begun upon the 'Fable' again fairly," and was "making some headway." On May 19 he asked Sidney Howard Gay to "tell Briggs I have finished John Neal, Hawthorne, Cooper, myself, and something more, and that there will not be more than twelve hundred lines." Meanwhile, Briggs had written, on April 22: "I cannot make any definite arrangements about publishing the 'Fable' until I know the size of it." And on June 3, "Putnam will publish the 'Fable' as soon as the remainder of it comes to hand, and in very handsome style." The last of the "copy" was sent on August 22. On October 4 Lowell wrote: "I send half the proof to-day—t'other to-morrow."

Although the rhymed title page says: "Set forth in October the 21st day," the book was not published until October 25. Briggs says (under the latter date): "They advertised it Saturday (October 21), but the copies were not obtained until this morning. They are mortified about it, but nobody was to blame, as they say when a steamboat blows up." In the collected edition of the "Poetical Works," Boston, 1857, the date of publication was changed to "October the 31st day." Mr. Scudder gives this as the date of "the first title page," and Mr. Greenslet copies his error.

One line, "A Vocal and Musical Medley," was in some way omitted from the title page of the first edition, spoiling the rhyme if not the sense. Briggs advised Lowell to "wait for the second edition before you send any to your particular friends, for I fear that they will laugh at your New York publishers, for the style in which the books is issued." And, in the same letter: "Craighead is a very good printer; he was too busy to do the 'Fable,' and Putnam gave it to a new, but reputed good, printer, by way of trying him." One thousand copies of the first edition were printed. On November 27 Briggs wrote: "Every copy of the 'Fable' was sold a fortnight ago, and the second edition is now about two-thirds stereotyped."

In the first edition, printed from type, the half-title (with publisher's list on reverse) and title form one signature, two leaves (without mark); "To the Reader," one signature, two leaves (with signature mark "1"); while the text is six signatures of six leaves each (marked "2," "3," "4," "5," "6," and "7") and one signature of a single leaf marked "8."

Several editions were printed from the stereotype plates, which were made after the first thousand copies were disposed of. A "Preliminary Note to the Second Edition," filling six pages, was prepared, but some copies were sent out before it was ready. Copies of the earliest printing consisted of three signatures of twelve leaves each, the last ending on page 72. The next two leaves, pages 73 to 76, form a fourth signature, and the last two leaves, pages 77 to 80, form a fifth. This copy does not contain, and apparently never has contained, the three extra leaves, the "Preliminary Note."

The second printing has also three signatures of twelve leaves each, the last ending on page 72. Then comes a signature of eight leaves, being pages 73 to 80 of text, and four leaves of advertisements (pages 9 to 16 of Putnams' Catalogue). The "Preliminary Note," three leaves, was separately printed and pasted in on the fourth leaf of the first signature. These leaves were, in most copies, pasted on before the book was bound, but Mr. Chamberlain possessed a copy in which the three leaves had evidently been inserted after binding.

In a third form the title leaf is a separate signature, followed by three signatures of twelve leaves each, of which the last ends on page 68. Pages 69 to 80 form a fourth signature of eight leaves. The "Preliminary Note," three leaves, forms part of the first signature. The copy of this form examined has the last line of the imprint "G. P. Putnam, 10 Park Place." The title was not reset, merely this change made in the stereotyped plate. This copy has advertisements dated "June, 1854," bound in at the end. The only signature marks on any of these stereotyped editions are "1" on page [iii] and "2*" on page 33.

Some of the more important typographical differences between the first and later editions are:

The first edition has a half-title, not in later editions.

The later editions have the added line on title, "A Vocal and Musical Medley," not on the title of the first edition.

Later editions have a printer's imprint on verso of the title below the copyright.

The first edition has a waved rule above "To the Reader." No rule in the later editions.

The text is numbered [5] to 78 in the first edition; [7] to 80 in the later editions.

The first edition has a rule below the headline at the top of each page, not in later editions.

Correspondence.

SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Of the comments on the question of girls' schools in Elizabethan England that have appeared in the *Nation* (called out by my letter of February 18), and that have been sent to me from correspondents in this country and abroad (in England and Germany), the most noteworthy occurs in a letter from a teacher in Philadelphia, who refers me to the notice of a boarding-school for young ladies in vol. VII of Miss Strickland's "Queens of England" (see also Bohn's edition, vol. IV, pp. 124-126), in the chapter dealing with Anne of Denmark. There we read that in 1617 "her majesty sojourned at Greenwich palace during the King's absence"; and the writer adds:

> The young women of Lady's Hall, a great boarding-school at the neighboring town of Deptford, performed a masquerade for the diversion of her majesty. In the course of the prologue, the Queen was addressed thus:
>
> The lovely crew
> Of Lady's hall, a pure academy,
> Where Modesty doth sway as governess,
> These pretty nimps [nymphs] devoted to your grace
> Present a sport, which they do yearly celebrate
> On Candlemas night with due solemnity
> And great applause.
>
> The piece was entitled "Cupid's Banishment," and in the course of it there was a song: "The Nimps' Song and Joy that Cupid is gone." This seems to have been written from the teachers' point of view rather than that of the pupils.
>
> A young man, Richard Browne, personated Diana in the masque. The scholars brought the Queen gifts of their needlework.

Miss Strickland is surprised that a man should have been called in to personate Diana; but this was not strange in that day, when all female parts on the stage were played by boys or young men. Diana was probably the only part calling for much speech or action. The attendant "nimps" only sang and, perhaps, danced.

Miss Strickland says that this is "the earliest notice of a boarding school to be found among the memorials of English costumes" [customs?]; and that such schools had then "succeeded to the ancient convents where girls were formerly educated."

If this school dated back to the suppression of the convents under Henry VIII, it was in existence when Shakespeare wrote the plays in which schoolgirls are mentioned. Probably there were other schools of the kind; and this one, only three miles from London, would very likely be known to the dramatist. The reference to the needlework and the singing of the pupils is in keeping with what Helena says to Hermia about their schoolday employments.

Miss Strickland, of course, made a very thorough and careful study of the history of the period, and it is curious that she found no earlier mention of schools for girls, and that no other writer, so far as I know, has discovered anything on the subject in historical and other literature. What she gives suffices to prove that such schools existed when Shakespeare wrote; and I hope that my calling attention to the question may lead to further investigation and perhaps to fuller information concerning it.

W. J. Rolfe.

Cambridge, Mass., July 12.

UNCUT LEAVES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recently begun cutting of the *Nation's* leaves, for which the thanks of its readers are due, emboldens me to express my long pent-up indignation against publishers who do not cut the leaves of their books. One can understand the practice in light novels, whose readers care for such fancies. In more serious works it is often very annoying.

Last winter, in Rome, when I was constantly referring to the thirteen volumes

of Gregorovius's History, it was the cause of daily exasperation to have to fumble through its home-cut ragged pages.

I have on my shelf five volumes of the Cambridge Modern History, a book which none but the most hardened devotees of history will read, who surely are above caring for bookbinders' fads. Why have the publishers aggravated the difficulty of the task—in all conscience difficult enough—of mastering this work by leaving the pages uncut?

Will not our publishers use a little discretion and save the reader from the filthiness of home-cut books, and the annoyance in their use? S.

Garden City, N. Y., July 15.

BRUGMANN'S ANNIVERSARY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: During the coming week will be celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of Karl Brugmann's occupancy of the chair of Indogermanische Sprachwissenschaft in the University of Leipzig. Brugmann received his appointment as *ordinarius* June 21, 1884, and entered upon his duties August 26. An intermediate date, falling within the period of the Leipzig University jubilee festivities, has been selected, and at 11 A. M., July 27, in the Indogermanisches Institut, there will be formally presented to Professor Brugmann a *Festschrift* representing sixty contributors, and a *tabula gratulatoria*.

Brugmann's leading position in the field of Indo-European comparative philology is too well known to warrant any recitation here of his achievements. His extraordinary command of a now unwieldy material, his sanity of view and clarity of exposition, are the inspiration, if not the despair, of all who have to deal with problems of historical grammar. His numerous American friends and former pupils will surely desire to be present in spirit on July 27, and join in the congratulations offered him. Carl D. Buck.

University of Chicago, July 17.

SPEAKING THE LINGO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Secretary of State recently published a list of twenty-three promotions in the American consular service which meet with praise as an indication that that service is placed on an "absolutely business basis." Such praise can scarcely seem wholly deserved unless ability to speak and write the language of the country has been made an essential to appointment to a consulship. Let us hope it has.

Towards the end of the last Administration, a gentleman, commanding, I believe, two continental languages, was "promoted" from a neighboring country to an important city in Italy, where, as he says, he does not "speak the lingo," and where, in the absence of an American assistant who does, he must depend upon Italian clerks to translate all documents. I would not imply that the clerks in this instance are not above temptation, but, unfortunately, public corruption, as the recent general elections, the frequent charges against the administration of the earthquake funds, and other scandals abundantly indicate, is not less known in this country than in others, and complications are conceivable which would prove that such a consulate is not upon a "business basis."

No Name.

Tuscany, Italy, July 4, 1909.

Notes.

Houghton Mifflin Co. has secured the American copyright of the "Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley," edited by Lady Stanley. This book, which promises a vivid story, will be published in the autumn.

Alfred Noyes's epic on "Drake," which had the unique honor of appearing serially in *Blackwood's Magazine*, will be brought out next autumn in book form by Frederick A. Stokes Co. This American edition will have a special introduction.

Anatole France is said to have chosen for the subject of his next work "The Fall of the Angels," based on the story of Milton's "Paradise Lost."

John Murray of London will soon issue a book by Richard Edgcumbe, on the closing years of Byron's life, under the title of "The Last Phase." It gives an account of Byron in Greece, and denies the scandalous conclusions of the present Lord Lovelace in the privately printed volume "Astarte."

Friends of the late Dr. Lowell Mason, who have letters from him, or any memorabilia, will confer a favor by communicating with Henry L. Mason, No. 188 Bay State Road, Boston. Mr. Mason is the grandson of Dr. Lowell Mason, whose life he is writing.

We are informed that the library of the late Prof. Simon Newcomb is offered for sale either *en bloc* or in parts. The collection is naturally rich in books on astronomy, mathematics, and physics, and also has a large number of works on economical subjects. A typewritten catalogue of the library had been prepared under Professor Newcomb's personal direction. To any one contemplating purchase of the library this catalogue will be sent on application to the executor of the estate, at No. 1620 P Street, Washington, D. C.

The committee which took up the task of preparing a suitable memorial address to the University of Leipzig at its 500th anniversary has completed its work far enough to send through Prof. Williston Walker a document on three sheets of vellum, printed in illuminated Caxton letters which belong to the period of the establishment of the University. In addition to this memorial a fund of about $350 is being utilized in sending to the library certain back numbers of American scholarly journals for which it made special request to the committee, and also in presenting subscriptions to a number of American scholarly journals. The committee has acknowledged personally to each of the subscribers the receipt of checks and other remittances. If any member of the association cares for a detailed account of the shipments to the library, this can be secured by writing to the secretary, Prof. Charles H. Judd of the University of Chicago.

A smoking room full of English sporting men talking pretty steadily between Liverpool and New York, an intelligent stenographer assisting, might on landing have delivered to the publishers (E. P. Dutton & Co.) the curious colloquial miscellany called by its authors, Messrs. Ralph Nevill and Charles Edward Jerningham, "Piccadilly to Pall Mall." These very wise collaborators know all that a man of the world needs to know about London fashionable gossip, clubs, courtesans, race courses, parks, and galleries of art. They write for the most part with something of the wan poetic melancholy of the elderly clubman—where are the bucks, the dames, the splendid spendthrifts of yesteryear? They lead off with some forty pages of slightly risky aristocratic anecdote, ranging from nameless native noblemen to the Shah of Persia and Li Hung Chang. A Latin jest of George IV, of famous memory, will bear quotation. Forbidden by his physician under peril of serious consequences to attend a certain masquerade ball, that finely romantic sovereign, then Prince of Wales, replied: "Ah, well, *Beati sunt illi qui moriuntur in Domino.*" Like most men of their type, our authors are moralists of distinct views regarding the government of their world. Sir Charles Sedley himself could not have exhibited a more cutting contempt for the morality based on sentiment and Puritanism which is attempting to repress the natural instincts of modern England. The proper authorities in the moral sphere, they contend, are the biologists, and biologists are united, are they not? in declaring the folly of attempting to eradicate our natural bent toward sinning. Mr. Nevill, unaided, contributes an entire chapter in which he urges that the *hetaira* should be not exactly honored and supported at the public expense, but at least looked upon with greater leniency, and not insulted and hounded from one part of the city to another. The authors have also some valuable suggestions which, if acted upon, they think, would tend to attract more people of moderate means to the race track, which, alas, is no longer what it used to be. Passing over many mentionable features of this very helpful work, we must not forget to say that the distinctive stylistic marks are the free use of the "cleft infinitive" and the "floating participle," and that the book may be bought for $3.50 net.

Misguided affection has led John Mayne Colles to publish in pretentious form the "Journal of John Mayne" (John Lane). In the months after the first abdication of Napoleon, when the continent was reopened to English travellers, John Mayne, a youth of twenty-three, made the grand tour and kept the diary now published. He met no persons of importance, and did nothing of special interest; his observations rarely rise above the commonplace. The burden of the journal is occupied with the petty details of what he ate, whether the beds were hard or soft, and how he was continually overcharged by the French and Italians. Such a record, gastronomic, somnolent, and mercenary, may doubtless be interesting to members of the Mayne family, but to others has little that is edifying or amusing.

"Remaking the Mississippi," by John Lathrop Mathews (Houghton Mifflin Co.), is a description in non-technical terms of the engineering experience of the Federal and State governments with the river system of the Mississippi Valley. Their problem was to convert a stream, obstructed by shifting sand-bars and altered by moving banks,

blocked by snags, robbed of its water supply by forest denudation, and interrupted by alternate periods of drought and flood, into a tractable river with water sufficient at all times, and never too much, for navigation, and with its channel free. The problem is not yet solved, but the engineering knowledge acquired through experiment puts its solution within reach. This story of levee building, of revetment, of the Eads jetties, of canalization, with its struggles year after year against the almost human perversity of the Great River, reads like a romance. That all this effort has contributed almost nothing to navigation is attributed by the author to the shortsighted, unsystematic, and irregular appropriations and regulations of the Federal government. He is a strong advocate of the new policy represented by the Inland Waterway Commission, which contemplates the development of our water resources for all purposes simultaneously—water conservation to prevent floods, develop power, and provide irrigation, as well as to aid navigation. A second volume is promised which will discuss in detail future engineering plans and traffic questions. However, on the latter point the author makes his position clear by his contention that the development of railways was not primarily the cause of the destruction of river traffic. Rather, it was due to the interruptions and devastations of the war, during which time transcontinental traffic and ocean commerce from the Eastern seaboard developed rapidly, and to the failure after the war to apply the inventive energy and to show the financial courage necessary to solve the problem of uncertain channels and inefficient terminal service. With a farsighted, consistent policy of water conservation and control, with adequate facilities for cheap and safe handling of commodities, with the separation of freight and passenger traffic, with the introduction into water transportation of the business methods in use in the railways, and with sufficient capital in the hands of the corporations conducting water commerce to weather the first fierce storms of competition, the river system, in the opinion of the author, will be restored to its old-time place. Then, with the opening of the Panama Canal, the Mississippi "will have come into its own."

In a volume of somewhat more than six hundred pages, Dr. Walter F. Adeney has given a history of all eastern Christianity, dealing in the first half of his book with the main body of the Eastern Church down to the fall of Constantinople, in the second with the separate churches from their origins to the present day ("The Greek and Eastern Churches," Chas. Scribner's Sons). The writer's catholic sympathy is evident on every page. While not masking his own opinions, he never adopts a controversial tone, but presents in a fair-minded fashion the merits and defects of each of the warring factions in the church, and of the pagan and Mohammedan foes of the Christian world. Not less noteworthy is the literary skill with which he handles his complex material, never letting minor details distract the reader's attention from the main current of history. In his descriptions of general social condition, such as his chapter on Eastern Monasticism, he is particularly successful. In so vast a subject, the author could not treat every topic with equal competence; mistakes of names, apparently due to careless manuscript and hasty proof-reading, are uncomfortably frequent in his account of the Russian Church. But the book as a whole is a readable and serviceable introduction to a division of ecclesiastical history little known to the ordinary student.

In "The Century of the Child" (Putnams) Ellen Key, who is perhaps Sweden's foremost woman, sums up her life's thought and experience. While both the book and its author have had a great vogue in her native country and in Germany, they are not well known here. The central thought of the book, the *alpha* and *omega* as she herself says, is this:

> Try to leave the child in peace; interfere directly as seldom as possible; keep away all crude and impure impressions; but give all your care and energy to see that personality, life itself, reality in its simplicity, and in its nakedness, shall all be the means of training the child.

Her criticism of the schools and school methods of to-day is unsparing. By mechanical methods, by hypocritical ideas concerning propriety and the social ethics, by ignoring the child's native desires, we suppress the real personality of the child. Instead we should allow nature slowly and quietly to help itself, taking care only that the surrounding conditions help the work of nature. Many of Ellen Key's ideas are familiar to us, and are found in practice in our schools. Many others are most radical. But the whole book breathes a love for the child, a respect for his individuality, and a sincerity that are most attractive. Her point of view in the first chapter, which has the suggestive title, "The Right of the Child to Choose His Parents," is made evident in her statement that whereas it is said that we are obliged to thank our parents for life, frequently parents should ask the children's pardon for their existence. No chapter of the book is more interesting and more timely than "The Unborn Race and Woman's Work." "According to my way of thinking," says Ellen Key, "not woman, but the mother, is the most precious possession of the nation, so precious that society advances its own highest well-being when it protects the function of the mother."

The last volumes of the "Political History of England" (Longmans) are appearing at much longer intervals than the first. I. S. Leadam's (vol. IX, 1702-1760) deals with a period generally accounted arid by the historian, nor do the limitations of the series and of the writer of this volume in any way serve to remove the impression. Anne and George, Marlborough and his Duchess, the Old and the Young Pretender, Bolingbroke, and Swift and Sacheverell, are all dealt by as the words of the document and the historical conscience demand; and the result is a gallery of lay figures. Mr. Leadam is at his best unfolding the conflicts of Whigs and Tories in Parliament and drawing on the Historical MSS. for material; he is less satisfactory dealing with economic questions, as, for instance, in the matter of the union between England and Scotland; he is quite insufficient when it comes to the atmosphere of his period and its personalities. We shall have occasion to speak of these later volumes at greater length when the work is completed.

"Human Nature in Politics," by Graham Wallas (Houghton Mifflin Co.), is an interesting, suggestive, inconclusive work. It is an outcome of the author's experience in English municipal politics, in which he tested ideals by the facts of life, and was thus led to produce an able and candid examination of the theory and the practice of politics, exhibiting their present want of correspondence and making tentative suggestions of adjustment. "One feels," he says, "that many of the more systematic books on politics by American university professors are useless, just because the writers dealt with abstract men." But on Mr. Wallas's own showing English university professors have not attained greater competency, and the only conclusion to which the work comes seems to be this: Wanted, political theories that will account for political facts. Incidentally the book casts light upon present political tendencies in England. Democracy there seeks concentration of power with the purpose of securing responsibility for results. He remarks that "since 1888 Parliament, in reconstructing the system of English local government, has steadily diminished the number of elections, with the avowed purpose of increasing their efficiency." The book is written in a simple, engaging style, giving ample evidence that together with vision the author has unfailing common sense and humor.

It was noted in these columns some months ago that the Greek government, by royal decree, and as a befitting mark of the centennial of Grecian independence, had determined to publish on an extensive and elaborate scale a Thesaurus of the Greek language from the beginning of its literature to the present day. The father of this great enterprise, Prof. G. N. Chatzidakis of the University of Athens, has just published in the leading popular journal of Greece, the *Panathenaia*, a full programme of what is to be undertaken. The most notable feature in the plan is that a beginning is to be made by the collection of materials for a dictionary of modern Greek. Prof. Karl Krumbacher of the University of Munich, the leading living authority on Byzantine Greek, discusses this whole enterprise learnedly in the *Internationale Wochenschrift* of Berlin, No. 22, suggesting two serious objections to the methods proposed by Chatzidakis. Rather unexpectedly the whole project is meeting with decided opposition among Greek savants themselves, this being voiced especially by the veteran Prof. G. Mistriotis, the most influential member of the teaching corps of the University of Athens, who declares that the project of collecting the "vulgar," "dialectic," and "foreign" material and not confining the work to the classical and literary language is "antinational and a fearful betrayal of the Fatherland." He quotes with approval the criticism of the former Minister Delyannis, who, when on a journey, found several adherents of the "vulgar" Greek collecting such material from the lips of old women; and is amazed that now the government itself is to publish a dictionary of such words. The whole controversy will be recognized at once as a new phase of an old quarrel between the classicists and the non-classicists of modern Greece.

The fourth edition of Part II of Col. A. O. Green's "Practical Arabic Grammar"

(Henry Frowde) differs from the third edition only in some changes in the system of transliteration designed to bring the work into accord with the modern practice. The judiciously arranged exercises, the selections from Arabic authors and newspapers, the English and Arabic letters and manuscripts, the vocabularies, and the comparative table of classical and modern Arabic forms and expressions make this volume an admirable aid to those who are beginning the study of the language.

Young Schiller is a figure still surrounded to many of us by the halo of romance, borrowed from the atmosphere of "Die Räuber." By selecting from the complete correspondence the letters of his youth and editing them separately, Max Hecker has done a meritorious work. "Briefe des jungen Schiller" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is a more direct and intimate record of the development of his personality than any biography can hope to give. Typical of the high-strung emotionalism of the youth chafing under the discipline of the Karlsschule, are the letters to his friends, especially that epistle to Scharffenstein, full of the fervid sentiment and pathos, which, though undoubtedly genuine at the time, gave to his later writings, whenever it recurred, a slight tinge of insincerity. But the bulk of these letters to his sister Christophine, to his motherly guardian angel Frau von Wolzogen, to his patron Dalberg, to Schröder, Körner, and others is concerned with his plans and hopes, and is haunted with the spectre of poverty. The financial obligations which Schiller had incurred by his flight from the academy and the publication of "Die Räuber" preyed on his mind. Reiterated apology and subterfuge make them truly pathetic reading. The element of humor, however, is not absent. His frequent clamoring for a new supply of writing paper, goose quills, and snuff is rather amusing. The editor has supplied a readable introduction.

So little is really known of the celebrated Jakob M. R. Lenz, the German-Russian friend of Goethe, that the student of German literature cannot fail to welcome the first biography of the poet, a volume of 557 octavo pages from the pen of Dr. M. N. Rosanow, *Privat-docent* in the University of Moscow. Dr. Rosanow has but fulfilled the wish of Goethe that such a *Leben* should be written; although Tieck and others made various efforts to represent the poet of the storm and stress period. By careful examination of the archives at Strasburg, Berlin, and the British Museum, the Russian scholar has been able at last to picture with satisfactory certainty the various episodes of Lenz's career. There are the student days in Königsberg, the study of Shakespeare, as Goethe had undertaken, under the same Alsacian skies, the dramatic experiments contemporaneous with the American Revolution, and, not least interesting, the visit to the court of Weimar in 1776. One hundred solid pages of notes present an astounding commentary on the various chapters; but unfortunately there is no index.

Fichte's "Reden an die deutsche Nation" have been redited by Rudolf Eucken and are published in an attractive volume (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). The feature of the book is the illuminating introduction, in which the author defines the importance of Fichte in that critical period of German history, when the nation needed a leader of his philosophical latitude.

A handsome volume in "Die Bücher der Rose" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), is called "Die Droste" and contains letters, stories, and poems by Annette von Droste-Hülshoff, the most gifted poet among German women in the nineteenth century.

Francis Almon Gaskill of the Massachusetts Superior Court died July 16, at the age of sixty-three. He was long a trustee of Worcester Academy and of Brown University. He published one book, "Civic History of Worcester, Mass."

John Goode, last surviving member of the Virginia secession convention, has died at Norfolk. He was the author of "Recollections of a Lifetime," and of a series of articles called "Civilian Chieftains of the Confederacy."

A dispatch from London announces the death of the Rev. George Tyrrell, for many years a member of the Society of Jesus, from which he separated on account of his sympathies with modernism. Father Tyrrell's articles on religious subjects were condemned by the Holy Office, and he was deprived by the Pope, in 1907, of the privilege of administering the sacraments. He wrote largely on the modern movement.

Rosa Nouchette Carey, the English writer of popular novels, died July 19. Her first work, "Nellie's Memories," was published in 1868; her last, "The Angel of Forgiveness," in 1907. In the intervening years she wrote a large number of stories which for the most part are now forgotten.

Dr. Henry Cazalis has died at Geneva, at the age of sixty-nine. He wrote books on many subjects, and used other pen names besides that under which he was best known, "Jean Lahor." His most popular volumes of verse are: "Les Illusions," "Cantique des Cantiques," and "Les Quatrains d'Al-Gazali." Other books are "Étude sur Henry Regnault," "La Gloire du néant," "William Morris et le mouvement nouveau de l'art décoratif," "La Pathogénie de l'arthritisme," and "Les Risques pathologiques du mariage."

FRANK SANBORN'S REMINISCENCES.

Recollections of Seventy Years. By F. B. Sanborn of Concord. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 2 vols. $5 net.

Mr. Sanborn's memoirs will surprise those of his readers who, knowing him only by the caustic journalism of his later years, suppose him to be wholly devoted to that sort of self-expression. These two volumes cover, roughly, his life down to the civil war, although in several cases they reach a later date. There is, for instance, a chapter on the Concord School of Philosophy. On the whole, we think Mr. Sanborn well-advised in stopping where he did: because the real interest of his recollections lies not so much in his own achievements as in his contact with one tremendous historic episode and in his intimacy with two or three great American writers. The work of his later life in various practical reforms may have been useful, but it could not well furnish the staple of an important autobiography. It is when he is Boswellizing about Concord that we listen to him most gladly.

For its intrinsic importance, however, the John Brown story, which fills nearly all of the first volume, outranks the other topics. Mr. Sanborn has written and spoken so often about Brown that one might wonder that he had anything more to say. In fact, however, he gives here an account of the martyr-fanatic from the opening of the Kansas campaign, furnishing a good many unpublished letters, and inserting others that have been scattered through various publications. The reader will not get from him a final, symmetrical chronicle—for Mr. Sanborn's mind is too miscellaneous to produce a finished work of art—but he will learn many indispensable facts. Considering the acrimony with which every detail has been fought over hitherto, Mr. Sanborn's uncontroversial spirit is as refreshing as it is unexpected. He has exchanged gall for rosewater. The result is greatly to John Brown's advantage. So far as we see him in these pages, he might be one of Cromwell's men in zeal and in his conviction that he was doing the Lord's work; as simple as a child in most of his dealings, as unshaken as Abdiel in the face of danger and death. We wish, however, that Mr. Sanborn had been, in some cases, more explicit. The Potawotamie execution, for example, he refers to several times, but beyond saying that whatever Brown did he unquestionably believed he was right in doing, Mr. Sanborn hardly supplies us the necessary facts for forming our own opinion. Servants of the Lord, as the Old Testament historians abundantly teach us, are not always free from guile; and we should like to know how far John Brown resembled, in this respect, his Hebrew models.

But Mr. Sanborn may reasonably rejoin that he is writing his own recollections, which deal with Brown only as he was personally concerned in Brown's affairs. The vividness of Mr. Sanborn's impressions, and the clearness with which he describes them are as valuable, in their way, as the documents. We have real bits of the anti-slavery sentiment which, in the late fifties, was becoming a religion to many earnest souls in the North. Nothing is more characteristic than the matter-of-fact tone in which Mr. Sanborn tells how he and his friends engaged in treasonable plots against the government; and certainly there have been few stranger meetings in America than that at the Revere House, Boston, at which Sanborn, the young schoolmaster; Theodore Parker, the eloquent minister; Dr. S. G. Howe; G. M. Stearns, the Medford philanthropist, and Gerrit Smith discussed whether

or not to give John Brown the signal to go ahead. When such men turn conspirators, either a revolution or the madhouse is near.

In the second volume Mr. Sanborn devotes himself to Concord, prefacing his account of its authors and customs with reminiscences of his first love affair and of his formative years at Exeter and at Harvard. We should be glad to have a more consecutive story, but that is beyond his purpose. He gives us instead a multitude of miscellaneous facts and impressions, some vital, others trivial, nearly all interesting. Considering the number of times that he has raked and reraked this field, it is surprising that he has still some fresh gleanings to offer. Read these chapters, and you will see, better perhaps than anywhere else, the daily humdrum of village life in Concord, if that may be called humdrum in which so many queer, and a few remarkable, persons were concerned. Mr. Sanborn says somewhere that he had a passion for knowing men; that he gratified this passion appears on every page. His interest in his fellow-beings is as insatiate as a savant's curiosity. He knows all about the humblest dweller in Concord—be he the butcher, the baker, or the hogreeve—not less than about the celebrities. And he knows equally well what flowers or birds are to be found in the Carlisle woods or on Nashawtuc, by the Assabet, or along the shores of Walden Pond.

He produces the effect of a glorified gossip, or garrulous town-pump. To him no item comes amiss; by him nothing is forgotten. There is a lack of perspective, a temperamental inability to coördinate and to generalize. Mention the name Hosmer, or Bartlett, or Barrett or Buttrick, and he reels off the proper genealogy, with some anecdote of every member of the family whom he mentions. This results in a sort of Pepysian disconnectedness, but it has also the Pepysian charm of real life.

When it comes to the portraits of Concord celebrities, we do not observe that Mr. Sanborn brings much that will cause a revision of the opinions which the well-informed already hold; but we note, with satisfaction, that his former extravagant admiration of Alcott and Thoreau has considerably abated. Thoreau was certainly a striking figure in American literature, but it is plain now to everybody, as it has always been to the judicious, that he does not belong in the same class with Emerson. Even Mr. Sanborn permits us to suspect that Thoreau consciously imitated his master, and he admits that both Thoreau and Ellery Channing were rasped by Emerson's Olympian aloofness. Mr. Sanborn strives, as usual, to make a hero out of Ellery Channing; as a friend's zeal for a friend, it is a pious task. But has friendly piety no allegiance to truth? Is it desirable that a man who shirked every obligation and evaded every duty, who abandoned his children and family, in order to give himself up to a life of perfectly selfish irresponsibility — gormandizing books, playing at verse-making, dallying with ideas—should go down to posterity with implied commendation, as one in whom "imagination and *conscience* were strangely intermixed and transfused"? If friends will write biography, let them remember that the claims of truth transcend even those of friendship.

But we cannot close our notice of these recollections in a tone less genial than that which Mr. Sanborn maintains, almost without a break, to the end. Despite its formlessness, and the rather too frequent resort to scissors and paste, the book is very readable. It will be one of the permanent sources of information for those who study John Brown and the Concord Group. To the student of social manners and customs, it will be scarcely less valuable, because it gives a hundred short-range glimpses of Yankee village life during the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century—that life which is as obsolete to-day as is the Boston of Cotton Mather. It is plain enough that some of the Concord egoists, who thought themselves geniuses, and absolved from the duties common to civilized men, were thinly disguised, or undisguised, cranks. Their verses and their lucubrations, and their diaries filled with anæmic introspection, will impose on nobody to-day. But the true Concord community —with Emerson, and Hawthorne, and with Thoreau, too—can no more lose its significance for Americans than Weimar can for Germans. These recollections by Mr. Sanborn contain much authentic news of it.

We must call particular attention to the illustrations, which include many rare portraits.

CURRENT FICTION.

The White Mice. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Davis here makes another excursion into those fields of South American adventure, or quasi-adventure, which he has hitherto found profitable. "The White Mice" is a fantastic society formed in a convivial moment for the nominal purpose of saving deserving lives. The founding of the order takes place in the Far East, which should be sufficient preparation for the fact that the incidents with which we are concerned occur on our own side of the globe. Not without precedent, an ex-college athlete is the hero. He has pitched at Yale: hence we may expect anything of him in South America. Piquancy is given to the present situation by the fact that, very early in the game, he finds himself at odds with his father, who is at the head of a great American firm of lighthouse builders. The son has been dispatched to Porto Cabello to be kept out of mischief by a minor engineering job, at a few dollars a week.

But it does not really matter how few dollars a week are his portion, how much he may find himself at odds with paternal authority, for he is destined to marry "the richest girl in Venezuela." Her father is immured in an island fortress, and she herself, with her mother and sister, has been banished to an island yet more remote. The ex-Yale pitcher and other "White Mice" take up the liberation of the father at first as an amusement, but presently (the pitcher having become informally acquainted with the girl) as a religion. A native popinjay who wishes to marry her, in part for political reasons, adds to the merriment of the game. There follow plots and counter-plots, veiled messages, lively broils by day, sensational, but for the principal parties safe, encounters by night. An ancient tunnel, sealed, but not guarded, leads to the dungeon where languishes the people's hero—that is, the girl's father. The ex-pitcher finds out about it, penetrates it, blows up the walls of the deadly dungeon, and, after some further adventure (the outcome whereof is a foregone conclusion), rescues the paternal patriot, and escorts him to the arms of his fellow-patriots, who, by a not too odd coincidence, have at that moment triumphed over his foes, and need but him to make their joy complete. When we say that the girl had a hand in this timely rescue (for the enemy would have fatally pinked the prisoner if his rescue had been delayed by a few seconds), we say all that need be said in favor of a rattling "romance" which has, admit the publishers, already gone into numerous editions.

Wallace Rhodes. By Norah Davis. New York: Harper & Bros.

Of standard themes in fiction none wears better than that of a married pair learning to fall in love with each other. The situations are so made to the hand! Those elegant summer breakfasts on terraces, where the bride longs, yet fears, to give her husband a flower! Those drives, with coy, piquant conversation, and burning blushes if the word "wife" or "husband" be uttered! What zest may be lent to the book by its romantic solution of the enigma, "How to be proper though unchaperoned"! It is all familiar ground, and from "The Taming of the Shrew" to Miss Mühlbach it holds its own.

The case of "Wallace Rhodes" of the Mississippi cotton lands has, of course, special features. A father sets himself

deliberately to supplanting his son in order to show him the unworthiness of a reckless coquette. His intention is to draw the girl into an indiscreet unconventionality and thus convince the son, who is engaged to her, that the match must be broken. Finding that he has involved the girl in the public eye more deeply than he intended, the father marries her. He then proceeds to make a deliberate covenant with the son that he will hand over the wife to him at the end of a year, on the trifling condition that Veronica, whom both mistakenly fancy to be still in love with the son, shall wish to be so conveyed. But a simple attitude would naturally be fatal to a complicated story, and so for three hundred pages this father, this son, this wife, and an alternate bride with a scheming aunt play in and out.

The strange thing is that a father capable of such revolting behavior should figure as a knight of potent charm and pure intent. The personality of Veronica is elaborated rather successfully. A girl she is "with nothing but beauty and little ways," and a "polished nullity of manner"; but these are enough to make a deal of mischief. The glances, gazes, eyes, and eyelashes of all the parties concerned constitute a mobilized force by themselves. Their varied manœuvres and metaphysical messages are full of prophecy. In the future the language of eyelashes may replace the more grossly material human speech. Meantime they rather disconcert the plain reader, who comes from these ocular acrobatics with almost a sense of physical eye-strain.

The actual story, entertainingly carried along, is made on a foundation quite too artificial to give the book a firm hold on acceptance. The mind rebels at the evolution of a hero from a blackguard, and at the nauseous mixture of affection and rivalry between father and son.

Red Horse Hill. By Sidney McCall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

A melodramatic bent is a good servant but a poor master; and it is deplorable to see a writer of real talent exhibit an increasing lack of restraint in her use of this dangerous ingredient. Regretfully as one observed the retrogression from the poise of "Truth Dexter" to the turgidity of the two Japanese novels that followed, it was to be supposed that the exotic atmosphere of the *mise-en-scène* might be responsible in some degree for the change; but in her present book Mrs. Fenollosa returns to America with no loss of Oriental mannerism. Her purpose in this book is obviously high, and her central situation is a powerful one —the idolized wife of a wealthy millowner, aware of the illegal conditions prevailing in her husband's mill, but intrenched in a comfortable inaction bulwarked with sophistry, discovers in one of the victims of defective machinery her own lost child by a previous marriage. This idea, involving the facts of child labor in Southern factories, would have made a powerful book had it not been weakened by an hysterical riot of individual emotion on the part of the actors in the drama.

The Scottish Staple at Veere. By the late John Davidson and Alexander Gray. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $4.50 net.

This is an able and scholarly book on an important phase of an extremely thorny subject—the product of the joint efforts of the late Prof. John Davidson of the University of New Brunswick, who drew the plan of the work and accumulated the bulk of the material, and of Alexander Gray, who has carried the labors of his predecessor to a worthy completion. It falls really into two main divisions: The former, corresponding to Part i and comprising the first 112 pages of the volume, gives an admirable summary of the development of Scottish trade up to the close of the sixteenth century; the second, corresponding to Parts ii and iii, and forming the bulk of the work, describes in detail the history, organization, and development of the Scottish staple in the Netherlands. As "the history of the connection of Scotland with the Low Countries is really the history of Scottish trade," the story of the Staple at Veere, or "Campvere" as the Scots preferred to call it, is a matter of more general interest and importance than would at first sight seem to be the case; the trade of Scotland with England (where incessant warfare rendered continuous commercial dealings impossible), with France, and even with the Hanseatic League and the Scandinavian nations, is, relatively speaking, insignificant.

Scottish commercial relations with the Netherlands date back to the end of the twelfth century, when we find that goods obtained from Scotland were included in a list of merchandise imported by Bruges, and the monks of Melrose, who played a leading part in developing Scottish industry and economic life, and deserve in a sense to be regarded as the pioneers of Scottish trade, received from Count Philip of Flanders a right of free passage through his dominions. In the fourteenth century a Staple, or permanent market for Scottish merchants, with a definite constitution and rules and a fixed relation to the Lower government, was established at Middleburg; thence it was subsequently transferred to Bruges, which remained the chief centre of Scottish trade up to the end of the fifteenth century, when Antwerp, Bergen-op-Zoom, and finally Veere in the island of Walcheren entered the lists as competitors. After a half century of bitter rivalry between these towns for the privilege of harboring it, the Scottish Staple finally went to Veere in 1541, and there it remained, save for one short interval during the Revolt of the Netherlands (1572-8), and another in the reign of Charles II (1668-76), down to the establishment of the Batavian Republic in 1795. By that time, of course, the Staple had outlived its usefulness and had ceased to be of importance; yet the esteem and regard in which the ancient institution was held are clearly indicated by two discussions of the feasibility of its renewal in the Convention of Royal Burghs in 1802 and in 1814, and by the annual mention until 1847 in Oliver & Boyd's almanac, among the officers of the Convention, of the "Conservator at Campvere." It is also interesting to notice that the Scottish Reformed Church at Veere, which was active at the time of the Solemn League and Covenant and sent representatives to attend the meetings of the General Assembly of the Scottish Kirk after its revival in the middle of the seventeenth century, is still, in strict theory, entitled to a continuation of that representation. As recently as 1894 an attempt was made to realize this theory in practice, when a minister appeared at the bar of the Assembly and claimed to be the delegate of "the Kirk Session of the remanent congregation of the Scottish Church at Campvere." The Assembly refused to recognize this claim, but in deference to long-established usage, decided at the same time that the name of the church at Campvere should continue on its roll.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the whole book is that which deals with the organization of the Scottish Staple and its relations to the government of the country. It differed radically from the institution which in England developed under the same name. The latter was favored "in order to concentrate trade with the object of facilitating the collection of customs duties"; it was in fact largely a fiscal device, and "arose naturally from the system whereby the crown derived a large part of its revenue from payments on the export of wool." Its management was thus primarily a matter of royal concern, though the administration was to a large extent left in the hands of the merchants of the staple. But in Scotland "the governing body throughout the history of the staple was the Convention of Royal Burghs"—the most ancient assembly in the land—whose object was primarily "the development of the nation's trade, and the prosperity of the merchant classes." And this divergence in the constitution and object of the staple in the two countries inevitably

led to another fundamental difference. In England the foreign merchant was not excluded, but encouraged, for his advent would rather increase than diminish the revenue of the crown, which was the main object of the system. In the Scottish Staple, on the contrary, the attitude toward the foreign trader was one of rigid exclusion, for the object of the institution was the development of the national commercial prosperity, which the influx of foreigners would inevitably threaten. As an organization for the development of foreign trade a truer analogy to the Scottish Staple is in England to be found in the Company of Merchant Adventurers, which was called into existence solely for the purpose of trade, and not used as a part of the administrative machine; but even here there is danger of carrying the parallel too far, for, though both were primarily commercial organizations, the Merchant Adventurers were merely a private enterprise, whereas the Scottish staple was public and national, an organization of the whole nation for the purpose of foreign trade, with a recognized place in the body politic. To remind us of this essentially national organization of the Scottish Staple, which differentiates it from the Merchant Adventurers in England, we have at Veere the Conservator or representative of the Convention of Royal Burghs, in whom was vested extensive powers of supervision and control. By him were adjudicated cases of dispute arising between Scottish merchants at the staple port. On their life and conduct there he exercised a general power of control. To him was intrusted the execution of the laws of trade, and at the end of each year he had to give an account of his conduct, and answer complaints brought against him.

We should like to dwell at even greater length on this important and interesting book. It affords good evidence that economic history, when properly written, may be quite the reverse of dull; that it can be made, on the contrary, truly fascinating. The Scottish corner of the field is in need of cultivation, and, if the present book is a specimen, will certainly yield good fruit.

The Taverns and Turnpikes of Blandford (1733-1833). By Sumner Gilbert Wood. Published by the author.

Blandford is a little town in western Massachusetts of no great antiquity as New England towns go, and now but a sleepy hill-top village on the edge of the Berkshires. It is some distance from the railway, and its principal visitors are of that transient sort which embodies itself in a toot, a stare, and a cloud of dust; for Blandford is on the official route of the Automobile Club from Springfield to Lenox. There are a few summer cottagers, and here and there an abandoned farmhouse has been restored or "improved." But the little place has seen its best days, and very good days they were, as this book abundantly testifies. For many years it was a chief halting-place on the arduous journey through the Berkshires. Indeed, a tavern provided to break the forty-mile struggle from Springfield to "Housatunnock" was the nucleus of the later settlement. Though the "Great Road to Housatunnock" on which this wayside inn was placed was nothing more than a rough bridle-path, it lay in the main route from Springfield to Albany.

When a few years later the town of Glasgow (now Blandford) was laid out and began to be settled near this strategic point, its function of caravansary was quickly established. Its settlement by families of Scotch-Irish stock perhaps facilitated development into a village of taverns. Blandford suffered as time went on from the peculiar temptation of mine host. But much drinking was a feature of colonial life by no means confined to this particular type of village. Hard-by the church stood the tavern, where the sermon might be comfortably discussed at noon over a stout mug of flip. There, too, a reverend Council of Ordination might be entertained, the town duly voting an appropriation to cover "the strong Drink that the Council drink while they are Hear on our Business" (1749). An old cellar is pointed out where report has it that hundreds of barrels of cider were wont to be "stored in the autumn, and rolled out in the spring and distilled into brandy, which was drunk and sold; and the man who owned that cellar was a preacher of the gospel." But it is easy for us to forget that the temperance movement is less than a century old. Mr. Wood handles this ticklish theme with great good sense and good humor. His antiquarian temper is admirable: he loves every one of his data for its own sake, but keeps it in its place. There is nothing fatuous in his affectionate enthusiasm for the past which he has undertaken to chronicle. If old Blandford was by his admission not infrequently visited by delirium tremens, it was in many other respects "a shining example" among New England towns. The tavern, as a social centre and a promoter of travel was, he holds, more blessing than curse to the community and the country.

As a sign of this, the fact is noted that the aristocracy of the town, not only the selectmen, deacons, overseers, and so on, but the first in social rank, were the inn-keepers. Mr. Wood has some interesting paragraphs on the social system of early New England, and rightly suggests the need of a monograph on that subject. He finds traces in the Blandford records of classes designated by occupation—of yeomen, gentlemen, esquires, and "clarks." The more important of the eighteenth-century innkeepers received the title of gentleman or squire. Mr. Wood gives a number of amusing or edifying anecdotes about these worthies, and divers citations from deeds and court records which yield the savor of the times. None is more quaint than a complaint entered in a warrant as late as 1805 against one Robert Cannon, who is alleged to have made "an Assault upon the body of your Complainant with his fist Gun Club Stone ax Stick Beat wound Bruise Smit Struck him the said John G being in the peace of God and this Commonwealth." The recorded verdict of "not guilty" leads one to reflect with admiration upon the versatile fancy of the complainant in the matter of weapons.

The writer's somewhat detailed description of the turnpikes running, earlier or later, through Blandford, and his account of the part they played in the development of New England, are of equal interest in their way, though it might have been safer to omit some of the topographical detail in a book designed for the general reader. But the very gusto with which he carries us from brook to hilltop, from boulder to swamp, in company with this or that ancient, and, it may be, half-obliterated, path, wins us to his method. The past is a live thing to him, and he goes far toward making it so to his readers. The present book is, he says, a by-product, written as a study toward an elaborate town history, and published "to test my ability to interest the natural constituency to which Blandford history might appeal." The private manner of its publication may have prevented it from reaching that constituency as a whole. We therefore take pleasure in recommending it not only to students of New England history, but to lovers of the past as a sentimental possession. These old taverns which he describes, and many of which he has photographed, are bleak, homely little affairs, differing only by the characteristic end-door from the typical blunt-faced old farmhouse you may see on any New England hill-side. We need to have them, and the life they contained, interpreted for us. It is to be hoped that Mr. Wood (who is Congregational minister at Blandford) is going on with his projected "Homes and Habits of Ancient Blandford."

The Oldest English Epic: Beowulf, Finnsburg, Waldere, Deor, Widsith, and the German Hildebrand. Translated in the Original Metres, with Introductions and Notes, by Francis B. Gummere. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.10 net.

This unpretentious little volume, pleasing to the eye and light in the hand, we estimate to be the most sig-

nificant of all recent American contributions to the study of Old English. For it demonstrates beyond cavil that this study is pursued here most diligently, not alone as a linguistic discipline, but in equal measure for whatever it may offer of cultural and literary value.

To wide and accurate scholarship—the notes evidence a mastery of the most recent monographs—Professor Gummere joins a facile expression wholly out of the common. This facility is in part innate, in part is doubtless the result of life-long familiarity with our ballad literature. Style and diction are terse, robust, direct, concrete, depictive. Above all, the expression is singularly free from pedantry, the besetting weakness of translators. Occasionally, the reader may be puzzled by a situation or a sentiment quite foreign to modern life; that is a defect which no ingenuity can cure. Most rarely, however, will the reader trip over an uncouth wording. Let us compare like with like. In the *Modern Language Notes* for June of this year, p. 167, Prof. Albert S. Cook translates from the "Christ":

> And from the heights of the air ruin the steadfast stars.
> Then doth the sun, that erewhile shone for the joy of earth's children,
> Turn to the hue of blood, a blot on the face of the sky.

This is Cynewulf modernized. *Ruin* as a verb is bizarre. And the poet did not liken the sun to a "blot in the sky," but merely said with Biblical simplicity: "Then is the sun turned black." By way of contrast, this is Gummere's rendering of "Beowulf," 2249-2260:

> *But* battle-death seized
> And cruel killing my clansmen all,
> Robbed them of life and a liegeman's joys.
> None have I left to lift the sword,
> Or to chase the carven cup of price,
> Beaker bright. My brave are gone.
> *And* the helmet hard, *all* haughty with gold,
> Shall part from its plating. Polishers sleep
> Who could brighten and burnish the battle-mask;
> And those weeds of war that were wont to brave
> Over bicker of shields the bite of steel
> Rust with their bearer.

We have underscored *But*, *And*, *all* as superfluous. They are not in the original, and the insertion of them merely dilutes the verse. In truth, if Professor Gummere has any chronic weakness, it is in the use of the pleonastic introductory *and* and *but*. On the other hand, "haughty with gold," "over bicker of shields," are happy renderings of *hyrsted golde*, *ofer borda gebræc*. And of the passage as a whole every one will admit that the lines read themselves; they impart the swing of the original.

In brief, "The Oldest English Epic" is a performance of which we may all be proud. The ordinary reader, to whom Old English, or Anglo-Saxon, is as Hebrew or Choctaw, may peruse these pages in the comfortable assurance that he is getting as close as he possibly can to the thought and the spirit of our far-distant ancestors. And the professed student will carefully keep the book within reach for friendly stimulation and guidance.

Our criticisms of Professor Gummere's work deal in part with general points, in part with details. Among the general points we would place first his exposition of Old English metre and his modern rendition of it. To assert that the "fourth stressed syllable . . . must not rhyme with the third, or rhyme-giving syllable" (p. 17), is going too far; Sievers (Altgerm. Metrik, 21) is more guarded in his formulation. Further, if there is any one immutable feature of Old English metre, it is this: that the hemistich can never have fewer than four syllables. When we find less, we either assume textual corruption, or restore an earlier dialectic pronunciation, *e. g.*, the Northern dissyllabic *do-an*, in place of the Southern *don*. Yet in more instances than we have attempted to count our translator gives us a three-syllable hemistich, *e. g.*, 442a: "Fain, I ween." To an ear trained to the invariable alternation of stress and "sinking" in the Old English A and B "types," all such aberrations are grievous.

Of other general points where Professor Gummere, as editor, is in error, we remark p. 1, *note* 2: "The seventh [century] . . . with its austerity of morals, its gentleness, its tolerance." This is not our interpretation of Bede; the days of Penda, Oswald, and Oswy, and the bitter Easter controversy, can hardly be described as austere, gentle, or tolerant. Is the assignment of the giant Grendel to the tribe of Cain "superfluous genealogy" (p. 10)? Certainly not according to mediæval notions; nor does the view tally with the editor's own note on page 28. In two places (p. 11 and p. 45, *note* 2) the slang terms "haze," "hazing" are used in a sense unfamiliar to us; we should rather have expected "guying, chaffing, ragging." The Hrunting incident still remains a crux, despite p. 101 *note*. The sword is taken by Beowulf on his quest after Grendel's mother. In the fight with her he dashes it—as useless—to the ground, and nowhere do we read that he picks it up and brings it back. On the contrary, v. 1614 tells us that he took back with him only Grendel's head and the hilt of the old "giant" sword. Occasionally, Professor Gummere has erred through trusting too implicitly to his German authorities instead of verifying their citations. Otherwise, to take a single instance, he would not have said (p. 106 *note*) that "Thrytho is not a likely form of the name." It is a quite possible form. If the editor had not followed Schücking (Engl. Stud. xxxix, 108) but had gone back to *Modern Language Notes*, xviii, 117 (cited by Schücking), he would have found that Thrytho was there demonstrated to be an impossible *nominative;* a different proposition.

Among details open to criticism we note only a few. "Up he bounded" (v. 759) comes perilously near making Beowulf ridiculous; much better is v. 2092: "When I all angrily upright stood." On the other hand, we are glad to learn, from v. 760, that the translator refers the clause: *fingras burston* to Grendel, not to Beowulf. With regard to v. 1467, "drunk with wine," we would remind the translator that the O. E. participle-adjective *druncen* is not necessarily "drunken," but may mean simply "joyous, gay" (see Sievers, *Beitr.* ix, 139). At p. 24, *note* 4, Balder's body is represented as burned ("consumed"). Is it?

Concerning the advisability of incorporating Widsith, "The Singer and His Lay" (pp. 188-200), opinions might differ. The piece is scarcely a poem at all, certainly not a genuine bit of epic. It tells no story, gives no action, but is a mere string of names as dry as the Homeric catalogue of ships. Still, we need not grumble; the names have some interest, and the reader ought to be glad to see how a pre-Norman *précieux* has comported himself. On the other hand, the inclusion of the Hildebrand Lay is above question. Although German, not English, it is born of the same mother, if not of the same father, and its inclusion justifies the editor's assertion that now the reader "has the entire salvage from oldest narrative poetry of the West-Germanic peoples in mass."

Characters and Events of Roman History, from Cæsar to Nero. The Lowell Lectures of 1908. By Guglielmo Ferrero. Translated by Frances Lance Ferrero. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

One of the points continually pressed by Signor Ferrero is that the men and events receiving most attention in history are neither so good nor so bad as they are apt to be pictured. We may be pardoned, therefore, for saying that the brilliant young Italian's own lectures are neither of such a quality as to prove futile all that patient scholarship has done in the same field before, as some of his newspaper eulogists have announced, nor yet so bad as the trained scholar would be forced to believe, were he dependent upon those same newspaper sources alone. It is unfortunate for the author that he has listened so complacently to an avalanche of praise from incompetent sources. This has brought him to the persuasion that Roman history has been wholly misunderstood down to the present day, that he

himself has found the key to unlock all its secrets, and that the whole is now plain to every one who will but step to the unlocked door and look. From the lecture on "Antony and Cleopatra" we take the following passage:

Two years ago, when I published in the *Revue de Paris* an article in which I demonstrated, by obvious arguments, the incongruities and absurdities of the legend, and tried to retrace through it the half-effaced lines of the truth, everybody was amazed. From one end of Europe to the other, the papers résumé the conclusions of my study as an astounding revelation.

Now, what is the essence of this astounding revelation, that has given European opinion such a shock as Virgil might have illustrated by the simile of a mighty crag toppling from the mountainside and bringing thunderous ruin on the unprepared shepherds and farmers below? In brief, that there was probably less of love and more of calculating ambition at the bottom of Antony's relations with Cleopatra than appears in the literary treatment of the tale as it has come down to us through Plutarch and others. Does Ferrero really suppose that such a possibility has never had serious consideration in any mind but his? And we may add that, in spite of his talk of "obvious arguments," he has adduced no necessarily destructive evidence against any really essential feature of the story. He himself specifically admits that Antony was, toward the end, possessed by a strong personal infatuation for Cleopatra. Evidently, if Europe can be amazed and astounded from end to end so easily as that, the amazing and astounding of Europe are not seriously to be taken into account in the problem of finding the author's place as an historian. Perhaps we ought to set by the side of this passage one or two in which the claims of modesty are recognized:

Two years ago I happened to say to an illustrious historian, a member of the French Academy, who was complimenting me: "But I have not remade Roman history, as many admirers think. On the contrary, it might be said, in a certain sense, that I have only returned to the old way. I have retaken the point of view of Livy."

In one of his lectures, "Wine in Roman History," we are told distinctly that here we are to find exemplified the author's idea of the proper historical treatment of economic phenomena. It was from this lecture, when delivered, that some of the newspapers professed to get the information that Horace, in his references to old Falernian, Massic, Cæcuban, and the rest, was a mere advertising agent for the wine-growers and dealers. Ferrero does not quite say that but he does expatiate at some length on Horace's praises of wine without the slightest reference to his vigorous and oft-repeated counsels against its abuse. One wants some genuine evidence that Horace had any conscious purpose of making a market for wine, and still more that down to the time of Horace's manhood the Romans were so abstemious that wine drinking was not common, but was looked upon with general disfavor as a dangerous extravagance of the careless few. One wants some statistics, too, of the sales of Horace's Odes beyond the Alps before assigning him any considerable influence in the increased demand for Italian wines among the recently conquered Gauls. The economic treatment of history is under heavy obligation to walk with careful foot in such matters.

In a previous review, we were led into believing that Signor Ferrero had abandoned his original intention of carrying his history through the period of the Decline. His opening words, in the last volume to appear, "The publication of the fifth volume, which completes my study of the Greatness and Decline of Rome," seemed definite enough. The lectures before us, however, repeatedly assert that the work is to go on, thus leaving the reader to his own conjecture as to the purpose of the words just quoted. Somewhere between the original Italian text and the press there should have intervened an eye capable of detecting a few annoying blunders, such as requiores for nequiores, Celerus for the Roman name Celer, the Belgi for the Belgæ, Aquilea for Aquileia, Mesia for Mœsia, and Pandalaria, more than once, for Pandataria. All these wrecks of well-known proper names are carried over into the index, with sometimes an extra blow there, as Metullus Celerus, for the at least partly recognizable Metellus Celerus of the text. In a book belonging to the field of scholarship, is not the reader really entitled to scholarly accuracy in such matters?

Hesiod: Poems and Fragments. Done into English prose, with introduction and appendices, by A. W. Mair. New York: Henry Frowde. $1.

Professor Mair's work, wearing what Matthew Arnold's Professor Newman would style "a plausible aspect of moderate antiquity," admirably meets the need for a readable and trustworthy version of the old Bœotian singer of the "Works and Days," to take the place of the bald prose of Bohn and the very blank verse or Popian couplets of Elton. A comparison of Mair and Elton makes the literary fashions of 1820 seem more antiquated than Hesiod himself. If a primitive poet calls the shepherds "bellies only," we wish the translator to say so, instead of addressing them as "ye grosser natures." We prefer "in front of Virtue have the deathless gods set sweat," to

But virtue dwells on high; the gods before
Have plac'd the dew that drops from every pore.

And we can face the plain fact that the maiden "bathed her tender body and anointed her with olive oil," without the interposition of the softening veil of periphrases required by the more delicate sensibilities of our grandfathers:

Around her nightly flows the tepid wave
And shining oils in liquid fragrance lave.

Professor Mair, then, is not afraid of the *mot propre*. His Biblical phrasing preserves the homely, racy quality of the original, and catches the poetical note in the few passages of higher strain. He retains the riddling quaintness of such expressions as "the boneless one" for cuttlefish, the "house-carrier" for snail, the "wise one" for the ant, and the "day-sleeper" for the burglar, which he illustrates from the Hebrew and does not believe to belong to the ritualistic language of Delphi. The earliest idyll in Greek literature, if there can be an idyll without a girl, is thus rendered:

Then let me have the shadow of a rock and Bibline wine, and a milk cake, and milk of goats drained dry, and flesh of a pastured heifer that hath not yet borne a calf, and flesh of firstling kids, with ruddy wine to wash it down withal, while I sit in the shade, heart-satisfied with food, turning my face toward the fresh West Wind, and let me from an unmuddied ever-flowing spring, which floweth away, pour three measures of water and the fourth of wine.

There are few, if any, positive errors. But it would have been well to add explanatory footnotes to some readings or renderings about which difference of opinion is allowable—*e. g.*: "Works," 231, "but with mirth they tend the works that are their care"; 314, "whatever be thy lot"; 374, "aiming at thy barn"; 518, "maketh the old man bent"; 602, "thrall that hath no family"; "Theogony," 269, "swift as time"; 304, "she hath Einarima in her keeping."

The instructive addenda, on The Farmer's Year in Hesiod and Agricultural Instruments, appeal rather to the scholar than to the general reader. The Introduction, besides a life of Hesiod, contains a contrast between the Heroic and the Didactic Epic, and an interesting comparison of Hesiod with the Wisdom-literature of the Hebrews. Professor Mair seems to belong to the dwindling school of interpreters who prefer exact exegesis to ingenious hypothesis or eloquent sentiment. He thinks that Prof. Gilbert Murray's remarks on Hesiod's ox and Hesiod's plowman "have no obvious relation to the facts." And when Professor Murray bids us note that the wife and daughters-in-law of Nestor wail when the bull is struck "exactly you see as the Todas wail," his unfeeling comment is: "Unfortunately, Homer does not say that Nestor's wife and daughters-in-law *wailed*."

Science.

Some eight years ago Dr. J. K. Mitchell wrote for *Harper's Bazar* a few articles designed to help nervous women. These he has now expanded into a little book with the title "Self Help for Nervous Women" (J. B. Lippincott Co.), although, as he points out, the advice is mostly quite as good for nervous men. It may suffice to say that the instruction, which deals largely with the economies of nervous expenditure, is really good and well suited to help those for whom it is intended. In the last few pages Dr. Mitchell firmly opposes the use of hypnotism and expresses entire lack of confidence in the Emmanuel Method, while admitting a certain measure of success at the hands of its originators whom he holds to be exceptionally qualified. He has "grave doubts of the general capacity of clergymen" for making the distinctions that need to be made in the treatment of nervous disorders, or for giving the help that is needed at the time when their advice is usually sought. He points out also that the relation between the clergy and the congregation is in many denominations no longer such as to develop the confidence which would lead a nervous person to her pastor at the time when he might really aid her. Interesting is the comment that cases of nervousness are less frequent among orthodox Jews and strict Roman Catholics than the races involved would lead us to expect, and that the author cannot recall treating a professing Quaker for nervousness.

The history of manufacturing processes does not often receive much attention, and it is a surprise to find a volume with heavy paper, wide margins, and illustrations of all sorts devoted to "The Rise and Progress of the British Explosives Industry" (The Macmillan Co.), prepared by a committee of the Seventeenth International Congress of Applied Chemistry. It hardly fulfils, however, the expectation that its appearance arouses, for more than half the book is occupied with bibliographical and chronological tables and statistics of the governmental and private factories now existing in England, useful for reference, no doubt, but unreadable. The first chapter on the history of gunpowder will be the most attractive to the general reader. It begins with a discussion of the Baconian cipher—not the Shakespeare one, but the anagram in which Friar Bacon concealed his knowledge of the formula of gunpowder. An illuminated Latin MS., dated 1326, is reproduced, showing a bottle-shaped mortar shooting a dart, and in 1380 we have Chaucer's reference to artillery in the "House of Fame":

> As swift as pelet out of gunne
> When fyr is in the poudré runne.

"The Cell as the Unit of Life" (London: J. & H. Churchill; Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Sons & Co.) is the title of a book printed as a memorial of Allan Macfadyen, who died a little over two years ago, the victim of an accidental laboratory infection. He was well known as an investigator of bacteriological problems, and particularly as an eminently successful student of intracellular ferments and endotoxins. For some fourteen years he had an important share in building up the establishment for the study of hygienic questions now known as the Lister Institute of Preventive Medicine. In 1901 he was elected to the Fullerian professorship in the Royal Institution of London, and the book contains three of the courses of lectures given by him during his incumbency. The title is that of the first course, the others dealing in more detail with cellular physiology and the methods of investigating cell activities. To these are added earlier lectures on toxins and antitoxins, and another address, all given at the Royal Institution. The treatment is popular in the best sense of the word and without reference to the literature. There is necessarily some repetition, but the book is a very attractive introduction to this special line of biological research. As the most recent of the lectures was given seven years ago, time has modified some of the statements. The editor, Dr. R. T. Hewlett, who was associated with Macfadyen in some of his researches, has endeavored to overcome this defect by an occasional footnote. He also gives a brief biography and a list of Macfadyen's principal papers, forty-two in number.

"Plant Study, with Directions for Laboratory and Field Work," by W. H. D. Meier (Ginn & Co.), consists of a convenient portfolio containing blanks to be filled by the student. There are thirty-five progressive studies, which, taken together, cover a large part of the field of botany, and constitute a good introduction to systematic works. We have serious doubts whether the verification of some of the points presented at the head of the pages is within the power of the average student; and if the points are not verified by actual observation, the laboratory practice falls short of its ideal aim. Some of the questions suggested on these blanks are, we fear, beyond the personal reach of a good many teachers, to say nothing of the pupils themselves.

Dr. Edgar Holden of Newark, medical director of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, and president of the Association of Medical Directors of Life Insurance Companies, died on Sunday night at the age of seventy. Besides various monographs, he published three books: "Use of the Sphygmograph," "Health and Mortality of Newark for Twenty Years," and "The Waif from Minot's Ledge."

Art.

THE EIGHTH INTERNATIONAL.

VENICE, June 28.

Fourteen years ago I entered rather grudgingly the first International. Had not the green walks of the Public Garden looked irresistible I should hardly have been drawn from the lagoons and the old masters. In a similar spirit of dubious curiosity many made their first visit. The whole thing seemed odd. A municipal enterprise, international as yet chiefly in intention, no one would have given it many years of life. But live it did, with a surprising vigor. Its statistics of attendance became increasingly eloquent. It grew to be the best picture mart in Europe, just as the old exhibitions ceased to sell. In Venice and in other Italian cities it became the feeder of promising galleries of modern art.

Venice itself undoubtedly counted for much in this. Even more, perhaps, the principle of variety adopted by the permanent secretary and soul of the enterprise, Prof. Antonio Fradeletto. Where the exhibitions are selected by many committees from many nations, where warring factions practise their pet theories of hanging and decoration side by side, there can at least be no monotony. Two years ago it seemed that even variety had its limits. The long series of international galleries was becoming oppressive; even more so the "regional halls" where the Italian artists were exhibited side by side for no better reason than that they were inscribed in the same tax lists. But if I had grasped the meaning of the New Belgian Pavilion I should have seen that variety was merely taking a breathing space. Since then Cavaliere Fradeletto has given a wave of his magic wand, and England, Hungary, and the Munich Secession have built them galleries amid the trees; then another wave and the old mixed halls are become a most piquant succession of one-man shows.

Of the three new pavilions, that of Hungary most takes the eye. The barbaric, half-Oriental suggestion of its low bronzed portal, external archaistic mosaics, and vaguely pre-Raphaelite stained glass is oddly belied by the ultra-modernity of the exhibits. These Magyar painters and sculptors are essentially clever men, knowing in harmonies and arrangements, intending a fillip to jaded enthusiasms. Sometimes they do more. A peasant and his wife I saw literally frightened away by a sprawling nude that seemingly offered her heels through the massive portal. Other visitors seemed to find the apparition inviting. In general, this abundant and sufficiently diverting cleverness does not come to much. Very enjoyable are two simple and direct portrait heads *in tempera*, by Körösföl, able but more conventional the portraits of Glatter and Szenes. Márffy in the Green Room, a Paris-green interior provided with all manner of crosslights, translucences, and glimpses through shimmering glass, does the merely amusing thing almost superlatively well. Márk's Grisette, in yellow, who exposes a pearly shoulder before a blue-green park, is vivacious and fetching. These things solace but do not thrill.

Better than all the painting, I liked Simay's monkey groups in bronze. He works the beasts out in their essential unmodulated planes, letting the tex-

tures go. These schematized beasts have a very touching quality. Perhaps the arts and crafts exhibit of Hungary is more significant than that of fine arts. One feels that the æsthetic overripeness of the painters may have its social value in raising the general taste. In any case, the decoration of the pavilion itself, the potteries of the Zolnay Company—adaptation mostly of Chinese and Japanese types—the lace patterns and laces produced by the National School of Decorative Arts, the stamped leathers designed by Lakatos, all suggest a progress in applied arts that other nations may envy the Magyars.

From wont and use the shock of the Munich Secessionists has diminished. They are unflinchingly uniform in their singularities. Their pavilion, a simple classical structure, shows within the familiar Whistlerian hangings in whites and silvers. Von Haberman's nudes have their old wriggling vivacity. Von Keller remains an illustrator of quality and a soberer technician than most of the group: Albert Weisgerber scores the sensation of the show in A Summer's Day. A picnic party of leering men and women observe a skinny nude who staggers (dances?) under a crudely indicated forest roof. The picture is humorous in a bestial fashion, but hard to swallow even as a joke.

Happily, the "secession" has its serener contributors. Borchart's village scenes are wholly unpretentious and charming. He has not merely studied, but really assimilated his Whistler. It is a disappointment to find Fritz von Uhde over-emphatic and colorless in his portrait of Wohlmuth as Richard III. The subject itself, Richard raving before a blazing battlefield, seems simply impossible. That so gentle a talent should have attempted it is distressing.

After these two up-to-date exhibitions the English show is reassuring. A porticoed Georgian house offers six galleries hung in deep blue, pale mauve, and terra-cotta. Here are Lavery, always distinguished, in two female portraits and an Oriental subject; Anning Bell in a rather thin poesy entitled Calumny—fair women speaking ill of a fairer; Sir James Guthrie in a characterful portrait of Mrs. Warrack; Charles Shannon very delightfully retrospective in the portrait of The Lady with the Plume—a picture as sensitive as the Reynoldses it vaguely recalls; Rothenstein in a charmingly arranged study in rose and yellow, called My Wife's Studio.

That capable executant, William Orpen, represents almost alone the ultra modern. He paints himself in a marvellous round-topped "topper" (or is it merely an over-extended "bowler"?), with his back firmly turned to the white torso of an Hellenic Venus. Both are seen in a studio mirror. The conceit is entitled I and Venus; it is rendered brilliantly and with humor, and I have no quarrel with it except for its size.

In McTaggart's Scotch grainfield, with a moor behind and a tumbling sky, the indications of the accidents of the landscape are both sure and free, quite in the best tradition of the British School. As for W. Y. Cameron's A Yorkshire Seaport, it gave for the single time in a dutiful round at Venice the thrill that one gets from a Claude. The picture is of utmost simplicity, just a stretch of pale warm sand, a tower, and group of houses profiled in warm brown against a pale greenish yellow sky that deepens above into evening blue. The rest is merely the silence and serenity of the evening hour. It is the kind of subject that the amateur inevitably tackles and does abominably. Here, it seems to me consummately well done.

I find it a little difficult to express the comfort I take in the English pavilion as a whole. The actual achievement is perhaps not extraordinary, but these men have retained certain fundamental characteristics of sobriety and humility. Here, I hope, is a soil out of which something much finer might grow. Elsewhere I find prevailing anarchy and pretentiousness that promise nothing except speedy self-exhaustion.

No land seems more in a ferment than Belgium. In a single tiny hall we find the drastic romanticisms of James Ensor—a warmed-over Watteau devoted to symbolistic caricature; the joyous impressionism of Camille Lambert, In Longchamps: the Flower Fête; and the tense, ghastly, yet gripping Pre-Raphaelism of Jef Leempoels's portraits. Surely, Belgium is in all the movements. Elsewhere one has the familiar symbolism of Khnopff, and Gustave Oleffe's continuation of the tragic manner of Meunier. Then you have the soberer landscape methods of the Scandinavian in Verstroeten's big snow scene, with keen reflections in the crust, and the purest practice of the dotted method (*pointillisme*) in the group of artists Buysse, Claus, de Saegher, and the De Smets who paints the river Lys. The little hall devoted to this group is so singularly uniform that a confiding soul might say, "At last truth; here are forty painting as one." I fear it only means that restricting the palette to the primaries and the brush stroke to a stipple makes inevitably for monotony.

Mural painting is rather scantily represented at the International. Galileo Chini's permanent decorations of the dome of the administration lobby seem of most importance. For the eight compartments of the dome he has chosen as many periods in the history of art—Primitive, Oriental, Greek, Byzantine, Mediæval, Renaissance, Baroque, and Modern. By cutting off the top and bottom of each compartment, treating these portions as decorative panels, the figure compositions are reduced to manageable oblongs. The conventional patterns of a semi-Byzantine character are of great ingenuity and variety. The whole effect of gold, bright blue, crimson, and orange is garish as yet, but time will tone it. For the compositions full of symbols bearing emblems I cannot say much. The scale is too small and the arrangement too confused to count at the height. Moreover, the invention, with nude geniuses carrying statues, etc., emblematic of the period, displays no originality. Aristide Sartorio exhibits very interesting large sketches for a frieze. It is to adorn the House of Parliament and symbolizes in a dense composition of nude figures and horses the aspirations of the Italian people—Courage, Justice, Faith, etc. Sartorio displays once more in the contorted and novel yet usually harmonious poses of his figures his really extraordinary mastery of the nude. One fears that the mere cumulation of figures and the apparent tendency to monochrome may land him in a kind of Doréism. In general, the compositions, though very rhythmical and varied, seem too crowded to promise a monumental effect, but a critique must naturally wait upon the finished work.

Sculpture is more abundant than excellent. In this field I can hardly conceive a more colorless exhibition. One must except Calandra's charioteer in high relief, intended for the Zanardelli monument at Brescia. It is fine along thoroughly safe and conventional lines. Otherwise, out of the mass of competent work there is little that grasps one. Stuck and Zorn, to be sure, are piquant in their various fashions. Our American exhibitors, Bartlett, Aitken, French, Eberle, Pratt, Roth, and Mrs. Vonnoh, are represented by small pieces which give an impression rather of *finesse* than of robustness. Prince Troubetskoy's animals and children are, as always, most engaging.

The American show under the auspices of the Academy is the best that Venice has seen. Surely, there is no abler group of portraits in the show than that composed of De Camp's 'Cellist, Cecilia Beaux's Mother and Child, Sargent's Miss Helen Brice, Tarbell's Dr. Edward Robinson, and Alden Weir's Portrait of a Girl. With these Irving Wiles's Julia Marlowe and Robert Henri's Girl in Black keep worthy company. Possibly the retrospective principle has been pushed to an extreme, as the list may already suggest. Here is a capital little Leda and the Swan painted by Brush about twenty-five years ago, not to mention those departed glants, Homer Martin and Alexander Wyant, in rather unimpressivè examples; besides Blakelock and Twachtman. An excellent nocturne by Ben Foster, a snow scene by Ochtman, and Childe Hassam's Old Church at Lyme, a picture of great distinction which rightly holds the place

of honor, represent our current landscape in varying phases and pretty nearly at its best. Coffin, Ranger, Redfield, Schofield, Charles H. Davis, I can merely mention, though their contributions are of an interesting sort. Benson, Carlsen, Paul Dougherty, Snell, and Woodbury send good marines. The comparatively neglected category of figure painting includes Kenyon Cox, Daingerfield, Sergeant Kendall, Genth, Loeb, among others. Genre painting is almost wholly absent, though William Hays sends a spirited Trotting Race. Here contributions by Glackens, Jerome Myers, or George Luks might have filled a perceptible gap acceptably. Nothing in the American room gave me greater pleasure than George Bellows's On the Hudson, a picture full of wind and tide and sense of place. Very delicious in quite a different way I found A. B. Davies's After Supper—a spectral group of little girls profiled against a steely estuary beyond which soars a ghostly New York. Davies is a constant surprise and joy for the variety he contrives to deploy within his well-marked mannerisms. There is about this little picture an imaginative quality and a beautiful strangeness in arrangement and color that fix it in the memory.

In general, the American exhibits are pitched in too low a key to catch the casual visitor. They lack exhibitionistic quality, which, in my eyes, is a merit. They represent a high level of technic, a reverent approach to nature, and, on the whole, a rather weak invention. These painters see pictures rather than make them, and they accept a bit too readily the first pictorial motive that nature presents. It is this that makes me wish that an indubitably inventive talent like Ryder had been included, or, perhaps better yet, something of Mr. La Farge's best. Our painters seem to emerge with difficulty from the tutelar stage. Yet the American thing begins to define itself. Hassam and Tarbell, among others, mean a very definite accomplishment, Dougherty and Bellows a splendid promise. The best of it is that most of it seems straight goods with a minimum of trick or pose. The foundation is being laid upon which the men of commanding genius may readily build if they will first consent to be born.

Ettore di Tito is a painter who declines to be bound by his formulas. A robust draughtsman, in a manner an illustrator, his pictures are usually finer in their parts than as wholes. There is life in him. The fisher lass straining at the tow rope, the young gentlewoman holding a spirited horse, share a common sincerity and actuality. Certain little pictures of half-naked children wading in the lagoons are exquisite in color and most true to the humid atmosphere of Venice. But, in general, his color is merely adequate, and his larger compositions tend to disintegrate into engaging fractions. He is at the heights of his activity, still progressing, and probably yet has surprises in store for us.

Here should come Besnard, Stuck, etc., but first a word on a few other Italian painters. Among the many who paint Venice to-day, Guglielmo Ciardi is one of the most attractive figures. His manner is mild, his mood patient. He lets the intricate beauty of sparkling water and drifting cloud come to him slowly, and invents charmingly unobtrusive methods for conveying it to the canvas. It is a pensive and modest art, and these qualities are not common enough here to be ignored. Zanetti treats these same subjects with far greater swagger and naturally with less intimacy. His work invigorates. Mancini's portraits still put down all others for sheer mass and vitality, but his color grows oppressively hot, and his lavishness of heavy impastes increasingly disagreeable. I cannot share the national enthusiasm for the sleekly staring portraits of Grasso, nor does the pearly nude that Arturo Noci unfailingly exhibits seem to me anything better than very pretty. Among all the Italian easel painters, I find no more specific talent than that of Marius Pictor (né Mario di Maria). His paint has a very precious quality whether it means roofs phosphorescent in moonlight, or trees, grass, and sky saturated with August sunshine.

Being an old and fervent Besnardian, it pains me to acknowledge how much his exhibition disappointed me. Here are fine things—the portrait of Princesse Mathilde with its lamplit bouquet of scarlets and crimsons, the pallid and impressive effigy of his wife; here is an amazing picture—study I had nearly said—of life-sized horses kicking off flies; here are Oriental iridescences of the familiar orange, blue, and pearl; here are nudes as incarnadine and sprightly as ever Fragonard himself painted. Why should it all strike one as a little tricky – the sport rather of amazing finger tips than of a fine intelligence? Partly, I'm afraid because that is the fact; even more, surely, because the more serious side of Besnard, his mural decorations, is unrepresented.

Anders Zorn is so engagingly and uniformly himself that after the first time he leaves a critic very little to say. One looks to him for a probity of workmanship that almost, but I think not quite, connotes genius. He withdraws himself. His fidelity to appearances is extraordinary. You would realize that the portrait of Mr. James Deering was that of a clear-cut American gentleman, and the likeness of Prince Karl of Sweden that of a high born Scandinavian, before you perceived that either was a Zorn. The most primitive of our artists—for he embodies an almost lost zest in fine craftsmanship—he can be the most modern. He paints you Miss Hilma Erickson quite nude, seated oblivious of you on a bearskin—a mere primitive thing seen, not a vision; and he will evoke also an extraordinary and wholly modern vision, like the Beer Hall here, with its many cross lights and reflections, or Mrs. John L. Gardner's even more memorable picture The Omnibus. But vision is, on the whole, rare with him. His arrangements are adequate rather than fine. One finds the true man not in the pondering of a work but in the doing. There everything is precious—the whittling of little nudes out of wood, the sweep of the etching needle over the copper, the sabre stroke of the brush that implies the whole contour of a nude. The finest things we probably shall never have from him, but we owe him much for remaining his own man and resolutely declining to cheapen his great gifts as a craftsman.

No serious person not a German need say anything much about Franz von Stuck, and I shall say little. Except for the delusions of greatness that so abound in the Vaterland, no one with so small a ballast of imagination and manual skill would ever be reckoned as a great painter. But Germany at this moment requires a great painter, and Franz Stuck has uttered his *adsum* so clamorously that it has been not only heard but believed. The violence—not strength—of his inventions contrasts pitilessly with the essential feebleness of his workmanship. He affects few contrasts less drastic than vermilion or pale blue, shot athwart a pitchy background. His color is not merely harsh and discordant, but poisonously disagreeable. I cannot remain long in the Stuck room without physical discomfort, and where I see a reassuring thing, I recall a finer original, for he drinks from many cups. Look at the painting of the gown of his daughter, travestied as a Spanish Infanta, and then think that this hard metallic stuff indecisively worked over with the brush, is in emulation of—or more kindly, in homage to—Velasquez! Mere assertiveness and oddity have so frequently passed in our day for greatness that nobody need be either surprised or offended when the phenomenon passed from politics to painting. The German visitors all fonnd the Stuck room either *Colossal!* or *Ungeheuer!* I am ready to admit that it was both.

Kroyer is a talent of the whimsical sort, with a shade of the sweetness that often accompanies that temperament. Almost as keen a transcriber of appearances as Zorn himself, he is at his best when he paints old men caught in the humors of business or deliberation. The carefully composed portrait groups seem to me his most serious, and a very wor-

thy contribution. Such little pictures as the Stock Market at Copenhagen, or The French Jury of Fine Arts, should be looked at with interest hundreds of years from now, for they are true and genial documents of our time. More intimate and appealing is the group of intent thoughtful men listening to music in the gloom of the painter's studio. These things seem to me remarkable instances of a difficult *genre*, in which modern painting is wofully weak.

Only an Æsop could moralize the International as a whole. I must conclude with mere jottings. The Western world is as far as ever from an accepted technic in painting, or from an approved and limited number of technics. The black manner and the chrome-lake manner, the unmodulated planes of Manet, the spots of Monet, the dabs of the "divisionists," the fused modelling of Velasquez, the "close" tonalities of Whistler, the sleek polychromy of the Institute, the slashing direct stroke of Hals, the cautious over-painting and glazes of the old Venetians—all have their adherents, and the result is surprisingly monotonous. It seems that very few pursue a technic to the height where it becomes a genuine means of expression. Too many of these painters put on their style as they do their black velvet smoking jackets. I suppose we shall have no end of this confusion, so long as the wholesale half-teaching by the schools and academies persists, and so long as we lack artists strong enough to invent and impose definitive procedures. We should, doubtless, be better off, *mutatis mutandis*, if we could say, as France could, in the eighteenth century, that there are only two manners—that of Raphael and that of Rubens. We need something to steady us against restless and inconclusive experimentation considered as a good in itself. But the mountain will doubtless continue to labor and the usual number of small mice will not be denied us.

Something might be done, perhaps, by a public that wished second thoughts and appreciated moderation. The appalling vice of this as of most exhibitions is the lack of relation between scale and subject. Graziosi, one of the cleverest younger Italians, gives us Treading Out the Must—a mass of trampling legs and swinging bodies in sunlight as it might be glimpsed from a motor car through a gateway. It is immensely vivid and able, but unarranged and unselected, hemmed in by its frame—a brilliant snapshot not a pondered vision. The Kermesses of Rubens teach another lesson. Besnard's life-sized itching horses again win no impressiveness from their bigness. It could all have been said better in smaller compass. In fine, subjects have their appropriate scale in painting, as in poetry. If Ettore di Tito and Graziosi are usually too big—the prevailing fault—Chini, in his dome decorations, is too small. But, alas, how many of the overgrown pictures were made, not even like the cast-iron razors to be sold, but only to be exhibited. Exhibitionism, *Mm. les artistes*, there is the enemy! F. J. M., JR.

Dr. Arthur Evans has determined not to excavate this year at Knossos, Crete, but to work up the mass of material already at his disposal. But a find of stone vases at a spot near where the royal tomb was discovered led Dr. Evans to investigate that site. This resulted in bringing to light a stone sepulchral chamber with a pavilion-shaped roof, dating, as is shown by the pottery found on the spot, from a relatively early period—the "Third Middle Minoan," that is, about the eighteenth century B. C. Though the tomb had been plundered, it still contained some important objects, including a gold-mounted intaglio of a Molossian dog with two men, and a gold ring with an engraved design of four women dancing, with a religious ceremonial above. The dancing figures bear a resemblance to those on one of the miniature frescoes found in the palace of Knossos. These discoveries have made it possible for Dr. Evans to fix the site of what is apparently a large cemetery of the same date, earlier than the necropolis already excavated. In the little palace on the west side was found the lower part of an Egyptian diorite vase, probably not later than the thirteenth dynasty, with the remains of an Egyptian hieroglyphic inscription, which seems to refer to an official charged with mining operations.

The investigations of Commendatore Boni in the Forum are again yielding notable results. The excavation of the last two remaining graves in the prehistoric necropolis of the Forum is now completed. In them were found large jars of clay, which served as receptacles for clay models of huts containing bones and ashes, and orientated in the same direction as all the huts previously found in this burial ground. Fibulæ and vases have also come to light. Commendatore Boni ascribes the date of these graves to the eighth or perhaps even to the twelfth century B. C. In addition to these excavations the work of removing the earth from the Basilica Æmilia has been almost finished, and investigations have been made with regard to a curious sacred well which was discovered beneath the so-called Church of S. Cesario, on the Summa Sacra Via, between the Arch of Titus and the Colosseum. The well belongs to the republican period and is approached by a flight of steps, which, however, date from mediæval times. Commendatore Boni believes that it was connected with the rites of "incubation," or the practice of sleeping in temples in order to secure a cure for diseases. At a later period a large dolium was inserted in the well to raise the level of the water, and this has now come to light.

The committees on the competitions for the prize of Rome have awarded the scholarship in sculpture to Paul H. Manship of New York; in painting to Frank P. Fairhanks of Boston, and the first honorable mention in painting to Henry Lawrence Wolfe of Philadelphia.

The Académie des Beaux-Arts has awarded the Prix Leclerc Maria Bouland (3,000 francs) to Jules Zingg, the Prix Meurand (1,000 francs) to L. Montagué, the Prix Édouard Lemaître to R. Huet, the Prix Desprez to M. Iselin, the Prix Maxime David to Madame Gruyer-Brielman, and the Prix Eugène Piot to E. Rosset-Granger.

From Bremen comes the news of the death of the painter and dramatist, Arthur Fitger, in his sixty-ninth year. As a painter he is perhaps best known for his Bremer Ratskeller. Among his plays are "Die Hexe," "Von Gottes Gnaden," and "Die Rosen von Tyburn."

Finance.

The truth about the pending Panama bond issue is patent. The Treasury's working cash balance has become uncomfortably narrow. Extravagance has brought it to a low ebb. The working balance last Friday, for instance, was less thn $25,000,000. The deficit for the month so far has amounted to over $9,000,000. The Treasury's balance with the banks is $56,000,000, and is being steadily drawn upon. The talk about the bond resources of the Treasury being ample apart from new legislation is largely pretence. The remainder of the former Panama issue authorized but not issued is simply not available. The government cannot float a straight 2 per cent. security. It succeeded in cajoling the banks into subscriptions for the 2 per cents. by virtually guaranteeing to make deposits of public funds with the purchasing banks on the security of the bonds in question. The Treasury has now no funds to deposit with the banks. It is rapidly withdrawing what balances it has. It has got down to hard pan, and cannot borrow at a 2 per cent. rate. The $100,000,000 of 3 per cent. short time certificates authorized but unissued are a dubious potential asset at best. The Treasury officials are properly shy of issuing short time 3 per cent. certificates. This would but put off the evil day by less than a year, when, conceivably, circumstances might be even more unfavorable for the sale of long-time securities than now. Under these circumstances the 3 per cent. rate is an obvious commercial necessity though the purchasers of the 2 per cents. may gnash their teeth. The Panama Canal project is used as a handy

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means of saving the government's financial face. We started to build the canal out of surpluses of current revenue. Extravagant expenditure and trade depression turned the surpluses into a negative quantity. The result is a dearth of ready cash, and, under guise of returning money spent on the canal, the Treasury is using the new Panama bond project to get the funds to pay for its daily bread and butter.

The difficulty connected with the proposed issue is triangular. At one corner is the growing deficit and the dwindling Treasury cash balance. At a second corner is the loss to be incurred by slackening the construction work at Panama. And at the third corner is the danger of note inflation and an indefinite postponement of doing away with a bank currency based on specific bond security. There can be no dispute about the necessity of replenishing the Treasury's cash. No one seriously proposes shutting down on the Panama Canal construction. The avenue of escape is the issue of a long-time obligation, presumably a 3 per cent. bond. Here the difficulty is that the note circulation would at once expand. When the enlarged circulation has once served to help the banks to move the crops, the circulation will prove excessive, and a part of our basic currency—gold—will be expelled. The most reasonable plan, then, would seem to be to issue as required long-time obligations at such a rate as the market necessitates, with the express provision that the bonds issued shall not be available for the purpose of taking out note circulation. This will raise the nominal rate of interest which the Treasury must pay. But the other policy, of allowing the new issues to subserve note inflation, will only conceal the true rate of interest, and will make mischief in future when currency reform is attempted.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andrássy, Count Julius. The Development of Hungarian Constitutional Liberty. Emil Zerkowitz, 49 Exchange Place.

Angelus Silesius (Johannes Scheffler). A selection of quaint rhymes translated in the original metre by Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. $1 net.

Blanchard, H. P. After the Cataclysm: a Romance of the Age to Come. Cochrane Pub. Co.

Bleibtreu, Karl. Deutschland und England. Berlin: Karl Curtius.

Brewer, R. W. A. The Motor Car: A Manual for the Use of Students and Car Owners. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2 net.

Busch, Wilhelm. Edward's Dream: The Philosophy of a Humorist. Translated and edited by Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. $1 net.

Cairns, W. B. The Forms of Discourse. Revised edition. Ginn & Co. $1.15.

Chapman, J. J. Emerson and Other Essays; Causes and Consequences; Practical Agitation. New and revised editions. 3 vols. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 each.

Closeburn, Kirkpatrick de. Souvenirs de la Dernière Guerre Carliste (1872-1876). Paris: Lihrairie Alphonse Picard et Fils.

Cole, S. W., and Lewis, L. R. Melodia: a Course in Sight-Singing. Ditson & Co. $1.50.

Dawson, M. J. and C. W. The Great English Letter-Writers. Vols I and II. Harpers. $1 net each.

Dyke, O. O. The Omar Sonnets and the Lefra Lyrics translated. E. S. Gorham.

Fauth, Ph. The Moon in Modern Astronomy. Introduction by J. E. Gore. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2 net.

Forman, J. M. Jason: a Romance. Harper. $1.50.

Garnett, Mrs. R. S. The Infamous John Friend. Holt & Co. $1.50.

Holton, Susan. Little Stories about Little Animals for Little Children. Cincinnati: Children's Pub. Co.

Hrdlicka, Ales. Tuberculosis Among Certain Indian Tribes of the United States. Washington: Government Printing-Office.

Irwin, A. M. B. The Burmese and Arakanese Calendars. London: Luzac & Co.

Kemble, F. W., and Underhill, C. R. The Periodic Law and the Hydrogen Spectrum. Van Nostrand Co. 50 cents.

Mantzius, Karl. Great Actors of the Eighteenth Century. Vol. V of A History of Theatrical Art. Translated by Louise von Gossel. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.50 net.

Meehan, J. F. Eight Episodes in the History of Bath. Bath, England: B. & J. F. Meehan.

Meyer, J. J. Hindu Tales: An English Translation of Jacobi's Ausgewählte Erzählungen in Maharashtri. London: Luzac & Co.

Michelet, J. Jeanne d'Arc. Edited by J. H. Sacret. H. Frowde.

Old-Lore Series, No. 14, Orkney, Shetland, Caithness and Sutherland; No. 15, Orkney and Shetland Records; No. 16, Caithness and Sutherland Records. London: Viking Club.

Peake, A. S. Christianity, Its Nature and Its Truth. Crowell. $1.25 net.

Picon-Febres, Gonzalo. La Literatura Venezolana en el Siglo Diez y Nueve. Caracas: Empresa el Cojo.

Russell, H. L., and Hastings, E. G. Experimental Dairy Bacteriology. Ginn & Co. $1.

Ruta, Enrico. La Psiche Sociale. Milan: Remo Sandron.

Sayler, H. L. The Air Ship Boys. Chicago: Reilly & Britton Co. $1.

Smithsonian Mathematical Tables. Hyperbolic Functions. Prepared by Geo. F Becker and C. E. Van Orstrand. Washington.

Tennyson's Enid (1859). Edited with introduction and notes by C. B. Wheeler. H. Frowde. 40 cents.

Theophrasti Characteres. Recensuit Hermannus Diels. H. Frowde.

Titchener, E. B. A Text-Book of Psychology. Part I. Macmillan. $1.30 net.

Turner, L. M. Quartz from the Uplands; the Building of an Epic.

Twenty-fifth Annual Report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics for the year ended Sept. 30, 1907. Albany: State Dept. of Labor.

Unstead, J. F. Practical Geography. Part II. H. Frowde. 40 cents.

Wells, H. G. This Misery of Boots. Boston: Ball Publishing Co. 50 cents net.

Worsley, F. W. The Fourth Gospel and the Synoptists. Scribners. $1.25 net.

Wright, Mabel O. Poppea of the Post-Office. Macmillan. $1.50.

NOTABLE NEW BOOKS

R. M. Johnston's
The French Revolution

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1909.

The Week.

Insurgency as a temporary condition has plagued the Republican leaders sorely. Presumably, they would be still less pleased if Republican insurgency were to become a habit. From that to open rebellion and revolution the descent is easy. There are indications that the minds of men are turning towards the possibility of permanent cleavage within Republican ranks. Secretary MacVeagh has openly threatened the Republicans with a realignment of parties, if the party now in power fails to recognize the changing spirit of the times. Senator Gore's speech of Saturday was more jesting in tone than in import. He was merely stating facts in saying there are persons in the Democratic party who ought to be in the Republican party, and persons in the Republican party who ought to be in the Democratic party. But we are getting down to something of a programme when Senator Gore advises that the Democrats refrain from putting up candidates against the anti-Cannon Republican Congressmen. In return—politics always demands something in return—Democrats running against stand-pat Republicans ought to have "a reasonable hope of assistance from "progressive" Republicans." What large hopes of a third party, anti-tariff and anti-Trust, Senator La Follette is carrying about with him, one cannot definitely say.

Senator Culberson makes a belated and pretty futile attempt to show that the Democratic record on the tariff in Congress was not so bad, after all. The Texas Senator seems to think that a little ingenious figuring and explaining will correct the general impression. First, he asks us to leave out the votes on iron ore, coal, lumber, and hides. On them, he admits, many Democrats went wrong; but those were the very items on which the Democratic party had most explicitly committed itself, and recreancy here is fatal to any pretence of loyalty to pledges. It is of no avail for Senator Culberson to point out that the Democrats were "in effect unanimous" for reducing the duties upon many articles of common use. The critical votes were those in which Aldrich needed Democratic help, and got it; and he doubtless could have got it, if it had been necessary, on the schedules which Senator Culberson specifies. Nothing that can be said or alleged now will break the effect produced by the display of ratting on the tariff, which Democratic Senators and Representatives have given in the extra session of Congress. The country may be disappointed with the measure of tariff revision which the Republicans will give it, but nobody can now convince it that it could have got any revision at all if Bryan had been elected.

The appointment of William Franklin Willoughby, the present Secretary of State for Porto Rico, to the position of Assistant Director of the Census, is another gratifying evidence of the President's desire to make that bureau a highly competent instrument for scientific investigation and research. Secretary Willoughby has been in the government service since 1901, serving first in the capacity of Treasurer of Porto Rico, and more recently as Secretary of State for the island. In the absence of the Governor he has also acted in his stead. To say that the Bureau of the Census has not been regarded uniformly as a scientific arm of the Federal service, is to put the matter mildly. It has been at times a sort of private hospital run at public expense for the personal parasites of the politicians. In the character and competence of the new Director and Assistant Director, we have a guarantee of better things.

The Treasurer of the United States has been conferring with New York bankers about the possible effect of new bond issues upon the quotations of Government securities. The situation makes one thing clear beyond cavil, that the market prices of United States bonds are a very imperfect index of the Federal government's credit. The error dates back at least as far as the publication of "Triumphant Democracy," and assumes that the relative credit of this and other countries can be gauged by comparing the prices of public stocks bearing the same nominal rate of interest. The truth is that our 2 per cents, which are but barely above par, convey a double income to their holders—the banks—besides the advantage of exemption from tax-liability. To the 2 per cent. paid as interest are to be added either the profits on the note circulation based on the bonds in question, or the gains made by holding public deposits for which the bonds stand as security. If it is desired to keep above par the market quotations of our 2s and 3s, there would seem to be an additional ground for denying to the purchasers of the new Panama bonds the right to take out circulation based upon the bonds in question. The dilemma which the Administration faces is just this: If the new Panama bonds are made available for circulation, the public credit will evidently fall, and the 2 per cents may go below par. If the new bonds are not made available for note circulation, an entering wedge will have been driven into the present system of a currency based on deposited securities.

The Assistant Secretary of the Department of Labor and Commerce, in his recent speech before the Commercial Law League at Narragansett Pier, dwelt upon one great defect in our industrial system. It is the failure to distribute congested labor where labor is greatly in demand. There is an unmistakable anomaly in Western farmers crying for hands and Eastern cities endeavoring at the same time to cope with the problem of unemployment. So far as trades unions act as clearing houses for requests for jobs and demands for workers, they perform a public service no less beneficial to themselves than to the country at large. Unfortunately, the workers most likely to be stranded, especially newly arrived immigrants, cannot avail themselves of the employment bureaus of the trades unions. We have daily to witness the truth of Adam Smith's dictum, that "after all that has been said of the levity and inconstancy of human nature, it appears evident from experience that a man is of all sorts of luggage the most difficult to be transported." Mr. McHarg urged that advices should be forwarded to Washington regularly as to the condition of

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local labor markets. This is what we do already in the case of the wheat, cotton, and iron markets. It might help in securing a better distribution of labor power throughout the country—a task which the immigratiou officials may very properly study. Of course, there will be unemployables under any system, for "unemployment" is unfortunately a specialty of some who find that they can live without labor.

The Employers' Liability Act, passed by Congress on April 22, 1908, cannot be enforced by a suit brought for damages in a State court. This is the unanimous finding of the Connecticut Supreme Court of Errors in a decision handed down last week. The case was one where William H. Hoxie, a train hand, injured in coupling cars by the negligence of a fellow employee, sued the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad for damages. It will be remembered that the original employer's liability act was declared unconstitutional. The present law was designed to avoid the errors into which the draughtsmen of the original statute had fallen, and was passed at the hot insistence of Mr. Taft's predecessor. The soul of the act is that in industrial accidents arising in interstate commerce, the employer may not plead in defence the common-law doctrine of fellow-servant. The Connecticut decision would seem to imply primarily that a Federal court is the only proper forum for damage suits brought under the law in question. It further affirms that Congress has no power to compel State courts to assume jurisdiction in such causes. The unconstitutionality of the act is also seemingly implied in that it requires State courts to disregard, in special cases, the law of fellow-servant, irrespective of the particular commonwealth's law.

The Dominion Finance Department has determined to deport the American silver coins now current in Canada. It is estimated that 30 or 40 per cent. of the silver circulating in that country bears the stamp of the American mints. In some of the western provinces fully one-half of the silver coinage emanated from this country. The Canadian banks are to begin impounding the coins in question. When the silver is exchanged, or is redeemed in standard money by our Treasury in units of twenty dollars or multiples thereof, Canada will have realized about twice as much as is required to purchase silver bullion to replace the expelled American coins. The other half will be seigniorage, or gain to the government of the Dominion. The acceptance of American silver in Canada has been customary for years, although on this side of the border Canadian silver has generally been received with reluctance, or accepted only at a discount. "Riches," according to the proverb, "take wings," but evidently silver coins that have suffered a seigniorage exemplify the adage only for a time. After all, we have nothing to complain of. The very purpose of exacting a seigniorage on subsidiary coin is to prevent them from seeking a foreign market or the melting-pot. The gain from seigniorage results at issue, and accrues permanently only when the coin remains in circulation. When the coins are redeemed, the seigniorage is lost again.

To say that Bleriot's flight across the Channel last Sunday was dramatic is not necessarily to say that it can have no practical results. It may be months before another man will duplicate Bleriot's exploit, though the chances are that it will be done much sooner. Bleriot himself might not be able to repeat his flight the next half-dozen times he tries, though the chances are that he would. But the practical result of his achievement is in the fact that something which man has done once becomes a spur to a thousand other men to attempt the thing again. It was no utterly wild guess that in this country alone ten thousand men are now experimenting with airship and aeroplane. A victory like Bleriot's swells this army of inventors and would-be inventors.

Dr. Huntington was long rector of a prominent church in New York; but it is neither that fact, nor the host of friends and admirers he conquered, which invites to newspaper comment upon his career. He was a clergyman who held his own in a day when the clerical profession has been slipping back. Others of his calling have felt this insensible decline of influence and of importance, and have by various devices sought to recover lost ground. Some of them have cheapened themselves into vulgar advertisers and sensationalists. Not a few have wreaked themselves upon the temporalities of the church: have made themselves business managers; have organized instead of preaching; made more of clubs and classes than of prayer. All these tendencies of modern organized Christianity beat full upon Dr. Huntington, as they do upon every minister to-day, but he was not swept away by them. Being of his age, he could not help taking of its color. Grace Church has fallen in with the current set towards "the institutional church," and Dr. Huntington's firm and directing hand was upon all this multifarious activity not directly of a religious kind. But he did not waste himself in that sort of effort. He held himself to the older clerical ideal. Of a type which seems to be vanishing, he was a fine illustration of its power, even in a generation grown dull to excellencies such as his.

This clergyman remained all his life a student and a thoughtful preacher. If there were groundlings in his audiences —as there are in all churches—he would not stoop to tickle their ears. It was his way to add reflection to knowledge, and to lead his hearers to consider high themes in a spirit of grave inquiry. Dr. Huntington occasionally preached on "current topics," even on political matters, rarely. Being a citizen of this breathing world, he could not be indifferent to what his fellows were thinking and doing. But in all his attempts to bring lasting truth to bear upon passing events, there was no clamor or posturing. It was not essential to his comfort that the press should print his sermons, or that reporters should lurk in the pews before him, on the watch for some phrase that would look well in a Monday-morning headline. Dr. Huntington was absorbed with the work he had in hand; addressed his immediate audience, and cared little for a wider public, except as it might be reached through those who passed on the impulse got from direct contact with him.

Last Saturday's great demonstration in London, by workingmen, in behalf of Lloyd-George's budget, is an indication of what would happen should the Lords throw out the bill. The issue would at once be changed, and a close alliance, if not an actual union, brought about between the Labor party and the Liberals. What such a step might easily mean in electoral returns, was shown a few days

ago in the bye-election in Mid-Derbyshire. There the Liberals and the Labor party put up unitedly as candidate a member of the latter. He was elected by a majority of 2,343. This, to be sure, was less than the abnormal majority of 3,509 which the Liberals obtained in 1906, but is more than double the Liberal majority in the three previous elections. Mr. Balfour is certain to think twice before provoking everywhere a combination that would be so formidable for the Conservatives to face.

At the moment unexpected, M. Clemenceau's fall does not come altogether as a surprise. And the reason why this veteran politician has been latterly exposed to defeat rests, oddly enough, in the fact that logically he is the best man for his place, and that the majority of Frenchmen seem to have felt this to be so. Between revolutionary radicalism and the old forces of reaction, M. Clemenceau has held the balance, not too rigidly, perhaps, but as well as might be, under the circumstances. The Right and Moderates, up to the recent postal strike, reproached him with making concessions to the lawless elements. But to have expected the Premier to take drastic measures against labor agitation would be to overlook the strength of the radical idea in France, manifesting itself in gradations from Clemenceau and Briand, through Combes and Jaurès, to Gustave Hervé. On the other hand, when the labor agitators began to threaten the Government itself, M. Clemenceau put his foot down with a degree of emphasis that won the approbation of even the Right. But if Clemenceau could adapt himself to the varying moods of the French people, he could not hope to cope permanently with the shifting moods of Parliament. Holding the balance redounds to the benefit of the people, but it creates numerous hatreds in the hearts of Deputies. And sometimes the sum total of such hatreds is enough to swamp a logical majority. The immediate cause of the overturn would really seem to have been his sharp tongue. An assured majority was turned into a minority by the Chamber's anger at the introduction of personal acrimony into a debate on what is probably the most serious question of the moment in France—the pitiful state of disorganization and corruption in the Navy Department. Here was a vital problem discussed by Delcassé, one of the most serious statesmen France has produced in many a day. As the head of the committee that laid bare conditions in the navy, Delcassé was speaking with knowledge and authority. At such a time, to evoke wantonly the unhappy memories of the Moroccan crisis of 1905, turned out for M. Clemenceau a fatal mistake.

Nobody in Germany appears to be pleased with the financial compromise which the Government finally accepted. In place of the ambitious scheme submitted to the Reichstag which was to wipe out deficits, consolidate the imperial finances, and make ample provision for the future, the outcome is a thing of shreds and patches. A series of rough-and-ready taxes was adopted, the yield and incidence of which cannot be predicted. The chief new or increased imposts are upon beer and spirits, tobacco and matches, and coffee. Then there is the tax on dividends and interest — the *Cotierungssteuer*—which was so strongly opposed by financial circles, but which finally they acquiesced in as a disagreeable necessity. The official estimate is that the added taxation will bring in a revenue of $125,000,000. But this is confessed to be largely guess-work. The *Norddeutscher Zeitung* recalls the fact that the tax reforms of 1906 were figured by the Government to produce between $50,000,000 and $55,000,000, though in the event the return was only $25,000,000. Should the present estimate prove equally over-sanguine, the Government would be far from out of the financial woods. In any case, the circumstances under which the Government was forced to compromise made a bad political impression.

One feature of the German financial compromise was not reported in the cable dispatches. It was announced in the Reichstag that the Government proposed to bring in a bill for taxing the unearned increment in land. In order to give due notice to all concerned, the new measure is to be introduced not later than April, 1911, and to go into effect one year from that date. And the yield of the tax is estimated at $5,000,000. Meanwhile, a check is to be put to municipal experiments in taxing the land increment. As is well known, several German cities have resorted to this form of taxation, with varying success. Their experience has been cited on both sides of the debate now going on in the House of Commons over the proposed taxation of the unearned increment in England. But when the new Imperial tax of that kind is levied in Germany, municipalities are to go no further with it. It is, indeed, provided that they may retain the revenue already accruing from this source up to 1917; but the further experimenting with a tax about whose operation little, confessedly, is known, will be done by the Imperial government. This last decision seems rather a pity, for the tax is, in the nature of the case, almost confined to urban and suburban land, and one would think that the cities could best feel their way in this sort of novel taxing.

South America's present state of mind may be described as one of belligerency modified by a strong aversion to fighting, and ignorance as to who ought to fight whom. But since the beginning of the trouble we have had discussions on the possibility of war between Bolivia and Peru, Bolivia and Brazil, and Chili and Peru. That war between Bolivia and Argentina should even be suggested, throws a new light on the difficult problems of international arbitration. The parties to the original dispute were Bolivia and Peru; the judge was Argentina. Here, then, is a claimant who is not only dissatisfied with the award, but wants to fight the arbitrator. Evidently, the nation that sits in judgment between her fellows must be either so much more powerful or so much weaker than either of the litigants as to make it impossible for the judge to be drawn into the dispute. Professor Scott, in his new work on the Hague Peace Conferences, points out the defects in arbitration by a sovereign. The case is submitted to him without argument, and he decides solely on documentary evidence; his decision "does not, as a rule, state the reasoning by which the conclusion is reached"; and, consequently, the judgment is of little value as a precedent. And, finally, there are the sovereign's own interests, which, in a dispute between Peru and Bolivia, would have made the President of Switzerland a better qualified judge than the President of Argentina.

REPRESENTATION IN THEORY AND IN FACT.

The student of politics is not infrequently confronted with a difficulty peculiar to that science. It is, to realize the identity of an institution described in the text-book with the real thing when studied at close range. Blackstone and John Adams each in his way befogged the students of political institutions for generations. Blackstone made current the idea that the British Constitution was a complicated maze of interrelated powers and forces into whose ultimate nature it were almost irreverent to peer. John Adams hopelessly misguided many a student of American Constitutional law by his juggling of "checks and balances." Not until Bagehot simply blew away the idea of "paper Constitutions," did we begin to see something of the reality of present-day politics. But the old method is less easily banished for good than temporarily exiled. Only contrast the "paper" theory of representation in some of the modern books on politics, with the actual situation as it appears to an intelligent person at Washington, provided he has never caught the infection of so-called political science.

The theory and the fact of representation will furnish a crucial illustration. If the traditional visitor from Mars were to make us a visit to study our system of government, we may imagine him providing himself, let us say, with Professor Jenks's "Principles of Politics." Under the title, "Representation," our Martian would first find the query propounded whether the M.C. or the M.P. should act as a representative, using his independent judgment on disputed issues, or as a delegate simply recording the preponderant view of the district for which he stands.

The alternative is commonly resolved in favor of the representative as against the delegate, though the ideal superiority of the first has never been put more forcibly than by Macaulay, whose verdict was that the electorate should choose wisely and then confide freely in their representative. After the ideal character of the legislator has been settled, the next issue raised concerns his allegiance—shall it be primarily to his constituents, or to the wider public, the country at large? Here the political doctors, Professor Jenks among them, resolve the *quæstio* in favor of the wider area of allegiance—but with some reservations as to particular duties to specific constituencies. One more matter settled in advance, and our Martian is ready to buy a railway ticket to Washington. What is the ideal basis of representation? Shall it be on the numbers of the population solely, with the attendant danger of the gerrymander? Or ought particular interests, like the laboring class, the farming class, the professional and the trading class, to send from their own ranks avowed advocates of these special interests?

Thrice-armed with the knowledge of the schools, our celestial visitant, let us suppose, takes the night express for Washington with letters of introduction to those in actual touch with affairs. What chance is there that he could discover an M.C. who would even avow that his allegiance in tariff-making was primarily to the nation as a whole? There would doubtless be many eager to protest that they are fighting tooth and nail, each for his own district. But if the man from Mars should follow them up, and ask *how* they had discovered the interest of their own constituencies, he would infallibly ascertain that a few influential persons whose profits are primarily at stake were the sole exponents, or alleged exponents, of the wishes or interests of the various districts. The truth is that in tariff-making the M.C. can hardly be called a delegate, let alone a representative. He is practically the special agent of the vociferous industrial parasite that has fastened on the country, but lives in his bailiwick. The present situation, for example, is quite plain. The only person who pretends to represent the general interest is outside of Congress altogether. Congress is making an organized effort to betray the general interest, and is stopped only by the power and influence of the President of the United States.

So far as the idea of representation based on classes is concerned, it is nearer the truth to say that, instead of not having introduced it into this country, we do not know any other system. Of course, the facts are carefully concealed. The agents of the cotton interests, for example, are disguised as members of Congress from certain enumerated districts. They commonly wear masks of partisan principles, or goggles and false beards that are stamped with geographical labels. They are themselves even hypnotized into a real belief in their own personal rectitude and independence. But unless there were an obstacle to their power, they would mark cash deposits for their ultimate political creators with the regularity of a cash register.

If a realist were to etch the outlines of our system of representation, it might run somewhat as follows: Personal ambition, a certain grade of ability, and amenability to the party machine will secure a nomination for Congress. This selection of the machine will be ratified at a so-called popular election. When a tariff measure is under discussion, the large contributors to the machine pull the wires that jerk the elected member. The clash of interests arranges through Congressional committees, and finally through a conference committee, a treaty that is as satisfactory a division of plunder as circumstances permit. The cost is paid by the ultimate consumer, who is a "myth." Barring any opposition from the representative of the "myths," to wit, the President of the United States, the representative system works to enrich its manipulators by a wholesale betrayal of the country at large.

THE NEW PROSPERITY.

It needs not the assurances of financiers returning from vacation, to convince the American people that better times are ahead. The signs of rapid and large recovery from our two years' depression are unmistakable. The country has even left off waiting for the passage of the tariff bill to "give the signal." Customs duties do not make prosperity; they can neither keep it when we have got it, nor retard it when it is coming back. Natural law, combined with the moral qualities of personal saving, economies in manufacture, prudence, enterprise, is doing the business. Even European observers, as recent financial dispatches have been showing, are now convinced, after long skepticism, that the American outlook is extremely bright.

Prosperity is coming, but it will not be the old prosperity. We refer not to its outward form or bulk or duration, but to its spirit. The enlarged business which is before us, the new displays of energy, the further growth and achieve-

ments of capital fruitfully employed in corporations and otherwise, will be marked by other methods. We shall not easily drop back into the old style of conducting the great business of the country. It is necessary and timely to dwell upon this, because many have been persuading themselves that the excitements, the reforms, the painful inches of progress gained in the past few years, were all to go for nothing and that we should settle back with swinish complacency into the mire where we formerly wallowed. And the evidence that this is not to be is plainly angering many. "To be blunt, wrote a member of the Union League Club to the *Sun* the other day, "William Howard Taft is a great disappointment to a host of people who had been looking to March 4 for a material change from things past to things to come."

The implication of such complaints is obvious. Reckless financiers had felt themselves disagreeably checked in their operations. They had intensely disliked the publicity, the inspection, the regulation to which their proceedings had been subjected. And it was a flattering unction to lay to their souls that all of that would pass away with a change of Administration. But they ought to have been keen enough to perceive that no force is lost in the political and business world, any more than in the physical. The efforts recently made to render business cleaner, and to hold corporations to a stricter accountability, were often violent, frequently ill-judged, and sometimes were but a tool in the hand of political ambition; but their intent in the minds of the people was honest and their effects were wholesome. Those effects will abide with us. Business will soon be larger than before, but it will be managed more cautiously and with more integrity than before. The counsels which we have taken to heart in a period of adversity, will not be wholly ignored when prosperity returns. There will not be so many impudent flotations, so many secret manipulations of property, near the verge of the criminal law. Promoters may hate the new provisions for inquiry and publicity, but they will also dread them, and work under a salutary fear that they may be applied to their combinations at any moment. A saner spirit and sounder methods will be visible in our great *entrepreneurs* and administrators of vast capital.

It was, in many respects, a very trying time which we were called upon to go through—a period of clamor, of wild and whirling words. But it was not entirely destructive. Out of the confusion have emerged certain large and clear principles, and they will remain in force. Public service corporations, for example, can never, not even by all the king's horses and all the king's men, be put back where they were before. If any of them hereafter are tempted to ask what the public has to do with their affairs, they will find that it has everything to do. And the same thing is true, to an extent, of every other kind of large business that touches our citizenship at a thousand points. A new attitude has come and it will persist. The ease with which the corporation tax is slipping through Congress, despite the intense opposition of powerful interests, is a clear proof that the popular temper is inclined to step forward rather than backward. No appeal by creatures of government, such as corporations are, against government "prying into our affairs," will longer avail. The answer is very like what Gov. Hughes is reported to have said last year when a delegation from the Stock Exchange urged him to commit himself against an investigation: "If your books are clean, you have no reason to fear an investigation; and if they are not clean, you ought to be investigated."

After investigation, the Stock Exchange found itself rather helped than hurt. And the assurance is given that the minor reforms urged by Gov. Hughes's Commission will be carried out in good faith. "Unlisted stocks," for example, are to be known no more in the Exchange, after April 1, 1910. Such a move for improvement in business methods is an admirable example of the way in which wise and far-sighted men will seek to adjust themselves to the new conditions. By holding fast to the good results worked out in our late troublous days, by accepting constructively the teachings of the dear school of experience, they will at once reassure the public, attract new confidence with new business, and cause the coming prosperity to be, in Oliver Cromwell's phrase, "without a worm in it."

FRANCE AND EUROPE.

M. Briand's Cabinet, the practical completion of which is announced, makes greater changes than were expected. Six Clemenceau men are left, six new men are coming in. As if to offset the presence of a former militant Socialist at the head of the Ministry, the other new members show a decided lurch to moderatism. M. Cochery, the new Minister of Finance, is more conservative than his predecessor, M. Caillaux. Millerand, who becomes Minister of Public Works, was once a terror to the bourgeoisie, but has long since grown tame. For the war and navy portfolios, M. Briand seems to have gone to professional men who are not so well known as Gen. Picquart and M. Picard, but who need not therefore be the less efficient.

Under Clemenceau, the French Republic was more than usually forward in the eye of the world. Its internal history for the period covers the epoch-making rupture of the connection between State and Church, the rise of a formidable revolutionary movement among the working classes, the appearance of the anti-militarist doctrine of the picturesque M. Hervé, and, in a narrower political sphere, the partial disintegration of the Republican *bloc* which since 1899 had ruled the country. Abroad, the Clemenceau Government had to weather a steady succession of crises in its relations with Germany, inherited from preceding Ministries; to carry on a difficult and dramatic campaign in Morocco; and to draw tighter the connection with England under stress of danger from beyond the Rhine. Where France was not directly a party to a quarrel, as in the Balkan crisis of 1908, she was nevertheless compelled to play an important part as the nucleus in a scheme of alliances and understandings which upheld the European balance of power against Germany and the Triple Alliance. Viewed in its broadest aspects, the Clemenceau régime was more than ordinarily successful. The Separation problem was solved, and the other internal questions we have mentioned were dealt with as ably as might be. The foreign prestige of France, Clemenceau left much higher than he found it.

Now that Briand has stepped into the Premiership, it is hardly conceivable that any sharp departure in policy will ensue. And this is not merely because Clemenceau's defeat is known to have

been largely of the nature of a personal reprimand involving no condemnation of the Government's general conduct. A new French Parliament is to be elected in the spring of 1910, and it stands to reason that no new Ministry will tamper with the principles that enabled Clemenceau to round out the longest Premiership in the history of the Third Republic. But aside from such practical reasons, there can be no doubt that a Radical government best suits the present temper of the French people. The general election of May, 1906, gave the Radical parties some 400 votes against 180 of the Opposition. If Clemenceau thinned down his majority by sending the Socialists disgruntled out of camp, he could afford to do so, because, splendid parliamentary tactician that he was, he could count on the support of the Moderate Opposition, just when the Socialists were the most refractory. He did this on the question of Morocco, during the strike trouble among the miners of the North, and in the recent postal-strike.

But even Clemenceau came to grief when he let himself put his trust in a paper majority of something less than one hundred. All the more reason for his successor to rally the entire Radical strength, and by winning back the friendship of the Socialists to cement anew the old Republican *bloc*. Such a consummation, the greater number of Radicals have long been devoutly wishing; for the breaking of the old electoral pact with the Socialists has cost them more than one seat in the bye-elections. Winning back the Socialists, however, is not an easy task, unless the Government is willing to go in for Radicalism with a vengeance. What a Ministry in alliance with the Socialists could have done in the postal-strike except surrender to the strikers, is hard to see. But, presumably, no such crisis will recur before election, and until that time a Briand may satisfy Jaurès and his followers with small concessions and sweet promises, while Jaurès may find it possible to forget that Briand is a renegade and a reactionary. Thus Clemenceau's friends and some of his enemies may get together, but that Clemenceau's policies will be overturned does not follow. It is to be truce within the old *bloc* till next year. After that, *qui vivra verra.*

Still less chance is there for a sudden alteration in the foreign policy of the French government. Though Delcassé brought about Clemenceau's downfall, the return to power of the Minister whom William II forced out of office can come only when the country shall swerve sharply from Radicalism and the policy of peace with Germany, and a Moderate Ministry, prepared to fight Germany with England's assistance, shall come into power. Such a contingency is still remote. It may be that fear of Jaurès and his phalanx may bring it about, but at present it is generally conceded that the policy of M. Pichon, Clemenceau's Foreign Minister, is the policy the country wants. In general, the probabilities are that foreign affairs in the immediate future will not be so prominently to the front in France as they have been these four years. Morocco remains a cause of some anxiety, but in view of the recent agreement between France and Germany concerning Morocco, a repetition of the acute crises of 1905 and later years can hardly be looked for. The troubled boundary for some time to come will be not the Rhine, but the North Sea. Since the latest Dreadnought attack broke out, France has been conspicuously out of the diplomatic news. Her concern in the development of Anglo-German relations is, of course, of the first order. In fact, if not in name, England and France are now allies. But while the two rivals of the sea are disputing, a French Ministry will pretty surely give its main attention to affairs at home.

THE FIGHT AGAINST OPIUM.

The Hague, which seems destined to become a permanent base of operations for international campaigning against all forms of human ill, may soon have a conference to discuss the international control of the production, manufacture, and sale of opium. Our State Department has extended invitations for such a conference to the governments that took part in the Shanghai Opium Commission of last February. These governments were the United States, China, Great Britain, France, Germany, Japan, the Netherlands, Portugal, Russia, and Siam. With the results of the Shanghai meeting, opinion in this country and in Europe professed itself much disappointed at the time. The commission in its report seemed to have confined itself to the expression of those pious wishes which Hague conferences of another kind have made familiar. In addition, it was reported that Great Britain's attitude at Shanghai was responsible for the failure of positive results.

Our State Department, however, takes a different view of the Shanghai Commission. It observes that the commission "was one of inquiry only," that its function was "to study the opium problem and report as to the best and most feasible means of solving it," and that this programme was executed "to the entire satisfaction of the governments concerned." Bishop Brent, who presided over the Shanghai Commission, declared in his inaugural address:

> It devolves upon me to pronounce with emphasis that this is a commission, and as those who are informed—as all of you must be in matters that pertain to international affairs of this kind—a commission is not a conference. The idea of a conference was suggested, but it seemed wise to choose this particular form of action rather than a conference, because, for the present, at any rate, we are not sufficiently well informed and sufficiently unanimous in our attitude to have a conference with any great hope of immediate success.

The commission embodied its findings in a set of resolutions. In imitation of the example given by China and other governments, every government was urged to take steps for the suppression of opium-smoking within its territories. The unrestricted manufacture, sale, and distribution of morphine constituted a great and growing danger; drastic regulation was immediately needed. Research for the purpose of finding scientific remedies against the opium habit was recommended. In some form or other, nearly every government regulates the use of opium for other than medical purposes, but a uniform code of procedure was desirable. In the specific case of China, the commission agreed that the government's efforts to suppress the opium habit were sincere and productive of real, if somewhat "unequal," results; but urged that foreign governments should take measures for the suppression of the opium dens within their Chinese concessions; and that all governments should take steps to prevent the shipment of opium or its derivatives and preparations to any country which prohibits their entry.

The campaign against opium is an international one, but primarily it is a Chinese and British question; for China is notoriously the worst sufferer by the

drug habit, and British India is the great source of opium supply. China followed up her anti-opium edict of 1906 by an agreement with the British-Indian government under which the suppression of opium cultivation within China and the importation of the drug from India were to be done away with in ten years. Its total importation of 51,000 chests, the Indian government was to reduce by 5,100 chests every year, until 1917. The Chinese government, with characteristic enthusiasm, set to work at taking its own opium lands out of cultivation. The Indian government, however, was not convinced that China was carrying out her part of the bargain. The British delegates at the Shanghai Commission moved a resolution regretting China's inability to produce trustworthy statistical evidence on the question. The resolution was withdrawn, but it showed the British temper. China, on the other hand, proposed that foreign governments should pledge themselves to reduce their exportation of opium to China in proportion to the reduced production of the drug within the Empire. This resolution was also withdrawn; had it been agreed to and ratified, China might conceivably have wiped out British importations at one blow by enforcing total and immediate prohibition of opium-growing within her boundaries.

In choosing The Hague for the next opium conference, our government adroitly emphasizes the international aspect of the question. At Shanghai, British and Chinese representatives are in danger of consulting their own interests too closely. With the eyes of the world fixed upon them at The Hague, Great Britain and China both will be measurably forced into viewing the question from the most enlightened standpoint possible. The ultimate rooting up of the drug evil is a certainty. It is only a question of how sharply or how tenderly the problem should be approached.

LAWYERS AND THE PUBLIC.

Several recent addresses before associations of the bar have betokened a stirring of the legal conscience on the question of the lawyer's profession being one peculiarly "affected with a public interest." At the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Bar Association, one speaker dwelt upon the urgent demand for reforms in the law, and called upon his brethren to see to it that this debt to their profession was discharged in the spirit of a Romilly. Still more pointed was the language used by a member of the Illinois Bar Association. He put these searching questions to his fellows:

> What have the lawyers of Illinois done for the improvement of the administration of justice? What have they done to advance the interests of litigants, to secure justice to poor persons, to expedite the transaction of business, to simplify methods of procedure, or to aid in the proper and prompt enforcement of the criminal laws? Practically nothing.

The obligation is not denied. It presses with singular force upon lawyers, because they are the men who ought to be expert in the matter. They have much more to do than any other class with the enactment of laws. Every Legislature, as well as Congress, has a far larger proportion of lawyers in its membership than of any other group—often, larger than that of all other groups together. To this initial responsibility has to be added the fact that, in the practice and interpretation of the law, in the multiplying of technicalities, the overlaying of statutes with wire-drawn distinctions, the delays of trial, the trying of cases like the playing of a game of skill, rather than as a means of doing substantial justice, the legal profession is most directly concerned. The evils are admitted. Judges dwell upon them. The leaders of the bar call for their correction. Public opinion is urgent for reforms. Yet how little is attempted, much less accomplished.

We would not say that the great body of lawyers are unmindful of their duty to the public in this respect. Yet we think it evident that we have not so many men eminent in the law, as we once had, who are jealous for the standing and usefulness of their profession, swift to condemn abuses, and incessant in efforts to make the law a great instrument of justice. The lawyer-publicist is not so frequent a figure with us as he used to be. This was remarked by Mr. Bryce, when he revisited the country in 1904. In an article giving his impressions of the changes in America since he made his first studies here, he mentioned the diminution, and well-nigh disappearance, of the class of great lawyers who gave of their time and strength not only to legal reform but to the leadership of all good public causes. James C. Carter was preëminently such a man; and it is not invidious to ask what lawyer is to-day in this city filling the void made by his death.

Certain insensible changes in the legal profession have partly accounted for the difference which Mr. Bryce noted. The immense growth of corporations, and the glittering prizes which they have held out to able lawyers, have tended both to specialize and narrow the activity of the leading men at the bar. In their hands, the law has become in a sort commercialized. We use the word in no offensive sense. Legal advice has been necessary to captains of industry. Vast undertakings have needed the skilled service of lawyers at every step of their formation and conduct, with the result that many of the first minds in the law have become rather business men than lawyers. Their range is not so great as that of the older practitioners; it is harder for them to conceive of the law as a whole, and of their profession as one that calls for service of the public, as well as of their clients. It is inevitable, then, that the lawyer as a publicist—we do not say office-holder—should seem to be sinking below our horizon.

It is a loss which is troubling other countries than our own. English jurisprudence is not what thoughtful men feel that it ought to be. In Germany, too, there is uneasiness about the drift in the legal profession. A university professor had an article recently in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, pointing out the dangers of a too technical attitude on the part of lawyers. According to him, reform should begin in the law-schools. He would have law-students thoroughly grounded in the essential differences between law and justice—*Gesetz* and *Recht*—and trained to think more carefully of their relations to the public. We know, too, that many who are concerned about legal education in our own land, are thinking along the same lines. A high sense of civic duty cannot be directly taught. But the right ideal can be held up, and the inspiring example given. A certain number of men will doubtless always approach the law merely as a means of livelihood—simply an alternative to any other mode of securing bread and butter. And some men can be prevented by no teaching in the law-schools from selling their talents to the highest bidder. But something might be done by professors of law, as

we are aware that numbers of them are fully convinced, by insisting from the first that the lawyer not only has services to offer to individuals, but that he is also a "friend of the court," in the sense of being a lover of justice, and that he should be ever ready to meet a reasonable public demand for improvements in the law, so that its processes may be made speedy, sure, and just.

ANATOLE FRANCE.*

I.

The translation of the works of Anatole France, now proceeding under the editorship of Mr. Frederic Chapman, brings into the ken of English and American readers the most distinguished Frenchman of letters living to-day. We shall await with interest the verdict of the Cisatlantic branch of the Anglo-Saxon court upon his claim to a high rank in international glory. It is not without significance that he comes to us in a somewhat expensive edition limited to five hundred copies. Obviously, his publishers do not expect to win for him at once the popular suffrage. Doubtless, they estimate their public wisely. For M. France comes from the nation most in love with pure ideas to the nation most hostile to them. From a people using speech to reveal thought, he comes to a people using speech to conceal thought. For a mercurial folk of much external sociability he will find us singularly close-mouthed about all our intimate concerns: even when skeptical, reticent about religion; like wild creatures, ashamed of our loves; preferring even to cast a veil of divine illusion over our business enterprises. Partly from habit and partly from a shrewd sense that publicity does not pay, such a book as M. France's recently published "L'Ile des Pingouins" (the translation has not yet appeared) could not possibly originate among us—not because it is bold, but because its boldness comes to nothing serviceable. Those, however, who have a curious desire to know what the world is thinking about in these days, no matter whether it pays or not, are pleased when Anatole France brings out a new book.

II.

Many years ago Jules Lemaître, defining for himself the charm of Anatole France's work, said, "Je sens son œuvre toute pleine de tout ce qui l'a précédé; j'y découvre . . . le plus récent état de conscience où l'humanité soit parvenue." That is, indeed, part of its fascination: it represents in letters what Mona Lisa represents, according to Pater, in art—the "summing up in itself all modes of thought and life." In his books one escapes from the shallow modernity of contemporary literature. He is a cosmopolitan not merely of the present year of grace; he was a citizen of the world before the Christian era. A leisurely aristocrat, polished, imperturbable, he has strolled with ironic smile among the neglected ruins of antiquity. He has discussed Greek philosophy in the Tusculan villa with Cicero, sauntered over the Aventine chatting with Horace, and listened with bowed head while Virgil read to the grief-stricken household his divine praise of the young Marcellus. He observed the strange star in the East, heard the stories of Lazarus and Magdalen, and dined with Pilatus, Procurator of Judea. In the Egyptian desert he occupied a cell with the Christian cenobites; in Alexandria he tasted the last luxuries of the pagan world. He caught from the catacombs the fervent murmur of prayer and the mysterious hymns of martyrs. He saw with a regretful smile nymphs and dryads and fauns at twilight scurrying through the country woodlands in terror of the cathedral bell. A lover of masquerade, he has crept into the cassock of mediæval monks, and gravely announced the performance of miracles, or discoursed upon the lusts of the flesh and the pride of life, or whiled away long hours on a settle in the cloister splitting theological hairs with the church fathers. Especially, he has haunted the steps of the Brides of Christ, irresistibly drawn by the allurement of their celestial roses, hoping, perhaps, to catch a drop of the spilled milk of Paradise. And all this he has told, not as one passing feverishly through successive stages of intellectual intoxication, but as one sitting at his ease and leaning indolently out from a casement in Elysium.

More fascinating than all this selected world-experience is the point of view of the narrator. He keeps us wondering where he is. The detachment of M. France is not that of Flaubert or Maupassant. The realist withdraws a little from his object to gain the proper focus for his microscope. He is nevertheless savagely absorbed in it. He means to bring it home to us, to make us enter into it and feel it tingling in our five senses. M. France, on the other hand, seeks to tranquillize the senses. He contemplates the troubled face of the world through serene leagues of motionless ether. He will report mundane affairs not to the prurient ears of mortals, but to the gods of Epicurus who inhabit the quiet above the clouds and winds, and feel from time to time a mild amusement in the human spectacle. Passing beyond the flaming ramparts of the world, he would enter the celestial hall where the blithe Immortals revel, crying: O Shining Ones, let me, a mortal, share your feast. I have withdrawn my heart and hope from among the miserable race of men. For they come out of the darkness and struggle like beasts in the brief light and go into the darkness again. All their achievements are but as the excellencies of worms differing among one another. They are rent with a love more cruel than the grave. They are burnt in the fire of their own flesh. They are terrified by the shadows which they cast upon eternity. But I have learned the secret of your immortal calm. I have found that there is peace for those content to perceive and not to possess the world. I have learned to look upon the labors of Hercules without desire to lift a finger, upon the temptations of St. Anthony without desire to sin, upon the crucifixion of martyrs without desire to weep. For to the ego wisely isolated from the contagious fevers of existence all these things are but as the fierce vexation of a dream. Make me, therefore, a place beside you, and I will tell you tales of men, provoking supernal smiles.

III.

When M. France, after forty years of philosophical romancing in the garden of Epicurus, published his "Vie de Jeanne d'Arc," the professional historians were shocked and the Epicureans were perplexed. It did not seem quite respectful to the Muse of History, for the author of "Le Lys Rouge" to present her with the life of the virgin of Domrémy. On the other hand, it appeared out of character for the author of "M. Jérôme Coignard" to take the scholarly ideal so seriously. To most of his followers his perilous charm had been that he always seemed to say—Mr. George Santayana has said it, too, in three lines of an admirable sonnet:

> The crown of olive let another wear;
> It is my crown to mock the runner's heat
> With gentle wonder and with laughter sweet.

Nor was it clear what garland a novice of over three-score could hope to win in the trite and well-gleaned field of history where he made his début. To be sure, some critics tried to show that this work did not really represent a new departure in M. France's development; for, they said, even in his romances he had been an historian, as even in his history he had been a romancer. Both views are partly right; the life of Jeanne d'Arc was, in a sense, only the latest in a long series of imaginative saints' lives. But there was a difference. How explain the lengthy preface discussing predecessors, theories of history, original documents? M. France had sent his fine Ariel often enough among ancient libraries, but had never allowed him to appear in the sunlight with dust on his wings. What convic-

**The Works of Anatole France.* New York: John Lane Company.

L'Ile des Pingouins. By Anatole France. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

tion, slowly formulating, had brought this volant, elusive spirit, this mocking beguiler of an empty day, into step with his sober contemporaries? Let us not attempt to discover, said M. Achille Luchaire, reviewing the first volume of the work, *ne cherchons pas à pénétrer le mystère de cette évolution.*

M. France has something of Prosper Mérimée's repugnance to being divined. On the heels of "Jeanne d'Arc," as if anxious to complicate the chart of his evolution, he sends a satirical afterpiece, "L'Ile des Pingouins," which dissipates in peals of derisive laughter any notion that its author has joined the modern historians. This, too, is a history prefaced by a critical account of sources; but, though shorter, it is much more comprehensive than its forerunner. It is an abridgment of all history that has been or shall be, under the form of a veiled comic history of France. "In spite of the apparent diversity of the amusements which seem to attract me," begins the preface in the old ironical vein, "my life has only one object. It is wholly bent toward the accomplishment of one great design. I am writing the history of the Penguins." In the search for the buried monuments of this people, continues the author, "I excavated by the seashore an unviolated tumulus; I found in it, *according to custom*, stone axes, swords of bronze, Roman coins, and a twenty-sous piece with the head of Louis-Philippe I, King of the French." Embarrassed by difficulties attendant on the interpretation of conflicting evidence, the historian called in counsel several eminent archæologists and palæographers—"They looked at me with a smile of pity which seemed to say: 'Do we write history? Do we attempt to extract from a text, from a document, the least scrap of life or truth? We publish texts pure and simple. We stick to the letter. The letter alone is appreciable and definite. The spirit is not; ideas are crotchets. One must be very presumptuous to write history; one must have imagination.'" A surviving historian of the old school was more encouraging—"Why take the trouble to compose a history when you have only to copy the standard works, as every one does. . . . One word more. If you wish your book to be welcomed, neglect no opportunity to extol the virtues upon which societies are based: devotion to riches, pious sentiments, and especially the resignation of the poor, which is the foundation of order. Assert, sir, that the origins of property, nobility, and gendarmery will be treated in your history with all the respect which these institutions merit. Have it understood that you admit the supernatural when it appears. On that condition you will succeed in good company."—"I have meditated these judicious observations," says M. France demurely, "and have paid good heed to them."

IV.

The narrative, accordingly, begins with the apostolic calling of Saint Maël, his wonderful conversions, his wide wanderings, and finally his voyage in a miraculous stone trough over the turbulent Northern Sea to an undiscovered island. After a detour of the place, the holy man, somewhat advanced in age and understanding, comes upon a circle of penguins. Mistaking them for a primitive heathen people, Saint Maël explains to them successively Adoption, Rebirth, Regeneration, and Illumination, and then in three days and three nights baptizes them all. "When the baptism of the penguins was known in Heaven," proceeds the historian with the suave gravity which heightens the effect of his daring, "it caused there neither joy nor sorrow, but extreme surprise. The Lord himself was embarrassed. He called an assembly of scholars and theologians and asked them if they considered the baptism valid." As the result of a long, hot debate, participated in by Saint Patrick and Saint Catherine, Saint Augustine and Saint Anthony, Tertullian, Orosius, and Saint Gregory of Nazianzen, with interposed questions and objections by the Lord, it was decided that the penguins must be changed into men. And it was done. Thus does M. France admit the supernatural, when it appears! Since Lucian set the infernal gods quarrelling over ferry hire in Hades, dramatized the loves of the Olympians, and represented Zeus, when Timon began to rail, as inquiring casually of Hermes what dirty fellow was bawling from Attica beside Hymettus, no one, perhaps, has dealt so unabashedly with the reigning dynasty of the Heavenly Ones. A late unpersecuted Voltaire—tolerance has made a long march since the eighteenth century—he would gently laugh Jehovah out of Paradise. *Rien n'est plus lâche*, says Pascal, *que de faire le brave contre Dieu.* True, one can fancy Anatole France replying, but see! The walls of chrysoprase, the solemn temples of the twelve-gated city are fast dissolving like an insubstantial pageant of the air. Is it not better to smile than to weep?

With similar fidelity to the instructions of his adviser against disparaging sacred institutions, M. France describes the origins of "property, nobility, and gendarmery." Shortly after the baptism and transformation of the penguins, they begin to clothe themselves, enclose land, and fight. One brains his neighbor with a club; another furious fellow fixes his teeth in the nose of his prostrate adversary; a third brays the head of a woman under an enormous stone. Saint Maël is horrified, but he is assured by a religious brother of wider experience that the penguins are accomplishing the most august of functions—"they are creating law; they are founding property; they are establishing the principles of civilization." All this reminds one of the "Social Contract" and the famous "Discourses" of Rousseau, but it is to be remembered that in the state of nature the penguins were feathered bipeds. No golden age glimmers for Anatole France behind the age of blood. Indeed, in "M. Jérôme Coignard," he has subjected the revolutionary illusions to the most penetrating criticism: "If one is going to take a hand in governing men," he declares, "one must not forget that they are bad monkeys." The history of the penguin nation is the history of half-intelligent beasts—the history of Yahoos and Houyhnhnms. At this point, I cannot forbear quoting the brief, mordant sketch of "Draco the Great," a hero of the Middle Ages:

> He carried fire indifferently over the territory of the enemy and his own domain. And he was wont to say, to explain his conduct: "War without burning is like tripe without mustard; it is insipid." His justice was rigorous. When the peasants whom he had taken prisoners could not pay their ransom, he had them hanged on a tree, and if any unfortunate woman came to beg his mercy on her penniless husband, he dragged her by the hair at the tail of his horse. He lived like a soldier, free from effeminacy (*Il vécut en soldat, sans mollesse*). It is a pleasure to acknowledge that his morals were pure.

Something in that reminds one at the same time of Swift and of Tacitus. If the style is indeed the man himself, there is a tincture of iron in the blood of this Epicure.

There is much piquancy in the contemptuous account of Les Temps Modernes, but one feels the author's point most sharply in the exultant pessimism of his vision of the future. The notion that there is a grim limit set to the evolution of life on our planet has long been dear to the heart of M. France. Long ago he prophetically buried the last desperate relic of our race in the frozen rind of the sunless world. But here he has worked out more fully the stages by which the human tragedy is to decline to the ultimate catastrophe. Before the somewhat remote Last Day there are to be a number of false or temporary endings precipitated by forces at work within the social organism. M. France seems now to have turned his back upon the socialistic hope which he courted a few years ago. To the centralizing tendency of wealth no effective check can be opposed; in the long run, it is as irresistible as gravitation, the rising of sap in forests, the swing of planets in their orbits. But at certain periods when the remorseless oppression of capitalists brings the lower orders to the verge of extinction, they will gain for themselves a dreary

breathing space with dynamite. They will level all populous cities to the dust and incinerate the painfully acquired material and intellectual riches of civilization. For a little while the exhausted survivors will rest, and gasping in dismal anarchy recover their animal strength. Then the old blind urge of life will begin anew; step by step poor posterity will fight its way up the long ascent again; once more the many-storied cities will hum, and lean anæmic millionaires, Pharoahs half-mummified, lord it over the Egyptian millions laying the bricks for their mausoleums. And so the odd wheel of life will turn round and round in concentric circles, ever shortening its diameter, till at last it vanishes in a point, and the barren globe freed of its feverish animalcules journeys on through the void!

V.

"It is the duty of every thinker who has formed an idea of the world," says M. France in one of his essays on contemporary literature, "to express that idea, whatever it may be." If the last chapters of "L'Ile des Pingouins" were a faithful transcript of his sense of the facts of life crowding in upon the sensitive consciousness, we should have deeply to commiserate the author. But the pessimism of M. France is partly polemical. "The spiritualist," Emerson tells us, "finds himself driven to express his faith in a series of skepticisms." M. France began life as a devout humanist, forming his taste and his style on the noblest literature of Greece and Rome. In early manhood, however, he felt powerfully the new hope and enthusiasm of the early followers of Darwin. To the young men of his generation, it was a fresh, firmly-founded revolutionary gospel. But as the century wore on, the scientific millennium receded into the infinitely remote future. To believe in it demanded as pure an exercise of faith as to believe in the New Jerusalem. M. France's faith was unequal to the task. What faith remained in him reverted to his early humanism. Meantime the unreflecting mass of humanity had caught the fanatic fervor of the scientific dream, and had left humanism far in the rear When M. France returned to the temples of his gods he found them empty of worshippers. And so, like most humanists to-day, he is a disheartened humanist. He would, perhaps, have spoken seriously of his faith if he could have found serious listeners. It is rather dreary to praise Pallas Athene in perfect solitude. It is more diverting to steal into the camp of the victors, and mock their cause and insinuate horrible doubt into every heart. Yet by a happy law of the universe only the potential philanthropist can be misanthropic. The Olympian detachment of M. France is illusory. Without a place to stand on, a man can no more despise his fellows than Archimedes could lift the world. So long as M. France despises us, we need not despair; the earth beneath his scornful feet is a part of the common heritage.

I find a still more serious flaw in the would-be seamless garment of M. France's skepticism. He has often assured us that the skeptic is a good citizen, because, uncertain of all things, he is the least radical of men. But the salt of the right skeptic is the love of truth. Whatever enters his head he reports freely, as one holding a commission to act as the disinterested intelligence of mankind, surveying the past and present and spying out the future. That salt was in the virile fibre of Montaigne sitting in his tower in Perigord, cupboarding the choice viands of the ancients and portraying with unflinching hand the manners and mind of the man he knew best. But Anatole France —does he candidly attempt to represent the world as it appears? Does he love truth and the search for truth above all else? As it seems to me, he loves above all else the luxury of philosophic despair. He is a kind of refined, philosophical sentimentalist. With the assiduity of the Graveyard Poets, he cultivates and cherishes those truths, or seeming truths, which make for melancholy. We hear every day: This is the truth; we must face it. The fact is we may usually turn our back upon it, and it is often the part of wisdom to do so. There may be a more wholesome truth at the opposite point of the compass. It is true that when a good man dies he rots like a rascal. It is also true that he lives a fragrant life in the memory of his friends. To embrace the latter truth, strengthens the heart; but a certain kind of sentimentalist always embraces the worm that inherits the shroud. It is the truth; we must face it. But no man can face all truth. We judge a man's wisdom by his power of making intimates of those truths which give channel and speed to the languid, diffusive drift of his days. M. France has sought through all the world for truths inducing in the perceiver a pensive and helpless sadness. M. France is too much concerned about the misery of the last man. If the good die young, as there is some warrant for believing, the last man will deserve hanging.

The skepticism of M. France is largely a literary pose. It is his justification for making capital of all unspeakable things. For a good skeptic he knows altogether too much about the future. When a man's philosophy has carried him to the point where several million years of civilization are as to-morrow, are as nothing, to him, it is a pity that it should not go a step further to the point where space vanishes and time expires and the illusive ages evaporate into the eternity of the everlasting Now. For a good skeptic he is altogether too sure that the world has exhausted its possibilities. He holds, indeed, that we live in a bright-flowing mist of days and nights, of sleeping and waking dreams. But he does not hold this belief with strength enough to be dumb and astonished at thought of the germs of new orders of ideas now forming in society or slumbering as yet unstirred in the unused mind of the world. He does not recognize as frankly as a skeptic should how plastic is the eternal flux under the creative urgency of the desire of man, who had only to say, "Let the flux be peopled with demons and with seraphim," and it was. Only the new-born babe enjoys, however, that purity of uncertainty to which M. France pretends. And as soon as the babe first sniffs the vital air, it is a judge as well as an observer. It discovers at once that for the present at least some things are good and beautiful, and others terrible and necessary.

STUART P. SHERMAN.

Correspondence.

FROM LOMBROSO TO SHAKESPEARE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The conviction that the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy was after all confined to a narrow circle of scholars never forced itself so strongly upon me as when I took up other recent writings on Shakespeare, the authors of which succeed in finding new and living material for modern study in the familiar dramas. Among such books is August Goll's "Criminal Types in Shakespeare" ("Forbrydertyper hos Shakespeare," Gyldendal, Copenhagen, 1908). The author, a Danish police inspector, presents Shakespeare in a new light, as a criminologist. Much has been written of Shakespeare as a psychologist, but his value to the student of crime has only recently been discovered. It is not my intention to review Goll's book. I want rather to make clear how it came to be written, and hope that the explanation will prove interesting to the Shakespeare scholar and the student of criminology alike.

Goll wrote his book because the present state of criminal psychology filled him with despair. At one time he marched in the ranks of those enthusiasts who flocked about Lombroso and his school, and like him he saw in the criminal a species of humanity, a particular genus in the zoological group *homo sapiens*. He swore like him by the impossibility of deception in innumerable measurings and weighings, by the many deviations from the normal which characterize the criminal. But, again, he was one of the first to see that though Lombroso's characteristic marks undoubtedly do fit a small group of degenerate criminals who are closely related to the weak-minded and insane, there are many cases which they do not fit at all. He was obliged to acknowledge that criminals themselves do not differ materially in their thoughts, feelings, and will from others. He could not fail to see that a particular

psychology did not even fit a particular group of criminals, that the same crime may be committed from absolutely different motives, while it is purely dependent on circumstances what will be the crime of a passionate or crafty character.

We are all being forced to the conclusion, as was Herr Goll, that it would be better for criminal psychology if criminalists, instead of pointing out artificial similarities among all criminals, would show us real differences between individual criminals. It would be of greater value if they would collect single observations and experiences and present them in an objective form, so that the master-mind that will come some day may find sufficient material at hand to be able to construct out of all these details a plastic whole.

Actuated by this hope criminalists all over the world are beginning to collect accounts of peculiar criminal careers and medical examinations of criminals. These studies have already shown how short-sighted we were till within the last few years. They prove that the former classification, according to the kind of *crime*, only leads to confusion, that the *criminal* is the point to consider in all classifications. It must not be forgotten that all these examinations are of criminals in prison or on trial. But that the criminal in prison is not a trustworthy source of information about the criminal at large is clear even to the layman.

It is therefore only natural that we should try to supplement what we learn from a direct source of information by what we learn from an indirect source, that we should turn from reality to its reflection—from life to literature. Of course we must first choose carefully the kind of literature that has real bearing on the subject, for there is a literature about crime and a literature about criminals.

To the first belongs the real detective story. However exciting a tale of Conan Doyle, for instance, may be, it is always the crime and not the criminal that interests the author and the reader.

Then, too, the real criminal literature, of which criminals themselves are the authors, is of very little value to the criminalist. Several criminals have appeared in literature, as, for instance, the Marquis de Sade, Casanova, Cellini, Villon, Harry Orchard, etc. We might also include some poems of the greatest French lyric poet of the last fifty years, Paul Verlaine. Lombroso and his school collected hundreds of poems, proverbs, etc., by all kinds of criminals. But it is just this criminal literature that shows how little we can believe the criminal. At best he is able to reveal only what he has retained of ordinary human feelings.

Another sort of literature is written by people who have associated with criminals in a friendly way, like Josiah Flynt, and Hans Leuss. But these books, valuable though they often are, enter only into the criminal's opinions of justice and how he escapes it. Besides, their aim is generally to agitate and make a sensation.

There remain only the great poets. These lay the criminal's soul open like a book. They show us the birth of the motive, the nervous strain that develops with it, the consideration of the kind of crime, the gradual growth of the determination and the execution, the mental moods during and after the deed. They follow the criminal through love and hate, storm and calm, not merely as spectators and critics, but as if in the person of the criminal himself, as one who sees deeper than any criminal can. To them the criminal psychologists should turn with confidence. In our day, Dostoevsky has described criminal individuals in his "Raskolnikov" and in "Memoirs from a Death House," as prison governors and criminal psychologists have tried in vain to describe them. Above him, the greatest Slav, stands the greatest Teuton, Shakespeare. Goll thinks that in studying Shakespeare's criminals we come as near as possible to the ideal of "seeing the criminal in the man, the man in the criminal."

He sees in Caliban the congenital criminal, the creature with the purely anti-social nature whom Prospero tries to reform. Prospero gives him shelter——he makes use of it to attempt rape. Prospero teaches him the power of language—he uses it to curse. Prospero teaches him the faculty of thought—he uses it to ponder on evil schemes. He loves but one thing, spirits; and fears but one, punishment. He is capable only of the lowest kind of work, and has to be forced to do that.

From this primitive criminal, Goll leads us on up to the political criminal, to hate-filled Brutus and the doctrinarian Cassius. Naturally enough, he finds but little new to say about Richard the Third; his analysis of Iago, on the other hand, is masterly. He lays bare the erotic side of Iago's hatred of Othello—his "instinct of erotic cruelty," as the criminalists now call it. Iago's speeches are all embittered by sexual insinuations. He sees in others only the expression of coarse, sexual motives, the best sign that they alone underlie his own actions. He finds satisfaction in poisoning Othello's enjoyment of Desdemona's love, and takes pleasure in seeing her martyred, first her soul, then her body.

However, as I have said, these lines are not intended to follow the ingenious author through his analysis of all Shakespeare's criminals. The book is strong enough to speak for itself. My purpose is only to show what undiscovered treasures still lie in Shakespeare, treasures which, to me at least, are infinitely more interesting than all the acrostics that patient searching might reveal.

ADALBERT ALBRECHT.

Boston, July 23.

CROMWELL AND AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The yet unsettled historical question whether John Hampden, Oliver Cromwell, and Arthur Haselrigge had taken their passages for New England in 1638, might well be revised, in view of certain entries that appear in the recently published "Acts of the Privy Council, 1613, 1680."

It will be remembered that Neale, in his "History of the Puritans" (vol. I, p. 618), says:

> It deserves a particular notice that there were eight sail of ships at once, this spring, in the river Thames, bound for New England, and filled with Puritan families, among whom (if we may believe Dr. George Bates and Mr. Dugdale, two famous Royalists) were Oliver Cromwell, afterward Protector of the Commonwealth of England, John Hampden, Esq., and Mr. Arthur Haselrigge, who, seeing no end of the oppressions of their native country, determined to spend the remainder of their days in America; but the Council, being informed of their design, issued out an order, dated May 1st, 1638, to make stay of those ships and to put on shore all the provisions intended for the voyage.

Excepting that the dates do not exactly agree, the following order of the 30th of March, 1638, confirms the foregoing statement, as to the stay of the ships and the relanding of the passengers and provisions:

> Whitehall, 30th March.
>
> It was this day ordered for reasons importing the State, best known unto theire Lordshipps: That the Lord Treasurer of England shall take speedy and effectual order, for the stay of eight shipps now on the River of Thames, prepared to go for New England: And shall lykewise give order for the putting on land, of all the Passengers and provisions therein intended for that voyage.

On the 6th of April, upon the humble petition of the merchants, passengers, and owners of ships bound for New England, the restraint was removed, and the passengers were allowed to proceed on their voyage. At the same time, owing to frequent resort to New England of persons ill-affected to church and government, it was decided that a Proclamation should be issued prohibiting passengers being taken to New England unless they had first obtained special license on that behalf from the Lords of the Council for Plantations.

A search for the petitions of the passengers has been made among the Privy Council records, but without result. As Archbishop Laud was present at both the meetings of the Council, it is possible that the documents may be among the papers preserved in the Library at Lambeth.

That Cromwell did contemplate leaving Old England, in 1641, is recorded in Clarendon's "History of the Revolution" (vol. I, p. 312) where that stanch Royalist states that after the debate in the commons, Cromwell whispered Falkland "in the ear," as the two were leaving the House, that

> if his Remonstrance had been rejected, he would have sold all he had, the next morning, and never have seen England more; and he knew there were many other honest men of the same resolution.

Clarendon further tells us (vol. I, p. 377), that, until the King revived their courage, by his demand for the five members of the House of Commons, "some of them had resumed their old resolutions of leaving the Kingdom." These last words show that the idea of emigrating was not a new one.

N. DARNELL DAVIS.

Bathsheba, Barbados, June 24.

RELIGIOUS AUTHORITY IN TURKEY AND PERSIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In an editorial in the *Nation* of July 15, there is a sentence which may lead to misunderstanding. 'You say, foot of last column of p. 45: "Once more it was shown that the religious authority of Sultan or Shah was no very terrible weapon, after all."

The Shah of Persia has no religious authority and stands, in that respect, in an absolutely different position from the Sul-

tan of the Ottoman Turks. He is a mere *locum tenens* and maintainer of public order until the Hidden Imam, the divinely appointed and guided Head of the Shi'ite world, returns from his century-long banishment. In the meantime the Mujtahids, the Shi'ite clergy, are the representatives of that Imam in spiritual things, and they form practically an ultimate court of appeal. Their "excommunication" of the Shah can mean only a declaration on their part that he has violated essential elements of Islam and is no longer fit to be a ruler of any kind.

The Ottoman Sultan, on the other hand, has religious authority, as he claims to be the Khalifa or successor of the Prophet, the spiritual head of the Moslem world. To enter upon the grounds of that claim and the extent to which it is admitted would take too much of your space. But there is one thing above even the Sultan-Khalifa, and that is the Moslem people itself. If he violates essential elements of Islam, the people have a full constitutional right to depose him; the democratic basis of Moslem government has never entirely vanished—it only makes use of an autocratic executive. In Turkey this popular will is supposed to be expressed through the Shaikh al-Islam, the head of all the Ulama, the canon lawyers, and theologians. They and he represent the people, while in Persia the Mujtahids represent the Hidden Imam. Thus the deposition of Abd el-Hamid was carried out strictly according to constitutional law, and that law affected him both as Sultan and as Khalifa.

DUNCAN B. MACDONALD.

Hartford, Conn., July 15.

TEACHERS OF ADVANCED MATHEMATICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a generally unknown fact, but one that should be of interest both to the public and especially to students of mathematical bent, that at present the demand for teachers of advanced mathematics distinctly exceeds the supply. In support of the statement that such an excess exists I may cite the fact that one Eastern university professor, though in no way connected with any teachers' agency, has, within the last three months, received from widely distributed sections of the country no less than a score of requests for nominations for mathematical teacherships, ranging in grade from instructorships in technological schools to university professorships; and that, though the professor referred to has an extensive acquaintance among teachers and advanced students of mathematics, he was far from able to meet all the requests. It is fair to assume that other professors of mathematics have had a similar experience.

CASSIUS J. KEYSER.

New York, July 22.

HANGING ANIMALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Does not the proverb, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," at least imply that the trial and execution of animals was once a matter of popular knowledge, if not of popular experience? Scott, also, seemed to think that the matter required no explanation when, in "The Talisman," Chapter xxiv, he has Henry of Champagne exclaim, "It were well to hang up the dog, and put the slave to the torture."

R. P. UTTER.

Amherst, Mass., July 22.

Notes.

Mrs. Lecky has written a life of her husband, W. E. H. Lecky, which will be published by Longmans, Green & Co. in the autumn.

The first volume of Gustavus Myers's "History of the Great American Fortunes" will be published in September by Charles H. Kerr & Co. The second and third volumes, completing the work, will be issued as soon after that date as possible.

It gives us pleasure to note that a bust of that excellent Manx poet and letter-writer, T. E. Brown, has been unveiled at Douglas, on the Isle of Man. The bust is the work of a Manx sculptor, Mr. J. W. Swynnerton.

Those who are mildly interested in the period of Queen Anne will be entertained and instructed by Lawrence Lewis's little book on "The Advertisements of the *Spectator*: Being a study of the Literature, History and Manners of Queen Anne's England as they are reflected therein, as well as an illustration of the Origins of Advertising" (Houghton Mifflin Co.). It serves as a very fair substitute, so far as the advertisements are concerned, for the rare original sheets of the *Spectator*, and conveniently classifies its illustrations of Queen Anne lotteries, costumes, dancing-schools, theatres, and much more. Even careful students of the period will profit by the second chapter, the conclusions of which are important and well founded. But, pleasantly as Mr. Lewis fulfils the promise of his sub-title, the value of his book would be considerably greater had he not seen fit to isolate the *Spectator* from its predecessors and contemporaries. It is particularly to be regretted that he has neglected the *Tatler*, which serves even better than the *Spectator* to answer some of the problems that beset a student of the Queen Anne periodical considered as a business enterprise. A thorough study of the advertisements in the *Tatler*, for instance, would certainly modify the impression that the *Spectator* is of paramount importance as an illustration of the origins of advertising.

A faint Browning Club aroma hangs about "Utopian Papers" (London: Masters & Co.), a collection of discourses and essays edited by Dorothea Hollins. Patrick Geddes is the only well-known name among the half-score contributors to this gentle, amateurish volume of reflections on things as they are not. So far as an outsider may gather from the rather esoteric style of the editor, the Utopians are a group of London residents interested in ideals, who meet frequently for the interchange of thought and sometimes find the result good enough to print. A paper on Chelsea, Past and Possible, is followed by one on Utopia's Past and Present, and another on the Utopian Imagination. But we get rather far away from our subject when it comes to a study of St. Columba, or Goethe, or Indian Thought. It is characteristic of nearly all ideal world-builders that they deal with the concrete and the commonplace. What the authority of husband over wife will be, how many hours a day children will pass in school, the number of people to a table at the public mess, and the color and texture of the garment reserved for magistrates, predominate over detail of spirit and mind. No such precision marks the present volume whose right to the adjective Utopian is partly justified by the fact that it gets nowhere in particular.

The nineteenth volume of "Harvard Studies in Classical Philology" (Harvard University, 1908) contains as its leading article a discussion by the late Louis Dyer of "The Olympian Council House and Council," in which he defends against J. G. Frazer the current identification of certain remains as those of its foundations, uses them as evidence to prove the hitherto unsuspected existence at Olympia of a pre-Dorian Amphictyonic League, and then elucidates certain points in the history of the council. In the following articles, Joseph W. Hewitt examines the worship of Zeus under various surnames, and shows that this bright-sky deity's cult was extended by conquest among peoples who had worshipped chthonic deities, with whom Zeus became more or less identified; Sereno B. Clark decides from metrical considerations that the "double letters" in the "Heroides" were written by Ovid, but at an undeterminable date; and William H. P. Hatch makes a lexicographical study of a group of Greek words of religious significance during the period as far down as 300 B. C. The studies as a whole are respectable rather than brilliant, but that by Mr. Dyer will be likely to provoke more than passing comment among students of Peloponnesian history.

In view of the leisurely fashion in which most of the calendars of English state papers drag forward, William Foster is to be commended for the dispatch with which he has brought out within a year another volume of "The English Factories in India" (Henry Frowde). In the period covered by this third volume, 1624-1629, the English trade improved considerably, in spite of the difficulty of raising capital at home. Indian calicoes began to be heavily imported, so that, whereas the English had formerly paid the foreigner £500,000 per annum for hollands, lawns and cambrics, they were now able to save more than half that sum, and began even to vend their calicoes from India in foreign parts. The rivalry of the English and the Dutch still caused bitterness in the Far East around Batavia; but in the West, from Surat to the Persian Gulf, where they met the hateful competition of the Catholic Portuguese, the English reported that the Dutch agreed to "sticke as close unto us as the sherts one our backs, wee promisinge the like unto them." Together they fought many a good fight against the Portuguese, and showed that the spirit of Drake and Hawkins and the Sea-Beggars of an earlier generation had not departed. In view of the later greatness of Bombay, it is interesting to note that as early as 1626 the English cast their eye upon it as a place of "noe ill ayre, but a pleasant, fruitful soile and excellent harbor"; a mate made a sketch of the bu which is here reproduced as the frontis-

piece. No settlement, however, was made at this time, as the place was too exposed to Portuguese depredations. Of the 366 documents calendared with discrimination and indexed with care in this volume, a majority deal with the activities of the company on the west coast of India, some tell of the attempts to secure more trade on the east coast, near Madras, and of the failures of the English in the Far East; and others give much valuable information in regard to important events in the internal history of the Mogul Empire.

"Our Foreign Service—the 'A B C' of American Diplomacy," by Frederick Van Dyne (The Lawyers Coöperative Publishing Company, Rochester, N. Y.), is a systematic account of the organization and duties of our diplomatic and consular service. It is purely expository, and it includes a bibliography of the subject, statements of legal form, and a complete schedule of the consular service. The work appears to have been executed in a thorough and painstaking manner.

"The Federal Civil Service as a Career," by El Bie K. Foltz (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is evidently the outcome of the growing disposition to regard public service as a professional career, and to prepare for it as such. The book is offered as a manual for applicants for positions in the civil service and for those already in who desire to improve their qualifications. The style is marred by journalistic fustian, as, for example: "So voracious is the American appetite for gold that the money devil seems to have gotten his fangs into many of our university men." The book contains useful information, and seems to be based upon a careful study of routine detail.

The latest addition to the excellent Manuali Hoepli, issued by Ulrico Hoepli, in Milan, is "Le rovine del Palatino," by Dominico Canogni, a leading authority in the archæology and history of Rome. It is richly illustrated and contains a good plan of the Mons Palatinus.

The theory that Von Kleist was anything but a physical degenerate and one mentally unbalanced, will be rather startling to many, but it is the basis of S. Rahmer's new work, "Heinrich von Kleist als Mensch und Denker," a volume of 433 pages, with two portraits, published at Berlin by George Reimer. After wrestling some years with the "Kleist Problem," Rahmer concluded that more than one accepted theory about the poet was false—that, for example, instead of being a recluse and morose by nature, he had in reality a good deal to do with men and affairs of his time, as is proved by his correspondence and his works. Examination of the Von Kleist archives brought disappointment, but a search for other contemporary evidence led to the discovery of much material concerning Zschokke, Varnhagen, and others, hitherto quite unknown. With a scientific preference for the truth, however, Herr Rahmer admits that he has not yet been able to get as much support for his theory as he wished or expected.

In three volumes Dr. Johann Friedrich von Schulte presents his Reminiscences as a jurist and teacher, and one long active in public life in Germany (Giessen: Emil Roth). The third volume is particularly interesting to foreigners on account of several essays setting forth Germany's relations to the Vatican and the author's recollections of Bismarck.

Prof. P. Jensen of the University of Marburg has evidently been dissatisfied with the reception accorded by philologians and theologians to his great work of more than a thousand pages issued two years ago under the title of "Das Gilgamesch Epos und die Weltliteratur," in which he undertook to show that the bulk of old Testament narratives, especially the personal, as also the doings of Jesus, are really adaptations from the data found in the famous Babylonian Epic of Gilgamesh. He now brings out a smaller work, indeed only a good-sized brochure, entitled "Moses, Jesus, Paulus: Drei Sagenvarianten des babylonischen Gottmenschen Gilgamesch," with the significant sub-title "Eine Anklage wider Theologen und Sophisten und ein Appell an die Laien" (Frankfurt a. M., Neuer Frankfurter Verlag). The new feature of this argument is that the Apostle Paul is also made a reflection and reproduction of episodes and characters in the Gilgamesh Epic. It must be acknowledged that Jensen, who is an able Assyriologist, has found a number of striking parallels between Paul and Gilgamesh, which are all the more noteworthy because they are not the expression of religious beliefs or feelings common to all men, but of historical facts and events in the lives of these two personages. The weakness of his method is that he does not and cannot show any inner connection between these phenomena that externally look so much alike. It is the old fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc.*

The first part of the fifth volume of Nietzsche's correspondence, edited by Elizabeth Förster-Nietzsche, has appeared from the press of the Insel Verlag, Leipzig, under the title "Friedrich Nietzsche's Briefe an Mutter und Schwester." The letters were written chiefly between 1856 and 1889, but the entire period is not covered, probably because Nietzsche was several times at home and long in such close personal association with his relatives that letter writing was unusual. Much of this new correspondence is very personal, and the reasons offered for putting it into type are the continued attacks on Nietzsche's memory, and the demand of his admirers for more light on the inner mind of the mysterious thinker. The letters naturally include Nietzsche's spiteful criticism of Frau Lou Andreas-Salomé and Dr. Paul Rée, whom the philosopher relied upon for certain scientific coöperation, and with whom, when they failed him, he dealt so severely that they are likely to enjoy a certain unwelcome immortality. To remove somewhat the bitterness of this unhappy experience, the editor seeks to show that Nietzsche criticised Rée and Salomé as a matter of principle, rather than through personal hatred.

A young Danish philologist, Hans Brix, has recently, through the Schubotheske publishing firm (represented in America by the Gyldendal Publishing House, Chicago), under the title "Fagre Ord" (Words of Beauty), given to the public an interpretation of a number of the most famous Danish lyrics, beginning with the national anthem. The application of philological methods to the interpretation of modern lyrics is a matter of such rare occurrence that any serious attempt in that line is bound to be interesting. Mr. Brix succeeds, even in regard to the national song itself, in dispelling misunderstandings and throwing light on passages, which, it can be taken for granted, up to this time not one out of a hundred Danes understand correctly.

H. Ascheboug & Co. of Christiania have just sent out the last (sixteenth) fascicle of the Danish-Norwegian dictionary (Dansk-Norsk Ordbok), prepared by S. Schjött and published, in part, at public expense. Danish-Norwegian in this case means from Danish into Norwegian, *i. e.*, a dictionary of the Danish language giving the Norwegian (*landsmaal*) equivalents. Under a Norwegian law passed three years ago, it will be compulsory two years from now for all those who desire to be matriculated in the university (or, as they say in Norway, pass the *examen artium*) to prove their ability to write, not only the usual city, or book language, but also the so-called *landsmaal*, a kind of common denominator of the different country dialects. While the main stock of the regular written language is of Danish origin, the Danish influence on the country dialects has been relatively slight, and the *landsmaal*, which, therefore, is essentially Norwegian in character, has, of late made such progress as a medium of instruction in the public schools that some of the partisans of the essentially Danish *rigsmaal* or *kulturmaal*—which itself, of late, by a spelling reform, imposed by the Michelsen ministry on the schools and all public institutions, has been greatly Norwegianized—have taken fright and formed *rigsmaal* associations. The novelist Björnson has been one of the leaders of this movement, and it is likely that the intense interest taken by him in this question has helped to bring about the illness from which he is now suffering. Schjött's dictionary will be of interest not only to Norwegian students and teachers but to everybody interested in Scandinavian studies.

After an illness of some days the Rev. Dr. William Reed Huntington, the well-known rector of Grace Episcopal Church, New York, died last Monday, at Nahant, in his seventy-first year. Dr. Huntington was an active worker in the church, but found time also to write a number of books, including: "The Church Idea," "Conditional Immortality," "Popular Misconceptions of the Episcopal Church," "The Causes of the Soul," "The Peace of the Church," "Short History of the Book of Common Prayer," "The Spiritual House," "A National Church," "Psyche, a Study of the Soul," "Four Key Words of Religion," "Sonnets and a Dream," and "A Good Shepherd and Other Sermons."

Hans Hoffmann, the German novelist, has died at Weimar, in his sixty-first year. Among his stories are "Brigitta von Wisby," "Im Land der Phäaken," "Vom Lebenswege," "Ostseemärchen," "Landsturm," and "Von Haff und Hafen."

Baron Detlev Axel Adolph Liliencron, the German poet, died July 22, at the age of sixty-five. Besides his books of verse, he wrote several novels depicting military life.

From Breslau comes the report of the death of Dr. Emil Bohn, professor of the History of Music in the university of that place. Among his books are "Bibliographie der Musik in der Breslauer Bibliothek," and

"Die musikalische Handschriften in der Stadtbibliothek Breslau."

News comes of the death of Samuel Martin Deutsch, professor of theology in the University of Berlin, in his seventy-third year. His published works include "Die Lehre des Ambrosius von Sünde und Sündentilgung," "Drei Aktenstücke zur Geschichte des Donatismus," "Synode zu Sens 1141 und die Verurteilung Abälards," and "Peter Hagenbach."

THE AUTHORITATIVE LIFE OF POE.

The Life of Edgar Allan Poe, Personal and Literary; with his Chief Correspondence with Men of Letters. By George E. Woodberry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 2 vols. 12mo. Pp. xii, 383; viii, 481. With illustrations. $5 net.

The appearance of these volumes is the most important event connected with the centenary of Poe. We might go farther and say that the present work is the chief biographical contribution yet made to Poe studies, but for the fact that the same author's monograph on Poe in the American Men of Letters may fairly be held to have laid the foundation for critical as opposed to partisan and amateur study of Poe's life and writings, and, in consequence, to have shaped, or at least influenced, most of the subsequent Poe literature that has any value. It is not likely, of course, that biographies of Poe will cease to appear, or that Mr. Woodberry, judicial and sanely sympathetic though he be, will be chosen—to his own chagrin—moderator of those unseemly wranglers, the Poeites and the Anti-Poeites. But it is likely that no large amount of new biographical detail calculated to affect our judgment of Poe awaits incorporation in a future book, and it is almost certain that better-informed, more impartially balanced, and more discreetly appreciative criticism of Poe's writings in their entirety is not to be looked for in our generation. Here and there an illuminating fact will doubtless come to light; we shall occasionally be led to shift an emphasis, to modify an inference; it will become less and less difficult to form a composite conception of Poe the gentleman and Poe the outcast, of Poe the true artist in verse and prose, and Poe the hack writer who took up his abode now and then in the purlieus of charlatanism; but our approaches to a more adequate and sympathetic understanding of what Poe was and did will be made along the lines of painstaking study, as opposed to hero-worship and demon-exorcism, first consistently and effectively followed by Mr. Woodberry.

The genesis of the volumes is succinctly described in their preface. Mr. Woodberry was joint editor of R. W. Griswold's papers relating to Poe, and he also edited the Poe-Chivers papers. Much information came to him from other sources—particularly, one may gather, from persons who contributed Poeana to the newspapers. It seemed desirable, therefore, for him to gather up his "earlier and later labors in a more full and precise biography" than his monograph of nearly a quarter of a century ago. He admits that during this period he did not engage "in personal investigation"—the failure to date some of the newspaper clippings utilized seems to be evidence of this fact—and he expresses the modest conviction that he has at least "made easier the way" for the ideal biographer.

Our opinion upon this point has already been given; another point made in the preface demands a word. Mr. Woodberry tells us that he has "aimed to make this, in the main, a literary biography," that "as such it has two special interests, in that it is a life led outside of New England," and that "it embodies much contemporaneous literary history not involved in any other life of our greater writers." Against these statements no caveat need be entered, but it seems fair to say, in the interest of the general reader who happens not to care greatly for Poe or for the American literature of Poe's period produced outside of New England—much more in the interest of the unpatriotic soul whose reading is not prevailingly confined to the writings of his own countrymen—that Poe and most of his correspondents were not great letter-writers, that it is a petty and often ignoble world which is evoked for our contemplation, and that such persons as distrust their powers of literary assimilation may legitimately hesitate before settling themselves to the task of reading through these more than eight hundred pages. There are doubtless readers who would find more pleasure and profit in Professor Woodberry's earlier biography than in this fuller work, which suffers from the defects of its qualities.

The undaunted reader of the present book, however, will get for his pains almost everything to be found in the earlier, for the criticism has been transferred bodily—at least to all intents—and a large part of the biographical narrative proper has been utilized unchanged. The expanding and the redistributing of material have been accomplished with quite exceptional skill, and we found the book readable from preface to index, not excepting the notes on obscure points with which each volume concludes.

The first chapter and the two opening notes show how carefully Mr. Woodberry's original investigations were made, and how completely unaffected they remain by recent attempts to deprive Boston of the little-prized honor of being Poe's birthplace. The details added with regard to Poe's school and college days need no comment, but a slight change made in the brief account of the publication of "Tamerlane and Other Poems" should not be overlooked. In his earlier work (p. 36), Mr. Woodberry drew from insufficient premises the conclusion that Poe lived in Boston in the spring of 1829, under an assumed name. In the new book, this inference is omitted, and the change is an indication not only of the care, but of the spirit of justice that has been manifested throughout the revision.

The fourth chapter deals with Poe's life in Baltimore, after he left West Point, and adds something to our knowledge of that mysterious period. Time will show whether more light can be thrown on these years, which are specially important, not only in the evolution of Poe's imagination, but in the development of his unfortunate habits and of his defects of body and mind. With regard to the relations sustained by Poe to the Allan family, and to the improbable charge of forgery brought against him—a charge ignored in the earlier biography—Mr. Woodberry gives an interesting note, which brings out the fact, not widely known, that there are Poe papers of presumable importance deposited in the Valentine Museum at Richmond, Virginia. They were placed there by the family of the first Mrs. Allan, and Mr. Woodberry is ignorant of their contents, having with uncommon discretion forborne to ask for a sight of documents not proffered to him. As twenty-five years have now gone by, it is much to be hoped that these papers, which may be the only means by which the scandalous tongue of tradition can be stopped, will be published speedily, and in their entirety. If they reveal nothing, the case for Poe will be helped by that fact. If they reveal unknown faults and misfortunes, we shall have all the more reason to emphasize Poe's subsequent efforts at reform and his hard-won triumphs as a writer.

It is in the fourth chapter that Poe first comes fairly before us as a correspondent—a fact which makes it necessary to recall the biography and the volume of correspondence prepared by Prof. James A. Harrison for the "Virginia Poe." The letter of May 30, 1835, from Poe to T. W. White of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, inserted by Mr. Woodberry (II. 110-113) is also printed by Professor Harrison (XVII, 4-6). Both give credit to the Griswold Papers, hence one scarcely expects to find about twenty-five small variations in punctuation, capitalization, paragraphing, etc. On making further comparisons, we were led to believe that Mr. Woodberry had the service of a better copyist than fell to Professor Harrison's lot, but that, in the main, it is a matter of indifference whether one quotes Poe and his correspondents through the medium of the present work or through that of

the "Virginia Poe." Still, we should have been glad of a note on the subject of the text of the letters, particularly on that of the despairing appeal made by Poe to J. P. Kennedy on Sept. 11, 1835. Mr. Woodberry credits his text to the "Kennedy Manuscripts" (II, 138-141); Professor Harrison credits his to the "Griswold Collection" (XVII, 16-18). There are about thirty variations, some of which would be of the slightest importance, but for the fact that this letter nas been subjected to close analysis, in order that light might be thrown by it upon Poe's mental condition. We have known it to be used as evidence that he was under the influence of opium when he wrote it. If such uses are to be made of letters, it is desirable to secure absolute accuracy. A profusion of correctly inserted commas might lead to a verdict of "not guilty"; an abundance of misplaced dashes to a less favorable one. Our personal interest in this matter is of the slightest, but, if we stand upon the threshold of an Alexandrian period of our literature, it is surely time to safeguard the students of the future. We must settle our texts. Imagine the weary hours some yet unborn commentator will spend, endeavoring to determine whether Emerson employed a comma after some particularly orphic word, or whether Whitman separated two items in one of his catalogues with a dash or a semi-colon. If we will have cults, we and posterity must pay the penalty.

Passing rapidly to the end of the first volume, we note that Mr. Woodberry prints several letters which either are not given by Professor Harrison or else are synopsized. This continues to be true throughout the first half of the second volume, and it is a fact that adds considerably to the value of the present biography. The correspondence as given in the "Virginia Poe," however, is fuller and indispensable, and occasionally it might have been well for Mr. Woodberry to consult it carefully. For example, the phrase "morbid sociability," which he queries as used by F. W. Thomas (II, 16), appears in the Virginia text, "morbid sensibility" (XVII, 137). A few pages farther he would have found a letter which the Virginia editor presents as written by Poe to James T. Fields, an epistle which Mr. Woodberry is apparently correct in assigning to the Poe-Lowell correspondence. Was it magnanimity or oversight that was responsible for the fact that no note is given calling attention to the error? However this question may be answered, there can be no doubt that Mr. Woodberry is both careful and magnanimous in the way he substantiates an account of the sole interview between Poe and Lowell given in the earlier biography, and called in question by Professor Harrison. The latter had written:

> That Mrs. Clemm, Poe's guardian-angel, the one woman in all the world most anxious to shield her nephew and son-in-law's reputation from the cruel criticism of strangers, should confess to the stranger Briggs that he was "tipsy" is altogether incredible, and rests only on the unauthenticated testimony of a man who was now Poe's professed enemy (the "Virginia Poe," I, 204).

Mr. Woodberry, in reply, leaves Briggs to take care of himself, but prints Mrs. Clemm's letter to Lowell of nearly five years later, in which she not only showed that her memory was good, but actually used the words, "The day you saw him in New York *he was not himself.*"

This matter is not so trivial as it seems. It is a thousand pities that Poe's frailties have been exploited in such a fashion that they cannot be overlooked or forgotten; but this is quite as much due to the indiscreet zeal of his admirers as to the putative ghoul-like instincts of Griswold and his successors. The facts had to be told, and, that being true, it is salutary and comfortable to find them prevailing over rhetorical sentiment. No admirer of Poe's genius need have any quarrel with the revelations made in this book. What we should set our faces against, is incompetent censoriousness, fatuous eulogy, and impertinent intermeddling in literary matters by untrained persons.

In his discussion of Poe's relations with women after his wife's death, and of the wretched tragedy at Baltimore, Mr. Woodberry seems to us to have presented as full and accurate a statement of the facts as is possible, and to have accomplished his difficult task with extraordinary tact. In his appendix, among other items, he gives letters from Lowell to Briggs, some unpublished correspondence of Poe, an excellent discussion of "Poe and Chivers" and a just account of "Griswold's World." The notes are valuable, and the index seems to be ample and careful. It is almost needless to add that but few misprints have been discovered. A Mr. Pleasants has lost the final s of his name, and John M. Daniel, the once famous editor of the Richmond *Examiner*, has been allotted one to which he has no claim. These trifles, with an obvious slip in a date (11, 113, *note* 2), are all that we have noted.

CURRENT FICTION.

Partners Three. By Victor Mapes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

From the absurd cover, with its crude three-in-a-row pattern, which encloses this narrative, and from the situation with which it opens, the reader may be led to expect a not unfamiliar type of criminal-mystery tale, with a more or less perfunctory "love-interest" thrown in. Crime it does undeniably contain, but not of that frightful mien in which the moralist exults, or used to exult. "Yesterday," begins the story-teller, "was the second anniversary of my arrival here in a cell at Sing Sing." The reader at once, as if automatically, begins to speculate as to whether safe-cracking, diamond-theft, or murder is to be the motive of the yarn to follow. But the ensuing statement turns out to be no less true than remarkable: "How I came to be brought here, what crime I committed, how I was caught and tried, are matters which have very little to do with the story I am starting out to tell." What follows is, in fact, a charming if perfectly unreasonable tale of sentiment. The whole affair has a freshness of savor for which the dutiful follower of current fiction must be grateful. For the story cannot be ranged in any of the familiar categories. It is neither tragical, comical, historical, criminal, sociological, nor even romantic-comical-sociological. It is a very simple story of the kind which very simple novelists are helpless to produce.

The book is, it will be seen, a bit of imaginary autobiography—purely imaginary, it must be admitted, so far as its form is concerned. No boy of "Patrick Isaac Ennis's" age, even if he had a college behind him, instead of a reform school, could write as this autobiographer writes. On the other hand, it may fairly be held that the author, being a romancer, not a realist, is successful in expressing the feeling and the mental experience of such a boy better than he could express it himself. Patrick Isaac Ennis is taken from the "House of Refuge" by a benevolent Dr. Joyce, an inventor and dreamer. This gentleman has already in charge a girl of about Patrick's age, whom he has some time earlier rescued from a still more desperate plight. These are the partners three. It may be said at once that Patrick Isaac Ennis (he is "Pie" to his partners) does not marry the girl, or even aspire to marry her. Beyond this item we do not wish to divulge any fact whatever in connection with a delightfully unconventional (yes, with its improvident genius, long-lost heiress, and all) romance.

The Lodger Overhead. By Charles Belmont Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The middle-aged bachelor who is sufficiently confirmed in his estate to watch life clearly from his own cosy corner, intervening at times to play the cynically benevolent *deus ex machina*, is a common enough type in fiction. The bachelor in the present collection of stories is a vague, Van Bibber-like person on whose elaborate furniture and fine linen and free use of cabs much stress is laid. He lives, of course, in apartments over a millinery shop, just west of Fifth Avenue, and not far from the theatrical district. He moves in good society; just how far below the

society which Mrs. Wharton has made her own, a humble reviewer who writes for money finds it impossible to say. But Mr. Davis's folks do go down to the quieter Southern winter resorts, and drive out in their own motors to country clubs.

After injecting quite a dose of abstract speculation into his first story, our author seems to have had enough. At any rate, he settles down to dispensing narrative of a mildly moralistic, mildly sentimental flavor without particular character or distinction. Is it a trace of amateurishness, or is it actual fondness for a certain feminine pose that makes no less than five of his heroines, in moments of mental travail, lean forward in their chairs with their faces resting in their palms and their elbows on their knees? He gets commendably close to reality in the story of the brilliant girl who married a good-natured vulgarian without the sense of humor. A half-page description of a hurried meal at a railway luncheon-counter, is very nearly perfect. The story as a whole is excellent.

Nadir Shah. By Sir Mortimer Durand. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Sir Mortimer Durand deserves credit for having at least hesitated before he cast this work into the form of fiction. Nadir Shah was a great Turkoman soldier of the eighteenth century, who advanced through blood to the throne of Persia and set about the conquest of the Orient. His government, as here represented, was an able, iron despotism, tempered for a time by the influence of a humane Indian woman whom he made first his captive, then his queen. Against his sway a conspiracy was formed, which he repressed with barbarities reminding one of "Titus Andronicus." Involved in the plot was the shah's own son, whom he visited with the most horrible punishment. So much of the story, and it is the main part of it, seems to rest on pretty firm historical ground. There is material, certainly, in the life of Nadir Shah, for an extremely interesting historical monograph. But some of the sources were difficult of access and some of the evidence, as usual, contradictory. The author, therefore, preferred, while preserving as carefully as possible the known facts, to draw also on unsifted tradition and on his own acquaintance with the East and to a considerable extent on imagination to heighten the interest and color of his narrative. The narrative moves. It is written in a clear, straightforward style, not without force. It is enlivened by nearly a score of illustrations, some of them old and curious. Except for the character of the heroine, which savors something too much of the Occident, there is little to offend the sense of verisimilitude. Yet the book, like most others of its kind, fails between two stools: as fiction, it leaves us rather cold; as history, it leaves us rather suspicious.

Philip the Forester: A Romance of the Valley of Gardens. By Daniel Edwards Kennedy. Brookline, Mass.: The Queen's Shop. $4.50.

By the accompanying note to the public and by the sumptuous price announced therein, this book rightfully demands, first of all, comment on its exterior. The private press and bindery of the author are its birthplace. The large pages are printed from type on Italian hand-made paper of noble quality. The margins are lavish; the print handsome; the binding, an æsthetic dull red paper backed by a cool brown muslin, suggests no ephemeral fiction, but a real book sitting in honored company on the shelves of a real library. The proof-reading, especially in the matter of spelling, is not unassailable, whether from the simplified point of view or from that of the opposing camp. For the luxuriant commas there may be champions. They are at least a novelty to-day.

The contents, after disclosing beautifully printed title-page, dedication, and list of subscribers' names, concern themselves not with the Hewlett-like fantasy one might predict from the name, but with an American, oh! very American! mill-town and farming country, and with a young man who holds enlightened views on trees. Much of the action passes in the barroom of the "Golden Dog." The rest in bucolic and sylvan settings. Sincerity, good faith, nature-love, may not be questioned in counting the merits of the work. For detailed criticism as to form and style, the fiction reviewer, having sung the praises of the outer book, respectfully refers inquirers to the critic on bookbinding.

Dictionary of the Bible. Edited by James Hastings, D.D., with the cooperation of John A. Selbie, D.D., and with the assistance of John C. Lambert, D. D., and of Shailer Matthews, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. xvi, 992. $5 net.

A Standard Bible Dictionary. Edited by Melancthon W. Jacobus, D.D., Edward E. Nourse, D.D., and Andrew C. Zenos, D.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Pp. xxiii, 920. $6.

A Commentary on the Holy Bible. By Various Writers. Edited by the Rev. J. R. Dummelow, M.A. Complete in one volume; with general articles and maps. New York: The Macmillan Co. Pp. cliii, 1091. $2.50 net.

If it be true that the Bible is not known and read to-day as in the time of our fathers, at least the demand for helps to its further elucidation seems almost unlimited. Seven or eight years ago appeared, practically at the same time, the large four and five-volume dictionaries of the Bible, edited by Cheyne and Hastings, respectively. While these met the wants of scholars, they did not meet the demands of that much more numerous body who could not afford such large and expensive works, who could not consult them in libraries, and who wished to have on their shelves some handy work to which they could refer speedily. To meet this demand two one-volume dictionaries of the Bible have appeared simultaneously, the one edited by that veteran dictionary-maker, James Hastings, the other by Dean Jacobus of the Hartford Theological Seminary. Both of these works represent approximately the same theological and critical position. They are conservatively critical.

Dr. Hastings's Dictionary is not an abridgment of his larger five-volume work. While he has had in this the cooperation of Dr. Selbie, who coöperated with him before, his other assistants, Dr. Lambert and Prof. Shailer Matthews of the University of Chicago, are new. The list of scholars contributing is also quite different from that contributing to the larger work, and American scholarship is very much better represented, presumably owing to Prof. Shailer Matthews's coöperation. Occasionally, it is true, an article in the smaller Dictionary is written by the same person who wrote the corresponding article in the larger work, but this is the exception. The print of this work is small but clear. Space is carefully economized; and there is almost nothing in the way of preface or introduction. There are no illustrations and but one map of "the ancient East," which, we regret to say, is poor, inaccurate, and not up to date. At the close of the volume there is an additional note to his article on Assyria and Babylonia, by the Rev. C. H. W. Johns, intended to correct the chronology of that article on the basis of King's "Chronicles" and Hilprecht's "Chronological Tablets from the Temple Library at Nippur."

The editor of the "Standard Bible Dictionary" is an American, and the bulk of the writers in this volume are American scholars, the Hartford Theological Seminary furnishing the principal contingent. It is interesting to note, as indicating the connections of scholarship in England and America, respectively, that, whereas only two German scholars contribute to the English work, five Germans and one Dutchman are named in the much smaller list of contributors to the American volume. The latter is printed in larger type and contains over 400 illustrations, wood-cuts, half-tones, and maps, some of which are admirable, others mediocre, and a few bad. Most of the illustrations are from photo-

graphs taken by recent explorers, among which the pictures of implements and utensils furnished by Professors Grant and Paton are particularly valuable. The topographical chart of Jerusalem, accompanying Professor Paton's article, deserves special commendation for the clear-cut view which it gives of the physical conformation of the city and the ingenious way in which, by printing the letters and the numbers on the tissue-paper cover, instead of on the map itself, one obtains an unconfused view of the whole. The "Standard Dictionary" is furnished, further, with thumbholes, lettered to correspond to the articles, so that the user may turn quickly to the word sought. The larger articles are divided into sections by box-heads, numbered consecutively to facilitate cross reference.

In scholarship, the two works stand on about the same plane, and, as already stated, the critical and scholarly point of view in both is practically identical, as shown by a comparison of such articles as Abraham, Jerusalem, and John. The American work is somewhat more inclined to be homiletical and to deal with theological topics, or questions of belief. In text content, it is about one-fifth smaller than the English work. At the same time, from its practical arrangement, its larger print, and its abundant illustrations, it is presumably the better adapted for the class of users for whom it was intended—busy ministers, Bible-class teachers, and Bible students.

For the same class of readers, the Macmillan Company has published a one-volume commentary on the whole Bible, edited by the Rev. J. R. Dummelow. This work is more distinctly Anglican. Very few American and no German names are included in the list of contributors, while the great majority of the writers are clergymen of the Church of England. The editor prefaces his work by the Collect for the Second Sunday in Advent, from the English Prayer Book. After this most readers would expect to find a very pious and antediluvian volume. That this is not the case is evidence of the great change which has taken place in the point of view of Bible scholarship in the last few years. The results of modern biblical criticism are frankly accepted in this volume, and, while the writers of the various articles and of the commentaries on individual books are strictly orthodox, their orthodoxy is sane and reasonable, and there is no apparent consciousness of any conflict between orthodoxy and scholarship. The introduction to this volume comprises 143 pages, consisting of general articles, dealing with Hebrew history, Pentateuchal analysis, the Laws of Hammurabi, Hebrew prophecy, the religious development of the Jews, and other literary and archæological topics, together with a description of Palestine, a Bible chronology, and discussions of the more important doctrines of the Christian faith. The commentary occupies almost 1,100 pages, of which somewhat more than 600 are devoted to the Old Testament and a little less than 500 to the New, the latter, therefore, receiving relatively much the fuller treatment. The commentary on each book is prefaced by an introduction, containing an analysis of the book, with a discussion of questions of authorship, date, religious value, etc. The commentaries are necessarily short, but quite as long probably as the average student desires. There are a few good, but rather crowded and over-condensed maps, in black and white, at the back of the volume.

These three books are really valuable additions to the Bible literature of the English reading world. The preacher, the missionary, the Bible-class teacher, the intelligent layman, desirous of studying behind the letter of his Bible, provided with one or the other of these dictionaries and this commentary, has really in those two volumes a complete and very effective equipment for the study and interpretation of the Book, an equipment very far in advance of that which good technical scholars possessed not many years since.

Siena, the Story of a Mediæval Commune. By Ferdinand Schevill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

This book differs from similar popular histories in emphasizing the economic bases of Sienese civilization. But let no one suppose that such devotion to the dismal science implies a dull book. On the contrary, the method lends concreteness and veracity to what otherwise might be a rather incoherent chronicle. Mr. Schevill is refreshingly free from the common vice of personifying his generalizations. He shows us the actuality—not Liberty or Democracy advancing, but the little traders upsetting the privileges and prerogatives of the big ones, and then the working people getting even with both classes of their former betters. These motives not merely explain the successive and confusing changes of the city government, but also tell us why no stable rule was possible. Siena is typical of all Italy in this failure to subordinate the good of the group to that of the state. It is one of the paradoxes of history that, after inventing and elaborating the idea of the state for all time, Italy for nearly twenty centuries should afford a classic example of the evils of particularism. From this lack of real civic spirit Siena was peculiarly a sufferer. She did develop, however, a substitute in a volatile local pride and a graceful self-sufficiency that make her civilization highly characteristic and picturesque. In intelligence she was never rich. No poet, scientist, or inventor of the first rank was born within her gates. Rich she was, chiefly in enthusiasm. "Soft Siena," as she early was called, readily produced revellers and saints, the plotters of massacres, and the artists who celebrated the mystic Mother of God and patroness of the city.

Mr. Schevill is keenly alive to these aspects of his subject, and has compiled his text so skilfully, interweaving fine bits from the chronicles, that his book should fully hold its own with its many excellent predecessors. Its defect is merely in the minutiæ of style. A certain wordiness and an occasional bluntness of idiom detract from a sensitive reader's pleasure. These lapses might easily be remedied in a second edition. The chapter on the art of Siena is inconclusive and not very suggestive. Her preëminence in the beautiful art of enamelling should have been mentioned, while the charm of her painted sculpture in wood surely deserved a word. In denying to Duccio high quality as an illustrator and setting him down as a decorator primarily, the point of Mr. Berenson's criticism seems to be missed in transcription. Duccio is one of the greatest of illustrators, only his *genre* was discursive. The epigones of the fifteenth century are dismissed rather cavalierly because they refused to be progressive. Sassetta, Matteo, Sano, and the rest at least cultivated their little gardens with utmost fidelity and delicacy. They show what charming variations might still be played upon the apparently moribund Byzantine tradition. No form of art is dead so long as any one practices it with love and intelligence. It seems the part of good taste, then, to take these belated masters for what they are, without crushing them under the obvious and gratuitous comparison with the giants of Florence.

This book contains a number of good photographic illustrations. It is so judiciously made, so sanely enthusiastic, and so compact that, with a little mending of the rougher spots in the text, it should take its place with the best popular works on this much bewritten but never exhausted subject.

The Story of the State of Washington. By Edmond S. Meany, Professor of History in the University of Washington. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25 net.

Coincident with the opening of the Seattle Fair appears Professor Meany's excellent account of the new State in which it is held. He writes with the interest natural in one whose own development has been involved in the development he describes. His pictures and judgments of men and events,

though warmly patriotic, are never extravagant; the detail, though somewhat long drawn for the general reader, is none too elaborate for the public the author has especially in view, the high schools and colleges of Washington itself; the correctness of his statements is always well vouched for by reference to the good authorities from which they are derived.

Physically, Washington offers many a smiling area in the midst of ruggedness sometimes forbidding, but often most picturesque. It possesses in Puget Sound a vast haven into which more than into any other the commerce of the Pacific may in future be gathered. A fascinating list of characters figure in the story. We begin with Drake and the Spaniards of the sixteenth century with whom he fought; in due time come the later navigators, Cook, Behring, La Perouse, and Vancouver. The enterprise of the New England captains, Robert Gray at the head, is celebrated, an enterprise so marked that almost to this day a "Boston man" among the Indians is the more intelligible equivalent for American. The explorers by land are a company no less worthy, Mackenzie, Simon Fraser, and John McLoughlin, on the British side, with Lewis and Clark, Marcus Whitman, Frémont, and Isaac I. Stevens, on the American. For a decade and more it was doubtful whether the land would go to England or the United States. The influx of an American population, however, decided the matter, and though the 54° 40′ northern line, which we coveted, escaped us, we obtained all we could rightfully claim.

In Professor Meany's story no man seems to us to approach more nearly to the heroic stature than Isaac I. Stevens. He fell at the head of his division, with the national colors in his hand, in a successful effort to withstand the rush of Stonewall Jackson on the Federal capital after the Second Bull Run, September 1, 1862. It has been asserted that at the moment Lincoln was considering his appointment to the command of the army in Virginia. We know of no authoritative evidence of this, and it is improbable, for it was the misfortune of Stevens, and of his country, that he fell in the first serious battle in which he was engaged. He had had no opportunity to become known. Nevertheless, the record of Stevens in the West (of which possibly Lincoln was well informed) makes one feel that he might have done well even in that high and difficult post. He led his class at West Point, then after service in Mexico was chief of the coast survey in the Federal city. Made territorial governor of Washington in 1853, he also became head of Indian affairs and of the surveys undertaken for a northern Pacific railroad. Professor Meany calls him "a human dynamo"; and his energy in the midst of large and perplexing responsibilities, sometimes at peace, sometimes at war, was no more marked than were his tact and courage. Some of the best soldiers of the civil war, North and South, got their training under him on the frontier. The account of his surveys is a work of the highest value in the history of Western development. He made a good record in Congress. His death occurred when he was but forty-four, at a moment when the future seemed burdened with honors for him. If any men might contest with Stevens primacy among the founders of Washington, it would be such railway kings as Henry Villard and James J. Hill. But it must be remembered that in all their work they have but stood upon Stevens's shoulders: he labored and they entered into his labors.

Wanderings in South America, the Northwest of the United States, and the Antilles, in the Years 1812, 1816, 1820, and 1824. By Charles Waterton. Including a memoir of the author by Norman Moore, M.D. With illustrations and a brief introduction by Charles Livingston Bull. New York: Sturgis & Walton. $2.50 net.

The Andean Land (South America). By Chase S. Osborn. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 2 vols. $5.

The interest in South America which was aroused by Mr. Root's visit continues to bring forth its harvest of books. Among them is an attractive reprint of Waterton's fascinating "Wanderings," which it is a pleasure to welcome. Like White's "Natural History of Selborne," Waterton's "Wanderings" can never have too many editions. His vivid and faithful pictures of life in the jungle are ever new and always entertaining and instructive. Mr. Bull's all too modest introduction makes one wish he had given more of his own impressions of the region which it was his good fortune to visit a century after Waterton. Unfortunately, his experiments with photography were unsuccessful, and his drawings are rather too fanciful to be of much value. An appreciative memoir of Waterton, largely autobiographical, compiled by Dr. Moore, who was a friend of the great naturalist's old age, adds in no small degree to the worth of this edition.

Of Mr. Osborn's two attractive volumes, encumbered as they are with statistics and information of the guide-book kind, one cannot speak in such high praise. They are decidedly not up to the standard of recent books on South America, being neither so entertaining as Ruhl's "Other Americans," so informing as Martin's "Five Republics," or so accurate as Keane's "South America." The author is a Michigan "newspaper man," and many of his stories smack of the Sunday supplement. A breezy journalistic style that tolerates "a swift poke in the solar-plexus" is hardly adapted to a book of this kind, even when it is offset by a dreary compilation of statistics for the cities and towns of the West Coast. There are, besides, chapters filled with "personal mention" of fellow-passengers, stars, albatrosses, and whales. But one cannot help wishing that this space had been used to give more adequate treatment to Brazil and Argentina. To the Falkland Islands is allotted an exhaustive chapter, and Chili is gossiped about at considerable length. A remarkable description of Valparaiso's earthquake by an eye-witness and an entertaining account of the journey over the Uspallata Pass are worthy of special note. As an aid to travellers, however, the work is of doubtful value, for the information in regard to railways leaves out of account the important progress of the past two years, and there are many serious inaccuracies. For instance, one may *not* "coach from Oruro through Sucre to La Paz easily in four days"—or in fourteen; and there *are* excellent passenger ships that sail from New York to Buenos Ayres.

Nevertheless, Mr. Osborn's remarks on our trade with South America are important and deserve to be widely read. Especially noteworthy is the letter from a Chilian importer who complains of the packing by American manufacturers as "one of the most disgraceful and discreditable things imaginable. It is coming to that point where no concern wants to import from the United States, if they can possibly get the goods from Europe. It is a positive pleasure to see goods unpacked from German exporters." This subject arises continually in all the reports that come from South America. As Lincoln Hutchinson said three years ago, in his "Report on Trade Conditions in Brazil":

> We have heard so much about the necessity for correct packing, the minute attention to details of orders, the indispensability of long credits, etc., that we turn from them with a shrug. Yet the reiteration is made necessary by our exporters' persistent disregard of these factors.

Science.

The Behavior of Noddy and Sooty Terns. By Dr. John B. Watson. Paper Number VII from the Marine Biological Laboratory at Tortugas. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

This paper of sixty-eight pages forms one of the most important of recent contributions to ornithology. The author spent two and a half months on Bird Key, with the object of observing, as closely as possible, the details of the lives of the two species of terns found

breeding there. Of the Noddy Terns there were about 1,400 adults, while the colony of Sooties numbered more than 18,800.

The food and the feeding habits, the courtship, nest-building, care, and external development of the young, and the entire daily activity of both species are minutely described, each phase of study being subdivided, and an excellent summary given of each. Contrary to what we should expect, these web-footed birds apparently never touch the water except to drink or bathe, and if they fall accidentally into the sea, they are unable to swim against the tide. The male and female, although indistinguishable externally, have each their separate work during the early breeding season, the latter building and guarding the nest, the former obtaining food for both. The proof of perfect, yet inexplicable, recognition between the bird and its mate, its nest and young, is very striking. The most significant experiment was that of removing one bird of a pair, marking it distinctly with oil paint, liberating it at a distance from the island, and then noting the time of return to its nest. One bird, taken more than sixty-eight miles, returned in eleven hours, while the individuals which were carried by steamer a distance of 1,080 miles, to a point just north of Cape Hatteras, were seen back at their nests several days later. In this case, however, their mates had already found new partners, and they were not permitted to resume their share in the care of their own young. Dr. Watson has no explanation to offer, saying that the facts obtained from these experiments "are extremely difficult for current theories of orientation to explain."

The author is primarily a psychologist, and his language in a number of instances is made unnecessarily technical by the use of such terms as intra-organic pressure. Although this pedantry of expression is familiar to psychologists, the simplicity of the facts, together with their general interest, would seem to warrant recounting in terms of more common usage.

The photographs of the birds, their nests, and eggs, are excellent. When we have biographies, such as this, of many more birds, together with a more thorough knowledge of their structure and development, we may at last hope for light upon the evolution and relationships of these most difficult subjects of study.

Dr. G. L. Walton's "Practical Guide to the Wild Flowers and Fruits" (Lippincott) is another serious attempt to aid the beginner in identifying a good many common plants by means of their most obvious features. The primary divisions are based on color: subsequent ones on the more striking characteristics of stems and leaves. Of course, such a scheme for aiding everybody to find out the names of plants is open to many objections on the ground of superficiality and incompleteness, and there is hardly a page with which a professional botanist might not find much fault. But if the book can help anybody to know more about the plants of common life, it may serve a useful purpose. The drawings as a rule are not satisfactory, and in one or two instances are distinctly misleading, but they are supplemented by a few good colored plates, and by an excellent reproduction of an old print of Dioscorides. Dr. Walton's plan has the merit of extreme simplicity, and in practice may be of service to a good many persons who would never take the trouble to study a botanical book of the most elementary character. The book shows how certain puzzles can be worked out, ending with the names of the plants.

The Berlin Akademie der Wissenschaften has issued a number of grants for research, including: 2,300 marks to Professor Engler, for his work on the Vegetable Kingdom; 2,000 marks to Professor Schulze, for his work on the structure of the lungs of birds; and 3,000 marks to Professor Escherich, for his study of the Termites in Ceylon.

Samuel William Johnson, professor emeritus of agricultural chemistry at Yale, died July 21, at the age of seventy-nine years. In 1855 he went to the Sheffield Scientific School, where he taught for forty years. He was president of the American Chemical Society in 1878, and since 1866 a member of the National Academy of Sciences. His best known book, "How Crops Grow," is used extensively in England and America, and has been translated into German, Swedish, Italian, Japanese, and Russian. His other books are: "Essays on Peat Muck and Commercial Manures," "Peat and Its Uses as Fertilizer and Fuel," and "How Crops Feed."

The death is reported, at the age of fifty-one, of Alexander Anderson, since 1885 professor of natural philosophy in Queen's College, Galway, and since 1899 president of that institution. He published a number of papers on mathematical and other scientific subjects.

Art.

Royal Palaces of Spain: An Historical and Descriptive Account of the Seven Principal Palaces of the Spanish Kings. By Albert F. Calvert. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

The seven palaces described in this latest volume of the Spanish Series are the Alcazar, the Escorial, El Pardo, Aranjuez, La Granja, Madrid, and Miramar. The last hardly conforms to the popular idea of a palace, being a simple country-house of unpretending English architecture, destitute of historic interest or art treasures, the summer home of the royal family, where for a few months the formalities and etiquette of Madrid are laid aside. Three of the remaining six palaces were erected by Philip V, who, after the War of Succession, amused himself in lavishing millions upon La Granja and Aranjuez, and, later, owing to the destruction by fire of the Alcazar at Madrid, was forced to rebuild the royal residence in the capital. Mr. Calvert's Handbook ought to turn the attention of travellers to La Granja, far surpassing Versailles in the magnificence of its fountains and natural scenery, and easily reached by carriage from Segovia, itself one of the most interesting but least-visited of Spanish cities, although readily accessible by rail from Madrid. On this royal retreat, set in the midst of pine-covered hills and dominated by the Pico de Peñalara, Philip spent 45,000,000 crowns. Its gardens are its real glory, whereas the palace, in the degenerate taste of the Regency, cannot compare with the Escorial, its solemn neighbor on the opposite side of the same Sierra, or with that finest of Bourbon palaces, whose white walls rise above the Manzanares in Madrid.

The homes of royalty, in spite of their gorgeous monotony, are everywhere objects of curiosity to the travelling public. It may be doubted, however, whether those of any other country so justify this interest as do the palaces of Spain, either as the scenes of momentous events or as the repositories of art treasures. Certainly, no construction in Europe is so stamped with the character of its builder, so conforms to the spirit of its time and its natural surroundings, or leaves so distinct an impression of its Imperial master and his age, as the Escorial. Few, if any, of the actual abodes of royalty can boast of rooms rivalling the throne-room, Giardini room, or Hall of Ambassadors of the Madrid palace, or match its collections of tapestry and art furnishings. No existing royal retreat so reveals the personality of its creator as does that paradise of the melancholy pleasure-sated Philip in the Sierras, of which he said: "It has cost me three millions and amused me three minutes." And outside of Spain there is no Alcazar. Mr. Calvert says in his preface:

> These palaces of the haughtiest royal race in Europe are endowed with the rarest treasures of art and taste, such as only a semi-despotic Power could accumulate in bygone days. It is the object of this little book to reveal these riches to the curious in such matters by means of illustrations, the accompanying text being only to be considered in the light of explanatory notes and chronological data.

The text and 165 small but excellent illustrations fulfil the promise of the preface.

A. C. McClurg & Co. publish "The Standard Galleries of Holland," by Esther Singleton. When one reads that Miss Singleton is the author of "Great Pictures Described by Great Writers," one knows what to expect—a compilation from all sorts of sources, put together without discoverable method. Miss Singleton announces that she

has "endeavored to avoid all criticism by adopting the spelling [of artists' names] used in the official catalogues of the . . . galleries; and in a few instances these are not agreed." This may be the proper course, but it would have been as well to give cross references. In the Index Vermeer of Delft appears, but the reference is only to his View of Delft at The Hague. One looks elsewhere and finds entries (in this order), Meer, Jan van der, the Younger; Meer, Van der; Meer, Jan van der. On looking these up in the text, the dates given for the first and third are irreconcilable with those of Vermeer. There are no dates at all in the paragraph referred to in the second entry, and nothing whatever to indicate that this is the same painter as Vermeer of Delft, but the picture referred to is the celebrated Girl Reading of the Rijks Museum. In the text, but not indexed, is a reference to Vermeer of Utrecht, who may or may not be one of the other Van der or van der Meers. Surely it is the duty of a writer to afford some guidance through this labyrinth.

The death is announced of Jules-Clément Chaplain, the eminent engraver of medals. He was born in 1839, and studied under Jouffroy and Oudinot. Among his better known bronze medallions are those of Renan, Robert Fleury, and MacMahon.

Finance.

Forty Years of American Finance. By Alexander Dana Noyes. Second edition. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

Since 1898 students of the economic history of the United States have been under a heavy debt to Mr. Noyes for his "Thirty Years of American Finance." The present volume renews and greatly increases that obligation. It adds to the author's invaluable history of the period extending from 1867 to 1897 an accurate, dispassionate, and well-reasoned account of the decade that ended with the panic of 1907.

The five new chapters, which narrate the events of the last decade, begin with the "industrial boom" that started in 1897. After pointing out that the great increase in the world's gold output and the accompanying worldwide rise of prices contributed to the expansion of industry in all countries, the author shows that our own industrial expansion began with the return of agricultural prosperity in 1897. As usual, deficient harvests abroad and "bumper" crops at home were the cause of this prosperity, which, on account of the continued rise in the prices of staple products, has continued to the present day. At about the same time occurred the noteworthy growth of our export trade in manufactured products, which led to so much talk of our "industrial invasion" of Europe. The direct result of these developments was the accumulation of large credits abroad which contributed to the stability of our rickety currency system, and made our money market for a time independent of Europe.

Such conditions favored, of course, the growth of speculation. Our newly acquired wealth entered the investment market and rapidly absorbed the available supply of railway securities and public loans. Promoters of companies were not slow to take advantage of such an opportunity, and by 1899 and 1900 were busily engaged in the manufacture of "industrial" securities to meet the demand of investors. If speculation was active in those years, it became frenzied in 1901. Numbers of factories were consolidated into large corporations, large corporation was joined to large corporation until the outcome was a Trust, and then came the gigantic holding company, owning a number of Trusts. Every stage in the process was attended with the manufacture, then the duplication and reduplication of securities, most of which were absorbed by gullible investors; until it seemed as if no scheme could be so reckless or visionary as to fail of support by the investing public. A new era in finance had come, in which men "thought in billions," and none of the old laws of trade were thereafter to apply to American industrial development.

The Northern Pacific episode in May, 1901, in no way affected the sources of the country's real prosperity, but, with other developments of that year, did give warning to investors that things could be overdone, even in the new financial era; so that in 1902 speculation was considerably less active. Most of the great men of finance, however, took no warning; and, continuing to promote companies of more and more doubtful stability, found themselves caught in 1903 in a "rich men's panic." This disturbance was but temporary; and after a short retardation, the wheels of industry revolved as before. By 1905 continued agricultural prosperity and rising prices for commodities led the great men to renew the boom in stocks; and this they did with capital procured abroad and by using the credit and other resources of the great corporations they controlled. Simultaneously in various countries of Europe, in South America, and in distant Japan, there occurred outbursts of speculation. On the surface, at least, things were going as they should in a new era which had formulated its own laws of trade, and, incidentally, abolished fear and possibility of panics.

But underlying conditions were no longer what they had been in 1901. Business in practically all lines was as good as ever, if not better than before; but for that very reason made greater demands upon the country's supply of capital. And in European markets, the lines were tightening. Industrial activity was intense, and to this was added unrestrained speculation in various countries; meanwhile two great wars had destroyed some three billions of capital that might otherwise have been available for industrial or commercial purposes. Discount rates in the money centres were a sure indication of approaching strain on the world's supply of free capital, and experienced observers gave warning of possible danger. If ever there was a time for prudence and moderation in stock speculation, the two years preceding the panic of 1907 were such a time.

What our great men did, however, was to draw upon the resources of the financial institutions under their control and utilize the credit of their railways and other corporations for the purpose of inaugurating a boom in stocks. When falling bank reserves and rising discount rates brought this process to an end, they then had recourse to foreign loans, and this even at the very season when, according to the old-fashioned finance, it had been thought necessary to husband resources in order to move the crops. By the close of 1906 foreign borrowings had risen to a total of $500,000,000, and American markets were clearly dependent upon European, in which capital was already scarce in proportion to the demand, and was becoming scarcer. Meanwhile, in this country various revelations of wrongdoing in high places were destroying confidence in the morality of our new financiers as well as confidence in the safety of their methods, so that the great men finally had the stock market pretty much to themselves.

By the fall of 1906, further borrowing in Europe had become impossible, and Wall Street had to appeal to the Federal Treasury for relief. Railways found it difficult or impossible to market their bonds, and were obliged to issue their notes in order to complete construction work and meet maturing obligations. By the middle of 1907, not less than $300,000,000 of such notes had been issued. The spring of that year had brought news of crises in Egypt and Japan; October was to report others at Hamburg and in Chili. In March and August heavy sales of securities on the New York exchange, evidently by some of the great men and for the purpose of obtaining ready money, gave evidence that new-fangled methods of abolishing panics might go wrong after all; while a number of business failures indicated an increasing strain on capital. When the panic actually broke, a notorious "chain" of New York banks and a "speculative" trust company were the actual storm centre; but it might just as well have been precipitated in some other way. Since October, 1907, we have heard little of the new finance which was to supersede all the old laws of trade.

Such a summary as this falls far short of doing justice to Mr. Noyes's masterly array of facts in their proper sequence and his searching discussion of their meaning. Through the mad speculation of 1901 and the reckless operations of 1905 and 1906 our author studied, as they occurred, the events he now reviews as historian; he is equipped as is no other man for the task he has so well performed. In those days he was never dazzled by the most brilliant operations of the new finance, or deluded by the sophistries of its accepted exponents; and his history of the past decade is as good a vindication as could be written of the old-fashioned finance based on the teachings of reason and experience.

In any survey of such a wide field differences of opinion must inevitably arise at some points, and Mr. Noyes cannot, and doubtless did not, expect to escape all criticism. His opinions are certain, however, to have great weight, and his critics will have no easy task. Particularly valuable is his discussion of the significance of the Northern Securities case; also his analysis of the nature of the speculative movement of 1905 and 1906, and his pitiless dissection of the assertion that Mr. Roosevelt caused the late panic. By way of criticism, it may be pointed out that it is misleading to say, as Mr. Noyes does, that the currency act of 1900 provides that notes once redeemed "shall be held in the reserve fund until exchanged for gold," without adding that elsewhere the statute provides a method by which apparently the notes may be reissued without such exchange.

On Tuesday, July 27, shortly after the close of business on the Exchange, announcement was made of a quarterly dividend of ¾ of 1 per cent. upon the common stock of the United States Steel Company. This quarterly rate, if maintained, will put this stock upon a 3 per cent. basis instead of the 2 per cent. basis prevalent since May, 1906. The ruling prices of this security for some time have portended an advance in dividends. Just before the actual announcement of the increase it closed at 71¼. The earnings reported for the quarter ended June 30 would seem to justify the action of the directors, although the figures of earnings for 1906 and 1907 are not approached. Unfilled orders stand at over four million tons, and the outlook for future production is therefore encouraging.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Avery, Mabel A. Mother Goose on Bridge. Syracuse, N. Y.: Lyman Bros.

Brady, B. F. Sectionalism and Some of Its Fruits. Goldsboro,, N. C.: B. F. Grady. 25 cents.

Chile. Compiled by the International Bureau of American Republics. Washington, D. C. $1.

Christian Ministry and the Social Order: Lectures delivered at Yale Divinity School, 1908-1909. Edited by C. S. Macfarland. New Haven: Yale University Press.

Cramp, W. S. The Heart of Silence. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co.

Darwin, C. Foundations of the Origin of Species, a Sketch Written in 1842. Edited by Francis Darwin. London: Cambridge University Press.

Dodd, W. F. The Government of the District of Columbia. Washington: John Byrne & Co. $1.50.

Frost, T. G. The Man of Destiny. Gramercy Pub. Co.

Hudgins, C. D. A Transferred Identity. Oglivie Pub. Co. 25 cents.

Janitschek, M. Irrende Liebe. Leipzig: B. Elischer Nachfolger.

Knopf, S. A. Tuberculosis. Moffat, Yard & Co. $2.

Knowlson, T. S. The Education of the Will. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Lake, F. P. Uncle Sim. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co.

Letters and Journals of Samuel Gridley Howe. Vol. II. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $3 net.

Murdock, H. 1872: Letters Written by a Gentleman in Boston to His Friend in Paris, Describing the Great Fire. Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.

Newman, Carrie S. Kindergarten in the Home. Boston: Page & Co.

One Day. Anonymous. Macaulay Company.

Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. VIII. S—Sauce. Frowde. $1.25.

Report on Coöperative Savings and Loan Associations for 1908. Transmitted to the N. Y. Legislature.

Roberts, W. C., Jr. The Boy's Account of It: a Chronicle of Foreign Travel by an Eight-year-old. Waterloo Press. $1.

Spenser, E. The Faerie Queene. Printed for William Ponsonbie, 1596. Vols. I and II. Putnam's.

Transportation by Water in the United States. Report of the Commissioner of Corporations. Part I. Washington: Government Printing-Office.

Twenty-second Annual Report on Factory Inspection for twelve months ended Sept. 30, 1907. Albany: State Dept. of Labor.

Vrooman, F. B. Theodore Roosevelt, Dynamic Geographer. Frowde.

Walsh, J. J. The Thirteenth Greatest of Centuries. Second edition, with emendations and an appendix. Fordham University Press.

Wells, H. G. Socialism and the Family. Boston: Ball Pub. Co. 50 cents net.

Wheeler, J. C. There She Blows: a Whaling Yarn. Dutton. $1.20 net.

White, Frances H. Captain Jinks: the Autobiography of a Shetland Pony. Boston: Page & Co. $1.50.

Who's Who Along the North Shore of Mass. 1909. Salem, Mass.; Salem Press Co. $2.50.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1909.

The Week.

The student of politics sometimes fails to perceive powerful agencies because they lie so near him. He scans the horizon and neglects to look at the thermometer. He seeks far-off clues for seemingly recondite actions, and never remembers that the actors are men of like passions with himself. In legislation, particularly, the powers of simple human endurance cannot be neglected. Ennui, the demands of sleep and hunger, have often drafted whole sections of important measures. Pope, in his social satire of Queen Ann's time, has recorded how towards evening

> The hungry judges soon the sentence sign
> And wretches hang that jurymen may dine.

The habit persists—let us hope not in the courts—but in almost every other sphere of political activity. President Taft is said to have remarked good-naturedly that the place of summer heat in our Constitutional system had been strangely overlooked. The remark must have given a momentary cold shiver to the lightning-defying members of Congress who were going to resist to the death the President's suggestions of shading various tariff duties. It takes a grim soldier like Grant to announce that he proposes to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer. But, seriously, there is no doubt that no small part of the coercive power of a determined executive lies in his ability to call an extra session which will tax the resisting powers of an intractable legislative body.

An instructive illustration of the same truth is found in the British Parliament at the present moment. Here it is the craving for sleep that gives the Cabinet the whip-hand in pushing the finance bill through the House of Commons. The custom of holding night sessions which extend far into the small hours of the morning, makes opposition a test of nerves. The innumerable amendments which are offered to the Government's proposals are threshed out between yawns and impromptu naps. The closure is regularly applied, and the Conservatives who are so hopelessly outnumbered dread to be caught sleeping away from their posts. Mr. Balfour's philosophic calm must suffer many a wrench as he envies the large brute vote of his opponents, a vote so large that their Whip can show more leniency than his own faithful vote-catcher. The Chancellor of the Exchequer counts upon getting to ed at 2 A. M.—barring accident—while the grim gray dawn of four o'clock marks bed-time for the Tory generalissimo. But even the Liberals have had to give a respite to the presiding officer, and have brought in a special rule enabling the deputy chairman to apply the legislative guillotine—a power which, until now, he has not wielded. This wicked extension of gag-law has left Mr. Balfour almost speechless. It is almost enough to shake his "foundations of belief."

We know, of course, that the direct primary is dead. We know it, because we have been told so. No sensible man favors it; no practised politician will touch it. It is the pariah of politics. Still, this authentic news does not seem to have reached some men who might hear of it with advantage. Here is ex-Gov. Warfield of Maryland, for example. He was supposed to know something about the art political, yet we find him so benighted that he is proposing to induce the Democratic party of Maryland to make the direct primary an issue in the coming State campaign On Saturday next he is to offer resolutions at the Howard County primary in favor of direct nomination of "all candidates for public office," including United States Senators. The foolish man argues that this system would bring about a great reform in party management. But State Senator Gorman, in a fine illustration of heredity, takes issue with the ex-Governor. He declares that direct primaries would "injure" and possibly "disrupt" the Maryland Democrats. It may be, however, that this was exactly what ex-Gov. Warfield meant by reform.

A good illustration of our mechanically hide-bound currency system is seen in the difficulty experienced by banks in securing notes of small denominations to meet the demand incident to the crop movement. The Comptroller of the Currency has just issued a circular letter to explain how small notes may be secured by the banks. In case the banks hold silver certificates, the Treasury will accept them in exchange for certificates of lower denominations But already the certificates constitute the bulk of the currency in the form of one-dollar, two-dollar, and five-dollar bills. To relieve further the demand for small notes, Comptroller Murray suggests to the banks that they convert their circulation of the higher denominations into five-dollar notes. This can be done by replacing the larger notes when redeemed by an equivalent amount in five-dollar notes. The law provides that not more than one-third of a bank's circulation may be in five-dollar notes, but at present the one-third limit has not been reached by over $90,000,000. In case banks are willing to pay for an engraver's plate costing $75, the conversion of banknotes of the higher denominations into five-dollar bills will be expedited by the Treasury. The limitation in the law probably aims to create a vacuum in the circulation which will be filled by the silver certificates. So long as we have to provide channels for the monetary use of over-valued silver, this may be defensible. But the rigid limitation of the denominations in which bank currency may be issued works against the public interest upon those occasions where trade requirements are for small bills.

The action of Thomas L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, in overruling the strike declared by Francis Feehan of the local union in Pittsburgh, is highly commendable. The strike, which threatened to involve about twenty thousand men, was ordered by Feehan in the rashly belligerent spirit of the inexperienced labor leader. It required nerve on the part of his superior to command the miners to return to their work pending negotiations with the officials of the Pittsburgh Coal Company. An amicable agreement was reached with the operators, which is said to portend industrial peace in the coal regions for months, or possibly years, to come. This fortunate adjustment of a threatening difficulty illus-

trates the power for good that lies in really sane management by union leaders. The unions themselves may be expected to learn by experience the wisdom of avoiding strikes, except as a last desperate resort. Too often the temporary popularity of a labor leader seems to depend upon his hasty assent to ordering a strike, but such short-sighted men are bound in the long run to be east aside.

The notion that the anti-liquor movement has suffered a temporary set-back at the South was severely shaken by occurrences reported last Thursday in three Southern States. To a visiting delegation of ministers, Superintendent Bowyer of the Naval Academy at Annapolis said that unless the practice of selling intoxicants to students were stopped, he should recommend removal to another locality. The Annapolis liquor dealers may note that this utterance is not merely that of an influential officer, but that it has the support of the Bureau of Navigation. In the Republican State Convention at Norfolk, Va., the antipathy to the liquor traffic was again very much in evidence. The liquor plank in the platform was rejected, and by a vote of 700 to 310 a substitute declaring for local option was adopted. It is noteworthy that the prohibitionists were in a large majority and that local option was conceded as a method of saving the face of the committee on the platform. The drastic law pending in Alabama is remarkable. By this new law the possession of an internal revenue tax receipt is made *prima facie* evidence of guilt. Any officer may close any place that is accused of selling liquor, and upon the accused rests the burden of disproof. Social clubs are to be compelled to agree not to evade the law, and the penalty for their disobedience is the forfeiture of their charters.

If a comparison were instituted between Dogberry and his Baltimore counterpart, before whom Senator Stone was last week acquitted of assault, it would be decidedly in favor of the original. Not in vain does the prisoner at the bar in Maryland plead for acquittal on the ground of being a fellow-Caucasian. It is true that extenuating circumstances could be urged for slapping a Pullman porter. Senator Stone had explicitly ordered a drink of Scotch and a *large* tumbler of water. The whiskey was brought along with a *small* glass containing *some* water. This, of itself, would go far to justify mayhem. Superimposed upon the outraged dignity of the Senator from Missouri was an unconscionable delay in serving his chops. The Senator "wanted to know," and his chaste interrogatories were shrouded in dashes and asterisks. The blow followed, and the statesman was haled to the bar of Baltimore justice. The "cold neutrality of an impartial judge" intervened. The weary Solon from Missouri needed not to plead his Constitutional immunity from arrest. The presiding justice had also encountered the annoyances and resented the offensiveness of Pullman porters. The defendant was discharged. Now let us hope that wars may cease and arms give place to the toga!

The report that five West Point cadets are to be sent to their homes pending final decision as to whether they are to be expelled, is gratifying. It shows that the Commandant, Col. H. L. Scott, and the officers are abating not a jot in their desire to free West Point from the disgrace of hazing. Their failure to receive proper support from the last commander-in-chief, who deliberately overruled their recommendations made in compliance with law, might easily have discouraged them. Mr. Roosevelt's action in yielding to political pressure and mitigating the sentences of dismissed cadets may have been a direct cause for this fresh outbreak of brutality—for the gentle sport of hitting a cadet over the head with a tent-pole hardly deserves any other term. What Mr. Taft will do is now the chief object of interest. Last year, we had Col. Scott's word for it that the failure to uphold his hand was subversive of the discipline of the entire institution. President Taft must see, with his judicial training, that permitting cadets to overrule their lawful superiors means the triumph of insubordination. There could hardly be a case more likely to bring out clearly the difference in the cast of mind of Mr. Taft and his predecessor.

Much merriment is made at the expense of Prof. James H. Hyslop, secretary of the Society for Psychical Research, at the way the "spirits" are making free with his domestic concerns. It should appear that the spirit of Dr. Hodgson is averse to the proposed marriage of Professor Hyslop, on the ground that the latter should devote himself exclusively to the work of psychical research. Hitherto, messages alleged to have come from the spirit world have been unutterably trivial in their import. A Berlin professor said, in a lecture, some years ago, that whether there were spirits or not, there was no need of giving them heed until they developed some slight spark of intelligence: "So lange die Geister so furchtbar geistlos sind," was his witty way of putting it. But now the situation is serious. When these attenuated shades begin to interfere with a man's domestic arrangements, it is high time that they should be investigated.

Last Friday's complete triumph of the Wrights puts the crown to what was already a series of unexampled achievements with the aeroplane. It is clear that their machine could have flown from Calais to Dover and back again, with ease. The almost perfect control shown in the cross-country flight from Fort Myer to Alexandria and return, over hills and valleys at varying altitudes, makes the feat as startling as it was record-breaking. We may be sure that the telegraph will have carried every detail to Europe, where the imagination will be as deeply impressed as it is here. In the patient development of their idea, the Wright brothers have displayed qualities which we like to think distinctively American; and their cool poise and modesty in the hour of dazzling success will but add to the admiring recognition which they have won for their country.

To the cry of so many in the Old World against the sale of their art treasures to Americans, Dr. Wilhelm Bode, general director of the Royal Art Museum at Berlin, has added his weighty voice. Hitherto he has stood with the interests of a wide civilization and has opposed any movement to enact legislation prohibiting the exportation of works of art. But now, as our tariff is removed from paintings more than twenty years old, Dr. Bode has been stirred to action, and demands protection. "As soon," he writes in the latest issue of the magazine *Cicerone*, "as the law freeing old art works from duties passes Congress, nearly all these treasures will

go across the sea." He asks what will be left of the European galleries a few decades hence; congratulates England on retaining Titian's Arlosto, Velasquez's Venus, and Holbein's Duchess of Milan, but takes an especially gloomy view of the situation in Germany. "The Campe collection," he complains, "wandered last winter to America, via Paris, just as in the case of the excellent Guthmann silver collection." There seems to be, aside from natural Chauvinism, only one sound reason why old works of art should not be exported to America, or anywhere else. When they are torn away from their natural environment, when a religious picture is taken from its church aisle, when a frieze is removed from the wall of an old monastery, then indeed there is an absolute injury done to art, from the widest point of view, irrespective of local or national selfishness. And consequently there was much æsthetic wisdom in the action of the Italian government in forbidding the exportation of its old art treasures For art in Italy is indigenous, and is placed in a background in which it naturally grew. But Dr. Bode's objection has to do mainly with old art objects already torn from their backgrounds and placed in German and English collections. The sacrilege has already been done.

English Liberals have been doing distinctly better in the bye-elections. Of these, there have been four since Lloyd-George's budget was published, all of which have been hotly contested, and all of which the Liberals have won. Their majorities, to be sure, have dropped much below the abnormal figures of 1906, but have been well up to, and in two cases beyond, the previous Liberal record in those constituencies. The two latest successes—at Dumfries, and the High Peak division of Derbyshire—were peculiarly gratifying. The Conservatives had the strongest hopes of winning both fights, as they had put forth unexampled efforts, and had enlisted powerful interests. In each of the two constituencies, they had obtained the open support of the Catholic clergy, and counted upon detaching thereby a good part of the Irish vote. In addition, they got from the Duke of Norfolk, the great Catholic peer, a letter in favor of their Derbyshire candidate, on the ground that he had pledged himself "to support the interests of our Catholic children in our schools." This clear breach of the privileges of the House was resented by Irish members, and the Duke's letter was referred to a committee to recommend suitable action. But the unexpected Liberal majority will probably be regarded as sufficient punishment for the meddling Peer. It will also, we presume, put an end to the talk of the Lords throwing out the finance bill altogether. The budget was the main issue in all these bye-elections, and the demonstration is clear that, despite savage denunciation in the City and by great landlords, it is popular with the voters.

Soon after the meeting of Czar and Kaiser, the German comic paper, *Ulk*, printed a cartoon showing Nicholas on his travels. He was turning to his Foreign Minister and asking for the speech he was to make to President Fallières. But M. Isvolsky was handing him the same one he had just made to the Emperor William, with the remark that all the addresses exchanged between sovereigns were exactly alike. The witticism gains fresh point from Monday's welcome of the Czar in English waters. He and King Edward greeted each other in almost the precise terms each had previously used in interviews with the Kaiser. The significant thing, however, was the display of England's sea power, no less than 150 warships, including 26 battleships, being drawn up in three lines. The King declared that the "most powerful fleet ever assembled" was not to be looked upon as a "symbol of war," but as a "means for upholding the interests of peace." That, of course, is the customary tribute which hypocrisy pays to virtue; the fact being that this multiplication of battleships is the real cause of what Rosebery called the "hush," in expectancy of war, into which all Europe has recently fallen. The *entente* between Great Britain and Russia, added to that which either has with France, may promote peace temporarily by a display of combined fighting resources, but can do so permanently only by working for a general good understanding, arbitration treaties, and limitation of armaments.

The native question in the new South African Commonwealth has developed into a serious problem even before the Commonwealth has become a complete fact. While the draft Constitution was framing, the eligibility of non-Europeans for the franchise was one of the most hotly contested issues. Cape Colony, which has conferred the ballot on the natives, found itself opposed by the other colonies; and in the draft Constitution the franchise was restricted to British subjects of European descent, with certain guarantees for the maintenance of the *status quo* in Cape Colony. The draft Constitution is now before the Imperial Parliament, to which a representative Cape delegation, comprising two former Premiers, Sir J. Gordon Sprigg and W. P. Schreiner, have addressed a strong protest. They argue that even more important than South African union is the need of assuring fair treatment for the natives. Under the terms of the Constitution, it will be possible in time to shut out the Cape natives from the franchise they have enjoyed for two generations, and exercised for their own best interests and those of the colony. This would be to violate a fundamental principle of the British Constitution and to lay up vast trouble for the future.

The problem that confronts South Africa is, in large measure, an unprecedented one. In our own case and in that of Canada and Australia white commonwealths were built up among native populations so sparse that their elimination as political factors was natural. In New Zealand we find already the need for compromise. There the native Maori population stood in sufficiently high ratio to the white invaders to demand and receive recognition. In the new South Africa, the colored people outnumber the whites by about 4 to 1. In other words, there are too many natives to be disregarded, and there are too many whites for a European oligarchy to be built up as in India. Here is a situation which parallels that in our own South, except that in Africa it would be quite impossible for anybody to advocate segregation on the ground that the colored people have been a curse, instead of a blessing, and don't belong where they are. In South Africa, it is the white man who is the intruder, and unless he is willing to accept the cheerful policy of extermination for the native, the white man must make up his mind to grant him rights commensurate with his progress in civilization.

THE TARIFF OUTCOME.

The tariff bill which passed the House on Saturday, even the President's optimism is unequal to pronouncing satisfactory; and the formidable opposition of Republicans in the House, despite the strongest party pressure, with the continuing hostility of Western Republican Senators, shows how far the measure is from meeting the demands of the people. Its reception by the press is, at best, a damning with faint praise. Many Republican newspapers, particularly in the West, continue to denounce the bill as falling far short of the pledges made by the party and Mr. Taft, and as containing too many of those iniquitous bargains, struck in the dark, which have come to make protection synonymous with fraud. With public opinion so mixed and heated, a calm and fair review of what has been done, and what left undone, is more than ever called for.

It is only just to admit that the President's insistence did wring something from the high-tariff extortionists. Bad as the final bill is in many of its features, it still has to be said of it, as we said of the Payne bill when it passed the House, that it is the best tariff law ever enacted by the Republican party. One Dingley citadel—the duty on hides—was completely blown up; several others are badly shattered. Taking the bill section by section, we find the reductions in duty far more numerous than the increases. This is not saying that the net result will work out in a remission of taxes on the necessaries of life. That can be determined only after actual trial has been made. The estimates and predictions made on either side are inconclusive. Certainly, Chairman Payne's table, attempting to prove that taxes have been lowered on $4,000,000,000 worth of "goods consumed," is worthless. He does not venture to say that the actual cost to the consumer of any one of those articles will be less in consequence of the new tariff. In the metal schedules there has been a sweeping reduction—averaging rather more than 50 per cent. This brings the duties considerably lower than in the Wilson bill. But these iron and steel duties are wholly unnecessary and usually inoperative. Their only effect can be, not to lower present prices, but to prevent a domestic monopoly from pushing prices too high. In other words, the maximum of tariff exaction has been cut down: that is all. What definite benefit the consumer will realize in house and shop, remains problematical.

With all the reductions that are to be thrown into one scale, there are certain failures to reduce, with some actual and indefensible increases, to go into the other; and it is a question if these are not heavy enough to outweigh the reductions. First among these outrages, stand the taxes on clothing. These are wickedly made higher. The Wilson bill sought bravely to do something for the consumer by making wool free and woollen clothing cheaper; but the Dingley law put back the premium on tuberculosis, in the shape of highly taxed wool and woollens, and it is left untouched in the present bill. And the duties on cotton goods are increased. Chairman Payne confesses that the advance is 3 per cent.; but experts in the cotton business have taken the various grades, kind by kind, and duty by duty, and shown that the increases run from 8 to 47 per cent. Now, this right to levy on the common people, precisely like the one conveyed in the silk schedules, was granted in one of those midnight agreements with manufacturers which make the protective system a sink of political corruption. The right persons went to Washington to "see" Aldrich, and came away openly boasting that the thing had been "fixed." It is the old scheme of plunder in full vigor.

About these worst of tariff taxes, President Taft has not said a word directly and publicly. He may not have known the full measure of their iniquity, or he may have found the plunderers too strongly entrenched in the Senate to be dislodged, at present. Nothing can be more certain than that these cotton and woollen and silk duties come under the head of those rates which, as Mr. Taft said to the stand-pat Congressmen on July 16, were "excessive," and therefore could be cut down without injuring any industry. But instead of being lowered, they are raised. There is just one hope. If the President uses the authority given him to appoint an expert and unpurchasable tariff commission, these monstrous schedules may be exposed in their oppressive operation, and shown by such an array of evidence to be burdensome and criminal that Congress, under Presidential urging, may be led to revise them separately. Only so can we now expect even to approximate a tariff that shall be "scientific"; at least in the sense of not being scientific thievery. If the President has really enlisted for the entire war, he will press forward along these lines.

The history of tariff reform in this country has, it must be confessed, been too often that of hopes deferred and hearts made sick. When the compromise tariff bill of 1833 was passed, promising the ultimate abolition of protective duties, the *Evening Post* declared its "deep and sincere gratification" that "the restrictive system had been given over to a sure though lingering dissolution." Little could the editors of that day have imagined that their successors would, seventy years later, still be fighting the same enemy. They did not know so much as Americans have since learned of the persistent and demoralizing power of men bent on securing laws to make them rich at the expense of their fellows. In the long warfare against this form of unscrupulous greed, many eyes have been opened. The latest to be disillusioned is President Taft. Of his honesty and sincerity in working for tariff revision no man can have a doubt, but how easily he promised what he has not been able with arduous labor to perform! He spoke readily to the people about extensive revision of the tariff downwards, but finds those in possession of the plunder too mighty for him. In the presence of the gray realities, after all the rosy predictions, he is in a position to appreciate the force of the words which a shrewd old kinsman addressed to Lord Cromer, when the latter was just back from America in 1864: "Now, that you are a young man, you should write down, not what has happened, but what you think is going to happen. You will be surprised to find how wrong you are."

Yet for Mr. Taft's final position, having put his hand to the plough, he cannot look back. He owes it to the country, and to those tariff-reformers who have loyally held up his hands, to make it clear that, in one way or another, the fight against dishonest tariffs must go on.

CAUSES OF SPAIN'S UPHEAVAL.

When the Prime Minister, Señor Maura, was defending before the Spanish Cortes the military expedition to the Riff coast, he declared passionately: "Cost what it may, Spain will never con-

sent that, between Muluya and Tangier, a single man shall be allowed to plant his foot who is not either a Spaniard or a Moroccan." The Premier knows now better than he did then what a terrible "cost" the country was facing. The army has suffered a great reverse with serious losses. Worse than that, its leadership and administration have been proved incompetent; while its discipline has crumbled. But the really startling thing is the way in which an unpopular war, with the stripping of the home garrisons, has been taken advantage of for letting loose a spirit of fierce revolt and deliberate anarchy at a hundred points in Spain. No one seems to have suspected its existence, at least in any such force. Discontent in Catalonia has, of course, been as chronic as sullen; and the Terrorists of Barcelona have from time to time committed outrages. But that the whole land should so without warning have burst into flame, comes as a great surprise. The authorities were taken wholly unawares. Among the keenest observers of existing Spanish tendencies, there was no Arthur Young to predict the breaking out of this revolution.

Yet its causes must have been long silently at work, and some of them we can now trace. Spain is notoriously the land of violent contrasts. She has her painters of the joy of sunlight and the sea, but she also has artists that revel in the sombre and repulsive. And, as Havelock Ellis has shown, the tradition of cruel strife and bloodshed was fixed in the Spanish character by the long centuries of hand-to-hand warfare with the Moors. In Spain, the maddest passions may be lurking behind outward gayety and perfect manners. With heterogeneous populations difficult to rule, the kingdom has yet been making apparent progress. After her loss of colonial possessions in 1898, Spain made great efforts to pull herself together, to put her land under more intensive cultivation, to develop her mines, to improve her manufactures and means of transportation. And she could point to many signs of encouragement and success. Her young King was personally popular, and her statesmen and business men were flattering themselves that they had entered upon an era of order and prosperity. But swiftly the crash came. It was as if the foundations had secretly been undermined.

Disintegrating forces have, indeed, been at work. Chief among them is a radical propaganda that has drawn to its service some of the ablest writers and thinkers in Spain. They are not openly revolutionists, much less anarchists. The dynamitards are not of their school. This literary group has devoted itself, rather, to a dissolving analysis of current ideas, especially those ideas upon which Spain has been nourished for many years. The attack has been upon excessive militarism, upon a repressive civil rule, upon a too absolute and intolerant Church. One of the surprises and terrors of the present upheaval has been the fury of assault upon churches and monasteries and convents. This is in part anarchistic delirium, but an anti-clerical movement has long been preparing in Spain. No one who recalled the immense excitement, a few years ago, over Galdós's play, "Electra," which was supposed to be a demonstration against the Church, could doubt that hostility to the extreme pretensions of the ecclesiastical party was certain to play an important part in Spanish politics.

Perhaps as good a way as any to enforce the point is to quote a few passages from a Spanish writer now in great vogue. Vicente Blasco Ibáñez is a novelist who has allied himself to the revolutionary movement—in idea and effect, at least. The book of his which is most distinctly upsetting in tendency, and which has had an enormous sale—enormous for Spain—is "La Catedral." In the guise of a story, the author undertakes to set forth a modern philosophical Spaniard's view of the institutions of his country. The words are put into the mouth of one of the characters of the novel, but they are naturally taken as the writer's own, and have gone resounding over Spain. There is no outright advocacy of revolt, no open appeal to force. Simply, church and state are shown to be animated by obsolete conceptions, and made into instruments of oppression and injustice. We cite:

> In Spain, three centuries of intolerance and of undue priestly domination have made our nation the most callous in matters of religion. The ceremonies of worship are now mere routine. . . . In truth, the church is dead. What we combat is only its corpse.
>
> The monarchy is a dead thing. Between the country and it, the relation is the same as that between a living man and a cadaver. The age-long inertia of Spaniards, their reluctance to change, their fear of the unknown, which they share with all unprogressive nations, are the only reasons why this institution continues among us, where it does not even have, as elsewhere, the justification of military success or the enlargement of the national territory.

His ideas about the army, Ibáñez dramatically throws into the form of a conversation between a Cadet in the Military Academy at Toledo, and the philosophical radical who is the protagonist of the story. The youth is naturally filled with dreams of glory in the career of arms. The other paints for him the harsh reality: to teach raw recruits and do the meanest offices for them; to be a mere policeman, called upon now and then to shoot down a striker. There would be no possible chance of "defending the country heroically against the invader." "Rest assured that the invader would not need more than two pitched battles to destroy our entire army." The talk goes on, with a leaning which helps explain recent events:

> You consume the largest part of our national outlay, yet you live in wretchedness, concealed, to be sure, but still wretchedness. A lieutenant has smaller pay than some artisans. . . . You yourselves suffer, dragging out this life of proletariat of the sword, and the nation complains. . . . Believe me, for a modern army, you are too few and too badly organized; for an internal police force, you are too numerous and too costly.

It would be as easy to multiply these quotations as it is to imagine what the subtle effect of such thoughts must be when spread broadcast through the nation. It was a combination of philosophy and misery which brought on the French Revolution. Spain to-day has not, happily, the abject misery of the peasants of France in 1750-90, but she plainly has the unsettling philosophy which leads to revolutions.

DEBONAIR FALLEN STATESMEN.

A new fashion seems to be coming in for defeated Premiers, dismissed Chancellors, Presidents in exile, and deposed Sultans. They no longer wear the rue. They are expected, rather, to be distinctly jolly, even flippant. For them the great game is lost, and the world looks to them to show that they are "good losers." No lugubrious regrets, after the manner of Wolsey or Strafford; no gloomy predictions of woe, now that they are gone. Smiles and jests are the latest style for fallen statesmen. We see

Clemenceau exemplifying it, as he walks away jauntily from the official residence, flourishing gayly the cane which is the sole piece of property he finds himself able to carry away. Prince Bülow did not display, after his fall, quite this Gallic lightness of spirit yet in his long interview with a correspondent of a Hamburg newspaper, he frequently broke into laughter. Even the hatred of the Polish members of the Reichstag, which, as he said, led to his defeat, appeared to him a cause of merriment. It is plain that the fourth German Chancellor will not, from his retirement, pour out such savage reproaches and vitriolic insinuations as did the first one from Friedrichsruh. Prince Bülow surrenders office blithely humming, "A la guerre comme à la guerre." They have to put on a brave front, these fallen statesmen of the present day, and take the frowns of fortune in a jovial spirit.

This is due partly, it seems probable, to the growing habit of regarding politics as a kind of game. The stakes are high, and you play with all the absorption and skill of which you are capable; but if the cards run persistently against you, are you to make the room ring with your curses, or perhaps go out and shoot yourself? Are you to imagine that the game will not go on just because you are out of it? No, the political gamester must have something of the *aplomb* of a Dangerfield. Temporary reverses he must meet with the cry of "patience, and shuffle the cards"; and when his opponents make the *grand coup* against him, he is to take his losses like a good sportsman, and smilingly bow right and left as he quits the table. His triumphs are over—except for the last possible triumph of hearing the observers say: "Anyhow, he is a dead game sport."

And it is precisely this public in the modern world, attending every movement and hanging upon every word of the public men whose glory is departed, that helps to force upon them a gayety which they must assume if they have it not. No moping in dark corners can be thought of, for there are no dark corners any longer. Statesmen out of office are under the glare of the press almost as fully as those in office. The public demands full intelligence. "We know how he bore himself when in power; how does he act out of it? Is he morose and vindictive? Or do the old quips flow from him as easily as before?" No statesman nowadays falleth unto himself. He sits for his photograph in the eyes of the whole world; and vanity, or pluck, does the work of adjuring him to "look pleasant."

Another reason why public men lay down office with a more smiling grace than used to be common, may lie in the fact that they do not over-value themselves. The world will wag on, whether they come or go. A great lesson for every man is said to be to learn that he is not indispensable; and more men in public life are learning it. They may be called upon to say a long farewell to all their greatness, but the nation means to be as great as ever, institutions will remain, and other men will be found to preside over their workings. By training himself not to take himself too seriously when in office, a statesman will find it easier not to take his fall from power too seriously. If he constantly repeats to himself,

> This same flower that smiles to-day,
> To-morrow will be dying,

he will be in a position to make a brave and even smiling death of it, when his turn comes.

Dismissals from office have often been effected with a certain hilarity. When Fox was thrown out of the Cabinet, Lord North's mode of communicating the news to him was delicious. "His Majesty," he wrote, "has thought proper to order a new Commission of the Treasury to be made out, in which I do not see your name." One wonders however, if Lord North, who could thus jest at scars when he had never felt a wound, was equally gay of spirit when the time came for his own name to be left out. Men in modern public life certainly show very often that they are not foolish enough to suppose that their retirement will eclipse the gayety of nations, and they do not propose to let it eclipse their own.

STUDENT ACTIVITIES.

In the August *North American* Mr. Theodore Stanton gives a sort of blanket approval to the extra-curriculum interests that engross the attention of our university students. He speaks from full knowledge of the subject, having resided some four months with undergraduates in their house on the Cornell campus. The picture he presents is not unattractive. If idle hands were the devil's only opportunity, the average student should apparently be immune from temptation. It is true that the activities in question do not seem particularly germane to the cloister. But they keep busy their participants in body and mind; their ends, if sometimes a bit trivial, are not blameworthy; and they undoubtedly foster an *esprit de corps* and make mightily for college enthusiasm. It is not athletics alone or principally which are in question. The management and control of college publications, daily, weekly, monthly, and annual, typify the least questionable of these extra-curriculum activities. But dramatic and musical associations, the ever-present management of clubs and fraternities with all the petty politics surrounding their organization and elections, and a thousand and one other societies or associations all come into consideration. It is true, as Mr. Stanton admits, that at the dining-table these "activities were generally more talked about than university studies," or at least were "neck and neck," but despite the "baneful influence of the 'practical' engineering courses," they are said to keep the tone of undergraduate life sufficiently "elevated."

But when one comes to analyze critically this plea for activities that crowd the supposed objects of college study into a corner, it is tolerably certain that it is a case of the good being the enemy of the best. We decline altogether to accept the testimony of an anonymous alumnus whom Mr. Stanton quotes. His graduate of two years' standing "engaged in the wholesale coal business . . . in one of the large New York towns" returns, and asks the admiring seniors and juniors to guess what part of his work at college did him most good? Modern languages? No. English? Far from it. Political economy? Wrong again. No, it was the training he got as manager of the baseball nine. Nothing that this venerable coal dealer has ever yet done "in the actual business world" has so far put such a strain on him or so greatly enlarged his feeling of responsibility as his elective course in baseball management. The untutored mind of the uncloistered world might ask why a boy should go to college at all, if the characteristic college training is so inferior to what every young fellow must experience when he goes into business.

Why spend four years and the money it costs to obtain the kind of training that is unavoidable the moment one starts to earn his bread and butter? If this is the kind of defence to be offered for college activities, it is time to recommend passivities, in all conscience.

Perhaps the most defensible of these extra-curriculum activities are those connected with college journalism. But this is largely because they are most in touch with the studies that properly make up an indispensable part of college work proper. The daily theme in an English course involves a training not essentially different from reporting some college event, or writing an editorial comment on the news uppermost in the college world. But from this point down the absorbing interests that mortgage the time of the college boy range from the relatively indifferent to the positively harmful. The name scholar implies leisure, not hustle. Schools have always required isolation and segregation. Business ability must develop in a crowd, but scholarship requires quiet. A recent graduate of Brown University is quoted who compares the Oxford student with the American college youth. He believes that our system makes for "robust enthusiasm as opposed to gentlemanly dilettanteism." This verdict displays at once an utter perversion of the proper object of a sound college training. In the opinion of most competent educators, the English university man has acquired a facility in the field of thought which our American graduates lack. If put among books, he is not lost. He has a sense of touch and a sureness of apprehension that only our best students display. Instead of making college life more "practical" in the sense of burdening it with alien tasks, the first step in reform is to relieve it of just such extraneous burdens.

Not even Mr. Stanton contends that all of these "activities" are free from censure. He intimates broadly that the fraternities, in which he admits the "activities" have their mainspring, need reforming. But it is safe to say that they will never be reformed until the proper business of the college is made central in the life of the student body. Revolutionary as it may sound, we are of the belief that the proper activity of the student is study. Not until the extraneous organizations which have fastened their tentacles upon the time and ambitions of the student body can be cut away, and a free course can be offered for the play of mind upon the abundantly engrossing interests of the intellectual world will our undergraduate life be free from the reproaches that now fasten upon it.

PITFALLS OF BIOGRAPHY

The theory has been advanced that, eventually, the novel will be supplanted by the biographical form. This is unlikely, for one thing that endears fiction to the reading public is not merely the consciousness of the interesting tale and characters, but the sub-consciousness that this *is* fiction—that story and characters are merely figments. The biography, on the other hand, has no such ally. It is stripped of glamour. It is simply a beam of dry light which plays more or less gracefully upon an isolated specimen of humanity. Theoretically, the task of writing biography is simple; in practice it demands, like poetry, absolute perfection. Of poetry, a certain college instructor remarked that "a pretty good poem is like a pretty good egg." The same holds true of biography. Indeed, Carlyle has said that "there is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed." Small wonder, then, that he who attempts biography should often attain merely the mediocre.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has recently been lecturing upon "The Pitfalls of Biography." Perhaps his most piquant comment is that modern biographies often present too great a wealth of detail. He avers that the biographer, through haste, is often unwilling or unable to winnow his material. This extrusion of details should, in this critic's estimation, be regulated by a law that nothing is to be used except what vitally illustrates the character or career of the subject. But the screening process may easily lead to distortion more serious than a mere chaos of incidents. For if once the biographer regards himself as anything but an impersonal mouthpiece, pure biography will suffer. If he allows his own personality to intervene like a lens between subject and reader, though a charming or stimulating image may be formed, it will be something other than biography. An author of this sort is likely to fall into the pitfall of writing from a thesis of his own. Such a result is to be observed in Mr. G. K. Chesterton's book on Dickens which, though it makes no definite claim to being a biography at all, is illustrative of the adroit —perhaps unconscious—suppression of facts for the sake of predetermined conclusions. The lesson of a man's life is a task, not for the author, but for the reader.

Of course, the greatest and most insidious temptation to one who writes enthusiastically of another is to place his subject upon a pinnacle. In so doing he thinks himself actuated by the noblest of motives. It is phrased by Fielding:

> As it often happens that the best men are but little known, and consequently cannot extend the usefulness of their examples a great way, the biographer is of great utility, as, by communicating such valuable patterns to the world, he may perhaps do a more extensive service to mankind than the person whose life originally afforded the pattern.

Fortunately, Fielding did not apply this theory to his novels, else we should have been deprived of "Tom Jones" as it now stands. The impersonal attitude of the author of that novel toward his characters is of a type which is the greatest desideratum in biography. The life of any man, however good or great, is a welter of acts which range all the way from nobility to actual misdoing. The true portrait gives both sides. We are reminded of Sir Roger de Coverley's commentary when he showed to his guest a certain portrait in the family gallery:

> The next heir . . . was this soft gentleman whom you see there. Observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and, above all, the position he is drawn in (which, to be sure, was his own choosing): you see, he sits with one hand on a desk, writing, and looking, as it were, another way, like an easy writer or a sonneteer. He was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world; he was a man of no justice, but great good manners; he ruined everybody that had anything to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life; the most indolent person in the world he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pounds debt upon it; but, however, by all hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world.

The good knight, in his desire to cover both good and bad and in his unwillingness to lay down a definite verdict unwittingly touched the right biographi-

cal note. For, after all, the greatest quality of the true biographer is his self-effacement. He is not the frame which enhances the picture, but merely the easel which holds it up to view that all may see and judge.

Correspondence.

PERSONALITY IN POLITICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your article of July 22 upon personality strikes at the root of most of our political difficulties. In a great democracy, by the terms of the case, there must be some force which shall induce a majority to work together, and that in spite of a multitude of incessant, disintegrating forces always at work to split it up. No conceivable measure or set of measures will do this. The mass of units, in smaller or larger groups, will always want different things and want them in different ways. Nothing will reach the desired end except individuality so striking as to command the reason of some, the imagination of more, and the senses of all.

Perhaps the most concrete and visible instance in history is that of France from 1789 to 1800, but it is only one of many. But startling as it may seem, it is hardly rash to say that the condition of the national and legislative assemblies up to 1797 was scarcely worse than that of our Congress to-day. Of course, there is no such ignorant and suffering population, but in the framework of government there is not very much to choose. And if we consider that it is repeated in every State and substantially in every city in the country, it is evident that explosive material is not wanting. We have had one warning which might seem to be severe enough. Those who followed the years 1850 to 1860 will remember that the scenes in Congress and the agitation through the country were much the same in kind—though, of course, not in degree—as they are as to the tariff to-day; and that up to the firing upon Fort Sumter neither side had hardly more suspicion of an impending war than they have now. If we consider, again, the growing strife between capital and labor, and the condition of our banking and currency systems as manifested in the last two years, it points to an imperative necessity for some kind of governmental reform.

It is another curious analogy that the French resorted to the same kind of remedy as we are doing. The executive directory and the consulate were merely forms of government by commission. They failed, as this must fail, from the want of personality. In our great crises we have had two men, Washington and Lincoln, to be set off against Napoleon and Bismarck in Europe. The country is visibly ready and eager for another man. How can we insure that he will be of the same kind? Certainly not by the multiplication of battleships or the spectacle of colonial dominion, by leaving an increase of the standing army at the discretion of the President, or enrolling the State militias under the Federal control, to be called out at his discretion. It was his early victories in Italy which gave Napoleon his imperial crown. The destruction of civil liberty almost always finds its beginning in foreign war.

The true defence against abuse of personal executive power is personal executive responsibility. The framers of our Constitution wisely saw and provided for the necessity of the former. They did not see—having little or none of the light which we have—that its control must rest with public opinion, and so they gave that control to the representative body, which experience, then already foreshadowed and since made abundantly clear, shows was certain to be abused by that body. The conflict of the future is not to be as to details either of legislation or administration, but as to the relation of the two branches. President Taft said the other day, in an interview with a committee, that he must view the tariff question from his position as representative of the whole nation and not from that of any Senator or Representative. That is the secret of the whole matter. But it cannot be done in such conferences or even at dinners. It must be done in the open arena of Congress by his secretary of the treasury, speaking on behalf of and under the instruction of the one *personal* chief of the whole nation. If, no matter what may be the result of this session, he will open the next with a demand to that effect, he will have placed his foot on the first rung of the ladder leading to the temple of fame—and peace—and to the third niche, which is awaiting him—or somebody—by the side of his illustrious predecessors.

G. Bradford.

Boston, July 27.

EVOLUTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Notwithstanding the centennial celebration for Darwin, there seem to have arisen various defections from his system, of late years. First, the secession of Huxley, who renounced his former strong faith, before his death, as set forth in his "Romanes Lecture," and in "Ethics and Evolution." Now Darwin's own son, Francis, has renounced the main posit of his father's theory, Natural Selection; and there have been various criticisms, showing a trend of doubt and questionings.

It is a curious thing that Darwin's own doubts and misgivings, as expressed at the close of the first editions of his "Origin of Species," have been ignored and concealed. There he sums up his latest readings, with a strain of doubt and uncertainty. He says that sometimes the evidence *against* his theory seems so overwhelming that he is tempted to throw up the whole thing. He then gives some of these objections. He says, first, that the geologic record is wholly against it; also the fact of the sterility of hybrids; also the missing link, and the simultaneous appearance of new species in various remote parts of the world. He notes the unanimous rejection of the idea by all the scientists of the day. He might have added a fact stated by a noted Scotch scientist, viz.: that, although the evolution theory necessitated that each species should reach its highest and most perfect condition at its end, so that a higher species might be evolved from it, exactly the contrary was the fact. Every species distinctly degenerated towards its end; lower, deformed, and imperfect forms increased, and it ended in imperfection instead of rising into a superior species. This noted fact would be enough to disprove it.

Yet it seems to have taken possession of the whole world. One of its latest developments is noteworthy. Bernard Shaw makes a new statement of evolution, which is very significant of its trend. He states the original force behind the universe to be bodiless and impotent, without executive power of its own: after innumerable tentatives, experiments and mistakes, this force has succeeded in changing matter into the amœba, the amœba into something more complex, until finally there has been a man evolved, with hands and a brain to accomplish the work of the will. Man is not the ultimate aim of this Life. It will go still further, and produce something still more complex than man—the super-man; then the Angel, then the Archangel, and last of all, an omnipotent and omniscient God! This is the climax of the evolution theory.

Of course, Bernard Shaw is not a great, or an authoritative, man. But straws show which way the wind blows; and it is a fact that no consistent evolutionist can escape his conclusion. The fundamental principle of evolution is that *every* higher is evolved out of a lower, and this necessitates the belief that God is evolved out of the highest creature, the Creator out of His creation, the First Cause out of the last effect. Now this is not rationalism, but irrationalism—insanity: and yet it is the logical and rational end and conclusion of the evolution theory. It is a complete inversion of the self-evident law of cause and effect; of the axiom that a cause must be higher than, and prior to, its effect. It is a complete inversion of the fundamental principles of philosophy, and can result only in falsehood, instead of truth.

A Subscriber.

Cambridge, Mass., July 27.

THE EARLY COLOGNE PICTURES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In reference to the article "Art Experts on the Defensive" (*Nation*, July 8), allow me to state that, being rather familiar with the pictures of the early Cologne school, I can only consider as wanton extravagance the suspicion thrown upon them by Dr. Poppelreuter and his followers. The style and technique of these paintings, in Cologne, Darmstadt, Nuremberg, and elsewhere, are closely connected (1) with those of French paintings of the fourteenth century, dating from the reigns of Charles V and Charles VI, an admirable example of which has been recently purchased for the Louvre; (2) with the style of the Parisian miniatures of *ca.* 1400, so well known, thanks to the Belles Heures of Chantilly. Now, in the early part of the nineteenth century, when it is asserted that the forger or forgers exercised their craft, nobody knew or cared about early French pictures or early French miniatures. Moreover, as Dr. Bode has remarked, the museum at Cologne possesses only too many samples of the odious German romantic painting from about 1830; not one of those pictures offers the slightest analogy to the so-called forgeries.

The whole case rests on a πρῶτον ψεῦδος, viz., the assumption that the repainting of the fourteenth century Clarenaltar, in Cologne is the work of a nineteenth century restorer, whereas it is evident that the painting in question was repainted about 1425, precisely by a painter of the school to which belongs the charming Virgin with the Flower, now held up to be a forgery. I have seen that picture repeatedly and found it wonderfully preserved; Dr. Bode has just been to see it and declares that he discovered no repainting in it (*Der Cicerone*, Leipzig, 1909, p. 437).

SALOMON REINACH.

Paris, July 17.

A BOTANICAL MARVEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An interesting natural history entirely made up of misstatements and conscienceless exaggerations might easily be compiled from the writings of the great romancers, from Herodotus down to Tartarin of Tarascon. Such a book should be arranged according to countries and epochs.

In such a work, one chapter would very naturally deal with America; one section of that chapter with America in the eighteenth century. Chateaubriand has the place of honor there—with all those descriptions of North America, in which he has mixed pell-mell tropical and Arctic specimens. The Mississippi River was, at the time of his travels, a most surprising estuary. To look at it to-day, who would guess that it once reeked with "islands of floating pistia and water roses," on which embarked as passengers "green serpents, blue herons, red flamingoes, and young crocodiles"? At the Indian feasts where Chateaubriand smoked the pipe of peace, tobacco's poetic substitute was "the fragrant leaves of the mountain laurel." What though the mountain laurel is odorless and poisonous—what though flamingoes blush not where Chateaubriand placed them, or where Campbell strewed them with a generous hand, in "Gertrude of Wyoming"? It would be tiresome if our writers all knew as much of natural history as they do of rhetoric. We think none the less of Thackeray because George Warrington, in "The Virginians," describes maple sugar-making *in the fall of the year*.

Chateaubriand and Campbell and Thackeray were none of them avowed scientists, like the Philadelphia Friend, John Bartram. In his youth, the Quaker botanist wrote to his brother a letter that has, I think, never been reproduced. I find it in the Dreer Collection at the Pennsylvania Historical Society, in Philadelphia. The letter is undated; it is addressed to the writer's brother William, who was then "keeping store" in the South; the botanist wrote, presumably, from his farm near Philadelphia:

Dear Billy
I was lately told by a man that rides express, that he saw in NoCarolina not far from Cape Fear, a strange plant about as big as a daisy & much like it in flower. I think he called it ye wonderfull flower whose properties was such that if they looked earnestly at it ye petals of ye flower would close up he said ye moors, near Brunswick knowed it well: if it lieth in thy way to speak with Morris More ask him about it if it be true it will be a fine curiosity & furnish matter for Phylosofical contemplation. . . .

It is my opinion that this letter of John Bartram's deserves a place beside the anecdote of the cow and the bear, attributed by the Swedish traveller, Peter Kalm, to the same excellent scientist.

W. B. BLAKE.

West Chester, Pa., July 28.

UNCUT LEAVES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR. I should like to take the hand of your correspondent "S." in the *Nation* of July 22. So often have I had the same feeling of indignation, uttered in almost the same language, in view of the "filthiness" of home-cut books and the "exasperation" at having to "fumble" through such leaves. The time wasted in the cutting is bad enough, but is nothing to the precious moments spent in attempts, repeatedly foiled, to separate the fuzzy, ragged edges, not to speak of the dust which will gather in these nesting places.

I have heard that the leaves are left uncut in the interest of rich buyers, who wish to rebind their copies; but the practice is not confined to books in paper or board covers, but is extended to works in what to most of us seems meant to be, at all events must be, permanent binding. But in any case why should the time, convenience, and pleasure of the army of "poor but respectable" readers—noble army of martyrs!—be sacrificed to the whims and notions of the wealthy few?

I have sometimes felt like registering a solemn vow never to buy another book with leaves uncut or—almost equally important—not trimmed flat and smooth.

H. D. CATLIN.

Northumberland, Pa., July 22.

ON TEACHING MORALS IN COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That the moral condition of our colleges is better than it has been for a hundred years; that the evils of which just complaint may be made are partly infiltrations which no modern college can entirely prevent, and partly incidents of the enlarged and specialized curriculum which makes the teaching of a subject, rather than the care of students, the duty of the professors; that most college evils can be materially reduced by the simple expedient of raising scholastic standards, and that, for the rest, some scheme must be found for looking after the personality of the student as well as subjects of study—these are the main points in a recent lecture of mine to which you have made editorial reference. Perhaps your readers will be interested to have this correct statement.

GEORGE A. COE.

Evanston, Ill., July 24.

[Our comment, in the *Nation* of July 15 was based on this quotation from Professor Coe's lecture as printed in the New York *Tribune* of July 13:

The college is teaching subjects and not educating men. Each professor is answerable for sound teaching of some subject; but nobody holds himself responsible for the moral and religious training of the students. Nobody's rank, salary, or promotion depends on the moral output of the college or the university.

—ED. THE NATION.]

SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter to the *Nation*, July 22, Dr. Rolfe raises the question of possible schools for English girls in Shakespeare's time. He should take into consideration the nunneries abroad. A charming sketch of the feelings aroused in a Portuguese community by the arrival of a fair English exile on her way to the convent in Lisbon will be found in Francisco Rodrigues Lobo's "Corte na Aldea," Lisboa, 1619. The author says distinctly (Obras de Francisco Rodrigues Lobo, t. 1. p. 113):

A famoza cidade Lisboa, onde muitas Religiozas do illustre sangue de Bretanha vivem santamente em clauzura. (The famous city of Lisbon, where many nuns of illustrious blood of England live holily in seclusion.)

JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., July 23.

THE PROSECUTION OF ANIMALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the recent discussion of the legal prosecution and execution of animals in the *Nation*, it seems to me strange that not one of your correspondents mentions "The Criminal Prosecution and Capital Punishment of Animals," by E. P. Evans, published in 1906, by Heinemann, in London, and imported by E. P. Dutton in New York. So far as I know, this is the most, if not the only complete work on the subject in the English language. It gives full accounts of these trials, criticises the conceptions of criminality underlying them, and contains in the appendix extracts from the records of such prosecutions preserved in different archives, and a list of 180 criminal processes of this kind during a period of nearly eight centuries.

G.

Munich, Germany, July 10.

QUI MORIUNTUR IN DOMINO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of July 22 (p. 74, col. 3), a reviewer records that the authors of "Piccadilly to Pall Mall" attribute to George IV the old jest, *Beati sunt illi qui moriuntur in Domino*. It is cruel to rob Sherry's "fat friend" of even a trifle like this, but the pun is commonly told of Rabelais on his death bed; and no doubt the Gollardi laughed over it long before his time. W. R. T.

Magnolia, Mass., July 27.

Notes.

In the autumn we shall have from Houghton Mifflin Company the first two volumes of "Emerson's Journals," edited by Edward W. Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes. These volumes cover the years from 1820 to 1829, and give the record of his first marriage, his doubts as a pastor, and his first sojourn at Concord. Besides much musing on his own inner state, the diary mentions such notable persons as Dr. Channing, Everett, Webster, Carlyle, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, and Hawthorne

Among the other books announced by Houghton Mifflin Company for autumn publication are: "Susanna and Sue," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "Farming It," by Henry A. Shute; "Warriors of Old Japan,' by Yei Ozaki; "The Oath of Allegiance," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "New Charades," by William Bellamy; "Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley"; "The Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan," by Walter Sichel; "The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth, Told in Contemporary Letters," by Frank A. Mumby; "Fifty Years in Constantinople," by George Washburn; "The Life of James Dwight Whitney," by Edwin T. Brewster; "Diplomatic Memoirs," by John W. Foster; "Recollections of Washington Gladden"; "Wanderings in the Roman Campagna," by Rodolfo Lanciani; "Travels in Spain," by Philip S. Marden; "Greek Lands and Letters," by Francis G. and Anne C. E. Allinson; "A Brief Pilgrimage in the Holy Land," by Caroline Hazard; "The German Element in the United States," by Albert Bernhardt Faust; "The American People," by A. Maurice Low; "The Expansion of New England," by Lois K. Mathews; "The Last Days of Papal Rome, 1850-1870," by R. De Cesare; "Speeches and Addresses, 1884-1909," by Henry Cabot Lodge; "Carlyle's Laugh," by T. W. Higginson; "Lincoln the Leader," by R. W. Gilder; "The Autobiography," by Anna Robeson Burr; "Why American Marriages Fail," by Anna A. Rogers; "American Education," by Andrew S. Draper; "How to Study, and Teaching How to Study," by Frank M. McMurry; "Social Development and Education," by M. V. O'Shea; "The Classical Moralists," edited by Benjamin Rand; "Labor and the Railroads," by J. O. Fagan; "The City of the Dinner Pail," by Jonathan Thayer Lincoln; "Religion and Miracle," by George A. Gordon; "The Right to Believe," by Eleanor Harris Rowland.

We welcome a new edition, with revised bibliographies and some minor corrections, of R. M. Johnston's short biography of "Napoleon." We had occasion to comment favorably October 27, 1904, on the first edition.

Doubleday, Page & Co. issue another volume of their Pocket Kipling, containing "The Naulahka." We have several times before spoken of the exceptionally clear type and beautiful page of this edition. It is to our taste one of the most attractive sets on the market.

From Henry Frowde comes a new edition of the "Authors' and Printers' Dictionary," compiled by F. Howard Collins. Whether or not he will agree with all the details of Mr. Collins's system, any printer or writer will find much benefit from this little book. It gives in dictionary form answers to all the difficult questions of capitalizing, syllabification, abbreviation, italics, and the like.

The two volumes of "The Great English Letter Writers," edited by William J. Dawson and Coningsby W. Dawson, originally published by the Revell Company, have now been reissued by Harper's, who will continue the series, called the Reader's Library, to which this work belongs.

We have received from the Cuala Press of Churchtown, Ireland, a beautifully printed volume of "Poems and Translations," by John M. Synge, the brilliant Irish dramatist, whose death we noted the other day; and from Mr. John Quinn of New York the same book reprinted in similar form. Mr. W. B. Yeats furnishes a brief and fitting appreciation of the man's work. The translations, short bits in prose from Villon and Petrarch's sonnets, are in the peculiar dialect so much affected by the Irish writers of the present day. Of the singing quality of the original verse we can best give a notion by quoting these two stanzas of the "Prelude":

Still south I went and west and south again,
Through Wicklow from the morning till the night,
And far from cities and the sites of men,
Lived with the sunshine and the moon's delight.

I knew the stars, the flowers, and the birds,
The gray and wintry sides of many glens,
And did but half remember human words,
In converse with the mountains, moors, and fens.

Dr. M. A. Stein's account of his exploration in Central Asia, in the *Geographical Journal* for July, contains many interesting proofs of the remarkable literary activity of the ancient inhabitants of what is now an almost trackless desert. In the ruins of a Chinese fort, probably built in the first century B. C., were found over 2,000 inscribed pieces of wood and bamboo, referring "mainly to matters of military administration, often giving details as to the strength, movements, etc., of the troops échelonned along the border; their commissariat, equipment, and the like. There are brief official reports and, more curious still, private letters addressed to officers full of quaint actualities, family news from their distant homes, etc." In some other ruins, in another region, there were discovered over thirty documents with elaborate string fastenings unopened and sealed down on the envelope with Greek seals representing Hercules with club and lion-skin, Eros, and other deities, "deeds probably referring to lands and other real property buried since long centuries under the silent dunes." Of great interest to American readers is the report of the anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society at which the Victoria research medal was awarded to Prof. Alexander Agassiz for his services in the cause of oceanographical research, one, to quote the words of the president, "to whom this award is undoubtedly due, or perhaps I should say overdue." These last words refer to the fact that Professor Agassiz has been engaged in this work since 1874, the results of his expeditions being contained in eighty-three volumes of the Memoirs and Bulletins of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy.

The recent celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Lake Champlain was the natural occasion of numerous guide-books to the history of that region. More ambitious and of real scholarly value is the little "History of Lake Champlain," by Walter Hill Crockett, which, coming from the historian of the Vermont commission in charge of the celebration, claims at once some special authority. How much of our history found its theatre on Lake Champlain most of us had forgotten until a few weeks ago, when the commemorative pilgrimages and pageants on the very spot freshened our memories. For those who did not see the celebration this book will bring a surprise, in the fulness of incident it chronicles. The picturesque discovery by the French explorer, the first attempts of the French missionaries to settle the country, seem remote, but the conflicts of Howe and Montcalm are well within the borders of our history, and Ethan Allen's raid and Arnold's naval operations against the British are among the most stirring Revolutionary campaigns. The war record of the lake closes with Macdonough's victory at Plattsburgh, in 1814, but its shores have gathered tradition since, as Mr. Crockett's book shows. For a reproduction of the romantic atmosphere of the lake one must still go to the pages of Parkman and Cooper; this book is occupied with matters of fact. But a complete record of these particular matters of fact could hardly be better done. (Burlington, Vt.: Hobart J. Shanley & Co.).

Ireland does nothing by half, and at those rare intervals when she creates an adventuress she puts gusto into the work. Maria Dolores Eliza Rosanna Gilbert eloped at nineteen to escape a mercenary marriage. By twenty-four she had quitted a husband and become the Spanish dancer Lola Montez. In the eighteen years of life left her she passed from end to end of Europe at the public expense, accumulating adorations *en route;* fairly naturalized herself in the Paris of the greater Dumas and Émile Girardin; episodically sojourned with the Abbé Liszt; became the Egeria (blamelessly, it appears) of Louis I of Bavaria; lingered in a California camp, and flashed through the mining fields of Australia, horsewhipping her traducers as occasion arose; became an author, and a devout Methodist at New York; a dull and decorous lecturer in London; made an edifying end, and was buried under her maiden name in Greenwood Cemetery. In this cosmopolitan and most erratic orbit she retained certain qualities of the "ould sod." It seems, too, as if she never forgot that her father and also her first conqueror were soldiers. She feared neither man nor mob, she bore no grudges, but promptly punished not infrequent affronts with her own hand. When her inexpert lover of the *Presse*, Du Jarier, was hectored into a fatal duel, she mourned that she could not have met the challenger herself. As a dancer her skill was mediocre, but she prevailed through her magnificent animal beauty, and perhaps even more through a pronounced gift for self-advertisement. Everything she wrote herself—and most that has been written about her—suggests vulgarity. Yet her friendship was valued by men of mark, and as next friend and adviser of the King of Bavaria she showed something like statesmanship.

For romantic biography one could hardly wish a better subject, and it is strange that E. B. D'Auvergne's "Lola Montez, an Adventuress of the Forties" (John Lane Co.) does not make a stronger impression. The subject has been studied painstakingly—a very necessary precaution, for Lola habitually drew the long bow; moreover, Mr. D'Auvergne commands an enthusiasm unchilled by discretion. It is probably his rather forced flippancy, and the tiresome reiteration with which he employs Lola as a flail for Philistia that obscure the better qualities of his book. As it is we find his rather jejune Gautierisms almost insurmountable. Perhaps the chief difficulty has been that little autobiography which Lola produced either herself or with the aid of her liter-

ary adviser, the Rev. C. Chauncey Burr. From the unctuous commonness of the production we incline to believe that the Rev. Burr was not consulted. In any case it is a dull and fatuous performance, and barely literate in expression. Though it by no means makes for unrighteousness, one must seek it among the pamphlets that are sold covertly to prurient lads. Now, whoever writes about Lola Montez must cut loose from her own text. Wherever it is quoted by Mr. D'Auvergne it is as lead on the page. Finally, no one can write acceptably the life or legend of this masterful Irishwoman unless he is able to take Mrs. Grundy as dispassionately as did Lola herself.

The seventh volume of the "Works of James Buchanan" (Lippincott) covers less than two years of his service as Secretary of State, and contains much of little interest or importance—formal notes and dispatches upon departmental routine. The good material is thus in a measure buried, and can be found only after considerable futile reading. It was a time of closing some important matters. The Oregon and boundary disputes reached a happy end, and a territorial government for Oregon remained to be framed. The independence of the Hawaiian Islands was recognized and China opened her doors to a commissioner. The American arms had won enough in Mexico to make a peace possible, but the manner of making advances hurt the pride of Mexico and delayed the ending of the war. Buchanan believed that peace could be secured only by completely destroying the "corrupt army of Mexico." His first propositions were rejected, and the extraordinary mission of Trist, "a mere precautionary mission," terminated most unexpectedly in a peace which could be laid before Congress as acceptable. Spain was disciplined for permitting Mexican privateers to leave her ports, and Brazil invited a sharp lecture by her treatment of a street brawl in which some Americans were involved. In fact, our relations with South America were far from satisfactory, due in part to the indiscretions of our representatives and in part to local unrest. The slave trade still called for notice, and claims and discriminating duties constituted a good share of the correspondence in many directions. In constructive reports, that on the consular system of 1846 is suggestive. So far as domestic politics were concerned, Buchanan disapproved the tariff of 1846, thought higher duties on coal and iron were needed to unite the party in Pennsylvania, and disclaimed being a candidate for the Presidency. Altogether, apart from the peace with Mexico, the two years were waiting years.

The ten chapters comprising J. W. Jenks's "Principles of Politics from the Viewpoint of the American Citizen" (Columbia University Press) were originally delivered as lectures upon the Blumenthal Foundation at Columbia University. Their avowed object is to "bring into closer touch than is usual the work of the scholar and of the practical man of affairs." With this end in view, they canvass the nature of the state, political motives, the suffrage, political parties, the three departments of government, and foreign relations. Where the author definitely attempts the solution of a concrete problem, such as the extension of the suffrage, his conclusions are almost always sane and well-balanced. But when this is said, the admirable features of the book have all been named. It is loosely organized. The analysis of fundamental conceptions is hurried and in places superficial. The construction of the text is often hasty, not to say slovenly; and the whole book is impregnated with an atmosphere invincibly commonplace. To illustrate. There is no natural nexus of parts. In the chapter on Representation, the theme of the Gerrymander is shot at the reader without warning or any hint of logical sequence. Illustrative of the constant avoidance of thorough analysis are the casual treatment of natural rights (pp. 40 seq.), the abridged references to the division line between public and private functions (p. 127), and the fragmentary analysis of the separation of governmental powers (p. 127). What shall be said of an author who is content to print an allusion as follows: "Emerson in one of his essays says something to this effect—that the most precious thing in the world is an independent, thinking soul, etc." (p. 51)? The book was written in haste, and the reader suffers who peruses it at leisure.

Under the vaguely attractive title of "Gentlemen Errant" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) Mrs. Henry Cust has brought together four accounts of late mediæval adventurers not likely to be otherwise easily accessible to the general reader. The persons here described are the Bohemian Lev, Lord of Rosmital and Blatna, Wilwolt of Schaumburg, Frederick II, Elector Palatine, and Hans von Schweinichen in Silesia. Each of these accounts rests upon a contemporary narrative, the last upon memoirs of the hero himself. Mrs. Cust's method is to give a short introduction describing the material employed, and then to follow the original narrative as closely as may be, selecting choice bits here and here, and holding the whole together by a slender thread of pleasant comment. At the close of the volume are nearly fifty pages of illustrative notes, showing wide reading and fine comprehension of the records illustrated. There is thus much of unity in the volume, that each of the persons commemorated was a wanderer, whose adventures brought him into relations with a great variety of men and places. This gives variety and charm to a story that might easily become monotonous. Mrs. Cust has succeeded in avoiding the snares of repetition and tediousness that beset the editor of such matter. She maintains a certain liveliness of description and has shown excellent judgment in bringing out what is best worth having. One's first instinct is to wish that these recitals could have been given entire; but, after all, good editing is here very much in place, and we are inclined to be grateful for having our attention called to a type of historical material only too often neglected in our zeal for politics, war, and diplomacy. In these personal accounts we are brought into intimate touch with the feelings and motives of people of all classes and conditions. It is history in undress. These people are, as it were, taken off their guard, and prattle away about all the small details of courts and castles, the open road, the taverns, intrigue, and love-making, with an unrestrained freedom that is quite delightful. Several interesting maps taken from the European History of Æneas Sylvius serve to make the itineraries of the errant gentlemen intelligible, and there are three good contemporary portraits of the Elector Palatine. The book is to be commended to students and teachers of the Renaissance and Reformation as a valuable aid in making the ordinary histories live in the consciousness of our seemingly more prosaic days.

The latest addition to the series known as the Diplomatarium Islandicum (VIII. 3. p. 465-838) contains the Icelandic documents from the thirty-first of August, 1513, to the thirty-first of October, 1521.

Among the posthumous papers of Jonas Lie there was recently discovered the completed manuscript of a collection of fables, closely allied in character to the two volumes entitled "Goblins." The work is to be published this present summer by Gyldendal of Copenhagen.

A hitherto unknown bust of Schiller was recently found in Weimar by the custodian of the Schiller Museum, Dr. E. Scheidemantel. It is the work of a contemporary of Schiller, the sculptor Karl Gottlob Weisser of Weimar, and is an excellent piece of work.

Prof. Adolf Hemme's book, "Was muss der Gebildete vom Griechischen wissen?" has been entirely rewritten, and is published by Eduard Avenarius of Leipzig. It discusses at length the relation of Greek to modern education.

A handy and much needed modern Greek dictionary has been issued by Dr. Karl Dieterich of the University of Leipzig, in his "Taschenwörterbuch der neugriechischen Umgangs- und Schriftsprache." The second part, Deutsch-Griechisch, has just appeared, and, notwithstanding the fact that it is modestly called a "pocket dictionary," is a solid work of more than eight hundred pages, and meets the needs of both the specialist and the student of modern Greek merely for practical use. The method is that of Toussaint-Langenscheidt, and the book is published by the Langenscheidt Publication House in Berlin-Schöneberg at the remarkably low price of 3.50 marks.

The "Deutscher Literaturatlas," by Dr. G. Koennecke, is a handy compendium of the author's great three-volume standard work entitled "Bilderatlas zur Geschichte der Deutschen Nationalliteratur," which has already appeared in a third and much enlarged edition, containing no fewer than twenty-two hundred illustrations. The condensation now offered is well done, being confined in its 165 pages folio to those essentials which the average student of German literature needs and will peruse with benefit. It covers the whole ground from the Gothic and the old High German down to such modern writers as H. Hesse, O. Ernst, G. Frenssen, etc., including also the story of manuscripts, Incunabula, book illustrations, pseudonyms, etc. It contains 826 illustrations, portraits of such prominent literary characters as Goethe, Schiller, and others being given in considerable number. The literary and biographical matter is critical and impartial.

The veteran historian of Bonn, Oskar Jäger, having completed his comprehensive "Deutsche Geschichte," has issued the first of the two volumes proposed, a book of 668 pages, with 114 illustrations and 7 maps

(Munich: Beck'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung). It deals with events prior to the Peace of Westphalia; and its varied engravings, the personal selection of the publisher, show the value, for research work alone, of such historical museums as that at Nuremberg. Jäger recalls the observation of Ranke, that to write history one should have lived long and experienced much, and rejoices in his own personal recollections, not only of the stormy days of 1848, but of participation during war and peace in the remarkable transitions of modern Germany. A pleasant, familiar tone pervades this new work of Jäger, and it is likely to find as much favor as his noted "Weltgeschichte."

"La Perduta Gente," the title of a new book by Richard Voss (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), though suggestive enough, hardly intimates that the little volume contains a valuable study of the Roman Campagna and its people. Reading the autobiographical sketch of the author, which serves as a fitting introduction to these reminiscences, one cannot help feeling that it is a long way from the selfish pessimism of his "Scherben gesammelt von einem müden Manne" to these intimate and sympathetic studies of the common people, fighting hunger and malaria in the marshes of the classical soil and hopelessly entangled in the meshes of mediæval superstition. The fatalism with which these people accept the fact that they must either starve in their native province or be consumed with the fever while working for their living in the poison-laden atmosphere of the swamps, gives a dismal note to the sketch from which the title is derived. It deals indeed with a doomed people. A remarkable study of homicidal types is symbolically entitled "Der rote Streifen." For the scarlet stripe, which the author perceived in the dusk of a summer evening moving along the road between Albano and Rome, was a procession of convicts clad in red from head to foot, who, with clanging chains, do the labor of draining marshes and building roads. Vividly rises the portrait of the "witch" from the pages devoted to a record of the lamentable ignorance of the people and the cruel indifference of the clergy to be observed at Subiaco. The tourist who loves Italy too well to be content with knowing only one side of its life, will find in this book close and direct information tempered with human sympathy.

"Facts are good, of course—give us plenty of facts; principles are good—give us plenty of principles"—this thought from William James is the motto of Dr. Fritz Ohmann's new work on the rise of the postal service in Germany: "Die Anfänge des Postwesens und die Taxis" (Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot). It contains a review of the modern German post office, and an effort to trace its origin in France and the Southern countries. A voluminous amount of data dealing with German postal affairs from 1489 to the beginning of the sixteenth century is presented. It is interesting to note that the main influence came from Italy, and that England, later so progressive in postal affairs, seems to have affected Germany but little until near the days of the Postal Union.

From London comes the report of the death of James Edmund Vincent, journalist and author, at the age of fifty-one. His publications include the following: "A History of Football" (with M. Shearman), "Tenancy in Wales," "Discontent of Working Classes," "Memoir of H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence and Avondale," "Welsh Land Question," "A Memoir of John Nixon, Esq.," "Highways and Byways in Berkshire," and "Through East Anglia in a Motor Car."

MRS. VAN RENSSELAER'S NEW YORK.

History of the City of New York in the Seventeenth Century. By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. Two volumes. The Macmillan Co. $5.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer's volumes carry the story of early New York only to the accession of William and Mary, in 1689, but the character of the period is such that they may properly be considered as a unit in themselves. There has long been need of such a work as is here attempted—one which should not only embody the results of the most recent investigations in the earlier period of American history, and make use of the large amount of documentary material relating to the province which has been brought to light during the last few years, but which should also correlate the early history of New York with that of the other European colonies in America. The day has passed when the development of any one of the colonies can be isolated and treated by itself, or when the significance of events can be understood by taking America, rather than Europe, as the standpoint. With some qualifications which will be referred to presently, Mrs. Van Rensselaer has, we think, met this test in a highly satisfactory manner, and has produced a work which no student of the period can afford to neglect. The canvas is admittedly large and the landscape broad; she has been at pains so to survey the course of events in Europe and America as to make clear the position of New York as a centre of European influence on this continent; but she has done this without allowing the general to overshadow the particular, or to become a mere padded background against which to exhibit the more interesting details of the city's life.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer's use of authorities, as shown by her text as well as by her bibliographies, seems to have been commendably thorough. She is the first writer to make fundamental use of the "Minutes of the Common Council," edited by Professor Osgood; the recently published "Van Rensselaer Bowier Manuscripts," and the mass of material gathered in the reports of the State historian; as she is also the first to draw upon Professor Osgood's monumental "History of the American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century." That the records of the Dutch West India Company, prior to 1700, with their priceless data for the history of the city, should have been sold as waste paper at public auction in 1821, is a melancholy illustration of the fate which has overtaken more than one collection of sources even in this country, and which may yet befall invaluable records now in the custody of New York and of other cities, unless better means for their preservation and publication are before long taken.

We have come to expect that a history of a city, however large a place in commerce or politics the city may have held, will contain a considerable percentage of purely antiquarian lore. In these days of patriotic ancestor-worship, the writer would be brave to the point of rashness who essayed an elaborate account of his own community without finding place in it for notices of leading families, the location of early buildings, streets, and house lots, and other entertaining details. Mrs. Van Rensselaer knows her audience too well to do the unexpected, but to her credit it must be said that she has kept this fascinating but dangerous material well in hand, and has not allowed it to overweight her main narrative. Her interest, in other words, is in history rather than in biography; and while few notable families of New York who can trace their ancestry back to the Dutch period fail of appropriate notice in these pages, it is as essential factors in the development of the community, and not simply as individuals, that they for the most part appear.

Naturally, it falls to Mrs. Van Rensselaer's task to correct more than one time-honored error of the historians, such, for example, as the statement, repeated by no less an authority than John Fiske only a few years ago, that Argall in 1613 received the submission of a Dutch governor at Manhattan, when, in fact, it was nearly ten years before there was a West India Company in Holland or a Dutch governor in America. Nor was the purchase price of sixty guilders with which Minuit acquired the island of Manhattan so ridiculous as has often been represented, considering that land was the one thing of which the Indians had enough and to spare, and that the amount was actually paid, not in money, but in commodities to which the Indians attached great value. So, again, the notion that the patroon system established feudalism in the province, or had anything in particular to do with the eventual overthrow of the Dutch power by the English, must at least be greatly modified. As Mrs. Van Rensselaer points out (Vol. I, p. 93), the New Netherland patroonships were seigniorial, but not feudal, properties; their owners were presently empowered to sell or devise them; the grant of them carried no military power, and their people were not serfs, but tenants; while

as regards their influence upon the history of the province, it is to be remembered that they did not multiply or flourish, and that only one really prospered.

That New Netherland did not thrive as did the neighboring English plantations was due in part to the fact that the West India Company, though holding the best geographical site for the development of trade, never attained to any conception of a colony save as a source of immediate wealth, suffered from no competition at home, and continued its policy of control throughout the period of its existence practically unchanged, notwithstanding that the English companies, though not in general more intelligent at the outset, did not hesitate to alter their policies when they proved "economically undesirable"; and to the further fact that economic and religious conditions in Holland did not necessitate emigration. While the ecclesiastical policy of Charles I and Laud was sending thousands of Puritans to America, "the West India Company was trying to people its province from a land where men were free and content; and to this land every dissatisfied settler was eager to return" (Vol. I, pp. 112-113).

Mrs. Van Rensselaer gives much space to tracing the relations, rarely friendly and on the whole increasingly hostile, between New Amsterdam and its English neighbors. In an interesting passage (Vol. I, pp. 300, 301) she points out that Bancroft, and other writers who have followed him, are in error in ascribing to the large immigration from New England, between 1640 and 1650, the rising demand of New Netherland for self-government. "Neither the *Petition* nor the *Remonstrance* of 1649 is tinged with English ideas"; on the contrary, the Dutch themselves, in demanding "burger-government," were in reality asking for something which, however unfamiliar to the Englishmen of the day, meant to them a larger measure of self-government than Englishmen then enjoyed. Doubtless, the origin of political ideas in any community is hard to trace, and we cannot but suspect that Mrs. Van Rensselaer somewhat underestimates here the influence of contemporary English thinking, though it must be confessed that the prevailing attitude of the English in New England towards their Dutch neigbbors did little to cultivate a favorable soil for the reception of English ideas. Whatever the origin, however, the rapid working of the notion of freedom from home control has many illustrations in these pages. In 1653 the delegates summoned by Stuyvesant drew up a statement of grievances, in which they virtually denied the right of the company to govern the province, on the ground that conditions in the colony were different from those at home, and that in consequence the people should have a voice in the making of the laws.

That Stuyvesant should have regarded the pretensions of the delegates as preposterous was to be expected, but his invincible opposition to popular government does not blind Mrs. Van Rensselaer to his virtues as governor, or modify the vigor of her protest against the gross caricature of him, and,through him, of the community and its people, for which Irving is to be held responsible. Of his incessant activity, albeit in a losing cause, and his zeal for the development and defence of the colony notwithstanding the ignorance and apathy of the company and its increasing political embarrassments at home, her narrative offers convincing proof. Instead of declining under his administration, the city prospered. The population of the province, in 1660, though small in comparison with that of the English colonies, had quintupled since the departure of Kieft, thirteen years before, and was more than half again as large as that of Canada. There was gratifying extension of the settled area, with the planting of new towns; and in 1657 New Amsterdam was granted the "burger-right" which Chancellor Kent reckoned as, in a limited sense, a city charter. The population had good quality, too, notwithstanding its cosmopolitan character. To be sure, the people were not predominantly of the high type which had flowed into New England, but neither were they of the varied moral quality which was also a characteristic of the English colonies.

Of the war which transferred New Netherland to English control, Mrs. Van Rensselaer gives a lucid and detailed account, with especial reference to the commercial conditions which were so largely responsible for it. Nichols proved himself an able administrator, in spite of his youth and inexperience, treating the colonists liberally and keeping his word with them. The career of Dongan, which is also carefully followed, belongs as much to the province as to the city; but in the account of Dongan's relations with the governor of New France, the author has a chance to show her acquaintance with the less known aspects of the subject, and makes a welcome addition to the rather scanty volume of systematic information about the intercolonial diplomacy of the time. Recent studies of the Andros administrations have gone far to rehabilitate the memory of a man who to early historians was anathema, and Mrs. Van Rensselaer's presentation, while adding little that is new, confirms the more favorable impression.

Nearly half of the second volume is devoted to the Leisler period. The evidence, submitted in unusual detail, makes it clear that Leisler, though ignorant, conceited, and rash, was not in the ordinary sense of the term a usurper, and least of all a man who intended a permanent opposition to the English government at home. Thrown to the front by circumstances which he did not create, the spokesman of a widespread body of opinion rather than the originator of a revolutionary idea, he took control of affairs at a time when only a strong hand could have prevented disaster, won at least a formal submission to his authority within the city, and fell because, overborne by pride at his success, he resisted an authority which, as mere matter of policy, it would have been well to recognize. Whatever his motives, and however distorted his judgment, the arbitrary exercise of power for his own aggrandizement was not one of his ambitions. Mrs. Van Rensselaer's judgment upon Sloughter, whose alleged drunkenness has commonly been made the lame excuse for his action in signing Leisler's death warrant, is a good example of the restraint with which she treats controverted questions:

> Probably he had been sober when he asked the council whether the delay of the execution of justice "might not prove dangerous"; and it may be thought that a seasoned soldier recovered his senses between the Thursday evening when he signed the warrant and the Saturday morning when the prisoners were hanged. The real responsibility for the execution, legalized murder or lawful punishment, as it may be considered, must be laid in equal measure upon Sloughter and his five advisers, the five who were present at the council meeting on the 14th—Bayard, Van Cortlandt, Philipse, Nicolls, and Minvielle. No one could have compelled a Governor to speak as Sloughter then did; and no Governor could have ventured so to speak and to act without the hearty sanction of a quorum of his council (Vol. 2, p. 560).

Where there is so much which calls for strong commendation, and where a work as a whole is so obviously a notable addition to historical literature, it seems ungracious to make more than passing allusion to respects in which the work might have been better than it is. We feel compelled to say, however, that the weakness of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's work is its superabundant detail. One proof of the success of a book is that it is read, and we seriously fear that few of the many who will begin the reading of these two stout volumes will persevere to the end. While all that Mrs. Van Rensselaer has to say is important, it is not all equally important, and a judicious pruning away of a fourth part of the details would unquestionably have improved the quality of what was left. Detailed as it is, however, the book is a notable piece of work, honorable alike to its author and to the city whose story it authoritatively sets forth. It is sincerely to be hoped that the remaining two volumes, intended to cover the century from 1689 to 1789, may not be long delayed.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Battle. By Cleveland Moffett. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co.

From the literary point of view this is simply a good specimen of that queer, clumsy mongrel species, peculiar to our time, the novelized play. The common order is reversed; for it is a natural process to dramatize a novel, to precipitate the crystal of a play from the vague fluid of narrative and exposition. But to "novelize" a play is, as it were, to resolve that crystal into a dew: a task difficult almost to the point of impossibility. As a matter of fact, the attempt is commonly not so much to make a *bona-fide* novel out of the given dramatic material as to give the play a wider audience. A similar office may be performed by moving pictures. It might seem, to be sure, that the natural thing would be to print the play: this is done now and then, but is, we believe, a doubtful adventure for any publisher. The lack of scenery and costume and player with his personality, of orchestra, of jostling fellow-auditor, must be made up for roughly by devices of description. The great (with us chiefly feminine) reading public does not read plays unless coated with the sugar-frosting of fiction.

Note Mr. Moffett's experience. His play, called "The Battle," was produced in New York last December. It "not only met with success, but stirred up violent controversy"—success itself, from the manager's point of view. "Various publishers" now urged him to make a novel of it, and we have here the result of their pleadings. The last thing they wanted was disguise of its quality as a play. We have the usual photographs of actor and actress posing in a flat stage-light more or less according to the specifications of the text. Those compressions and annihilations of time and space which we accept perforce as dramatic conditions are complacently adhered to. We readily understand why it must have been an effective and even meritorious play. It was, perhaps, a catchpenny device to make the leading person the "richest man in America," whose popular nickname is "John J.," but the treatment of the man as an individual and as a type is not trivial. Doubtless, the drama provoked controversy because people failed to agree as to what it meant: a not unhopeful indication of health in such a play. "John J." is not made out a monster. He is allowed to put his philosophy of life very strongly, and comes out, in a way, victorious. Philip the youthful enthusiast, and Gentle the Socialist are equally human, and if they also are victors in the battle, it is also only "in a way." No panacea is offered for the quick adjustment of the difficulties between poverty and wealth, unless it be that every man, rich or poor, must "learn to do his loving himself"—a panacea at least two thousand years old.

The Glass House. By Florence Morse Kingsley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

This is a story of a confirmed wife, mother, and houseworker, weary but well-doing, who was hunted out by an old college classmate and persuaded to be sorry for herself and to take to literature. It is hardly conceivable that the mother of a twelve-year-old child should be so unstable of habit as to forsake the frying-pan for the inkstand. To find the story convincing is to believe that a mature and highly domesticated woman may suddenly go blind to home interests; may abandon even ordinary vigilance over her children, and may fail to live up to even a rudimentary code of professional honor. Great trouble, almost disaster, followed in the wake of Mrs. Loomis's pen; but rescue came in an unexpected fashion, and the house of Loomis stood once more four-square to the winds.

Its patron sinner, the woman who loved to be an "Instrument" of others' development, is just such a combination of the kindly and the meddlesome as is sometimes seen in real life, blundering along amiably and perniciously. She is perhaps the most credible portrait in the book. Upon her pudgy mind the ignoring of professional integrity sits not unnaturally. Her husband, the bad man of the plot, impresses one as being rather over-weighted with malice towards beings already down in their fortunes. However, as he provides the almost achieved melodrama, he must be tolerated. A touch of imagination informs the figure of the "poor, prodigal of a fellow" whose coming to the help of youth and innocence clears the murk from his own life and makes him a man. Youth and innocence, in the person of Louise, are startlingly selfish, greedy, and mendacious. Was there no saving preparatory influence in her mother's constant companionship during the twelve years before the flood of ink? And that mother a college graduate, accomplished cook, and seamstress!

"Mothers, beware of becoming short-story writers and novelists!" is the moral of the fable. If the moral is not loudly demanded by the public, the fable at least is mildly readable.

Diana Enthroned. By W. M. Letts New York: John Lane Co.

The charm of this book is that it refuses to be classified. A story set in English country life, it is not a story of that life. A society woman or two fail to make it a society novel. The familiar situation of an eagerly adoring husband and a placidly tolerant wife takes a shape quite out of the ordinary. Even the ancient and honorable tactics of the conveniently dead tactlessly turning up alive are directed away from the obvious. If the story is to be labelled at all, it would have to be called a human-nature study. Not even a character study, for Phoebe and Robin, playmates from childhood, have no particular emphasis of character, but are vividly, shiningly endowed with what can only be called being. A faun he, a Diana she; yet a faun with extremely human faults, a Diana with a kindness that makes her almost religious, albeit she is thoroughly a pagan. Out-of-doors, horses, dogs, and children are the gods she worships, tenderness to the weak the mainspring of her life. This is it that controls her loves and her coolnesses and that captures and holds alike the weak Robin and the strong Hugh.

The story opens with the birth of Phoebe and the dedication of her by an unhappy mother to Diana, that she might be a child of nature and might not love mortal man. She forgot Endymion; and Phoebe lived to pass through life as other Dianas do. All that goes to make the enveloping atmosphere of field and garden and open, skyey country is agreeably unconventional. Glints of wit and humor are not lacking. A little worldliness invades the pastoral. Wisdom and even piety have their say in wholly unaffected fashion. The threads of the tissue are drawn together just a little loosely, but the interest does not die out.

The Show Girl. By Max Pemberton. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.

Though the writer of this story has a good deal to say about the absurdity of the Anglo-American attitude toward the life of Bohemian Paris, he does not disdain to take advantage of that attitude. His tale is squarely addressed to the audience which loves to hear of students' balls, cocottes, grisettes, and the Moulin Rouge. It is not a story of stage life. The heroine is a "show girl" in a very general sense, and her public career—not much of a career, at best—is of little account in the narrative. What is of account is the Bohemian atmosphere, the devil-may-care mode of progress toward a foregone conclusion. The deviltry, to be sure, is seen in the end to have pretty much confined itself to wine and song—an innovation in this kind of story. The hero, a young English sculptor *in velle*, is, with all his nonsense, a person of uncommon virtue, and so is the "Mimi" whom he rescues from the hands of a certain cheap showman by the simple method of buying her. She had been guilty of no such shocking if natural complaisance as Trilby's—a fact which we are encouraged to attribute to her noble birth. The incidents which precede the final and comfortable union of the virtuous pair need not be recounted here. They are

of that amiably adventurous type which will survive in popular fiction to the end of time. The tale is told in the form of letters, and loses nothing in vivacity thereby.

The Function of Religion in Man's Struggle for Existence. By George Burman Foster. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $1 net

The title of Professor Foster's apologia for theological liberalism cannot be justified either by the contents of the book or by its method. It suggests that scientific models are kept in view: as a matter of fact, its discussion of religion is more rhetorical than scientific. Often the rhetoric is extremely effective, and is the vehicle of sincere conviction. It will be listened to because in many places the book voices the feeling of the present day in its opposition to religious traditions and to the organizations which uphold them; but the failure to meet the demands of scientific accuracy can be illustrated on almost every page, perhaps nowhere better or more concretely than in the definition of religion as "self-effectuation." This phrase is typical; it reveals the contradictions in which such a work is involved by its attempt to discover analogies between biological science and religion. What product of history, individual or social, could not be called "self-effectuation"? It is no more an accurate description of religion than it is of Roman law or a mediæval cathedral. The whole theory here expounded of the origin, place, and development of religion can throw little light on the actual facts of racial religious differences or on the varied forms of religious consciousness generally. The struggle for existence as it has been worked out in the field of both civilized and savage mankind cannot be put in the terms of physical or biological science without the sacrifice of essential factors. If Professor Foster had ventured anywhere to come to close quarters with any of the great religions of the world as they have been expressed in doctrine, conduct, or administration, he would have seen his inability to account thus for either their successes or their failures.

By this false terminology a suggestive idea is spoiled. The writer's purpose is to protest against a mechanical theory of inspiration that pictures man as an inert receptacle into which divine truth is conveyed by some extraordinary act of Providence. He wishes to rescue the subjective element in religion and to show that religion is a human product adapted to and created by man's needs. At the close of his book he speaks plainly, without using biological terminology, of the difficulties now facing all Christian churches through the assured results of criticism and history. He even goes so far as to minimize the influence on Christianity of a possible demonstration that Jesus Christ never existed, though he is careful to state that he himself accepts the historical reality of Christ. Yet it can hardly be said that the Chicago professor of theology shows more daring here than the Roman Catholic Modernists. The interest of his position is that by pleading for freedom of research and also for freedom of expressing popularly the results of research, he has brought down upon himself the anathemas of his co-religionists. His words on this point deserve attention not only from the churches, but from those without the churches who respect Christian civilization and reverence the influence of Christian lives. Professor Foster is undoubtedly right in maintaining that church organizations cannot afford to alienate the seeker after truth. It is a temperament which accords with Christian ideals; the goal is of less importance. The whole subject of the standards of membership in Christian churches needs to be fearlessly handled. Professor Foster's case is not an isolated one. He believes in the Church as a Christian community, he recognizes the work it can do, and yet his tenure as a Christian is made uncertain simply because an attempt is made in our own day to apply regulations of loyalty which grew up when Christendom was divided into a collection of ecclesiastical camps, hostile to one another and convinced that the sole way of protecting their own interests was to secure absolute uniformity of doctrinal statements among their adherents.

The Wander Years. By J. H. Yoxall, M.P. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

This is scarcely a book of travel, although the "journeys into life, letters, and art" are often connected with actual journeys into France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. Mr. Yoxall's avowed purpose is to portray his travels "through the present and into the past; amidst hoary white civilization, eschewing the ugly new; into Green Vaults and Festspielhausen, Bodleians, Alt Pinacotheks, and Salons Carré (*sic*); into the proudest Parliament; into cabinets of thought and foyers of action, labyrinthine streets of the city of Mansoul, and calm domains of Academe; best of all . . . into lenient pastures of pity and aid and pardon." Those who have the courage, after this warning, to follow the wander years will not be wholly unrewarded.

The essays which centre about France contain Mr. Yoxall's best work. It is a disappointment to find him mounting a "snorting and pawing" automobile in the Bois de Boulogne, after he has shared with Dickens the diligence to Avignon and, not only imaginatively, has "tramped" over many of the "rising and falling roads." But he still, in successful moments, reproduces something of the physical charm and of the temperament of "old France." Essays of another kind range from a gallant defence of Madame de Warens to a regretful picture of Lottchen on the Loire, and from the soul of a Cathedral to the rose on Billingsley porcelain. Each subject has numberless points of contact. A few essays, especially the one "to Mr. and Mrs. Bull," are quite unredeemed by the appreciative knowledge of the good in art and letters which makes it possible to endure the malformed style of the entire volume. The "exotic" words for which, in the preface, the author is willing to go to the stake are few. Nor is any one likely to cavil at the frequent and unitalicized French. An apology was rather needed for lapses into vulgarisms and banalities. But the chief defects of Mr. Yoxall's style are not found in his vocabulary. Grotesque imitation of Thackeray and Lamb (whom he actually calls "the merriest of the lambs") is an evil fruit of his admiration for the older masters. And in his reiterated praise of the "wandering fire" affectation takes the place of the vivacity of the greater vagrants. The most vigorous single paragraph in the book, and autobiographically the most interesting, pictures a boy reading Gessner's "Death of Abel" on the slippery horsehair sofa of a mid-Victorian parlor in which lingered "the ghosts of numberless dull Sundays." It is a pity that when Mr. Yoxall discovered that life can be "ode and epode, alcaic and sapphic, epic and elegy," he did not submit his wander spirit and his "bit-between-the-teethy" pen to inherited rigor and discipline.

The East End of Europe. By Allen Upward. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

In one sense, Mr. Upward's excellent contribution to our knowledge of Macedonian history during the last ten years, though published a very short while, is already belated. It will be recalled that the Macedonian problem, in its most critical aspect, had to do with the struggle between the Bulgarian and Greek nationalities for a predominant position on the Ægean, carrying with it the right of succession to the Sick Man of Europe's holdings when that erratic invalid was finally bundled across the Bosphorus into Asia. In Macedonia, the Bulgarian and Greek bands preached their respective gospels with fire and sword. British and American opinion undoubtedly inclined to the side of the Bulgarians. This would seem natural enough, ever since Gladstone took the latter under his special protection. Now, it is asserted by Mr. Upward that Greece has been sadly misunderstood in the

matter. Bulgaria, by clever manipulation of foreign opinion, has succeeded in creating the impression that her rights in Macedonia are sounder than they really are. Mr. Upward draws up a brief for Greece. Since he states his position frankly at the outset, there is no fault to be picked with the tone of the book. He shows an intimate acquaintance with the details of a badly-tangled problem, makes lavish use of documentary evidence, and altogether shows himself one of the best equipped writers on the subject.

In calling the book belated, we had in mind the fact that for the present the Macedonian problem has become merged into the new situation in Turkey. The civil war in Macedonia has ceased. The disappearance of the Ottoman rule seems no longer imminent. Neither Bulgaria nor Greece has, of course, given up its ambitions with regard to Macedonia, but when the conflict revives, if it does revive, it will bear a different character. Nevertheless, Mr. Upward's account of racial and economic conditions in the disputed region should be of value for a long time to come.

The Effects of War on Property. By Almá Latifi. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

This is a collection of studies on the effect of a state of war upon property in its various forms. After considering the property of enemies and neutrals on land, the effect of conquest upon property, the property of enemies and neutrals at sea, and exceptions to the rule of capture at sea, the author comes to what, we suspect, is the topic of chief interest to an Englishman at this time —the inviolability claimed for private property from capture at sea. He treats briefly the history of this doctrine from the time of Mably and Vattel, and then shows that in the practice of nations the doctrine is not yet accepted. The abstract arguments in favor of the innovation he examines and finds wanting, while those against it he pronounces conclusive. The entire question, he concludes, is "one of political expediency, to be decided by each state after a consideration of its own especial circumstances." After reviewing the circumstances of England, he contends that that country, if it accepted the innovation, "would be a distinct loser as compared with the Continental nations that are so eager for a change of the law."

Mr. Latifi is good enough not to doubt the "humanitarian motives" of many advocates of the inviolability of private property at sea, but remarks that the policy of nations is based upon self-interest, not upon "abstract principles preached by professors or embodied in resolutions of peace congresses." From this and other expressions we conclude that the volume was intended as a courteous British greeting to the International Naval Conference in London. Professor Westlake cordially seconds the greeting by contributing an appended note in which he thoroughly demolishes the "topsy-turvy" notions of the expected guests.

Science.

Little Busybodies: The Life of Crickets, Ants, Bees, Beetles, Etc. By Jeannette Marks and Julia Moody. New York: Harper & Bros. 75 cents.

The first thought of a reviewer on taking up a book of science for young people is likely to be that it requires brief consideration. However accurately this may express a common opinion, it certainly falls short of conveying a truth. For no book can be more important than one that has to do with the formation of young minds; and that books of science adapted to the young have done much to determine the career of some men who now occupy leading positions among teachers of science, the writer hereof knows. Moreover, there is no class of books whose composition requires greater skill than such as this study of "Busybodies." The authors are teachers in Mt. Holyoke College, and their profession has plainly given them a happy control of the art of lucid expression. Under the admirable direction of an experienced guide, who is also a well-informed naturalist and practical entomologist, a small miscellaneous group of children, during a summer vacation in the mountains, is brought into close relations with some of the common and most interesting insects. The old guide succeeds in telling what he knows in a way that both interests and informs. The incidents of camp-life and the play of various characters help to keep the interest from flagging. The whole assemblage of incidents and facts is well managed and falls naturally into the authors' purpose. The technical knowledge conveyed is accurately as well as pleasingly given.

There is really nothing to criticise seriously, only here and there a questionable slip. It is hardly allowable today to class spiders with their "sparkling fairy webs spun anew for us every morning," among insects; although it would have passed muster less than a century ago. Nor is it quite correct to speaks of "ants carrying grains of sand as far from their doorways as possi ble." It is a traditional belief that the curious little neuropterous grubs, known as Myrmeleon, or ant lions, "throw up sand over their heads in order to hit a helpless little ant and knock it down into the pit." But one who has carefully observed the grub will hardly give it credit for a purposeful bombardment of that sort. The sand is, indeed, thrown up to make a runway down which an ant may slide into its jaws; but when it occasionally hits its prey, this seems to happen purely by accident, and the hitting appears to have no effect in the way of "knocking it down." But such slight lapses from the strict facts are rare; and the book is to be commended as generally trustworthy.

The illustrations are for the most part rather crude, though generally sufficient for the purpose. However, it ought to be remarked that such a picture as that of the ant lion's pit opposite page 78 is scarcely reputable drawing.

Dr. C. W. Saleeby has apparently abandoned the pill and scalpel for a pen whose ink flows freely and a blue pencil which he uses wisely in editing an admirable series of treatises on medical topics of value to the general reader. His own publications are becoming numerous. The last, entitled "Health, Strength, and Happiness" (Mitchell Kennerley), is alleged by a subtitle to be a book of practical advice, and is declared to teach a new asceticism concerning the care of the body, with a just regard to the importance of the mind. The book concerns itself chiefly with grown-ups, children being a fascinating subject to be taken up at another time. For a similar reason, the book is almost sexless, since certain momentous questions relating to women are reserved for consideration in a separate volume. Much attention is paid to the middle-aged man who is just going down hill when he need not, and who ought to be ashamed of his decline. Fresh air, much light, loose and washable clothing, sensible shoes, much and easy sleep, are the more important agencies to help him and others. Work, free from excitement, is not harmful, and particularly not a cause of sleeplessness, insomnia being often merely a result of indigestion. As to exercise, Saleeby is a skeptic, holding muscular development to be of little importance, and the best exercise that which we enjoy, and having little respect for gymnasiums and none for bedroom apparatus for this purpose. All these and many kindred matters are discussed pleasantly and almost too diffusely, so much so that the reader, while sure of entertainment, is often uncertain just what the author really believes and advises, and why. As a whole, the book is suggestive and likely to help many to whom a more exact treatise would be unwelcome.

The publication of the complete works of Alessandro Volta is now assured by the action of the Italian government in contributing $3,000 towards the necessary expenses. A committee appointed jointly by the Reale Istituto Lombardo delle Scienze and the Reale Accademia dei Lincei will have charge of this edition, which, it is expected, will consist of five volumes, and be finished within two years.

Houghton Mifflin Company will publish this autumn "Preventable Diseases," by Dr. Woods Hutchinson; "The Elements of Military Hygiene," by Percy M. Ashburn, and "Astronomy from a Dipper," by Eliot C. Clarke.

Eugen von Gothard, the Hungarian astronomer, has died at the age of fifty-two.

He made a number of astro-physical and astro-photographic studies in an observatory at the family seat at Herény.

Drama.

THE REPERTORY THEATRE IN ENGLAND.

The announcement, some weeks back, that two repertory theatres are shortly to be started in London, one to be directed by Herbert Trench with an influential backing, the other under the management of Mr. Frohman with the coöperation of the following authors: George Bernard Shaw, Granville Barker, J. M. Barrie, and John Galsworthy, marks the turning point in the fortunes of the movement that has been actively propagated for the last twenty years. It is about twenty years ago that the first performances of Ibsen's plays were given in London, a period when William Archer, our leading dramatic critic, was, almost single-handed, championing the work of that great European dramatist against the virulent abuse and active prejudice of most of the prominent organs of the London press. The audiences were enthusiastic, but small, and from that day to this the rare Ibsen performances we have had have only brought to the theatre doors the relatively small public of highly cultivated, artistic, and progressive people who are capable of thinking for themselves. Had William Archer's name been prefixed by Mr. Frohman to the list of his four "coöperators," we should, indeed, see the main links in the historical chain of the repertory theatre movement. For Mr. Archer's teaching begat Granville Barker's practice, and without Bernard Shaw's sustained attacks, both in his criticisms and his plays, on the conventional ideals, the sentimental falsities, and worm-eaten traditions of the British drama, we should have had no Court Theatre, and without the Court Theatre John Galsworthy's modern plays, "The Silver Box," "Joy," and "Strife," would scarcely have been staged. J. M. Barrie is the only man of the five who, while taking a line parallel with the course steered by the others, has remained independent; but that Mr. Frohman's repertory theatre would not come into being without Mr. Barrie's own inspiring example and striking dramatic successes—for this we have Mr. Frohman's own declaration in the London *Times*.

The repertory theatre movement is, in theory, and let us hope it will prove in practice also, a reversal of the commercial policy that has strangled our British drama for several generations. Long ago a French critic remarked that the drama declined from the day that large theatres came into being, and the mediocrity of the Victorian drama certainly coincided with the system of large theatres, high rents, and long runs. The triumph of the popular commercial drama was a by-product of the economic developments that witnessed the destruction of scores of beautiful, old-world handicrafts by the competitions of the new, cheap manufacturing processes. The system, in drama, acted automatically to exclude all work of fine original quality that was not, and could not be, a "popular success." William Archer in 1896 wrote:

> Suppose that a playwright of genius comparable to Mr. Meredith were to appear among us to-morrow, what would be his fate? After weary years spent in bandying to and fro a brown paper parcel shuttlecock, and in playing battledore with the actor-managers, he might possibly get one of his plays produced. It would attract very little attention; a few critics would praise it warmly and he laughed at for their pains; . . . it would be withdrawn, and the dramatic Meredith would be not only depressed, but annihilated by his failure. . . . The managers would steadfastly refuse his other works. . . . In short, his talent would be absolutely and hopelessly gagged. . . . In either case the sum-total would be a genius wasted for want of a very simple mechanism to enable him to seek his public and his public to find him. . . . This is precisely the situation of the British dramatist. . . . On the other hand there exists beyond all question a public within the public. . . . The Repertory Theatre, which must at first to some extent be an endowed theatre, is required to afford a meeting-place for the artist-playwright and the art-loving (as opposed to the mere show-loving) public.

That Mr. Archer did not overstate his case may be proved by a simple comparison. All literary critics are agreed that the Elizabethan drama was representative of Elizabethan culture, but nobody can pretend that the Victorian drama was ever representative of Victorian culture. Compare the list of our great Victorian novelists and poets with that of the contemporary dramatists. We find the dead "poetic drama" of Talfourd and his school, two or three clever, garish plays by Lord Lytton, a few pseudo-realistic "dramas with a purpose" by Charles Reade, plays of the "teacup and saucer" school of Robertson, the plays of Mr. Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones. These are the flowers of the Victorian drama blossoming amid the interminable thicket of deadwood, the sensational, sentimental, meretricious vulgarities false to life and false to art, that have filled the play-bills of the last sixty years. Clever actors, of course, can do wonders with topical plays, with plays of the "cape and sword" school, with comedies that exaggerate the humors of life, with plays that parody fashionable life. I do not wish here to cast any reflections on the great uncritical body of playgoers for whose tastes our British actor-managers, with scarcely any exceptions, have catered, for the last two generations: I only point out that the average drama of the commercial theatre, in point of view of art, of intellect, and of permanent human interest, has been far below the corresponding standards of the average marketable novel. Even the Shakespearean drama has been falsified and cheapened by an actor-manager placing the emphasis on its spectacular instead of its great human appeal, and this through the agency of "large theatres, high rents, and long runs." I except, of course, the revivals by a few great actors, such as Macready and Henry Irving, and the special work done by the Benson Company. How fatal the actor-manager system has been to the English stage is, moreover, shown by the extraordinarily meagre list of representations of classic and Shakespearean drama. Very few of Shakespeare's plays are ever performed in London. The best performance I have seen in twenty years of "Twelfth Night," barring Henry Irving's, was given by the children of two clever families in a Surrey village. The great tragedies of "Othello," "Macbeth," "King Lear" have not been adequately acted within the memory of our generation. The chief Elizabethan dramatists — Shakespeare excepted—have never been "revived" in the commercial theatre. Congreve is acted not once in five years. And so on, and so on.

The admissions made in the rival manifestoes of the two projected repertory theatres are indeed an indictment of the commercial drama: (1.) *The Young Dramatists:* "A Repertory Theatre," says Mr. Frohman, "should be the first home of the young dramatist. I beg of him to be done with the theatrical, and write only of a life that he really knows." "It is hoped," says Mr. Trench, "that the new management will be able to give the most generous opportunities to young English dramatists." (2.) *The Drama as an Art:* "Under our new system," says Mr. Trench, "it will be possible to produce masterpieces by dramatists of the first rank which would never see the light in a long run." (3.) *The Bill of Fare:* "I want to interest the good play-goer, not once or twice a year, in what is being done at my theatres, but once or twice a month," Mr. Frohman states; and Mr. Trench informs us that "the 'play of ideas' will be varied also by selections from the best revived modern plays, and by classical plays, such as those of Shakespeare, and comedies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries." (4.) *The Public:* "In my opinion," says Mr. Frohman, "there are now in this country a number of people sufficiently large to be called the public, who wish to delight in the drama as an art." That is the all-important question. It is obvious

that the hope of a renaissance in British drama depends upon the number of the art-loving public being sufficiently large to give strong support to the appeal of "the artist-dramatists." Has this day really arrived? My answer must be in the affirmative, even though I am writing these words in the shadow of London.

Curiously enough, London, which, as the centre of the British Empire, should take the lead in all matters of vital reform, is always miles behind our other great centres in encouraging them. London, as the home of "vested interests," is the most conservative of cities; its overgrown size seems to paralyze the imagination of its citizens, its "intellectual" public is scattered and lost in the great wilderness of the suburbs. Manchester has known the highly successful repertory theatre of Miss Horniman's company of players, while London has been waiting for some manager to arise and carry on the splendid work accomplished in its Vedrenne-Barker performances at the Court Theatre, 1905-6. The Court audiences proper were broken up by Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker's move to the Savoy Theatre, where they failed to find adequate support. Since then the most promising theatre, in the way of encouraging the more original order of drama, has been the Kingsway, under the management of Miss Lena Ashwell; but her "forward" policy, I hear, has not of late met with paying results. The Irish National Theatre, started by Miss Horniman, and generously subsidized by her, has adopted an æsthetic programme of a special and somewhat narrow character, and the venture of her Manchester company, under the direction of Iden Payne, is of a more catholic and representative order. The performances of this company that I have attended in Manchester have been equal to the most brilliant performances at the Court. A finished unity of effect, a general harmony of tone among the players is practically never seen on the random stage, since the actors recruited under the "star" system, each time afresh for a new piece, are not controlled by an art director or producer who aims at the artistic balance of the piece as a whole, but by a manager who aims merely at the effectiveness of the leading parts. An art director should be the spiritual conscience of the whole company, he should know exactly what his players can or cannot do, and it is his function to interpret a given drama much in the sense that the painter interprets a given landscape. Macready and Henry Irving and other great actor-managers have aimed at this unity of tone in a performance, but the actor-managers as a rule have failed egregiously to secure it. But the other great advantage of the repertory theatre is that the players, accustomed to one another's methods, and called upon to enact a great many parts during the year, gain in intelligence and versatility, with the drawback, however, that the strain on the whole company and the art director is continuous and very severe.

That Mr. Trench's repertory theatre at Haymarket has been guaranteed ample financial support for a period of three years is the most satisfactory news that the "good play-goer" has heard in our generation. The commercial theatre will not and cannot afford to run risks in order to please the art-loving public; that has been demonstrated *ad nauseam*. The subsidized repertory theatre will take these risks in the hope of educating the taste of the average play-goer, and of teaching him to appreciate artistic standards he has not hitherto demanded. Of course, a great deal will depend upon the capacity of the art directors of the repertory theatres. In this respect Mr. Frohman is safe; Granville Barker is the best "producer" we have had on the modern stage. Norman McKinnel will enter on his duties at the Haymarket Theatre, under the Trench directorship, with the confident hopes of everybody. Iden Payne, the director of Miss Horniman's company, is, I am personally convinced, destined to play a leading part in the creation of a British drama worthy to be called drama.

Disappointments and setbacks there will, of course, be many. I am inclined to doubt whether the young, untried dramatist will meet with as much encouragement as the director of the new repertory theatres would seem to promise him. But we may expect that the standard of dramatic criticism, which, under the influence of the commercial drama, has been of poor quality, will gain in originality and insight. And this should react favorably on the standards of the ordinary play-goer; though I am bound to admit that the excellent literary criticism that now appears in so many of our leading London newspapers has had much less effect in improving the literary taste of the British public at large than one would have supposed. The last word must, however, be one of hope. The outlook for drama in the past three years has changed much for the better. After the prime minister's recent declaration in the House of Commons, we may surely hope that the ridiculous British censorship, which has so long paralyzed the freedom of outspoken serious drama, will be replaced by the creation of a sane authoritative body. The old view that the theatre is merely a place of amusement is giving way, slowly, but none the less giving way, to the idea that the theatre is one of the most potent instruments we possess for the aesthetic, mental, and moral instruction of the citizen. We must not expect that a great drama will come into being, for a modern public is not worthy of it. But we may expect that the theatre will be more representative of modern outlook and our modern culture than the Victorian Theatre was representative of our fathers' and our grandfathers' culture.

EDWARD GARNETT.

Art.

Señor A. de Beruete y Moret, the author of "The School of Madrid" (London: Duckworth; New York: Scribners) is the son of the well-known authority on Velasquez. In this study of Velasquez's contemporaries and successors at Madrid the son shows that he has inherited no small portion of the father's scholarly caution and critical acumen. The subject is on the whole an uninviting one. We have to do either with sheer imitators of Velasquez or with religious painters rather weaker than their Sevillian contemporaries. To be sure Cerezo, Cabazalero, Juan Rizi, and Antolinez express the ruling Jesuitical fervor with originality, shunning oversweetness, and retaining the dignity of real passion. Carreño, too, seems very nearly a master portrait painter in his own right. Mazo, at least, is a fascinating problem, being almost a great painter if Velasquez were away. While these copyists and eclectics are not intrinsically of the highest interest, the field is so little known and their works have been so frequently attributed to Velasquez, that Señor Beruete's pioneer work serves an obviously useful purpose. No chapter is more interesting than that on Mazo, the son-in-law and assistant of Velasquez. To him is attributed the remarkable portrait of Admiral Pareja, in the National Gallery, and the superb Prince Balthasar Carlos in the Riding School, at Grosvenor House. The first attribution is attractive, the second will, we fancy, hardly establish itself. Especially interesting is the treatment of Mazo as a landscapist. In this field Mazo struck out for himself and achieved independence. Otherwise he will be remembered chiefly for the trouble he has made as the faithful copyist and admirable imitator of his great father-in-law.

Señor Beruete's work is so scholarly and so serviceable that we regret to point out its obvious weakness—the failure to take into account Spanish pictures in America. At Montreal, in the New York Historical Society, the Metropolitan Museum, in the private collections of Philadelphia—to mention only obvious instances—there are many pictures that should have been registered. Setting aside the commoner royal portraits, most of which fall to Mazo, such pictures as the impressive St. John of the New York Historical Society—possibly a Cerezo, the spirited group by Mazo (?) in the Johnson collection, Philadelphia, and the romantic landscape by Collantes at Cottier's should be recorded and studied. The time has passed when a book of this sort can safely be written without a visit to America. And if European scholars find the journey impracticable, at least they should strive to make

their survey complete, through correspondence and collaboration with American colleagues. This book is well printed, and contains fifty reproductions of paintings, several of which are now first published. Mrs. Stuart Erskine's translation is excellent.

The Académie des Beaux-Arts has announced the result of the *concours* for the Prix de Rome. The Grand Prix goes to Armand P. G. Bodard, a pupil of Gabriel Ferrier. The second prize is awarded to Jean E. M. Tourné of Agen, a pupil of M. Cormon, and the third prize is taken by M. Merle, also a pupil of M. Ferrier.

John Robinson Tait, a painter and critic, died at his home in Baltimore, July 29, at the age of seventy-five. He was educated at Woodward College, Cincinnati, and at Bethany College, Virginia. In 1859 he went to Düsseldorf, and for eight years was a pupil of August Weber and Andreas Achenbach. Returning to Cincinnati in 1872, he was placed in charge of the art department of the second industrial exposition of that city. He designed the art hall of the exposition, and brought together there the first important "loan collection" exhibited in this country. He settled in Baltimore in 1876. His best-known paintings are Siehengehirge, Lake of Wallenstadt, Lake of Four Cantons, Norwegian Waterfall, Solitude, A Rainy Day, Vesper Hour, and A Tyrolean Cottage. He was also the author of a book of poems, "Dolce Far Niente," and "European Life, Legend, and Landscape."

Willy J. E. Hamacher, the landscape and marine painter, has died at Reinerz in Silesia, at the age of forty-four. He was a pupil of Hans Gude and won the gold medal at the Berlin international exhibition of 1896.

From Halberstadt comes the news of the death of Paul Meyer, the genre painter, in his forty-sixth year.

Finance.

THE STEEL TRUST DIVIDEND.

When the Steel Corporation was formed, in April, 1901, the $550,000,000 common stock was issued, on a basis varying from equal exchange to $125 in the new stock for $100 of the old, to acquire the common stock of eight Trusts already existing in the American steel trade. Of these older common stocks, those of four companies were paying dividends at the time of the amalgamation, and those of four others had never paid any dividend whatever. It was reported—rightly or wrongly—that shareholders in the outside concerns had been induced to enter the amalgamation by a promise of dividends; however that may be, quarterly dividends at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum were begun on the common stock in September, 1901.

So long as the "trade boom" of that year continued, things went well enough; but in 1903 a sudden trade reaction came. Earnings fell so low that not only was the common stock dividend not earned, but nothing was earned on the half-billion preferred. The common stock dividend was passed; that on the preferred was paid out of the past surplus, and the surplus fund fell to disquietingly low proportions. In due time, trade revived, but the corporation had learned a lesson. In October, 1906, although surplus earnings then surpassed all previous experience, dividends on the common stock were resumed at the annual rate of only 2 per cent., large appropriations for repairs, replacements, and new construction, being made out of current earnings. This dividend rate remained unchanged until last week.

The common shares sold at 55 in the wild speculation following the merger of 1901; their price fell to 8⅝ after dividends had been passed, two and a half years later. It never touched the quotation of 1901 again until the excited "after-election" market of last autumn. Last February, it declined nearly to 41; shortly afterward, an extraordinary speculation began. The general public was buying only sparsely, but certain large Wall Street interests bought seemingly without restraint, and early last month, they had got the price actually above 70. Incidentally, the remarkable attempt to induce the rich French market to speculate in the stock began. This particular undertaking was checkmated, temporarily at any rate, by the interference of the French government with the plan to "list" the stock on the Paris Bourse; but the New York interests still held up the price. Then came last week's announcement of a 3 per cent. annual dividend, instead of 2.

Thus far, all that appears is that the rate of dividend has been raised. That simple fact would not prove, any more than would a "Paris listing," that the property was really any more valuable than before. The propriety of increased dividends is commonly determined first, by earnings. Now the net earnings for the quarter ending last June, from which the higher quarterly dividend was paid, were $29,340,000, which was $9,000,000 more than was earned in the corresponding quarter of 1908. Here was a handsome increase. But that quarter in 1908 was in the aftermath of financial panic. In the same quarter of 1907, when the annual 2 per cent rate was regularly maintained, net earnings were $45,500,000; in 1906, when it was not deemed wise to pay anything on the common shares, the quarter netted $40,125,000. That is to say, the increase in the quarterly dividend is made at a time when the company's net earnings are less by 35 per cent. than in the days of a smaller dividend, and less by nearly 30 per cent. than in the days of no dividend at all.

Such a policy contrasts so singularly with the habit of experienced corpora-

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tion managements, that it would in any case call for explanation. Two explanations are presented, neither of them officially—one, that the dividend rate in 1906 was fixed too low; the other, that the "putting back of earnings into the property," between 1903 and 1907, has so far strengthened the company's physical resources that, with return of good times, it will be able to report unprecedentedly large earnings, which the present increase in the dividend only anticipates.

The first argument will hardly meet the approval of conservative critics, who are practically a unit in declaring that the Steel Corporation's fiscal policy, since it got its lesson in 1903, has been wise and altogether beneficial, and that any other policy would have quite possibly repeated the blunder of 1901. The second argument has this much of force, that a new and highly efficient steel-producing plant—capable, with the company's other plants, of meeting customers' demands for many years to come—has been virtually completed by applying current earnings to the purpose. This particular requirement will not hereafter exist on the same scale. On the other hand, appropriations for improving, replacing, and extending the rest of the company's plant, which are a constant charge, and which ran as high as $36,000,000 in 1906 and $39,000,000 in 1907, have since then been wholly suspended. Had they been continued, some heavy deficits would have been caused, in the past two years, by paying even the 2 per cent. annual dividend.

It is reasonable to suppose that the problem of future needs had been thoroughly examined, before last week's increase in the dividend. In the end it may turn out that the increase was amply justified. The offsetting considerations are, that improvement appropriations may be held down, for the sake of showing larger earnings and higher dividends, with the result (as in the two years after 1901) of inviting trouble in the future; that no one can be absolutely sure of conditions that will hereafter govern earnings; that increase of dividends because of what is expected but not yet obtained is traditionally dangerous; and that the aroma of "inside speculation" which has surrounded the present episode is at least unfortunate.

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Bastiat, F. Fallacies of Protection. Translated from the Fifth Edition of the French, by P. J. Stirling. Putnam. $1 net.

Bibliography of the Chinese Question in the United States. Compiled by R. E. Cowan and B. Dunlap. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.40 net.

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Didier, E. L. The Poe Cult and Other Poe Papers. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

Emmet, T. A. Ireland Under English Rule. Vols. I and II. Second editions revised. Putnam. $5 net.

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Frank, H. Modern Light on Immortality. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1.85 net.

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C. F. Carter's When Railroads Were New

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L. G. McPherson's Railroad Freight Rates:
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Railroad Age Gazette: "Easily the best book on American railway traffic."

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THE CLEVEREST BOOK OF THE YEAR
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1909.

The Week.

President Taft's attitude in respect of the newly created Customs Court of Appeals, is understood to be that the judges must be lawyers equal to their responsible duties. The failure of Congress to provide in the Emergency Deficiency bill an appropriation for the judges' salaries may result in the establishment of salaries of $10,000 a year instead of the $7,000 rate which was the figure tentatively fixed upon in the deficiency appropriation. The President has decided to make no appointments until Congress acts. He will doubtless take the most solicitous care in filling the new court. The suggestion that it contain lay members he is said to oppose. The experience of importers with the General Board of Appraisers would seem to support this determination on the President's part. We shall confidently expect the new tribunal to contain no "jokers." The confidence of the country would not be gained by seeing Judge Littauer, Judge S. N. D. North, and others of that ilk on the customs bench.

The President's policy in making census appointments in the South is now announced. In States solidly Democratic, the jobs are to be equally divided between the Democrats and the Republicans. In "debatable" States, however, all the census places are to be given to Republicans. The President's statement adds, with gravity, that in all cases he will insist that the appointees "shall not be active partisans, but capable men." If this means anything, it means that some sort of test or examination is to be made, beyond the mere recommendation of politicians. They, of course, always recommend "capable men"—men capable of great usefulness to themselves. Census enumerators, being special and temporary appointees, have long been made a part of the spoils system, and the bill for taking the next census, while providing that the clerks in the bureau at Washington shall be chosen under the civil-service rules, left the naming of the men who are to collect the actual information, as before, to politicians. The President has shown, by his appointment of a new Director and Assistant Director of the Census, that he is anxious to have a thoroughly scientific and trustworthy piece of work done next year. Yet he must know that a great deal will depend upon the choice of enumerators.

Speaker Cannon's long-promised punishment of the insurgents among his own party reflects not nearly so much upon them as upon him. To his narrow partisan mind it is, of course, just the thing to do. Whip the insubordinate and reward the abjectly obedient—this is always the creed of the party boss, and from his point of view it is often good politics. Not in this case, however; the split in the Republican party has gone too far to be cured in any such way. Indeed, the pettiness of Mr. Cannon's action is likely to make matters worse and intensify the growing opposition to him. And he has not even gone far enough with the axe really to play the executioner impressively. Mr. Fowler has been a very useful man, and so has Congressman Cooper. As for Congressman Gardner, it will hardly improve Senator Lodge's relations with the Speaker that his son-in-law should thus be degraded. The truth is that the Speaker's action will only remind people anew that he belongs to another political age, and that the sooner he disappears from Congress the better will be its atmosphere, the quicker it will respond to the popular will, and the less it will be controlled by selfish interests.

At least one of Mr. Cannon's new appointments will be acclaimed—as it was applauded in the House—that of Congressman James Breck Perkins of Rochester as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. To this position, he is fully entitled by reason of ability and attainments, and it may well be that his able handling, in behalf of the House, of Mr. Roosevelt's charges against Congressmen in connection with the Secret Service appropriation, won him this preferment. Mr. Vreeland's selection to head the Committee on Banking and Currency had been discounted. He was, with Mr. Aldrich, sponsor for the currency bill passed last year, which remains so melancholy a piece of largely unused and unnecessary legislation, and will now play a great part in the promised efforts to reform the currency at a future special session. He is one of Mr. Cannon's intimates, and, judging by his past record, may be relied upon to take orders.

In view of the improvement in our consular service, it should seem as if the $100,000 granted by Congress to Mr. Knox for extending our commerce might best be used to teach American merchants that they cannot trade with natives of Japan or India on the same basis as with their neighbors of Kankakee. The Philadephia Commercial Museums have long been doing valuable service of this sort, and similar object lessons are widely needed; for we must lay aside the old notion that the Yankee is the shrewdest trader in the world. He is, however, eminently teachable. Our agricultural experiment stations and their wonderful results in diversifying and intensifying crops, prove this beyond dispute. Travelling exhibits of the goods needed abroad and statistics as to the opportunities offered would seem to be one of the needs of the hour, if the American merchant will not study for himself or send the proper commercial traveller—he usually selects a drummer to travel in China, because he has "made good" in some Michigan lumber camp. There is, however, one way in which Mr. Knox's $100,000 could be made of especial value—by collecting and disseminating information showing how our absurd tariff laws, which close our own markets to foreigners, tend to close theirs to us and invariably sow the seeds of dislike abroad.

It is not a convincing argument for Government railway operation—this report which Mr. Bernard M. Baker has made to President Taft upon the freight charges in force across Panama. The Panama Railroad and the Panama Steamship Company are now owned by the Government, and are operated as commercial lines. The rates in force upon American commerce are sharply discriminatory against our shippers in favor of those of Europe. Thus the rate on dry goods from New York to Cen-

tral America is $21.40 a ton, while from Europe it is $20.40 a ton. The Panama Railroad charges from Colon to Panama, in case the consignment comes from New York, $3.46 per ton; if from Europe, $2.77 per ton. Coffee, rubber, cocoa, all show the same comparative difference in rates, Mr. Baker declares. He is of opinion that these discriminatory rates were continued by the present company not of set purpose, but merely as an inheritance from the former owners of the Panama properties. Be this as it may, it is certainly a sinister omen that government control necessitates investigation by an outside party to obtain equitable treatment for the shippers of the nation that is building the Panama Canal. The differences in rates which result from charging what the traffic will bear, instead of rates set upon a mileage basis, are notoriously great. The greatest disparities are sometimes seemingly justified by considerations of return loads, competing carriers, or alternative routings. But the case in point seems to be one where the rates simply bleed the American shipper to the advantage of his foreign rivals.

The old tease of convict labor is again to the fore. The State Labor Department of New York has caused the arrest of a dealer for selling convict-made goods from Illinois without displaying a conspicuous sign that he dealt in products of that character. The law of this State prevents clothing made by our own prisoners from being put on the general market. But this apparently makes our market only a favorite dumping-ground for the convict-made products of the Joliet Penitentiary. The arrested dealer's attorney argues that the requirement to display the sign in question is an interference by a State law with the exclusive power of Congress to regulate interstate commerce. It certainly should seem to discriminate against one class of goods, the subject of interstate commerce, in favor of another class. The difficulties affecting the products of convict labor are numerous. To keep convicts idle would be cruelty to them. It would be to forego the reformatory influence that the practice of a trade confers. To let out convict labor (inside the prison) to contractors is to invite harsh treatment of the State's wards if the contractor is callous or brutal. It too frequently gives an unfair differential advantage over those who make the same product by free labor. To confine the employment of prisoners to tasks which the prison wardens can direct is often uneconomical and ineffective. Probably the best disposition of the matter is to limit the work of the prisoners to providing goods required in the various public institutions. As for the dumping of wares made by foreign convicts upon the markets of another State, the proper remedy would seem to lie in the hands of Congress, and in the widened area of enlightenment in all our States in this matter of prison reform.

It was inevitable that the proposals of the committee of New York Supreme Court judges, aiming to lessen the law's delays, should be sharply criticised by lawyers. Special attack is made upon the suggestion that the demurrer be practically done away with. This is an old and often a most useful pleading, and it is not surprising that the bar should stand up for its continuance. Great abuses have undeniably arisen in connection with it, but these might be got rid of, it should seem, without entirely disallowing the demurrer. Very likely, this was what the justices really had in mind, in their somewhat vague recommendation. As to the salutary nature of their action, as a whole, there can be no difference of opinion. It shows that those most nearly concerned are at last awaking to the need of removing the reproach which attaches to the administration of justice in this State. The judges do well to point out that their plan is only tentative and merely a beginning. To be satisfactory, the reform of judicial procedure will have to be much more far-reaching. The public will be neither contented nor secure until steps are taken to amend the jury laws, so as to make impossible the present outrageous methods, in important trials, and to abolish wanton and frivolous appeals to higher courts.

The defeat of Mayor Johnson of Cleveland, in the special election, or referendum, on another issue in his perennial traction struggle, was apparently not a decision on the merits of the question. It was, rather, an expression of the city's weariness at the way in which the whole matter had been kept in politics, year after year. The forces arrayed against the Mayor conducted their campaign on that basis. The Chamber of Commerce, as also a non-partisan association of business men, and the leading newspapers of both parties, rang the changes on the great harm to the city which was being done by the continued agitation. The cry was for a final settlement and a good rest. Granting that Mayor Johnson was right in his contentions and sincere in his motives, he made the fatal mistake, politically, of tiring the people out. The ability of a democracy to remain at a white heat of indignation, and to keep its attention fixed steadily upon the same subject for a long time, is notoriously limited This is a lesson which many a leader before Johnson has had to learn in bitter experience, and it is his turn now. Besides this fatigue of the electors, there was the difficulty that the rival plans submitted to them were not so radically different as easily to arouse intense feeling. The so-called Schmidt franchise was for only a portion of the street-car lines, but was for a flat three-cent fare. On the other hand, the proposal of the old companies, as suggested by Judge Tayler, in whose court the receivership had its authority, was for a reorganization and a franchise, under which the maximum fare was not to exceed seven tickets for twenty-five cents, with one cent additional for transfers, while the earnings of the corporation were to be kept to 6 per cent. on the actual value of its property. This is undoubtedly the settlement which will now be made.

The people of Connecticut evidently think that New York State has got a good thing in its Public Utilities Commission law. Last Thursday in the lower house of the Connecticut Legislature, there was a battle royal between the Chandler bill, modelled after the New York statute, and the Barnum measure, contrived in the interests of the railways and the trolley lines. Connecticut has long had a railway commission of the "weak type," with power only to scold. Places upon it have been political plums, whose net effect has been to draw salaries from the State Treasury and to furnish passes for the Commissioners and their families. The Barnum measure proposes to except from the jurisdiction of the new commission steam and electric roads. It is charged

that the attorney of the New Haven Road is its author. The Chandler bill would do away with the present Railroad Commission, and give the new commission power over all public service corporations. The presence and activity of lobbyists and corporation managers on the floor of the House became so scandalous that the Speaker, amidst an uproar, finally ordered their ejection. After it seemed violently probable that the Chandler substitute for the majority's recommendation of the Barnum measure would just pass, three votes changed with suspicious rapidity, and the substitute for the majority report was negatived, 105 to 103.

Dr. Jameson and Gen. Botha, sitting side by side on the steps of the throne in the House of Lords, while the Colonial Secretary asked for the second reading of the bill to create a South African commonwealth, in which Briton and Boer should have equal rights—this is the astonishing and gratifying spectacle which England is able to offer to the world. Who could have believed it possible, when the desolating war in South Africa was raging, so short a time ago? It is a vivid proof that Great Britain has not lost her acquired skill in colonial administration. So healing and constructive a piece of legislation as this Act of Union for the four South African Colonies has not been seen in many a year. It is an evidence of England's real greatness more convincing than all her battleships. The consummation of this great act of statesmanship under a Liberal Ministry will rank as perhaps the proudest achievement of the present Government. The Conservatives were at first cold to the project, which they pronounced premature, but in view of its triumphant conclusion, they do not stint their applause. Both Lord Curzon and the Marquis of Lansdowne offered their hearty congratulations to the Government, and even Lord Milner uttered no jarring note. All this is far more of a national glory than talking till doomsday about *debellare superbos*.

In replying in the House of Commons, the other day, to the protests of the Labor members at the official welcome to the Czar, the Foreign Secretary declared, for the Government: "It is not our business to know what passes in the internal affairs of other countries where we have no treaty rights and no extra-territorial obligations." This was in response to the array of statistics showing the appalling number of military executions in Russia. Now, this position of Sir Edward Grey's may be sound, but it certainly is not the traditional position of England. She has long aspired to be, as Lord Rosebery once put it, the "moral censor of Europe," and has made it very much her business to know what passes in the internal affairs of other nations. Is Palmerston so completely forgotten? Has Gladstone passed wholly out of remembrance? In the case of Bulgarian atrocities and Armenian massacres, it is true, England might be alleged to have a right of intervention under her treaties with Turkey; but what really led to intervention was simply moral indignation overflowing the nice boundaries of diplomatic propriety. It is hardly fitting for a Liberal Minister to disown the past of the Liberal party.

Reports of the "general strike" in Stockholm seem to point to a result similar to the recent strike in Paris, and for much the same reasons. Everything now indicates a failure of the strike; partly due, perhaps, to lack of funds and dissatisfaction of the rank and file with their leaders, but due, in large measure, no doubt, to the public opinion, which is probably as strong in Sweden as in France, against a strike which tends to render inoperative the necessary activities of a great city, tying up traffic, shutting down electric lights, and paralyzing postal service. To put up with such widespread practical inconveniences, the community must feel that a great moral and social principle is involved; and whatever one's political and social ideas may be, it is obvious that the general strike is not widely regarded as an inclusive moral measure. Even in the Socialist camp there is much condemnation of the general strike.

Recent threatened revolutions, in Russia, France, Spain, and Sweden, have all been more or less connected with industrial disputes. The "general strike" has played a part in all of them. It may be noted that in these countries, especially in Russia and Sweden, general culture takes a strongly modern turn. Their literature, art, and music are largely limited to those materials and ideas which are of relatively recent origin. To the imagination of the modern writer, even in a country of classic tastes, such as France, the new social tendencies strongly appeal. Witness not only the great Russian group, but also men like Anatole France, Octave Mirbeau, and, indeed, a large proportion of the contemporary writers of distinction. In music, the name of Tschaikovsky suggests an intense art comment on the modern social consciousness. In Sweden, the "intellectuels" are especially affected by the latest note, often expressed with an extreme hopelessness.

It is about fifteen years ago that the Spaniards were fighting the Moors at Melilla, much as they are to-day, without, however, quite so heavy losses. But conditions in their camps in 1894 explained clearly why they made no better showing against the tribesmen in Africa or the natives in Cuba. At that time the famous Martinez Campos commanded, but the sanitary situation was unspeakably bad, the men being crowded together, with little genuine discipline. The sentry work was poorly performed, and there was a general air of laxity and shiftlessness which fully prepared the observer for the weaknesses exhibited by the Spanish army in Cuba. The Spaniards, moreover, had lost severely in their conflicts with the Kabyles, who then, as now, fought with the fanaticism of the Sudanese in their battles in Egypt. It was currently believed that the Spanish general who fell in one of the engagements was shot in the back by his own men. But the troops were on the whole marvellously cheerful, considering everything. For Melilla is at best an unattractive place, a town crowded on to a high rock jutting out into the Mediterranean—picturesque enough, but lacking in all real comforts and wholly inadequate to house the wounded properly. The fortifications are mainly antiquated, the outlying blockhouses still dangerous to maintain, and the whole town probably untenable, were the enemy in possession of modern artillery to mount upon near-by mountain slopes. That the Spanish army was as unable to profit by the lessons of the 1894 Melilla campaign as by its years of fighting in Cuba, is apparent from the present battling.

THE UNSETTLED TARIFF.

The tariff bill which was to settle everything, has settled nothing. It was to end agitation, but has only sharpened it. No other inference can fairly be drawn from the strong opposition shown to the last by Republicans in both House and Senate, from the President's statement at the time of signing the bill, and from its reception by press and people. The tariff is plainly to remain one of those unsettled questions which will have no pity for the repose of this nation. It will not be settled till it is settled right.

No previous Republican tariff has been passed with such marked Republican disapproval stamped upon it so conspicuously. When the McKinley bill came up for final passage, only one regular Republican Senator, Mr. Plumb of Kansas, voted against it. Senators Pettigrew and Paddock were also recorded in opposition, but they were even then regarded as more Populist or Democratic than Republican, and Mr. Pettigrew did, in fact, shortly abandon even his nominal Republicanism. For the Dingley bill in 1897, the solid Republican vote in the Senate was cast. Contrast this with what we saw on Thursday of last week. Despite the full pressure of party, notwithstanding appeals in which even the President is said to have joined, seven Republican Senators stood out to the end, recording their protest against the Payne bill, as giving the lie to party pledges and containing, as Senator Dolliver boldly contended, swindles upon the American people. The two Senators from Minnesota, the two from Iowa, the only Republican Senator from Indiana, with one from Wisconsin and one from Kansas, refused to fall in line with their party. Nothing so significant and so ominous has ever before attended the passage of a high-tariff bill. It argues irresistibly that a great change has come over the country. These Republican Senators faithfully represent their constituents. The Republicans of the West are up in arms against the continuance of protective duties which mean high prices and monopoly. Unless something is done to satisfy them, disaster to the Republican party is certain to follow.

This sense of widespread dissatisfaction and rebellion is distinctly reflected in President Taft's statement. He signs the bill, for the sake of its good features, while admitting that it is not "a complete compliance with the promises made." And he gives a plain intimation that the end is not yet. Speaking of the power conferred upon him to employ skilled agents to investigate the actual working of the new tariff, he remarks that they will be enabled to acquire information "under circumstances *favorable to its truth*." The implication that much of the alleged information submitted to Congress was only a pack of lies, could hardly be clearer. Furthermore, declares Mr. Taft, the exact facts, as secured by the Tariff Commission, will furnish a basis for "future Executive *recommendations*." But Executive recommendations about the tariff can mean only recommendations to Congress to change certain schedules. This is the obvious inference from the President's language; and it is borne out by the explicit assertion of a Washington correspondent that Mr. Taft is making plans for further tariff revision. This suggestive dispatch says:

> The President has let certain Senators and members of the House know within the last few days that he is not satisfied with some of the schedules in the new law, especially with the woollen and cotton schedules. He has made up his mind to pursue the investigation into those schedules which he began just before the bill came out of conference, and upon the results obtained from this line of inquiry to base a recommendation to Congress for further action which will involve a substantial revision of them.

We shall hear more of this when the President makes his Western tour next month. All accounts agree that the Republican managers in the West are deeply concerned over the political outlook. They are counting much upon Mr. Taft's efforts to "soothe" the disgruntled people in their part of the country. But the only way to soothe a man who feels that he has been cheated, is to show that you propose to correct the injustice done him. This is as true of tariff cheating as of any other kind. Men in the West are now persuaded, as the speeches of the Iowa Senators show, that many parts of the Payne-Aldrich bill are designed to rob them; and when the President goes out to talk to them, they will want to know what he is going to do about it. If he intends to go to the root of their discontent, he will have to expand his statement and let it be seen that he means still to use every weapon in his power to redress tariff wrongs.

This will be sneered at as "piece-meal" revision. But that is the only way now left to prevent piece-meal stealing. And an attack upon one iniquitous schedule at a time, would make the pretence that the whole business of the country was again to be thrown into confusion, appear ridiculous. The tariff thieves would, of course, cry out for fear that their plunder might be taken from them, but nobody else would be disturbed. Only by thus pressing on with the work to which he has set his hand, can the President justify himself for accepting a bill which confessedly comes so far short of his promises and his hopes.

THE ALDRICH INCUBUS.

It is announced that Senator Aldrich now thinks it doubtful if the bills for currency reform will be ready for introduction when Congress meets in December. Yet his interest in this subject remains intense. He is to make public addresses on the important topic, during the month of October, in Chicago, St. Louis, and other cities; and is to press the matter upon Congress, either in the regular session, or at a special session which, it is rumored, may be called in the autumn of next year. In any event, the great measure is to be under the peculiar charge of Senator Aldrich. His friends have known for some time that it was his ambition to round out his political career by affixing his name to a comprehensive financial bill that should cure our currency and monetary ills for all time, and cause the Rhode Island Senator to be looked upon by coming generations with something of the admiration and awe that Englishmen cherish for Sir Robert Peel.

With such an ambition, we cannot avoid having a certain sympathy, but truth compels the statement that Senator Aldrich can never realize it. After what has happened in the sight of all men during the past four months, it would be madness for currency reformers to pin their hopes to this man. Any bill identified with his name would be politically damned from the moment of its introduction. We do not like to say this, but we believe it to be the fact. Senator Aldrich's ability and skill we freely admit. His desire to put our financial system upon a sound footing may be perfectly unselfish and states-

manlike. Yet he ought to be told plainly, as ought those who are working with him and hoping for great currency reforms under his leadership, that his reputation, and the things he now stands for in the public mind, are such that any financial measure he advocates will be from the first violently suspected, will be powerfully attacked, and will be defeated. Senator Aldrich has made himself an incubus which will crush into failure even honest and needed legislation. The first reform which currency reformers should strive for is to take their cause wholly out of the hands of Nelson W. Aldrich.

If this seems a hard saying, let any one who dissents from it calmly weigh the facts. Let him consider what sort of influences in politics those are with which Aldrich has now inextricably tied himself up. His name is, to-day, throughout the land, the synonym for grasping and corrupt legislation. His course on the tariff has made what was before strong suspicion turn into positive conviction. The whole country has seen him standing athwart reasonable tariff revision, antagonizing and eviscerating the best features of the House bill, rallying to his support the worst men in public life and repelling the best, driving one-sixth of his party in the Senate into open revolt, and, throughout, making himself the attorney for selfish and unscrupulous interests. The men are known who have "seen Aldrich," and got him to arrange the law so as to put money in their pockets, and then gone away and boasted of it. We do not charge him with corruption, but he has been the willing servant of unscrupulous and corrupt men and corporations. This fact is known of all men; and there can be no mistaking the effect if Aldrich were to come forward next December as the sponsor and framer of bills for currency reform. The instant outcry would be: "What private interest is he serving now? What money-making scheme for whom lies behind this bill of his?" Under any auspices, a measure for the reform of our currency laws would have a hard time of it getting through Congress next winter; with Aldrich to father it, defeat would be certain in advance.

The *Nation* is fully of the mind of those bankers and business men and economists who regard the need of setting our financial house in order as urgent. The shameful experience of 1907, when there was practically a suspension of payments throughout the United States, largely owing to our system of banking and currency, ought never to be repeated. Legislation should be had to bring this country into line with the practice of progressive nations. Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon this. The importance of the matter cannot be exaggerated. But the more imperative we feel the duty to be, the firmer should be our demand that the wrong man should not be set in the forefront of the work of its discharge. We cannot afford to prejudice this great undertaking by entrusting it to the leadership of a Senator whose motives are suspected, and whose latest public activity has been in contemptuous disregard of the needs and desires of the whole country.

All this may be said to be quite too morally fastidious. Very well: put it on the ground of the most "practical" politics. It is alleged that Aldrich can "put it through," that he can wield the whole power of "the organization' to force a good finance bill to enactment. But can he? Look at the mess he has made of it. When was the Republican party in Congress ever so divided and distraught as to-day? And it is largely his doing. Dislike of his personality and anger at his methods have riven the party following and filled many Republican Senators and Representatives with the determination to oppose whatever he favors. This may be unreasonable, but it is the hard political fact with which "practical" men must reckon. Go to any intelligent and disinterested Congressman and ask him what chance there is of an Aldrich currency bill passing, and he will tell you: "None whatever. We have already all the Aldrich we can stagger under for the next Congressional elections." Whether, therefore, we take the high moral view, or the low political one, the inference is the same: Aldrich has made himself impossible.

THE JAPANESE SUGAR SCANDAL.

Japan, too, has had her Sugar Trust scandal, greater if anything, and certainly more sensational, than that which has led to the indictment of our Sugar Trust officials and lawyers. Here, too, was a large aggregation of capital bent on aiding the "ultimate consumer" from that same philanthropy characteristic of our American Trusts. In Japan, as well as in this country, there was a close alliance between the Sugar Trust and the tariff, and the former was quite as eager for special favors at the hands of the Government as our own. But there is one marked difference: Japanese courts have been prompt and merciless. Within two months from the first arrest of men prominent in public life, the decisions of the court have been rendered, and the sentences put into effect, despite the fact that no less than seventy lawyers, a larger array even than counsel for our own Trust, pleaded for the accused. We are very much afraid that by corporation managers in this country this ruthlessness of the Japanese courts will be set down as another shortcoming of a yellow race to which we are so infinitely superior.

The swift action of the Japanese court in these sugar scandals, recently reviewed at some length in the London *Times*, is particularly interesting because of the marked political features of the Trust's prosecution. The "Great Japan Sugar Company" was formed in 1906 by several refineries in the boom-time immediately after the war with Russia, with a capital of six millions of dollars, on which it paid 84 per cent. in dividends in its first year, 32½ per cent. in the second, and 15 per cent. in the first half of its third year. By that time, however, the company was badly shaken by rumors that it, like our own Trust, had been paying dividends out of money "earned" by defrauding the customs officials. Finally, late in 1908, a bank which had loaned large sums to the Trust went under, and a creditors' committee speedily discovered that the Trust was practically bankrupt. It then owed two millions of dollars to the customs (our Trust was also just two millions in debt to our Treasury for fraudulent underweighing at the same time), and its liabilities were nearly equivalent to the total of its capital. Moreover, the directors had been speculating in the Trust's shares on the heads-we-win-tails-you-lose plan (also not unheard-of in the United States), by which, if they made profits, they pocketed them, but if they lost, the losses were charged against the company.

This was bad enough; but there were worse features. To help themselves out

of their difficulties, the directors sought to obtain legislative aid for their poor struggling concern. But with curious Oriental ineptitude, instead of buying tariff favors by contributing to campaign funds of the all-wise and ruling political party of the hour, they chose the clumsy way of directly purchasing members of the lower house of the Diet. Up to that time, they had shown their usual ability to copy Western methods successfully. Even when they bribed, these poor heathen did not know enough to cover their tracks, so that soon no less than twenty-four members and ex-members of the lower house were in jail. The Trust first used money to obtain the passage of a bill encouraging the export of sugar by granting a rebate of the consumption-tax. This went through with a rush. In the next session of the Diet, the Trust tried to get what has not yet come about here—a state monopoly of sugar to which the Trust could then comfortably sell out. After spending $60,000 in "fixing" legislators, the Trust was compelled to abandon this plan.

Of the jailed politicians, one was president of our American Board of Missions' useful college at Kioto; the others were politicians of every party. But in the treatment of these statesmen appears the real Japanese inferiority to us. There seems to be something wrong with their statute of limitations; their lack of demurrers, appeals, postponements, of abstruse technical questions to insure the rights of the accused, is painfully uncivilized. The arrests only began in April, but by July 5, of the twenty-four accused politicians, one was acquitted and twenty-three were found guilty and condemned to terms in jail of from three to ten months, execution of the sentence being deferred in seven cases. The benighted Japanese judges failed wholly to accept the plea that, as the offenders were people of high position, they felt their disgrace and pain more keenly and should therefore have only nominal sentences. Instead, the foolish court ruled that the more exalted the offender the greater the severity with which he should be treated, and then rubbed it in by ordering the return of the bribes. What would become of us if such vicious Oriental beliefs were to become prevalent in our fair land?

We fear that, despite their obvious errors of judgment and the shortcomings of their courts, these Japanese financiers will be held by many Americans to be not far behind some of our own. But to those who would use this scandal to bring up the old stories about the lack of Japanese commercial integrity, we would suggest that a recalling of our insurance scandals alone will show that we reside in the most fragile of glass houses. The fact that some Japanese politicians have been proved dishonest, and some financiers are now about to go to jail, is no more reason for doubting the nation's integrity than our own scandals were just cause for asserting the total depravity of all American business life.

CHURCHES AND WAGE-EARNERS.

In a recently published volume, the author devotes his attention to "a specific, clear-cut problem—that of the gulf between the masses of the laboring people and the churches to-day." The book is based upon conditions long grievously exaggerated on both sides. Such a declaration as "the attitude of the majority of class-conscious workingmen is, on the whole, an attitude of active hostility to anything and everything connected with the churches," will at present be resented by both churches and wage-earners.

The question itself is not new. So far back as his day, Phillips Brooks once said publicly: "I like workingmen very much, and care for their good, but I have nothing distinct or separate to say to them about religion; nor do I see how it will do any good to treat them as a separate class in this matter in which their needs and duties are just like other men's." Nevertheless, with the growth of the labor movement, the churches have felt the need of special appeals to workingmen. Four leading denominations, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, and Congregationalists, not to mention the varied activities of the Y. M. C. A., sustain "labor departments," in the hope of maintaining cordial relations with wage-earners. Ministers become more often members of local labor unions. Discussion of labor subjects under church auspices, noonday services in factories and mills, indicate the intent of the churches. Labor Sunday, now appointed in May at the request of the American Federation of Labor, is another noteworthy sign. Here is the way one Western city observed it this year:

> The fifty different labor unions of the city were invited to the sixteen churches which coöperated with the Labor Trades Assembly in the observances. Some unions attended in a body, making a fine showing. At some churches, men from the ranks of union labor made addresses; this feature will be more widely adopted next year. Both ministers and labor leaders are glad at the results, and are laying plans for a better observance of the day next year.

If these facts were all, the bridge would touch only one side of "the gulf." But workingmen also show a change of attitude. At a recent meeting of union machinists in Boston, when an international official uttered disparaging criticism of the churches, he was stopped by hisses. On the other side of the Atlantic, several hundred English churchmen from the Brotherhoods visited Belgium last spring: in one city their arrival "was signalled by a welcome from 14,000 workingmen, many of whom had come in from the colliery and iron-working towns of the district." Mr. D. A. Hayes, a vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, has gone on record to this effect:

> We have heard it stated that trade unionists are indifferent toward the churches. It is my candid opinion that both sides have unconsciously exaggerated this phase of the question; because I can truthfully say that the great majority of trade unionists are earnest church members, and after fifteen years of active service in the movement, I know from experience and observation that membership in labor organizations has made men better Christians and better citizens.

Whatever credit is to be given to this declaration, certainly there is in it no spirit of hostility.

Socialism has often been adduced among the causes of religious indifference. Critics solemnly assert that it has become among our wage-earners a substitute for religion. But those actually in touch with our working classes know that this is a gross exaggeration. The lack of response by our labor movement to its Socialistic wooers has been continuous. Keir Hardie, M.P., leader of the Socialist-Labor party in Great Britain, returned this year from his American visit disappointed and chagrined at the hopelessness of a similar combination here. Secretary Hayes Robbins of the Civic Federation of New England declares:

> Perhaps nowhere to-day is the conflict with the Socialist propaganda being waged so continuously, so actively, and at such

close range, as within the ranks of the organized industrial crafts.

What are, then, the actual relations between churches and wage-earners to-day? In the Catholic and Jewish faiths, the workingmen are a majority; and a great many Protestant churches would not be able to maintain themselves but for working-class support. Telling evidence comes from Rhode Island. Here, owing to the nature and distribution of the population, industrial problems are found in an acute stage. Hence the value of the testimony, when an able commission, after investigating religious affairs, comes to the following conclusions:

> About half of those in trades unions are Roman Catholics, the rest Protestants or without religious preference. About 45% churches in the State are largely composed of the common people, tradesmen, artisans, clerks. A large number of the 104,000 "unchurched" are not artisans. Hence a large number of the working class are in our churches or under their influence.

It is also well known that among the unchurched workmen, multitudes are recent immigrants. Their indifference or hostility often traces back to ecclesiastical oppression in the homeland. This class, with many native-born working men upon whom the churches have lost their hold, admittedly constitutes a still unsolved religious problem. But such facts as we have cited show that there is no more foundation for hostility between church and labor than there is for a formal alliance.

THE SECOND POET LAUREATE.

I.

It is not always exact to say that

> The evil that men do lives after them;

but this seems to have been distinctly the case with Sir William D'Avenant. To-day he is chiefly known as the initiator of the corrupt Restoration stage and the debaser of Shakespeare. Yet his contemporaries thought him a great poet, and careful reading of his works goes far to justify that opinion.

D'Avenant, like Lope de Vega, was a man who wrote with one hand and lived with the other, or with both. He knew courts and camps and studied them with vast curiosity. He experienced strange vicissitudes of love and war. The Roundheads caught him and shut him up, and in daily expectation of death he wrote part of an epic. Then he escaped, and the epic was dropped for slighter matters. Our most vivid information about him concerns his funeral. Aubrey was there: "He had a coffin of walnut tree. Sir John Denham said 'twas the finest coffin that ever he saw." Pepys was there also: "Here were many coaches and six horses, and many hacknies, that made it look, methought, as if it was the burial of a poor poet."

D'Avenant's early plays are crude and violent, with the exception of "The Platonic Lovers," which is charming comedy. But they are all full of a rich, strange, splendid poetry, too much neglected:

> And as the moon ne'er changes but i' the full,
> Even so the mighty nations of the earth
> Change in their greatest glory. First, their strict
> And rugged discipline to vain delights,
> Their solemn marches next to wanton jigs,
> Their battles fierce to duels splenitive.

And there are subtle, pregnant similes:

> For life is like the span
> Forced from a gouty hand, which as it gains
> Extent and active length, the more it pains.

And there is sweet, sunshiny prose, though less of it:

> He seems a merry and innocent man, for he laughs at everything, as if he had no more cares than a capuchin.

But it is in "Gondibert," the unfinished epic, that D'Avenant's real greatness must be sought. "Gondibert," if anything, justifies the high praise of Dryden, one of the acutest critics that ever lived:

> Nothing was proposed to him on which he could not suddenly produce a thought extremely pleasant and surprising. . . . And as his fancy was quick, so likewise were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other and his imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other man.

This at once suggests conceits and oddities, like those of Donne. Doubtless, D'Avenant is not altogether free from such, and Donne's mighty influence, is clearly found in the younger writer. But D'Avenant's originality shows most in his having escaped the bad taste which was fashionable about him. "Gondibert" is distinguished from such work as Chamberlayne's "Pharonnida," so much and on many accounts so justly esteemed by Mr. Saintsbury, not only by the quality of the imagination, but by a certain restraint and self-command in the use of it, a bell-like clearness of utterance, which is, I hope, noticeable in almost all the passage cited below.

II.

No one reads "Gondibert" nowadays, and the reasons are simple. In the first place, the metrical form is wholly unsuited to narrative. The ten-syllable quatrain, admirable for reflection, as with Gray, will not blend its units in a continuous surface, as does the couplet; yet it has not amplitude enough for the individual development which is possible with the Spenserian stanza. Thus D'Avenant's story limps and sways and stumbles, like a maimed soldier on crutches he is not used to. Yet even here the poet shows his great powers. For narrative purposes his medium is hopeless. But in individual stanzas he has rhythms of wonderful grace and melody. I am not aware that Gray read "Gondibert." In any case, such stanzas as the following are most curious anticipations of the "Elegy" in their sweetness of cadence and their antithetic turn:

> Why should we now their shady curtains draw,
> Who by a wise retirement hence are freed,
> And gone to lands exempt from nature's law,
> Where love no more can mourn nor valor bleed?

And the breadth of D'Avenant's subject gave him opportunity for harmony far more varied than Gray's. Take, as mere music, this stanza from the last book of the poem:

> His valor shall the Gothic conquest keep,
> And would to Heaven all your mighty minds
> As soon were pleased, as infants are with sleep,
> And you had music common as the winds.

But it is not only metrical drawbacks that make "Gondibert" unreadable. One cannot be absorbed in the story itself. The characters are human and sketched with vigor, but there are too many of them. One group melts into another, before you can disentangle any. Also, the first book is the dullest, and this is disastrous. As the poet goes on, he seems to find himself. The narrative moves more quickly. The figures have more animation. And just when the work is interrupted, it begins to promise some interest. Very few, however, I imagine, have had courage to persist so far.

The reader who does persist will find himself repaid. The poem is loaded with acute and careful thought. D'Avenant had seen all phases of life, and profited. Like his first patron, Lord Brooke, he was a most curious observer of political problems, and recurs to them often:

> Yield not in storms of state to that dislike
> Which from the people does to rulers grow.
> Power (fortune's sail) should not for threatenings strike:
> In boats bestormed all check at those that row.

Advice as good for the twentieth century as for the seventeenth. Some of D'Avenant's political maxims seem rather Machiavellian; but this gives all the more significance to the moral energy of others. So with religion. "On the most important subjects," says the pious Southey, "D'Avenant's feelings were unhappily in sympathy with those of his friend Hobbes." That is to say, he was no shallow optimist nor conventional believer. Life was perplexing. If

higher powers ordered it, they ordered it oddly:

But sure the heavenly movers little care
Whether our motion here be false or true;
For we proceed, whilst they are regular,
As if we dice for all our actions threw.

Yet the author of "Gondibert" was neither skeptic nor cynic, and if in the following noble lines he touches the weak point of prayer, he brings out by contrast the lofty and divine office of praise:

Praise is devotion fit for mighty minds,
The differing world's agreeing sacrifice,
Where heaven divided faiths united finds;
But prayer in various discord upward flies.

For prayer the ocean is where diversely
Men steer their course, each to a several coast;
Where all our interests so discordant lie,
That half beg winds by which the rest are lost.

III.

But admirable as is the intellectual element in "Gondibert," the imaginative beauty is more admirable still. Those thoughts "pleasant and surprising," those imaginations "remote and new," of which Dryden speaks, meet us at every turn, strange and subtle, but sometimes grand and always rich and splendid. In the passages quoted above I have looked rather to the thought than to the adornment, but in the blending of imagination and reflection D'Avenant is at his best:

And to be rich, be diligent! Move on,
Like heaven's great movers that enrich the earth,
Whose moment's sloth would show the world undone,
And make the spring straight bury all her birth.

Rich are the diligent, who can command
Time, Nature's stock, and could his hour-glass fall,
Would, *as for seeds of stars*, stoop for the sand
And by incessant labor gather all.

In the depiction of passion also this singular imaginative touch gives most striking and fascinating effects. Direct, intense dramatic action D'Avenant's love scenes perhaps have not. But there has rarely been a more delicate and sensitive analysis of love's agony and triumph, or a more radiant expression of them. Bertha grows conscious of her passion for Gondibert:

She thinks of Eden life and no rough wind
In their Pacific sea shall wrinkles make,
That still her lowliness shall keep him kind,
Her cares keep him asleep, her voice awake.

Orna cures her lover Hurgonil of his wounds:

She let no medicinal flower in quiet grow,
No art lie hid, nor artist ease his thought,
No fane be shut, no priest from altars go,
Nor in heaven's choir no saint remain unsought.

Nor more her eyes could ease of sleep esteem
Than sleep can the world's eye, the sun, conceal;
Nor breathed she but in vows to heaven or him,
Till heaven and she his different wounds did heal.

So with nature. D'Avenant is no landscape painter. Humanity is always first with him; but a poetical gift like his could not fail to enrich human passion with the suggestions of natural beauty, or to transfigure the external world by the emotions of the soul. Now it is a sombre touch:

Where desert rivers, cold and private, run.

Now it is an outburst of joyous freshness and sunlight:

All showed as fresh and fair and innocent
As virgins to their lovers' first survey;
Joyed as the spring, when March his sighs has spent,
And April's sweet, rash tears are dried by May.

And I hardly know where we shall find a subtler and tenderer blending of high-wrought pathos and nature's loveliness than in the following stanza:

When o'er him then, whilst parting life she rued,
Her kisses faster (though unknown before),
Than blossoms fall on parting spring she strewed,
Than blossoms sweeter and in number more.

IV.

As a general thing, these snatches of beauty in "Gondibert" are scattered, broken, and fragmentary. One passage, however, the beginning of the third canto of the third book, is a long-sustained climax of really remarkable dignity and grandeur. Unfortunately, it is too long to quote in full. But the poet calls upon all young lovers to cherish his memory:

Thou who perhaps proudly thy bloomy bride
Lead'st to some temple, where I withered lie;
Proudly, as if she age's frosts defied,
And that thy springing self could never die;

. . . . . .

Then when the priest has ended, if thine eyes
Can but a little space her eyes forbear,
To shew her where my marble coffin lies,
Her virgin garlands she will offer there.

. . . . . .

And she will boast how spite of cynic age,
Of business, which does power uncivil make,
Of ruder cells where they love's fire assuage
By studying death and fear for virtue take.

And spite of courts (where loving now is made
An art, as dying is in cells), my laws
Did teach her how by nature to persuade
And hold by virtue whom her beauty draws.

Thus when, by knowing me, thou know'st to whom
Love owes his eyes who has too long been blind,
Then in the temple leave my body's tomb
And seek this book, the monument of my mind.

Alas, young lovers do not greatly care for old poets. "A lady asked me the other day," says Anatole France, "of what use were poets. I told her they helped us to love, but she assured me that one could love very well without them." And D'Avenant himself recognizes that unfortunates who are

Vexed by living beauties of their own
Have shunned the wise records of lovers dead.

Yet here and there one of those who have been lovers long ago may be glad to be guided to a book in which love and life and death and almost all things human are clarified and glorified by the divine magic of beauty.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Correspondence.

A LOVER OF GEOFROY TORY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Nation* dated July 15 contained a notice of the first Royal Printer and Bernard's account of his life and works translated by Mr. George D. Ives. The delight of calling up into still further existence "Maistre Geofroy Tory de Bourges" urges me to address you a few words in honor of the master to whom I owe so much, who gave me the Art and Science of the True Proportions of Attic or Antique letters, besides of course certain rules for speaking more elegantly the French language. I know by his very opening pages that Tory meant the instruction for me. In his preface he reproaches those who will not give what they know, and takes for example the noble workman of the windows —*vitres*—of the Sainte Chapelle of Bourges which the Duc de Berri called Jehan had made. That workman was so ungrateful and such a glutton of his knowledge that never was he willing to teach any man—not even his son, so he said. The windows which he made are of such an art that the sun, however shining it may be, cannot with its rays at all penetrate them, which is a thing very beautiful, and without other example. If he had willingly taught that art, thousands of other men might have made since many beautiful and good operations which have not been made and never will be made.

Those windows I fell in love with and I tried in my way to make windows in accordance with the definition that Master Tory had written out. I am sometimes almost *reproached* with having carried out these ancient principles which Tory regretted to see drifting to nothing. He praises Albert Dürer, the noble German painter; says he is worthy of being made an immortal memory, and we all agree. Then

he goes on to explain the nature of letters and how useful they must be in picture and in window, in tapestry and on walls. Their size, their proportion, their space, are all considered, so that he has named his book "The Flowery Field"—"Champ Fleuri"—for the grace and facility of the name.

Of course, our dear master speaks lightly of his own handling of his book, or rather its beginning. He tells us how in the morning of the Epiphany, having taken sleep and rest and a little light and joyous food, whose concoction had been easy, at the time that men count MDXXIII, being in bed, he took to fantasying, as he calls it. Thereupon some words of a quotation came to him to the effect that he ought to use his special knowledge for the public good; and he remembered, too, other delightful themes Leo Baptista Alberti had written and demonstrated, and those of the late Leonardo da Vinci, who had died at Amboise, and was the most excellent philosopher and admirable painter, and, as it were, another Archimedes. As to Luca Paccioli, in his "Divine Proportion" of letters, he borrowed what was good of the same Leonardo. Albert Dürer made mistakes, and I shall never forget the teaching of our master Tory with regard to the letter N, that the heel should be cut off according to the architect Bramante, as he has shown in the gallery of Pope Julius II, between the palace of St. Peter of Rome and Belvedere. I have always followed him, feeling that nothing could be better both for my art and for all the form of poetry with which our master has invested a question apparently so ordinary. But does not the very republication of the book which you review show how valuable still is the meaning of our teacher?

I do not remember and I have not the courage to look up what the master says of a man who, like him, was a poet in the forms of letters, the scholar who gave us the "Hypnerotomachia" of Polyphilus, and who could hide, as we know, in the first capital letter of each chapter the secret of his love for Polia. I have so wished to be allowed to write some ordinary essay on this bit of love and literature, which had its place in teaching to the world the lesson of form, and is still one of the world's curiosities. I regret to say that I had to sell my copy a few months ago, so that I cannot quote as I should like. But I have used my master Polyphilus on many occasions of good taste and with a secret defiance of the critics who do not know him. My first attempt at a window was taken squarely out of Polyphilus by the use of the photograph; and yet learned critics looked at it and thought that the Renaissance features, dated as we know 1499, were not quite correct. So that I owe to this passionate lover, as well as to the said Geofroy, a continuous guidance, sometimes almost hourly, a good deal over the third of a century. Hence my wish to draw still further attention through these few words to these old friends of mine, whose quality in every way is as high as it can possibly be, but whose rarity, whose strangeness, whose very poetic envelope have prevented our more prosaic age from a sufficient practice of them. JOHN LA FARGE.

New York, July 29.

A CURE FOR "BOOSTING."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Any person familiar with the methods of teaching prevalent in the ordinary American public school will agree with the conclusions of your correspondent from Colorado writing to the *Nation* of July 15. Young people are too often taught that everything American is perfect, and that any criticism on things American must be unpatriotic and spiteful. The pure genuine patriot is he who hurrahs loudest and oftenest; anything connected with the flag, however remotely, is sacrosanct and beyond criticism, etc., etc.

That sort of mental attitude towards public affairs on the part of the youth of the land is indeed silly—but it is worse than that: it is dangerous because it precludes improvement which might result from candid introspection and comparison with other nations. It opens up a rich, unlimited field for the demagogue.

The suggestion of your Colorado correspondent is that criticism of American affairs by intelligent foreigners should be introduced into the public schools. But it is doubtful whether with such a community the desired result would be reached. Persons in the state of mind depicted would hardly accept with good grace and sincerity any criticism from foreign observers when similar criticisms from known Americans, though in modified form, notoriously excite instant hostility, and carry the imputation of lack of true patriotism. A better method in my opinion would be to lay the proper facts before the child and let him draw his own inevitable conclusions. For instance, instead of asserting categorically that there were less accidents on English railways than on American, official figures might be laid before the pupils with the suggestion that they tabulate the results and draw their own conclusions. In most American schools geography is "finished" in the seventh grade, that is, when the average child reaches the age of thirteen. The only history taught is American history, and that is principally panegyric. In all our wars we were unanimous and absolutely just; our opponents were without a shred of justice on their side; the French government that assisted us during the Revolution was animated with a love of democratic institutions; the Mexican war was a righteous performance; and any man that questions the wisdom of taking over the Philippines is at heart a traitor, etc. But the expansion of the British Empire, the unification of Italy, the recent commercial prominence of Germany—even the French Revolution—are matters of trivial importance. So, too, are the marvellous development of western Canada (with its influx of American immigrants), the tremendous leaps and bounds of Mexico (with its millions of invested American capital), the startling actualities and possibilities of the Argentine and Chili. Every government denominated a kingdom must be a grinding tyranny, and every government labelled a republic must be a paradise of individual rights and freedom: witness, England and Venezuela.

What the American youth of to-day (and incidentally his teacher) needs is a larger mental horizon and a more judicial temperament. He should be taught to look outside of the United States and behind the present era. He should then be taught to look back to our country fairly and impartially and compare what he has seen with what he sees now and here. His patriotism, while quite as strong, will be much more intelligent; the effect on public affairs will be wholesome when he comes to his majority. E. L. C. MORSE.

Chicago, July 20.

UNCUT LEAVES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I wish to join the number of those who are thanking you for now sending out the *Nation* with smooth-edged cut leaves. As I have read every word and line of the paper from its initial issue in July, 1865, to the present date, and as it takes at least one minute to cut a copy of it neatly, to open pages, I find that I have consumed fifty-two minutes a year in opening it for perusal.

Multiplying this by the forty-four years of its existence, my total loss of time in the process is equivalent to over a day and a half, if I have made no essential mistake in figuring it. But, I will leave to you the further problem of multiplying this result as it affects me, by the average number of your subscribers for the period referred to—which may make 10,000 times a day and a half.

It may have been thought once that, for a choice, limited-edition book, uncutness is a charm to be obtained and preserved against the vandalism of an unappreciative binder. But it has been really always unnecessary, and it is always a nuisance. If it is desirable to be sure and save the perpendicular and horizontal margins of a page; or, rather, to know certainly that the page is intact, let the printer note, somewhere near the claim for copyright, figures something like these: "1 by ¾ inch." The prospective buyer will then know how to avoid being bereaved and the binder will give up his unprofitable sinfulness. JOEL BENTON.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., August 5.

A PROPHECY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following amusing propbecy is taken from the argument of Mr. Emmett in the celebrated case of Gibbons v. Ogden, argued before the Supreme Court of the United States in 1824. In endeavoring to maintain that Congress did not have the exclusive power of regulating commerce, he uses this language:

> The thirteen original States were a band of brothers, who suffered, fought, bled, and triumphed together; they might, perhaps, have safely confided each his separate interest to the general will; but if ever the day should come, when representatives from beyond the Rocky Mountains shall sit in this capitol; if ever a numerous and inland delegation shall wield the exclusive power of making regulations for our foreign commerce without community of interest or knowledge of our local circumstances, the Union will not stand; it cannot stand; it cannot be the ordinance of God or nature that it should stand.

The day which he dreaded came long ago, and the Union still stands.

GEO. A. TORREY.

Boston, July 27.

GEORGE BORROW'S WORK IN SPAIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Readers of George Borrow may be interested to know that the work Borrow was ostensibly doing in Spain, is still carried on along analogous lines. I was recently sitting in a third-class compartment in the train from Pontevedra to Santiago, when a genial-faced man with grizzled beard and a pack on his back, got in at a way station. He at once began to offer a book for sale, for one peseta. Soon he was subjected to a fire of comment, which he answered with ready wit. The book was examined with interest by several, who asked what it was. It was the New Testament in Spanish. Finally, one young man and myself bought a copy of the Gospel of St. Matthew for one "perro gordo"—a "big dog," *i. e.*, two cents. To a lover of "Don Jorge" the scene was a striking one.

Charles St. Clair Wade.

Barcelona, July 24.

Notes.

Lord Morley is publishing a collection of George Meredith's letters, and asks the privilege of copying any which may be sent to him.

Out of folly wisdom. The "Journal of John Woolman" certainly has no place in such a collection of books as was intended by Dr. Eliot for educating mankind. It is, however, a work of real charm, and we are glad to hear that Houghton Mifflin Company, impelled by the newly aroused curiosity about the book, is reissuing it, with Whittier's introduction.

At an early date the Fordham University Press of this city will bring out a book entitled "Makers of Electricity," which will contain biographies of eminent electricians.

Some time this month B. W. Huebsch will publish "India, Impressions and Suggestions," by J. Keir Hardie.

Early in September John Lane Company will have ready "Seekers in Sicily," by Elizabeth Bisland and Anne Hoyt, which recounts the experiences of two American ladies on the island.

The Century Company has made an interesting volume of tales for boy readers by selecting, and, to some extent, abridging, "Stories of the Great West," from President Roosevelt's volumes of Western experience and history.

Frank A. Bates has prepared a practical little book on "Camping and Camp Cooking" (The Ball Publishing Company), which in small space gives information in regard to camp outfits, the pitching of tents and lean-tos, with a chapter of general advice and a number of receipts for the layman abroad in the world.

Alaska and its resources is the principal subject of the *National Geographic Magazine* for July, and the facts as presented by the different writers will come as a revelation to most readers. Major-Gen. Greely treats briefly but most lucidly of its economic evolution, the total value of its products since the acquisition in 1867 being $327,651,196, and yet not a tenth of the territory is prospected. There are eleven incorporated cities, modern in their equipment and permanent in their construction, with $20,000,000 of property values. According to Special Agent C. C. Georgeson, there are more than 100,000 square miles which can be utilized for pasture and culture, as hardy vegetables, grains, and forage crops, and capable of supporting at the most conservative estimate a population of three millions. The principal mountain peaks are described by Mr. R. H. Sargent of the Geological Survey, the adventurous work of marking the boundary by Mr. T. Riggs, jr., chief of one of the survey parties, and the wonderful big game by Mr. W. H. Osgood of the Biological Survey. Other articles are upon the great industrial development of the States of Oregon and Washington by Mr. N. H. Darton of the Geological Survey, some giant fishes of the sea by Deputy Commissioner H. M. Smith, and the tallest tree that grows, the eucalyptus, which is known to have reached the height of 480 feet. The numerous illustrations are as usual in this magazine most interesting and striking in their excellence and suggestiveness.

The July number of the *American Journal of International Law* opens properly with the introductory official address of Senator Root as president of the American Society of International Law, at the annual meeting held last April in Washington. In a recent issue, former Associate Supreme Court Justice Brown had a paper on the same theme—in substance, the practicability of leaving to the adjudication of an international tribunal international questions on which the highest courts of the states interested as parties have rendered judgments. Doubts had been expressed, whether it was consistent with national sovereignty for a Power to submit such questions to any extraneous tribunal. Justice Brown thought it might be done without derogating from the sovereignty or dignity of the nations participating in the submission; and Mr. Root reaches the same conclusion. Assuming that each party to an international controversy seeks the doing of justice, and that national courts, however determined to do justice, may unconsciously favor their own nationalities, and that their decisions may not be accepted by the opposing parties who may seek an ulterior adjudication, he sees no greater inconsistency in a nation's submitting such a question to an international tribunal for adjustment than there was in sovereign States of the American Union assenting to a constitution under which questions between themselves or their citizens should be submitted to a national supreme court for final decision. An enlightening paper follows, on how China administers her foreign affairs. Barry Gilbert presents a paper of practical importance, especially for our ministers and consuls abroad, on the practice of granting asylum in our legations and consulates; a subject that has given our State Department anxious thought on more than one occasion. The Barrundia episode and the strenuosity of Minister Egan will occur to many. In a single final page, Mr. Gilbert summarizes the attitude of our government in a very comprehensive way. In fact, the whole article ought to be in the files of American representatives abroad, with the instructions which every one is supposed to have always convenient. One deduction is especially significant: the right of asylum can never be properly invoked to harbor criminals and offenders against the laws, when they are demanded by proper authorities in regular legal proceedings. C. H. Stockton's paper on the London International Naval Conference discusses, among other topics, the question of contraband, appending a list of articles positively contraband, and one of such as are conditionally contraband. A still more elaborate paper, the second part of which now appears, discusses the most-favored-nation clause of treaties. The final part, yet to appear, is to consider the most-favored-nation relations of the United States and Germany—a thoroughly practical question.

Another volume, in the tasteful green and gilt series, issued by the Oxford University Press, contains "De Quincey's Literary Criticism," edited with an introduction by H. Darbishire. The editor's remarks on De Quincey as a critic are clear and discriminating, and call attention to the main threads running through the work of one, who, as Mr. Darbishire says, is preëminently "to be regarded as critic and creator of romantic art." The faults of De Quincey's method are only too visible. They may, perhaps, be summed up in the spirit of recklessness and boastfulness. Too often he makes dogmatic statements, which on another page he just as dogmatically controverts. It gives one an odd sensation, for instance, to read, in his otherwise admirable comments on the supposed "correctness" of Pope, that the misuse of the word "attend" in the line "For him thou oft hast bid the world attend" would alone prove Pope's incorrectness, and then, on another page, to find De Quincey himself employing the word in this very sense. His boastfulness shows itself in constant promises of deep inquisition into the philosophy of some subject which has baffled all other critics, when, as a matter of fact, his own argument trails off into the merely commonplace. Both his boastfulness and his recklessness lead him into a kind of magnificent paradox, as when (in one essay; elsewhere he takes the contrary stand) he bases his praise of Pope on that poet's passion in "Eloisa to Abelard," and denies him force in personal satire. Were it not for this note of paradox, the essay, by setting forth the genuinely poetical aspect of Pope's work, would be a desirable corrective to much of the detraction aimed at him since the days of Wordsworth. But paradox does not always rule in De Quincey's writing. His brief note "On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth" leads, as Mr. Darbishire points out, to the very heart of critical procedure. And, to descend to smaller things, almost anything could be forgiven a critic who has so keenly anticipated one of the excesses of modern scholarship as De Quincey has done in these few lines:

> It is a natural resource that whatsoever we find it difficult to investigate as a result, we endeavour to follow as a growth; failing analytically to probe its nature, historically we seek relief to our perplexities by tracing its origin. Not able to assign the elements of its theory, we endeavour to detect them in the stages of its development.

"Col. John Quincy of Mount Wollaston, 1689-1767," contains the addresses made at a celebration in Quincy, in February, 1908, in honor of the man from whom the town was named. The career of the provincial colonel can be given only in shadowy out-

line, for his papers were lost or destroyed. Yet he played an important part in his time, serving long in the Legislature as Speaker, and later in the Governor's Council, and suffered for his political opinions. For it so happened that Colman's Land Bank was formed when Quincy was at the height of his popularity. His constituents were carried away by the liberal promises of prosperity it held out to them, and turned from Quincy, whose common sense warned him against the plausible scheme of making the community rich by issuing paper money. He was set aside, and when the bank party threatened to use force to overbear the determined hostility and arbitrary measures of Governor Belcher, Quincy was placed in charge of the government forces. He lived long enough to be again restored to popular favor, and served his country well for many years after the bank plan had resulted in confusion. The Rev. Daniel M. Wilson has made an interesting sketch of this incident, and in collaboration with Charles Francis Adams describes Quincy as it came into existence as a settlement. Of high interest, too, are Mr. Adams's remarks on the historical vagueness of the provincial period in Massachusetts when compared to the colonial and Revolutionary periods, and the little reputation made by the leading actors. The volume is illustrated, and is published by the Quincy (Mass.) Historical Society.

Canon and Mrs. S. A. Barnett have collected into a volume entitled "Towards Social Reform" (Macmillan) papers originally published in various magazines. The authors know from personal experience what they are talking about, for they have lived and worked among the London poor for thirty-five years. Their point of view is steadily that of practical improvement, and they display remarkable freedom both from doctrinaire prepossessions and humanitarian illusions. Along with sympathetic appreciation of the need for charitable endeavor they vigorously oppose the charity that degrades. It is pointed out that no social discipline can be effective so long as "casual jobs, night shelters, and free breakfasts make it possible for people to have the opportunity to enjoy the license and idleness of a loafing life." Although for American readers, the work suffers from its localized outlook, yet its consideration of social problems is so sensible and judicious that it may be consulted to advantage by all interested in social service.

"Essays and Addresses," by Edwin Burritt Smith (McClurg & Co.), is a dignified memorial of a life dedicated to public service. It contains various papers upon a variety of subjects, preceded by an introductory appreciation of the dead publicist by his friend, Mr. George Laban Paddock. The contents are sub-divided into five general groups: Chicago and Illinois, devoted to State and civic issues; Municipal Government, dealing with municipal questions generally; The Nation, and Anti-Imperialism," both concerned mainly with our new political departure in the field of colonial empire; and Miscellaneous Papers, in which the economic problem of the Trusts is, perhaps, the most important. Mr. Smith's all too brief career finds in this exposition of his thought both a pathetic and an inspiring monument. He was a patriot of the intellectual type, not content with following the prevailing sentiment *civium prava jubentium*. He believed in the old-fashioned democracy of the Declaration of Independence. He never reconciled himself to "necessity, the tyrants' plea," when it traversed the ideal equality of human rights. He refused to confine democracy to geographical limits, or to particular stages of civilization. He forswore party allegiance when he deemed that independence of party pointed the way to the public good. Originally a Republican, he supported Mr. Cleveland's candidacy in 1884 and again in 1892. In 1896 he was chairman of the Illinois Sound Money League, and a member of the national convention which nominated Palmer and Buckner. His later public activities were largely devoted to the anti-Imperialist movement. He was perhaps dominated at the outset somewhat too compietely by his *a priori* convictions upon matters of public law, and too optimistic in his attempted blending of the Austinian theory of sovereignty with an idealistic adherence to the doctrine of natural rights. But where he came into most direct contact with the realities of political life, his views were wholly admirable. Thus in the essay on "Representative Government," he says sagely: "The remedy for existing ills is not further checks and balances. We already spend too much energy in mereiy operating the machinery of government. Its agencies must be simplified and made more directly responsive to public opinion." Pathetic also is the paper on "American Ideals," revised in part in his last days, where he says, doubtless with a backward glance upon his own exacting labors:

> No one, we had supposed, cared any longer to deny that every daughter of the Confederacy was fair and every son brave, but it has been reserved for T. C. DeLeon to offer, in his "Belles, Beaux, and Brains of the '60's" (G. W. Dillingham Company), incontestable proof of the fact. Here will be found set down, in no order whatever, the name of apparently every belle who ever won the least recognition as such in the later ante-bellum South, together with an account of her pedigree, her suitors and dance partners, her husband or husbands, and her children and relatives living or dead. As a succession of flash-light views of the social life of Richmond during the war, the book is not without value, and its reproductions of contemporary pictures are interesting; but a work which is neither history, nor biography, nor genealogy, nor reminiscence, but an undiscriminating mixture of all four, is hard to classify. We cannot but wonder that the publishers should have allowed a volume of 464 pages, containing an average of 20 proper names to a page, to go out without an index.

The national committee, appointed three years ago for the purpose of gathering and arranging material for the history of the Risorgimento, has in preparation an extensive bibliography of related matter, including manuscripts, newspapers, and other publications, based upon the alphabetical catalogue compiled by the Bibliioteca Vittorio Emanuele (which comprises, however, only works issued previous to 1885) and upon the partial lists of Fiorini and of Mazzatinti. There will be supplementary lists arranged for regions, events, and individuals.

Some documents of interest are brought together by Prof. Hermann Gollancz in his "Translations from Hebrew and Aramaic" (London: Luzac & Co.). In the five or six centuries following the completion of the Talmud Jewish scholars did much serious work, grammatical, legal, and literary; but there was a popular demand for lighter matter, and it is matter of this sort that is offered in the present volume. The Targum or Aramaic paraphrase of the Biblical "Song of Songs" is a frankly allegorical interpretation of the book, having no relation to its real meaning, and throughout tame and tiresome—the changes are rung on the way in which Jehovah, the bridegroom, watches over and blesses Israel, the bride; its value lies in the picture it gives of passionate and confident patriotism. "The Book of the Apple" is a dialogue in which the eminent sage Aristotle on his deathbed (sustained by the scent of an apple) discourses to the assembled wise men on immortality and the excellence of philosophy—a feeble imitation of the Phædo, the only point of interest in its argument being the reply to the assertion that suicide would be an easy and proper way of gaining the joys of immortality. The "Story of the Ten Jewish Martyrs," a legendary imitation of the episode in Second Maccabees, contains one curious bit of mythology—the account of the birth of the high priest Ishmael, famous for his beauty of person; the Almighty, taking pity on his pious mother, who was barren, sent Gabriel to take the form of her husband and become the father of Ishmael. Belief in supernatural parentage is not uncommon among the Semitic peasants of Syria, but it is surprising to meet it in a Jewish midrash otherwise of a serious nature; the existence of such beliefs in certain parts of the Jewish world, however, is hardly to be questioned. In an appendix the author gives a mediæval Hebrew elegy on the "Ten Martyrs," paraphrased by Prof. Israel Gollancz. The last piece in the volume is "A Dialogue on Games of Chance," by Leo de Modena, an Italian Jewish scholar who lived 1571-1648. Arguments for and against gambling are given, those of the former sort being the more elaborate and forcible, though the conclusion condemns the practice. Leo was an unstable character, and himself fell a victim to the passion whose charms he so well describes. In rendering the first Hebrew piece, the "Book of the Apple," Professor Gollancz has collated various printed versions and several manuscripts; the second translation, the "Martyrs," is from a manuscript in his possession. The Hebrew text of the third piece has been printed several times, and has been rendered into English by Chilmead (1650) and Ockley (1707).

Five instructive lectures constitute the contents of the latest work of Wilhelm Windelband, entitled "Die Philosophie im deutschen Geistesleben des XIX Jahrhunderts" (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr). Among the subjects discussed are the æsthetico-philosophical Pædagogics of to-day; Romanticism and Hegelianism; Irrationalism, Materialism and Pessimism; Positivism, Historicism, and Psychologism; the modern Value-problem (*Wertproblem*), and the Return to Idealism.

Gustav Wustmann's "Aus Leipzig's Vergangenheit" (Leipzig: Fr. Wil. Grunow), the third volume in a series commenced in 1855, comes out aptly for the celebration of the university. It deals with the history of art, theatre, music, and literature in Leipzig, and offers interesting reminiscences of the Schumanns, Gellert, Bach, Geissler, and others, together with reproductions of rare portraits.

"Das moderne Belgien" is the title of a large octavo volume by G. Siösteen, presenting not only the works of architecture and art and the odd customs of the people found in the usual book on Belgium, but discussing, from the standpoint of a native, the industrial, economic, and political conditions in that country. Nearly 150 text-illustrations, and 19 full-page engravings from late photographs and realistic sketches from life assist in affording a glimpse of the land and people as they are (Berlin: Hermann Paetel).

The death is announced of Eugène Rolland, founder of the *Mélusine*, a journal devoted to folklore, and frequent contributor to *La Revue critique d'histoire* and to *Romania*. He was born at Metz in 1846.

From Bad Nauheim comes the news of the death of Gustav Karpeles, the Heine authority, at the age of sixty. Besides his critical edition of Heine's works he wrote "Heine und das Judentum," "Frauen in der jüdischen Literatur," "Geschichte der jüdischen Literatur," "Heine und seine Zeitgenossen," etc.

THE SERIOUS PEPYS.

Samuel Pepys: Administrator, Observer, Gossip. By E. Hallam Moorhouse. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

It is now some ninety years since the Hon. and Rev. George Neville, head of Magdalene College, Cambridge, put into Lord Grenville's hands six volumes of cipher manuscript from the library bequeathed the college a century before by one of her sons, Samuel Pepys, sometime Secretary of the Admiralty to Charles II and James II. There was little enough in the appearance of the material, or in the career of its author and donor, which gave promise of anything remarkable in the manuscript. Pepys was a man eminent, indeed, in his day and profession as a naval administrator and with some reputation as a virtuoso. Beside his position in the admiralty, he had held other posts of honor and profit. He had been member and treasurer of the Tangier Commission, surveyor-general of the Victualling Office, member of Parliament and president of the Royal Society. He had been a patron of art, literature, music, and the drama, and had collected the books and manuscripts which he left to his college. He had projected a history of the navy, which had never been completed, and had interested himself in various philanthropic projects. In short, he had lived a full and useful life, notable for its public services and its honorable worldly success. These had won for him a place in biographical dictionaries, and even a line and a half in Hume, who noted that "The administration of the admiralty under Pepys is still regarded as a model of order and economy."

For the son of a tailor, who had risen chiefly by his own efforts, this may be reckoned no small achievement; yet it gave little promise of literary distinction. Whatever writing the secretary was known to have done was enshrined in the dusty and neglected files of the navy office and in the correspondence he had presented to his college. The man whom Monck had called the right-hand of the navy was fairly on the way to being forgotten, when, six years after it was unearthed, the "Diary of Samuel Pepys" appeared, edited by the Rev. John Smith. With that was effected a revolution in posthumous fame, unparelleled in literary history; there emerged from the obscurity of more than a century, not, as might have been expected, merely an able man of affairs, but a personality. At one bound, Pepys sprang to the world-wide publicity of a prince of diarists. Since then, the industry and ingenuity of Bright and Braybrooke and Wheatley have given us all in any way fit for publication of the document which Smith issued only in part.

To his diary, Pepys had confided his every thought and motive and action, high and low, good and bad, trivial and important. The result is not merely unique in literature, but almost, if not quite, in life itself. It might be supposed, therefore, that his frankness would not only endear him to his readers, but would give him a place in their esteem, comparable to that he occupied in the minds of his contemporaries. In some measure, this is true. It would be hard to bring together a longer list of appreciations of any man than the one we have of Pepys. Yet the spectacle of a man honest enough to set down his inmost thoughts, even in the decent garb of a cipher, is so contrary to those instincts which lead us to conceal our weaknesses, not only from our fellows, but from ourselves, that it has in no small measure, even to those who love him, endangered Pepys's real strength and position. The same qualities which make his diary immortal have decreased the rightful respect for its author.

For we are apt to forget that to his own generation there was no such man as the Pepys of the diary. Amid its silks and laces, its domestic secrets, its days of good cheer and nights at the play, we are apt to lose sight of the serious side of the man who wrote it. Even today the reader of the diary is not apt to delve into the calendars of state papers or of Pepys's own papers. To previous generations this was quite impossible. The result is that most persons, even among those who have written of him, have had no idea of what Pepys was like. Coleridge, who had little or no knowledge of his serious work, spoke of him as a "pollard" man, without a top, but the sturdier in the lower branches for that. Lowell and Stevenson, to note but a few great ones among many, wrote in the same strain. Yet without the knowledge of Pepys's official life and acts it is impossible to estimate the man fairly. The quality of which critics and essayists have felt the lack, a higher motive, a less materialistic philosophy, may, indeed, to the careful observer, knowing his official record, appear in his diary. Yet in the main it is not to be found there, but in the place one might least expect to find it: in those dry calendars, where is revealed his devotion to his work, and, through that, to his country.

When, nearly forty years ago, an enlightened government began to issue calendars of the state papers for the Restoration period, it early became apparent that the famous diarist had played a more important part in public affairs than had been imagined. With the greater attention since paid to naval history, his fame has grown, and, of late, with the appearance of the three-volume catalogue of his papers in Magdalene College, the Navy Records Society has done much to increase the knowledge of the secretary. It is not too much to say that, had the diary never been written, we should now have very considerable information regarding him, and that he would have fairly recovered his true position in the history of his time. Hereafter our knowledge may be expected to increase, since we may hope for the appearance of his "Navalia," his memoirs, and memoranda, and may look forward to having, in something like complete form, the record of a man whose life is practically the history of the English navy for more than twenty years.

As we go through the mass of his correspondence, as we read his letters and memoranda regarding the navy, as we see the operation and results of his methods, we can see that behind the apparently petty and even childlike simplicity of the diary there stands a man, shrewd, cautious, able, conscientious, honest, and brave, wholly devoted to his service and his government. To the appreciation of this world's goods and pleasures, to the doctrines of Polonius and Franklin, he added a sense of public duty and an unremitting industry in public service which lifts him above the lower levels of his diary and of his time. He represented a class not uncommon during the Restoration, yet not wholly typical of it: the left-over Puritans, trained in the sterner and more efficient school of Cromwell, on whom, amid the corruption and extravagance of a weak and dissolute court, the burdens of state rested. "If it comes to fighting," observed one of Pepys's

friends to him, at a critical time, "the King must rely on the old party"; and this proved throughout scarcely less true of administration. Whatever its faults, the Cromwellian régime had one virtue which came out strikingly under its successor: it bred strong men. They were not always immaculate, and the most was made of their failings by their royalist rivals. Men have written of Pepys, for instance, as if he were a Rochester or a Sedley. But the comparison reveals the gulf fixed between the two classes. One need not, indeed, hold, biographer-like, a brief for Pepys, attributing his vices to his age and his virtues to himself, to do him the justice that, in a sense, he has denied himself. In the great crisis of the Plague he stuck to his post in daily peril of his life, and, with a few kindred spirits, did his share in carrying on the business of the state when all who could—Society, as usual, first—had fled. Before a hostile House, hungry for vengeance for a mismanaged war, he defended his service, his colleagues, and himself, with ability and success. He bearded Prince Rupert before the Board for the good of the service; he even chided his patron for improprieties unworthy of his station. Throughout he was horribly afraid, but he was seldom too frightened to do his duty. Proud of his success in life, of his good clothes, his handsome house, his pretty wife, the respect of his associates, his vanity was neither uncommon nor unhealthy. Compared with the morbid psychology of certain so-called "Confessions," compared with what Disraeli, or a more recent American political personage, might have written, had either ventured on so intimate a chronicle, we may well stand amazed at his moderation. That he was a gossip is refuted by the confidences reposed in him, his reputation as a safe man of affairs, his rise to responsible position, above all, by the diary itself. Only there was his confidence fully bestowed. That it reveals him a mass of inconsistencies is but another way of saying he was human.

The present biography takes its place, therefore, as a part of the Pepysian renaissance and is at once timely and useful. In some measure, it represents the advance of our knowledge since Wheatley's volume, or even the article by Stephen in the "Dictionary of National Biography," filling in the lacunæ of the one and elaborating the details of the other. The author has not confined herself to the diarist, but has told us much besides about the secretary. And though the book contains no great amount of material which can be called absolutely new, it has brought together much hitherto not easily accessible, included, all found, in the usual accounts, and added something beside. It is, in short, the best account of Pepys which has yet appeared. It is well and carefully done, almost invariably accurate, clear, painstaking, and interesting. And though it may not be final or definite, that is a result practically impossible at this time. It is written in the spirit of Pepys's motto, which encircles his portrait by Kneller: *Mens cujusque is est quisque.* But one may fairly hope that in the light of broader knowledge we shall some day have a biography written less in the light of his life than in that of his works, which shall have as its motto: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings." What we need is still more of the secretary and less of the gossip, more of the calendars and less of the diary, more of the navy office and less of the hours outside. In no small degree, indeed, Miss Moorhouse has given us this. But to say of one of the most important periods of his life that to write it in detail would be to write a history of the navy, in a sense begs the question. It is hard to get away from the diary. If the period it covers bulks larger here than the later and greater years of his life, one may, at least, be grateful that so much of those later years is included. We should have been glad to have a much-needed bibliography of Pepys included here, some footnotes, and an adequate index. For the rest, we welcome this volume as a substantial sign of a reviving and better informed interest in a man who has many holds upon our interest.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Score. By Lucas Malet. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

"The Score" is not the title of a novel, or of either of the tales which give this volume respectable bulk. Standing, as the accompanying motto explains it, for the balance of good and ill in human character and experience, it might serve as title for any serious work of fiction. One must admit off-hand the claim to respectful consideration of anything Mrs. Harrison may do. It is impossible to regard a book like "Sir Richard Calmady" or "The Far Horizon" as belonging to the common merchantable order of current fiction. If proof were needed of the sobriety of this writer's purpose, it might be found in her failure to follow up the success of "Sir Richard Calmady" by carrying the method a little farther. In that novel, she had made no deliberate appeal to the prurient mind, but her startling frankness no doubt had something to do with the size of her audience. She reaped the dubious reward of the English writer who permits himself to forget the young person. Regretful consciousness of this may have influenced her towards greater reticence in her subsequent work. "The Far Horizon" must have disappointed the less desirable element among her readers. It retained the disabilities of the former book, the diffuseness, the self-consciousness of manner, the superfluities. The *Nation* recorded its opinion that by omission and condensation "the novel might be gainfully reduced to, say, one-fourth its present bulk."

The more characteristic of the two stories, however, which are here bound together leaves nothing to be desired in point of compactness. It presents our old friend Poppy St. John in a crucial moment of her later experience. She is now a successful star, thanks, in part, to the plays which have been written for her by that elegant author and man of the world, Antony Hammond. For ten years their friendship and interdependence have been strong and real. But Poppy is in the ripeness of her womanhood, and not so absolute in her dedication to friendship as she thinks herself. This is the story of her testing and final self-conquest. If in style it is still marred here and there by a touch of petty artifice, an excess of verbal adroitness, in substance it is sound and simple. The second of the tales, "Miserere Nobis," is of a very different sort. It is virtually what Browning used to call "dramatic romance," the death-bed confession of a young parricide. From first to last, it has the air of a translation or paraphrase. Verse seems almost necessary to a narrative pitched in so intense a key. One is tempted to hazard the guess that the author may have planned or begun this story as a poem; in its prose form, it is, to say the truth, strained and ineffective.

Dragon's Blood. By Henry Milner Rideout. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

This we can but feel to be a sad comedown for Mr. Rideout. Only the other day a *Nation* contributor was speaking of him as one of the younger American writers from whom much might be hoped. The remark seemed to be based upon his first book, "Beached Keels," which contained at least two remarkable tales, or studies, of life on the New England coast. They were intense, realistic, sombre, not easy to forget. Why has he done nothing more of the kind? Was it just a "pocket," or did the vein turn out to be unprofitable? His second book, "Admiral's Light," was a rather tamely idyllic story—a short story attenuated into a novel—with still the New England coast setting, but with the prevailing flavor of conventional juvenile romance. For the rest, it was somewhat self-consciously stylistic: there was an experimental air about the whole thing. Well, some of us may have thought, he is trying his hand, feeling his way; we shall get something powerful next.

And now comes "Dragon's Blood"—another experiment, and in what unexpected direction! It is nothing more or less than a blood-and-thunder romance of impossible adventure. Such small flavor of novelty as it has is due to its setting. The action takes place in a forlorn and remote outpost of Western civilization, a Chinese coast-town where the only Europeans are a half-dozen agents of commercial houses, chiefly English and German, a French doctor, and a Protestant missionary, with his wife and daughter. There is also a female villain, wife of one of the agents. The missionary has made converts, and therefore enemies. Feeling against the foreign devils is stirred up by a wicked mandarin, who has his own ends to serve. Up to the eve of the actual outbreak the narrative has vigor and apparent verisimilitude. The lady-villain is rather preposterous in her obviousness, as is the gentleman-villain, who is not unnaturally arranged to be the Frenchman. But the others are sufficiently plausible. However, the sight of blood turns the writer quite mad, and he proceeds to involve all his persons, offensive and inoffensive, in a series of childishly absurd incidents invented for their own sake. The result is what is commonly called "a rattling good story," and this, we suppose, is what Mr. Rideout intended. Let us hope that it will not be so indecently successful as to tempt him permanently from the paths of sensible fiction.

A Gentleman of Quality. By Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

The story of the doubles and of the confusion arising from their apparent identity is one of the oldest in the world's treasury of fiction. But it is always capable of fresh rendering, always ready to be brought to date, with the accessories proper to each successive generation. The present version is surprisingly adroit and complete, so far as plot is concerned, and this (considering the kind of story) palliates, if it does not excuse, some crudeness of manner. The dialogue is awkward and unnatural, and in consequence it is hard to believe in the flesh-and-blood reality of the speakers. But the springs of action are sound, and the incidents, however strange, have as much plausibility as the nature of the affair demands. For a wife to insist, against his protestations, that a stranger is her husband, may carry the strain upon credulity to the breaking-point, especially when the husband is English and the stranger American. On the other hand, when the Americanism of the stranger turns out to be a mere matter of chance upbringing, and he is revealed as the long-lost twin-brother of the real husband, a mitigating light is thrown back upon the apparent absurdity of much of the preceding incident.

Michael Thwaites's Wife. By Miriam Michelson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, in his excellent book on the stage, has pointed out that by one of the oldest of dramatic conventions a discontented wife may leave the room, put on a new apron, and return to apply for the position of governess to her own children. Now and then, when the new governess does up her hair in a particular fashion, the deserted husband finds himself strongly reminded of his wife. Upon such probabilities the lively author of "In a Bishop's Carriage" and "The Madigans" has built up her latest story. When the bad twin-sister runs away from her husband, the saintly twin-sister, under the stress of circumstances, temporarily assumes the rôle of wife to Michael Thwaites, whose failing eyesight, it must be confessed, makes deception in his case more probable than in the case of the reader. Developed in the proper spirit, the subject of double or mistaken personality can make good melodrama. But, unfortunately, Miss Michelson seems to have taken her plot too seriously. At different times she tries to write like George Eliot, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Robert Herrick, and Frank Norris, when she should have consistently tried to write like Robert W. Chambers.

The Story of the Pharaohs. By the Rev. James Baikie, F.R.A.S. With 32 full-page illustrations from photographs, 48 illustrations in the text, and two maps. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

The Queens of Egypt. By Janet R. Buttles. With a preface by Prof. G. Maspero. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3 net.

The Exploration of Egypt and the Old Testament. By J. Garrow Duncan, B.D. With 100 illustrations from photographs. New York: Fleming H. Revell. $1.50 net.

These three volumes are the product of non-specialists, and possess the faults of their virtues, though they vary greatly in quality. In Mr. Baikie's history we have the conscientious effort of a cultivated writer who is obliged, however, to take all his results at second hand. He has furnished an attractive volume which reads well. In his effort to present the two schools of chronology fairly, he even heads the pages in the earlier section of his book with the widely divergent dates of both systems. This is to ignore the fact that the older system is rapidly dying and doomed to disappear. In the important matter of the use of sources, he has sometimes been unfortunate in his selection, using the "Records of the Past," which present the science of a generation ago, or taking the date of the marriage of Amenhotep III from Budge, whose inaccuracy is always such that he represents no science whatever, either obsolete or modern. Mr. Baikie omits Nubia on his map, which is unfortunate in view of the fact that Egypt's only permanent conquests were in the south.

In "The Queens of Egypt," by Miss Buttles, we have a more pretentious volume than that of Mr. Baikie, with an introduction written by Professor Maspero. As the earliest women of historical importance whose life and achievements are in some measure preserved to us, the queens of Egypt offer an interesting and an important theme. But the plan of the book is faulty. As so many of the queens accomplished nothing, and as, indeed, there is only one queen, Hatshepsut, of whose deeds we have full information, Miss Buttles's book is necessarily a loose and disconnected series of reports of archæological discoveries, interspersed with lists of monuments of the queens. Besides that of Hatshepsut, not a single personality capable of analysis emerges. Miss Buttles displays commendable industry in the use of sources, but lamentable failure to employ the latest form in which they are accessible. She quotes only Naville on her most important queen, Hatshepsut, and thus obtains translations and views representing the Egyptology of fifty years since. Or, she employs the "Records of the Past," and thus reports that the city of "Zaru," given to Queen Tiy by Amenhotep III, with its huge pleasure-lake, was situated in the Delta, although we have long since known that its name is not "Zaru," and that it was situated far up the river at Thebes. Graver errors result from unfamiliarity with the later translations of the sources. It is even stated (p. 113) that under Amenhotep III the Egyptians conquered the entire valley of the Euphrates, an old misunderstanding which was exploded forty years ago. Perhaps Miss Buttles may be pardoned here, as she obtained the surprising fact from the "History of Egypt," by Newberry and Garstang, who in turn took it from Petrie. If the Egyptian monuments have not shown clearly that the Pharaohs never conquered the entire Euphrates valley, the Amarna letters, with their display of friendly correspondence between the kings of Babylonia and those of Egypt at this very time, should settle the question forever. But Miss Buttles knows nothing of Winckler's edition of the Amarna letters, long since to be had in English, much less of the more recent work of Knudtzon. Had her book been planned as the history of women in the Nile Valley, their position, influence, and achievements, and the proper sources in modern form employed, she might have supplied a

coherent and highly useful but still unwritten chapter in the story of woman.

Mr. Duncan's book is a pale reflection of the views of Petrie. It contains interesting and readable accounts of experiences in the field at Petrie's camp, but is entirely without value in solving any of those problems of the Old Testament which are involved in Egyptian discovery. Indeed, Mr. Duncan has not even perceived the existence of these problems. He is entirely innocent of any critical knowledge of the Old Testament. The following quotation is such delightful evidence of his state of mind that it is worth reading—for reasons hardly appreciable by the author himself:

> Since the Bible states that Joseph was buried in Egypt, and his bones removed to Canaan at the Exodus, somewhere in this neighborhood there ought to be found an empty sarcophagus, or mummy coffin, inscribed with the names, titles, and honors of Joseph. No such tomb has yet been discovered, but it is much more likely to be found in the cemetery of Heliopolis (On), where Joseph is understood to have resided, than in the district of Goshen.

After this, we do not wonder that the garrison of "240,000" men, stationed at Avaris, according to Manetho (not Josephus, as Mr. Duncan states), is accepted as a fact. We are, therefore, still without the much-needed volume by a competent scholar on the relations of Egypt and the Hebrews.

The Hague Peace Conferences of 1899 and 1907. By James Brown Scott. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 2 vols. $5.

Official Report of the Seventeenth Universal Congress of Peace. London: The National Council of Peace Societies.

The cynically inclined will accept Mr. Scott's two bulky volumes of nearly 900 pages each as admirably symbolic of their subject. They stand for two great world congresses which gathered after long preparation, debated profound problems at vast length, and dispersed, leaving the world very much where it was before. But the cynical point of view on this subject of universal peace is an easy one to take, as Mr. Scott points out. Any measure of accomplishment compared with a large purpose must appear ridiculous. "Congresses of peace that have put in their time defining the laws of war," sneer the cynics. "A congress of equals whose action cannot be forced and whose decisions must be unanimous," answers the jurist; "let us be thankful for what we can get." That is the attitude of Mr. Scott, America's technical delegate to the second Hague Conference, whose lectures before the Johns Hopkins University make up our first volume. His second is given over entirely to the documents of the conferences. These, with the exception of one important paper, were published last year by Mr. Scott under the auspices of the International School of Peace, and commented on in the *Nation* of December 10. Little of significance has escaped our author. First, here are your original treaties and convention. Secondly, you get nearly 150 pages of condensed commentary on the two conferences. Lastly, you have an expanded account of 750 pages, authoritative and circumstantial.

The growth of international juristic comity, the addition of an article or a clause to the body of international law, are, to the specialist, things worth while. But Mr. Scott is aware that public opinion was concerned, not with international law, but with the limitation of the world's armaments and with the establishment of arbitration. Well, even here there is some gain to reckon. If the limitation of armaments was dismissed at The Hague as unripe for practical consideration, there is at least the formal pronouncement of the nations that the limitation of armaments is eminently desirable. If the principle of arbitration has made painful progress with its Permanent Arbitration Court of 1899 that was not at all a court, but a long list of eminent persons to whom the nations, if they desired, might refer their troubles; and if the Court of Arbitral Justice of 1907 was a court with a general form of procedure and judges' salaries, but *no* judges, the fact remains that from the first conference to the second the gain was so considerable that the ultimate establishment of a real court with real judges and real functions must be declared inevitable. Herein our author, like his former chief, Mr. Elihu Root, whom he copiously quotes, finds a basis for optimism: the habit of peace is growing. The first Conference came as a surprise and a puzzle. But the first Conference already looked forward to a second Conference, just as that second assembly spoke of conferences to follow. Mr. Scott is willing to wait. As long as the idea of international arbitration is making headway, other improvements can bide their time. The nations' refusal to disarm he finds quite natural:

> As long as a resort to force for the settlement of international difficulties is regarded as proper, if not the only and reasonable expedient, no nation is likely to expose itself to strong, aggressive, and not overscrupulous neighbors by depriving itself of the recognized means of protection and self-assertion. The means of warfare and the preparations for war will exist until a substitute for war be proposed which is not only reasonable in itself, but which is so reasonable that its non-acceptance would be unreasonable.

That is, we may keep our armies and navies, and yet sincerely and effectively work for peace.

The nations, our writer speaks of. To us it seems imperative to draw a distinction between nations and governments. When Mr. Scott, in palliation of what the two Conferences failed to accomplish, would rehearse the factors that are now working for peace he must refer to the interdependence of nations; the influence of international commerce; "good understanding based upon knowledge and sympathy"; peace societies, international congresses, conferences, associations, unions; the spread of representative government; the growing sense of the uselessness of war; and the growing sentiment in favor of arbitration. Now, these are all factors of importance; but they are, in a way, manifestations of national and not of governmental sentiment. It is only as the growing dread of war among the nations urges their governments on the road to peace that we can expect peace conferences, after long weeks of high pleading and arguing, not to be brought up sharp against a governmental *non possumus*.

The report of the Universal Peace Congress which met in London in the summer of 1908, deals in detail with just such a popular movement as Mr. Scott had in mind when he enumerated his factors of universal peace.

English Literature in the Nineteenth Century. By Laurie Magnus. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

Aside from the manuals which inform the schoolboy that Gower wrote in three languages and that Milton preceded Pope and was a greater writer, there are two rare types of literary history of distinct usefulness and interest—the purely bibliographical and the purely critical. The one would record, say, in the nineteenth century, all the authors of any importance and all their books with carefully ascertained dates and a brief statement of contents. The other would regard the nineteenth century as a great complex personality, would estimate the forces of its heredity and environment, trace the development of its ideas and its powers and modes of expression, and pass judgment upon the period in the light of other periods and other national literatures. The first type demands great industry and accuracy; the second demands immense industry, erudition, sympathy, discrimination, and style. Unfortunately, neither of these types flourishes among us in its purity. Our literary historians for the most part, feeling their weakness on both sides, take a shuffling middle course, leaving thoroughgoing bibliography to the Germans, and mingling with desultory criticism, fragmentary lists of books and trite biographical detail. The desire to say something about everything precludes the possibility of doing justice to anything. As a consequence, we find one of the most distinguished historians of nineteenth-century litera-

ture dismissing John Addington Symonds in a page and a half, in which we learn that he was a consumptive; that he wrote the "History of the Renaissance in Italy"; and that he was prolix.

Mr. Magnus aspires to the more difficult type; he calls his book an "essay in criticism." He possesses some of the qualities which are essential to success in that type. With Victorian literature in general, he is heartily sympathetic and at the same time discriminating. In dealing with individual writers he is direct, specific, and vivid. He comes to close quarters with the style, for example, of Ruskin; speaks appreciatively of the "sense of breadth and space, of the *latis otia fundis*" in his writing; does justice to the spirit which he breathed upon political economy; properly relates his sociological doctrines to his artistic faith; and at the same time lays his finger upon Ruskin's temperamental limitation — his egomania and his quixotism. He has a frequent power over the compact illuminating phrase. Of Newman he writes: "There are prayer and fasting in his style, as well as in his life. It has a virtue, at its best, which can only be described as at once virile and virginal." Of Mrs. Craik's John Halifax he says: "He personified the virtues of Capital. He was the breath in the nostrils of individualism. He illustrated by example the philosophy of John Stuart Mill." His characterizations of the prose writers, on the whole, are less nearly adequate than those of the poets. His mild derision of Mill through Mrs. Craik betrays his bias. Mr. Magnus is by temperament and faith a Wordsworthian—transcendentalist and poet. Fiction, he holds, is a lesser vehicle of truth. The genius of the nineteenth century was not in its philosophers. It is the poets who have effected the reconciliation between knowledge and belief. By virtue of this achievement, Wordsworth becomes his hero of the first half-century, and George Meredith, to whom the book is dedicated, the hero of the second half-century—even so, it is rather strong to say that Meredith is "accounted among the greatest English poets."

His search for the formula of the age, which he finds in its bent for "emancipation," and his attempt to range all the writers with reference to it, gives to the work of Mr. Magnus something of that unity and coherence so much to be desired in a work of this kind. But the formula, like all others hitherto proposed, is far too simple. The great moments of his period (1784 to the present day), the French Revolution and the "Origin of Species," are indeed moments of emancipation. But it is scarcely over-subtle to say, regarding the nineteenth century as a personality, that though its predominant involuntary tendency was toward emancipation, its predominant voluntary tendency was the search for standards, the desire for valid new bonds. The zest of the literature was in the conflict of these tendencies and in the rivalry of diverse-minded searchers. In indicating the line of conflict Mr. Magnus's book is decidedly weak. For instance, he gives no hint that every page of Carlyle's is a broadside against every page of Mill's and vice versa. Indeed, his transcendental leaning and his undefined distinction between literature and not-literature have led him to dismiss the Utilitarians with quite insufficient notice. To make the matter worse, he adds to his brief mention of Mill a single paragraph in which he lumps together a dozen other philosophical writers "who belong to, or are variants of, this school." Among them it is interesting to notice Sir William Hamilton, who represented, in fact, the diametrically opposite school of thought, and "William James (of New York)"! Such a grouping of names as this is of no conceivable value in itself. It is misleading; and it seriously clogs the course of the exposition. Here and in many other places, Mr. Magnus has fallen into the trap of the writer of the literary manual from a desire for inclusiveness.

Yet the failure of Mr. Magnus to bring into strong relief the main currents of literature in his period is due, in the first place, to the lack of political and philosophical ballast, and in the second to an almost total neglect of foreign influences, arising from a wish to prove the independence of English literature. His treatment of the Revolutionary era is superficial. He speaks of the rise of sentimentalism on British soil, of Cowper's hare and Burns's mouse; but he has only a passing and insignificant word for Rousseau and does not even mention the giant struggle of Burke or the sledge-hammer blows of Thomas Paine delivered successively in America, England, and France —does not even mention their names. To write of Shelley or Byron, or Wordsworth without reference to them is as shallow—to compare great things with small—as to write of Swinburne or Oscar Wilde or George Moore without reference to Victor Hugo or Gautier or Baudelaire. In dealing with the romantic movement as with the aesthetic decadence, the resolute chauvinism of Mr. Magnus shrouds the most significant things in a great darkness. To criticise the nineteenth century is still to criticise oneself; and he who is proudest of the achievement of the age is least likely vigorously to anatomize its character.

Louis Napoleon and the Genesis of the Second Empire. By F. H. Cheetham. New York: John Lane Co. $5 net.

Though written in the tone of apology, this book deserves attention because it represents under an attractive literary form a detailed, if not a complete and thorough, account of the early career of a great French ruler. Personally, the third Napoleon cannot be said to have the individual claims to greatness which his admirers, including Mr. Cheetham, would accord him. But he ruled over France in a momentous period of the life of the nation and in more ways than one his acts as President and Emperor were of such a critical character that the whole course of European political life was influenced by his policy. For many years the Second Empire stood as the incarnation of the democratic principle in European politics. It was looked upon as a bulwark against the forces of reaction. Whatever may be thought about the character of Louis Napoleon as a man, or his achievements as a statesman, the fact that he was the leader of the French nation when it was at the forefront of European progress made him a predominant figure in the history of the nineteenth century. It is because of this unique position that the nephew of the great Emperor has been able to secure such indefatigable advocates in his behalf. The literary tradition of our time seems to be strongly in his favor. People forget the virile criticism made by the republican opposition, and almost without exception those who write on this period appear as apologists of the Emperor.

Mr. Cheetham's work does not carry him further than the opening years of the political life of Louis Napoleon. Most attention is given to the obscurer portions of his career when he was the acknowledged exponent of the Napoleonic ideals of government. These years of his life are chiefly interesting for the light they throw on the nature and temperament of the man as these came to be revealed later on. There was then, as afterwards, the same indecision, moodiness, and insincerity, but small evidence of that later shrewdness and readiness to seize the opportunity as it passed. Neither by education nor by innate qualities was Louis Napoleon prepared for the task to which he was called in a moment of patriotic fervor. The moral fibre that from the first was lacking to his nature was never supplied. When he came into public notice he appears as an adventurer, bearing the name of the great Napoleon, but repeating mechanically the formulas and the ideas of the imperial régime. The uncle would probably have seen in the nephew only a specimen of the type of idealogue which the great man so thoroughly despised. Mr. Cheetham does not notice that Louis seems to have inherited his literary tendencies from his uncle Lucian. As a pamphleteer he showed some of Lucian's superficial brilliancy. He certainly recalls Lucian's lack of steadiness. The adventures in Italy, at Strasburg, and finally at Boulogne, cannot, even with Mr. Cheetham's

pleading, appear as anything but exhibitions of incapacity, the results of a badly thought-out and worse-executed programme. The picturesque side of these events is well handled, but the enigmas of the situation are left unexplained.

Mr. Cheetham might have paid more attention to the recent Italian literature on the secret societies so active in Italy during the period of reaction. He should have noticed also the unfavorable references to Louis Napoleon in the memoirs of the time, more especially because Thirria, to whom Mr. Cheetham makes constant appeal, compiled his book largely from the contemporary newspapers; and Le Bey, a later writer, also frequently referred to, is notoriously under the influence of the Bonapartist legend. Mr. Cheetham speaks in a vague way of the activity of Louis Napoleon's personal friends, in France, while he was living in England. Their relations with party politics before and during the republic of 1848 deserve careful examination. It is not sufficient to say that Louis Napoleon's sudden rise represented the aspirations of the majority of Frenchmen. Such a statement explains very little, especially when one remembers that the same electors who voted for a Bonaparte, as President, sent to Paris a body of legislators who were anti-democratic and showed no real sympathy with the Napoleonic tradition.

The Silvæ of Statius. Translated with introduction and notes by D. A. Slater. New York: Henry Frowde. $1.

Few moderns since the poet Pope have taken Statius seriously, and his epics which won him fame in the period that most honored him, the Middle Ages, are now accounted the least significant part of his poetry. His "Silvæ," related at once to the epigram and the epyllion, are more in keeping with the tendencies of his age, and to them one turns to-day, if one reads Statius at all; barring the panegyrics, which were virtually prescribed, these poems contain much that attracts. Poets who have known the Bay of Naples intimately ought to show in their work a certain companionship. Statius is linked by this delightful bond to Virgil before him, and to Pontano and Sannazaro after. His admiration of Virgil and his echoes of certain Virgilian effects are noticeable enough: he suggests also a pleasant trait of the later poets, their habit of personifying bits of the landscape that they loved, of creating mythology from hill and stream as the Greeks had once created it:

> In those caves Anio himself finds rest; yes, he forsakes his source, and when in the secret night he has put off his sea-blue garments, stretches himself upon the springing moss, or into the deep pool plunges his huge bulk, and with rhythmic stroke claps against the glassy waters. In yonder shade Tiburnus rests; there Albula is fain to wash her sulphurous tresses. A bower like this might lure from Egeria, forest Phœbe, rob coid Taygetus of his Dryad bands; and charm Pan from the Lycean woods ("Silvæ," i, 3.).

Another matter that impresses the reader of the "Silvæ" is the poet's interest in works of art. Cicero, and even Virgil and Horace, supreme in literary art, show little feeling for painting and sculpture save where these form a part of some literary tradition; they still have something of the primitive Roman contempt of the connoisseur and dilettante. But by Statius's time, art must have been an important interest in the life of a cultured Roman; a villa stored with beautiful things demanded no apology. The philosopher Pollio, whom Statius celebrates, turns for doctrinal inspiration to Phidias and Myron no less than to Epicurus.

The English reader will not fail to detect these and other attractions of the "Silvæ" in the prose version of Mr. Slater, the quality of which may be seen in the above selection. Our author thinks that Pope, and Pope alone, could have translated Statius into verse. Certainly the recent sonnet quoted by Mr. Slater, which attempts to render Statius's most beautiful poem, the invocation to Sleep, is not a striking success. We have noted only a few minor infelicities in Mr. Slater's translation. One who writes *docta carmina* is not a "scholar-poet" (i, 2, 172); the phrase "Lucretius the prophet and his impassioned lore" for *docti furor arduus Lucreti* (ii, 7, 76) comes nearer the meaning. "Duty, greatest of gods," addressed in iii, 3, is not the deity whom the reader of Wordsworth might expect, but filial devotion, *Pietas*. Mr. Slater should have included a translation of the prose prefaces: the brief statement about them in his introduction is not a compensation.

In the introduction sufficient information is given about Statius and his "Silvæ." The author does not attempt a penetrating study of the poems, but he does well in showing that some of the severest criticisms of them have come from those who have not read them or have read with extraordinary inattentiveness. Thus Tyrrell's treatment in his "Latin Poetry" is based not on Statius, but upon the brilliant though inaccurate essay of Nisard. A matter of interest to which Mr. Slater devotes considerable discussion is Dante's account of the supposed conversion of Statius to Christianity in consequence of his reading the Fourth Eclogue of Virgil. He argues plausibly against Canon Moore that Dante did not invent the legend for a dramatic purpose, but followed much earlier tradition. He even reminds us that Statius might have met St. Paul at Naples, associating with this possible, or later-imagined, occurrence, the well-known story of St. Paul's visit to Virgil's tomb at Pozzuoli.

Science.

SOME MODERN ASPECTS OF EVOLUTION.

Fifty Years of Darwinism. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.

Of the many celebrations called forth in this country by the fiftieth anniversary of Darwin's "Origin of Species," one only has so far been sufficiently ambitious to pass into book form—the addresses delivered before the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Baltimore on the first day of the year. Darwinism stands to-day for evolution as well as for the theory of natural selection, although evolution had long been advocated before Darwin. Darwin convinced the thinking world of the truth of evolution, partly through the large body of facts that he brought forward in support of this view and partly through his special theory of natural selection which attempted to give a reasonable explanation of the evolutionary process. While the doctrine of evolution is now accepted by practically all students of animals and plants, the theory of natural selection, as proposed by Darwin, has not met with the same universal acceptance, although it has received, in one form or another, general recognition as an important factor in evolution. These conclusions are well borne out by the opinions expressed in the present volume.

At the invitation of the Association, Prof. E. B. Poulton, a leading exponent of Darwinism, came to this country to give the first address of the series. The oft-told tale of the reception of Darwin's book, "The Origin of Species," is rehearsed by him with boyish relish. The battle is fought over once more to the everlasting discomfiture of the opponents of evolution and natural selection. And the conflict is at times turned into an attack on those within the ranks who, following after Darwin, have not accepted his special theory of natural selection as an all-sufficient and self-satisfying explanation of how evolution has taken place. Fifty years of Darwinism seems in Poulton's eyes to mean just fifty years of Darwinism, and nothing besides. That our conception of organic evolution has grown vigorously since 1859 does not appear from Professor Poulton's address, although without a single exception the following nine addresses make this point of view sufficiently apparent. The greatness of Darwin's achievement is better shown, we venture to think, by those who have carried forward the work as it was left

by him than by those of his followers who turn deaf ears to what students of evolution have done since his day.

In striking contrast to this somewhat lengthy "retrospect," the second address by Prof. J. M. Coulter on the standpoint of botany offers a vigorous and independent treatment of the indebtedness of that subject to Darwin. After a graceful acknowledgment of the influence of Darwin's work, which extends even beyond his formulation of the origin of species by natural selection, Coulter adds, "whether natural selection stands or falls as an adequate explanation of the origin of species, there can never be any doubt as to the breath of life it infused" into the study of descent. Coulter points out that, while at first botanists were captivated by the explanation of adaptation in plants through natural selection and showed great ingenuity in accounting for such fitness, the old explanations began to lose hold when it was found, for example, that thorns, supposed to have arisen because of protection afforded against grazing animals, prevail chiefly among plants in regions peculiarly free from such animals. The stinging hairs of nettles had been explained as built up by natural selection. It is now known that the nettle gets along very well without stinging hairs. Natural selection, Coulter concludes, eliminates species and individuals; it has nothing to do with selecting individual plants on the basis of some small, better adapted variation.

The influence of the environment in calling forth new types as a result of directly stimulating the germ plasma is urged by Prof. D. T. Macdougal. In support of this view he cites some of the most important recent experiments showing the effects of temperature and moisture, of injections of salt solution, and of radium emanations. The subject of this address is a matter of the greatest interest to students of evolution, since it bears on the most fundamental of all evolutionary questions, the origin of new variations that are "definitely" inherited.

The study of the inheritance of variations in its most modern aspects is dealt with by Prof. W. E. Castle and by Prof. Charles B. Davenport in two brief and interesting chapters. Castle explains exactly in the light of modern research the appearance of ancestral characters (atavism) when races are crossed, or when artificial selection ceases. Races of domesticated animals and plants have been produced by losing some one of the original characters. When two such races from a common source are recombined by crossing, the original conditions are once more fulfilled and the atavistic form reappears. Thus, for example, two races of white peas when crossed give the original purple pea of Sicily. A black and a yellow rabbit produce a gray rabbit—the color of the wild form from which the yellow and the black domestic races have sprung, each by the loss of a different character.

Definite variations are generally called mutations. Macdougal's account deals with such mutations produced by environment; Castle refers mutations to the loss or acquirement of single characters in De Vries's terminology. Davenport urges that evolution is due primarily to mutations, and not to the summation of fluctuations, and assures the reader that, were Darwin alive to-day, he would cordially accept the same point of view. The mutation theory is not, however, incompatible with the theory of natural selection, for there may be selection among discontinuous variations, as well as among quantitative variations. As though in anticipation of such an interpretation of Darwinism, Poulton points out, in the opening essay, that in 1864 the Duke of Argyle said:

> Strictly speaking, therefore, Mr. Darwin's theory is not a theory of the origin of species at all, but only a theory on the causes which lead to the relative success or failure of such new forms as may be born into the world. .

To which Darwin replied:

> I demur . . . to the Duke's expression of "new births." That may be a very good theory, but it is not mine.

Truly, the work of the reconciler is made hard.

Under the title of Adaptation, Prof. C. H. Eigenmann deals with the central problem of evolution. He brings to bear on this question his exceptional knowledge of cave faunas and the great adaptive changes that take place within certain families of fishes. Species become adapted by migration into congenial locations. Migration obviously is the important agent in evolution, not isolation, as Jordan maintains, provided the central problem of evolution is origin of adaptation rather than the "origin of species."

Isolation is urged by President Jordan as a primary factor in evolution. The importance of this factor has often been advanced before by those systematists to whom evolution means chiefly the formation of geographical races and species. But it is not evident that natural selection can have much concern with the formation of species, since specific differences have nothing whatsoever to do with useful characters. That the process of evolution (aside from the arbitrary definition of species) is concerned with fundamental adaptations rather than with superficial differences is self-evident. Granting that animals change with their environment and that isolation prevents intermingling and the production of intermediates, it does not seem to follow that isolation need have anything whatsoever to do with evolution of adaptive characters, for it is adaptive characters alone that natural selection pretends to account for.

In Darwin's day the relation of the egg cell to the body was by no means so clear as it has become in recent years. The vagueness with which Darwin conceived how the egg cell might be built up out of units (pangenes) received from different parts of the body of the parent, is pointed out by Prof. Edmund B. Wilson. A clear summing up of the evidence to-day is distinctly opposed to the theory of the inheritance of acquired characters advocated by Darwin as a subsidiary hypothesis to natural selection.

No chapter in the whole range of evolution has been more important than that which deals with fossils, as the strongest evidence that evolution, in some way, has taken place. Prof. H. F. Osborn brings to this topic his wide familiarity with fossil remains. He argues that the evidence is demonstrative in showing that evolution has progressed in definite lines. This view has been held by a number of able naturalists, but Osborn implies that these definite lines are often adaptive lines. Selection tries to account for the origin of such lines, but Osborn rejects selection as a sufficient explanation of the process and leaves the reader in doubt as to what the unknown cause of certain adaptive "origins" may be; for, while progression along lines that are not adaptive will be readily understood, progression along adaptive lines without selection and without the Lamarckian factor is something at present outside the scope of scientific demonstration.

In concise and strong statements President G. Stanley Hall brings the volume to a close with "Evolution and Psychology." The debt of genetic psychology to Darwin is generously recognized. Darwin is "hardly less the founder of a new departure in this field than in that of classification of form and structure."

> He posits a natural history rather than a philosophy of mind. . . . Finally, as Darwin freed biology from the inveterate dominance of the ideas of fixed and divinely created species, conceptions directly inherited from Plato's ideas and Aristotle's categories, so everything in the present psychological situation cries out for a new Darwin of the mind, who shall break the present spell of theoretical problems incapable of scientific solution, the ideal of a logical and methodical exactness greater than our subject in its present stage permits of, which Aristotle well dubbed pedantry, and remand the haunting problem of the ultimate goal of the psyche to the same limbo. . . . Only by so doing can we again get up against the essential facts of life as it is lived by the toiling, struggling men, women, and children, normal and defective, of our day.

Truly a wide range of subject and opinion; a fine tribute to the memory

of a great and independent thinker, even though much of what is written may be repudiated as not Darwinism by that narrow sect that claims to hold in fee the secrets of the master.

In "The Garden Yard" (Philadelphia: David McKay) Bolton Hall continues his apostleship to those city folk who try to support themselves in the country. The book teaches intensive farming to the home gardener, and instructs the beginner in market gardening. It discusses general farming topics, the various classes of vegetables, and poultry. For its size the book is very comprehensive, and its treatment of the subject is simple and practical. In his facts and advice Mr. Hall is up-to-date; his book should help to bring about the practice of intensive gardening which is to be the salvation of Eastern farmers and of suburban dwellers generally. Mr. Hall promises no millennium, however, to those who will not think as well as work. In an introduction N. O. Nelson urges the forming of coöperative farming settlements, and offers to finance them.

To those visionary souls who still take pleasure in naming the constellations we recommend a little book by Willis I. Milham, entitled "How to Identify the Stars" (Macmillan).

Raffaele Vittorio Matteucci, director of the observatory on Mt. Vesuvius, died there on July 16, from pneumonia contracted by exposure during scientific excursions at night on the crater. He was born at Senigallia, near Ancona, in 1866. Before succeeding the late Professor Palmieri as head of the Vesuvian observatory, he was assistant professor of natural sciences in the University of Naples. He had published a number of monographs on lava; on the *fumarole* and their products; on the phenomena exhibited by this volcano during the period between 1891 and 1895, and a work entitled "Come dovrebbe essere studiato il Vesuvio."

Drama.

EXAMINING THE EXAMINER.

The Examiner of Plays in England, George Alexander Redford, was for two days before the Joint Committee of Lords and Commons on the censorship, and his detailed testimony is highly enlightening. Whether it is more amusing than depressing, it is hard to say. The disclosure of the complete lack of taste in the officer who regulates national dramatic taste, and of the ignorance and want of fixed intellectual principles and moral sensibility on the part of the man who for fourteen years has decided what should and what should not be produced on the stage, must certainly compel a reform in the censorship, even if the result be not to reform it altogether away. None of the attacks upon it by playwrights and theatrical managers has damaged it so seriously as the two days' examination of the Examiner.

Mr. Redford, who, for the rest, appears to be a well-meaning and contented citizen, was asked by the committee to state his qualifications for his important task. Was he an educated man, a university graduate? Well, no, but "no doubt the Lord Chamberlain satisfied himself as to my competence." Had he engaged in literary pursuits previous to his appointment? Not exactly, though he had "dabbled in such things." What had he written? "If you wish to know, I have written several plays." Were any of them ever produced? Not one! What was his actual position before becoming Examiner of Plays? "I was a bank manager." How did he come to be appointed censor? Why, he was a friend of the previous censor, and had been in the habit of "acting for him when he was on holiday"! Mr. Harcourt, for the committee, then asked the question, which even Mr. Redford must have perceived to be ironical: "So the public were permitted at such seasons to see only such plays as the censor's friend thought it desirable they should see?"

The whole inquiry brought out the incompetence and confusion and vacillating uncertainties of the censorship in the most glaring way. Mr. Redford was asked on what principles he proceeded in determining whether a given play should be or should not be licensed. His reply was that he simply applied "the official point of view." Here is official art with a vengeance! But what was the official standard? Why, it was merely "custom and precedent." One sees how simple it is! A play of the kind that never has been licensed, never can be licensed, that is the whole of it. If there is in a play anything that the censor believes any of his predecessors would have thought indecent, or too personal, or offensive to the head of a friendly nation, or—oh, yes!—irreligious, that play cannot be produced in England.

Another positive rule was that no drama or opera could be "Scriptural." Mr. Redford was very strong on that point. But had he not recently licensed "Samson et Dalila"? Yes, but he had "stretched the rule" in that case. But there was one rule which was never stretched—the rule against immoral plays. How did he decide what were immoral plays? He was "bound by precedents—the unwritten law." But that unwritten law was precisely what the committee wanted to get at, and they plied Mr. Redford with questions. All in vain, however. He made it evident that he had no fixed standards whatever. Even in the matter of indecency, he had to admit that the worst plays of Congreve or Wycherley would have nothing to fear from the censorship, because they would come under the head of old plays not under the jurisdiction of the censor. Yet it was confessed that an indecent Restoration drama could not now be produced, simply because public opinion would not tolerate it. So there we have it—it is really the public taste, not the censor, that banishes the grosser plays from the stage. Quite apart from the question of an official license, there are standards and also laws—such as those against libel and against indecent exhibitions—which no theatrical manager could venture to disregard or violate.

In the end this whole question of licensing the production of a play seems cursiously like the question of licensing the printing of a book. Milton's argument regarding the latter would apply almost literally to the former. Indecent or libellous books he would leave to the law; and as for the impossible duties of the licenser, the language of the "Areopagitica" seems prophetic of poor Mr. Redford, with his 7,000 plays to read in fourteen years:

> It cannot be denied, wrote Milton, but that he who is made judge to sit upon the birth or death of books . . . had need to be a man above the common measure, both studious, learned, and judicious. . . . If he be of such worth as behooves him, there cannot be a more tedious and unpleasing journeywork, a greater loss of time levied upon his head, than to be made the perpetual reader of unchosen books and pamphlets. . . . Seeing, therefore, those who now possess the employment, by all evident signs wish themselves well rid of it, and that no man of worth, none that is not a plain unthrift of his own hours, is ever likely to succeed them, . . . we may easily foresee what kind of licensers we are to expect hereafter, either ignorant, imperious, and remiss, or basely pecuniary.

It seems plain that the testimony of the censor will be the undoing of the censorship. The evidence of playwrights and dramatic critics was unnecessary, after Mr. Redford had left the stand. His office may not be abolished, but it is sure to be reformed. Probably, the first step will be to allow an appeal from his decisions, which are now as final as they are inscrutable. Mr. Redford's innocent testifying to his own inconsistencies and ignorance was most diverting. He had refused a license to "La Città Morta," but had given one to the horrible plays of the Sicilian actors, because their manager had sent him a *précis*, and that seemed harmless. German plays he felt a little weak about, since he did not know the language, but his wife did. The *ewig Weibliche* in the censorship!

In Chapter i of "William Shakespeare, Player, Playmaker, and Poet" (John Lane Co.), Canon H. C. Beeching has tried to sum up as succinctly as possible the arguments in G. G. Greenwood's bulky volume, "The Shakespeare Problem Restated." In Chapters ii and iii he reprints lectures on Shakespeare's life and character. To this book Mr. Greenwood rejoins with "In Re Shakespeare" (John Lane Co.). Mr. Greenwood, making much of the spell-

Burlingame Public Library

ing *Shakespeare* as the *nom de guerre* of the author of the plays, and *Shakspere* for the player born at Stratford, argued with great detail in his first book to prove that the player could not have written the plays attributed to him. Yet he did not directly affirm the Baconian theory of authorship, nor did he attempt to identify the person concealed under the name *Shakespeare*. Point by point, Canon Beeching, as an enthusiastic Shakespearean, traverses this evidence. Point by point in his second book, Mr. Greenwood attempts to answer this attack.

Whatever else discussion of Shakespearean authorship may lack, it never fails to make one or all of the disputants irate. Canon Beeching talks of the "bluff" of Mr. Greenwood and accuses him of argumentative methods more worthy of an advocate than a judge. Mr. Greenwood retorts by animadversion on the pulpit and the cloth. All of which hardly advances the cause of truth. Canon Beeching is the more judicial, but he does not always distinguish clearly between facts and surmises or between imagination and real evidence. It may be questioned whether a writer who will devote a page to considering if, in the light of the plays, we may hold that Shakespeare drank tobacco, is the proper person to give the final destructive treatment to such a mare's nest as Mr. Greenwood has constructed. The mind for that must be relentlessly analytic and impartial. On the other hand, Mr. Greenwood is open to some extent to Canon Beeching's charge that he cares more to make his point than to search unswervingly for truth. He quibbles with his opponents, drawing off attention on special or minor points, and concluding as if he had answered or effectively weakened the whole opposing case. (See his treatment of Irving's argument against the Baconian theory, p. 112.) He also meets assertion with assertion, concluding as if he had proved something true. (See p. 62, as to the "Return from Parnassus.") He chooses the one witness among many considering a question who particularly favors his view, disregarding the immediate objection—for instance, in the case of Mr. Fleay—that this opinion of his witness changed so often and was sometimes, at first, so arbitrarily taken that it must be supported by other evidence or witnesses. (See p. 53.) He even uses the *argumentum ad hominem* against Canon Beeching, and then seems to conclude that he has proved something for the reader (pp. 72-81). There can be no question, then, that Mr. Greenwood's fervor as a controversialist leads him into strange ways. Nor does his exceedingly lame explanation, in an appendix, of his supposed discourteous references to Mr. Sidney Lee increase a reader's willingness to accept him as a whole-souled searcher for truth.

Art.

"Ghirlandaio," by Gerald S. Davies, which is among the recent Scribner importations, has the distinction of being the only separate work on the subject in English, and unless its successors are to be better, we hope it may long enjoy that solitary dignity. It belongs to that class of compilations which, falling short of thorough scholarship, are even more deficient in good sense and literary attractiveness. It is not so much that the author has not labored faithfully with his theme. The lack is less of diligence than of judgment. Relatively unimportant matters, such as the religious sincerity of Ghirlandaio, are labored at tedious length, while that most diverting and instructive document of the Florentino Renaissance, the contract for the Sta. Maria Novella frescoes, is merely mentioned in the text, though printed in the original Latin in an appendix. The magnificent portrait in the Louvre is passed in half a dozen lines; even more briefly the exquisite Giovanna degli Albizzi. On most matters of disputed attribution, Mr. Davies is inconclusive, though, contrariwise, he apportions between master and pupils the frescoes at the Trinità and Sta. Maria Novella with a certainty that excites wonderment. We have no space to enter into the various disputable matters. Symptomatic inaccuracies are not infrequent. On page 9 Masaccio's Crucifixion at Sta. Maria Novella is called an Annunciation. On page 14 Ghirlandaio's Salutation in the Louvre suffers the same transformation. We hope no enthusiast will be indueed to go to the Spedaletto at Volterra to see the fresco of the Forge of Vulcan, which is described as "ruined." Herbert Horne, eight years ago, found only slight traces of the underpainting. This work at Volterra, though described at second hand, is not mentioned in the chronological survey. It must fall, as Mr. Horne has shown in his "Botticelli," about the year 1485. On the other hand, the Last Supper, in the Badia of Passignano, which Mr. Davies catalogues as "lost," we saw in very tolerable, if repainted, condition about a year ago. We can commend little in this slipshod monograph except the clear type and the good cuts. If there is a demand for a Ghirlandaio book in English why does not some publisher take the obvious course of translating Dr. Henri Hauvette's admirable treatise?

The second volume of Dr. G. Carotti's "History of Art" (Dutton) bears the subtitle, "Early Christian and neo-Oriental Art, European Art North of the Alps." Excluding Italy, after the thirteenth century, it includes what is usually called early Christian, Byzantine, Saracenic, Romanesque, and Gothic art. A great amount of information, generally accurate and up to date, has been packed within small compass. The bibliography is full, though not exhaustive, the lists of typical monuments, in smaller type, very useful. The scope of the work may be inferred from the space given to Gothic art—something more than one hundred pages, as against about fifteen in Reinach's standard manual, "Apollo." The numerous small cuts are very clearly printed, and the little volume is handy for the pocket or satchel. It should serve well as a class book. A laborious verification of all matters of fact is naturally impossible, but in this regard the text meets casual yet crucial tests. It seems to us that the author gives himself a little too unreservedly to current and popular theories of the influence of Sassenid upon European art. We regret, too, his use of the term Carolingian, to cover all sorts of belated Byzantinism in and out of Italy. Taken broadly, it seems to us the best manual of the kind in the field. In their choice of a translator, however, author and publisher have been unlucky. Defects of idiom, sometimes obscuring the sense, occur too frequently. Geographical names appear carelessly in the Italian form, for example, "Monaco" (Munich), "Anversa," "Gand." A Gothic cathedral resembles a "carcase" (meaning skeleton), and, a few lines further on, a "carcass." Fresco and porcelain are used loosely for wall painting and pottery. In short the text has not had proper editorial supervision and needs a minute overhauling. It is fair to add that these defects are usually rather of taste than of substance.

Karl Hiersemann of Leipzig has issued Teil I, "Metall," of a work containing an abundance of rare but trustworthy information, entitled "Erzeugnisse Islamischer Kunst." This work describes and discusses in detail a collection of Oriental works of art, more especially of Persian-Islamic art, the description being given by the owner, Prof. Friedrich Sarre, with epigraphical contributions by Dr. Eugen Mittwoch. The collection appears in quarto form of 82 pages, with 10 tables and 54 illustrations, costing 12 marks. It is asserted that this is the only collection of the kind on the continent. Dr. Sarre has also in preparation Teil II, entitled "Seldschukische Kleinkuust," with 60 illustrations, of which 25 are photographs. It deals with one of the most interesting periods in the history of Islamic art.

An announcement has been received in Rome of the resignation of Prof. C. Hülsen, who for twenty-five years has been connected with the German Archæological Institute in that city. His retirement is due to his lack of sympathy with the policy of the Berlin authorities, who have reduced the sum allowed for the Institute library and have appointed a young scholar, a former pupil of Professor Hülsen, to the post of provisional first secretary. It will be remembered that Dr. Dörpfeld, the head of the German Institute in Athens, also sent in his resignation last year, for similar reasons, and was only persuaded to keep his post by the personal intervention of the German Emperor. It is alleged that the policy of the Berlin authorities is to neglect Roman and Greek archæology in favor of research in Persia and elsewhere in Asia.

F. Gutekunst of Philadelphia publishes a large photograph of Edward Everett Hale, which presents a striking likeness of the preacher-writer in his later years.

Finance.

AFTER THE TARIFF.

Three or four months ago, it was the commonplace of Wall Street discussion to find every prediction of prosperity conditioned on, or at all events limited in date by, the enactment and signing of the tariff bill. Sometimes the prophets promised a trade boom and a rising market "if a satisfactory bill passes," but more often "when the bill passes." Senator Aldrich, in a speech in April,

observed that "the era of prosperity is likely to continue uninterruptedly with the enactment of wise tariff legislation." Since numerous schedules of the Senate bill, which Mr. Aldrich fathered, have been thrown out in conference, it might have been questioned whether, on the condition above assigned, the promise regarding prosperity would hold good. But most of the prophets framed their prediction in the fashion of Mr. Schiff: "As soon as tariff revision is settled definitely, America will enter upon a period of unexampled prosperity."

There was some question, even in April, as to whether a country possessing, as seemed to be assumed, all the elements that go to make up prosperity, was usually in the habit of waiting for an arbitrarily selected event before its merchants and speculators adjusted themselves to the prosperous conditions. Had it been a question between a revolutionary cut in the protective duties and maintenance of the existing schedules, hesitation could be understood. No manufacturer, importer, or merchant could then make any plans for the future. But no such condition existed. Two or three weeks after the convening of the extra session on March 15, every one knew what the general character of the new tariff bill would be. There were some exceptions. Makers of gloves, of hosiery, and of certain lines of cotton goods, remained for some time in doubt; yet even their doubts affected the question whether their commodities would get higher duties, or not. The trade in which reduced protection was a foregone conclusion from the start—largely because of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's exploit at Washington—was steel and iron, and the iron and steel trade has been expanding in activity ever since the tariff bill was introduced. The same thing has been true of the dry goods trade.

As for the Stock Exchange, where prices, inferentially, were to hang fire until the enactment of the tariff bill permitted a boom, St. Paul stock rose 16 points between the convening of the extra session and the final vote, New York Central 18, Amalgamated Copper 20, Union Pacific 26, Steel common 30, and Reading 38. All this looked as if somebody was too impatient to wait until "tariff revision was settled definitely," or even for "the enactment of wise tariff legislation."

Nevertheless, the news of the passing of the bill last week was received in financial circles with interest and curiosity which were more than merely political. Probably nobody, on Wall Street at any rate, failed to ask himself whether this was not one of those strategic dates which should indicate our entry into a new chapter in the history of markets.

In recent years, there have been two notable instances of long-expected events whose occurrence is traditionally believed to have affected profoundly a financial situation. The Peace of Portsmouth in August, 1905, was one; the election of Mr. Taft in November, 1908, was the other. In reality, however, the bearing of these two events on trade and on financial markets was not precisely what most people imagine. If their effect on general trade is considered, there will be seen in each period a steady industrial improvement—due to recovery from a severe financial setback—which began long before either the peace treaty or the election, and continued afterward much as it presumably would have done had no such political incident intervened.

As for the stock market, the story differed oddly on the two occasions. High Finance had each time calculated, as implicitly as it did last April in looking to the tariff bill, on a "boom in stocks" to follow the good news, and each time the market had anticipated what was to come. When the news actually came, in the one instance as in the other, somebody sold stocks heavily to realize profits on the anticipated sudden purchases by the public; but the sequels differed widely. In 1905, the market was instantaneously and unexpectedly confronted with extremely tight money, and the rest of the year passed in a rather desperate struggle by the high financiers to maintain their speculative positions. In 1908, the speculating public snatched the market away from the speculating capitalists, and ran away with it so rapidly that the first word heard from the financiers themselves was a warning of disaster if the public did not stop.

Here are two interesting precedents. They are in many ways fair instances in point. In both, the industrial and speculative revival which theoretically was to follow the event had in fact preceded it, and that is equally true of the present case. In both, the event to which expectations had been pinned was one sure to happen, and that is even more true of the tariff bill land-mark. Last week's news was followed immediately by a sharp break in prices, and that, in turn, by a violent recovery, under the visible direction of the same interests as had been in self-constituted charge of the market all the summer.

This leaves it, on the whole, a matter of psychological rather than of economic interest, what is to happen next. Psychology does not yet rule the course of events in industry at large, but it is often supreme on the Stock Exchange.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abel, A. H. History of Events Resulting in Indian Consolidation West of the Mississippi. From the Annual Report of the Amer. Hist. Assn. for 1906. Washington: Gov. Printing Office.

Adams, C. F. Physical Laboratory Manual for Secondary Schools. Revised edition. American Book Co. 60 cents.

Andrews, L. R. The White Peril, or How I Cured Myself of Consumption at Home. Revised edition, edited and compiled by A. B. Reader. Danbury, Conn.: White Peril Co.

Ashburn, P. M. Elements of Military Hygiene. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

Beadnell, H. J. L. An Egyptian Oasis: An Account of the Oasis of Kharga in the Libyan Desert. Dutton. $3.50 net.

Bennett, A. The O'd Wives' Tale: A Novel. G. H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

Cullum, R. The Compact; Story of an Unrecorded Conspiracy in South Africa. G. H. Doran Co. $1.20 net.

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Hope, L. Songs from the Garden of Kama: Illustrated from photographs by Mrs. E. Wilmot. Lane. $3 net.
Horace's Satires. Edited by E. P. Morris. American Book Co. $1.
Johnston, H. A. Victorious Manhood. Revell. 75 cents net.
Koester, F. Hydroelectric Developments and Engineering. Van Nostrand. $5 net.
Levitt, D. The Woman and the Car. John Lane Co. $1 net.
McClelland, T. C. The Mind of Christ. Crowell. $1.25 net.
McConnell, F. J. Edward Gayer Andrews. A Bishop of the M. E. Church. Eaton & Mains. $1.50 net.
Miller, J. R. Bethlehem to Olivet: The Life of Jesus Christ, Illustrated by Modern Painters. Crowell. $1.50.
Monroe, W. S. Sicily: The Garden of the Mediterranean. Boston: Page & Co. $3.
Otis, J. Found by the Circus. Crowell. $1.
Parker, E. H. John Chinamau and a Few Others. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Pottier, Edmond. Douris and the Painters of Greek Vases. Translated by B. Kahnweiler. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Publications of the Princeton Univ. Archæological Expedition to Syria in 1904-1905. Div. II. Ancient Architecture in Syria, by H. C. Butler; Div. III. Greek and Latin Inscriptions in Syria, by W. K. Prentice. Section B, Parts 2 and 3. Leyden: Late E J. Brill.
Ragg, L. The Church of the Apostles. London: Rivingtons.
Salnsbury, H. Drug and the Drug Habit. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Semenoff, V. Rasplata (The Reckoning). Dutton. $3.50 net.
Sloane, T. O. Elementary Electrical Calculations. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Street, J. The Need of Change. Lane. 50 cents.
Svenson, E. A Modern Valkyrie. Cochrane.
Thursfield, J. R. Nelson and Other Naval Studies. Dutton. $4 net.
Upham. A. H. Old Miami: The Yale of the Early West. Hamilton, O.: Republican Pub. Co.
Warren, T. H. Essays of Poets and Poetry, Ancient and Modern. Dutton. $3 net.
Watson, C. M. Life of Major-General Sir Charles William Wilson. Dutton. $5 net.
Winter, N. O. Guatemala and Her People of To-day. Boston: Page & Co. $3.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1909.

The Week.

The Western Republican "insurgents," both Senators and Representatives, have had triumphal receptions at home. It is clear that they understood perfectly the sentiments of their constituents, and represented them accurately. The strong Republican papers of the West continue to be amazingly outspoken about the shams and cheats that were left in the tariff, and to urge a continuance of the fight to get the frauds taken out. And the demand is that the work be done under Western leadership. Says the Kansas City *Star:*

> All of those Republicans in Congress who stood on the side of the people, who took the party platform and the President's campaign pledges in good faith, are Western men. And with these men and the spirit, the public sentiment, the public feeling, the national intelligence they represent, lies the hope of tariff revision, the hope of the elimination of corruption and graft and oppression from the tariff system.

Similar views could be cited from the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*, the Minneapolis *Journal*, and the Topeka *State Journal*. We have plainly before us the beginnings of a new "Winning of the West" away from mole-eyed protection.

Attorney-General Wickersham, in announcing that he is planning to continue his official work while on vacation near this city, is quoted as remarking:

> The Administration policy to continue the prosecutions of corporations that are violating the Sherman act or have violated it is well enough known now, but I cannot, of course, say what plans for further action we may have.

This pronouncement is in line with Mr. Wickersham's previous declarations. We do not suppose it to mean that the Department of Justice is mapping out an aggressive general campaign against any class of corporations; but it is fairly to be inferred that the Administration is convinced that the need for close watch of attempted combinations in violation of the law is imperative. Such a policy has no inconsiderable relation to the new tariff law. It was an open secret that the Taft Administration, in answering the argument that the maintenance or advance of certain duties would increase the cost of living, took the general attitude that free home competition would prevent such an outcome. But, obviously, if the erection of a new tariff barrier against foreign competition were to be followed by domestic combinations to force up prices, this argument would collapse at once. It is the business of the Department of Justice to watch the developments in that direction.

Many complaints against the methods and results of different United States Censuses have been made by statisticians and investigators. Serious discrepancies have been pointed out between the figures of one census and those of another. There have been intolerable delays in editing and publishing the material. We have hardly got all the data of one census before the ten-year period has rolled by, and the time has come to take another. All this has led to an uneasy suspicion among students that our census-work has been only approximately accurate. This feeling has been shared by foreign scholars. Happily, the promise for the Census of 1910 is bright. Mr. Taft's letter to Secretary Nagel comes as near as is now possible to taking the census away from the spoilsmen. The appointment of supervisors and enumerators is to be made on a political basis—though even here the Democrats are to get half in several Southern States—but the actual appointees are to be under stringent orders to take no part in politics whatever, on pain of instant dismissal. This action by the President is a fitting sequel to that provision in the Census bill which, for the first time, put the permanent employees of the office under the civil-service rules. For that step in the direction of political decency, we were indebted to President Roosevelt, who met the schemes of the spoilsmen with a sharp and effective veto. The bill then failed for the session, but it soon became apparent that Mr. Taft would insist upon the same reform principles. Congressmen were forced reluctantly to retreat, and the small army of census clerks in Washington were finally brought under the rules. Original appointments are to be made only after competitive examination, and, once in office, a clerk is to be protected from arbitrary dismissal.

The replies made by national bank directors to Comptroller Murray's letter of inquiry, indicate how timely the circular letter was and how lax is the sense of responsibility frequently felt by those charged with the management of these institutions. Four per cent. of the directors admitted frankly that they knew nothing about their banks, while only 25 per cent. were ready to declare that they had personal knowledge of the real conditions of their banking business. In something less than one-third of these associations are loans and discounts actively approved by the directors, while, in the remainder, these functions are discharged by the officers of the bank. It is perhaps of less real importance that 80 per cent. of the directors admit that they cannot certify as to the genuineness of signatures upon business paper which the banks have discounted. But the disclosures are, nevertheless, highly unsatisfactory. Making every allowance for the plea that bank directors rely, and in large measure are forced to rely, upon the confidence they repose in each other and in their elected officers, the office is designedly a responsible one. Its due discharge requires a first-hand acquaintance with the bank's business much more intimate and extensive than at present prevails. The story told of General Lee is one that directors should take to heart. After the war, when the general was besought to lend his name to a concern with the assurance that he would have nothing to do and would receive $50,000 a year, the veteran declined upon the ground that if his name alone was worth that much a year, he must be very careful how it was employed.

With Mr. Gifford Pinchot's strong desire to conserve the remaining water powers of the country and prevent a water-power Trust, every one must sympathize. Public opinion has undergone a great change in this matter. Whereas it was formerly thought perfectly proper for any one to acquire water powers who had the means, it is now felt that they should not pass into the hands of

anybody save through a limited franchise or lease. Beyond doubt, both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Pinchot have represented in this matter enlightened sentiment. They seem to have gone about it at times in a thoroughly Rooseveltian manner by suspending or overriding the laws where they interfered with their public-spirited policy. Secretary Ballinger, himself a Western man, thoroughly familiar with the wishes of the Western people and formerly connected with the Land Office, believes in sticking to the letter of the law, perhaps because he is a lawyer of high standing. Mr. Pinchot, speaking last week before the Irrigation Congress at Spokane, uttered a protest against "legal technicalities"; in fact, his whole fervid defence of Mr. Roosevelt's conservation policy must be taken as a protest against the procedure of the present Administration. It follows several "muck-raking" articles in various magazines which have hinted that Mr. Ballinger stands for the "old régime" and is really working for the "interests" that prey upon the people. This we do not for a moment believe, any more than we can think that Mr. Taft is secretly and malevolently plotting to undo what was the best of his predecessor's policies. And, in fact, the statement given out last Friday in Mr. Ballinger's behalf by the General Land Office, would seem to leave but little of the contention that he has been giving away water powers to any one who knocked at his door.

It must have been a great shock to the New York legislative committee to learn, from the Republican Governor of Kansas and the Republican National Committeeman and leading Republican newspaper editors, that the Kansas primary law has eliminated bosses and all corrupt political influences. Yet this was the testimony they were compelled to listen to. Kansas would not dream of returning to a convention system; indeed, Kansans, who take such a great —mistaken, of course—interest in Gov. Hughes, find only one criticism of his direct primary suggestion—that it does not go far enough. "Eliminate every delegate" is the Kansas slogan, and the most critical and hostile New York committeemen will have to admit that the system has worked well there. They can only fall back upon the agricultural character of the Kansas population, if they wish to explain away this success.

Whatever the verdict in the inquiry into Lieut. Sutton's death, it cannot be denied that the Marine Corps has suffered grievously by the testimony as to the life the young officers affected were leading while stationed at the Annapolis school of instruction. They were supposedly there to learn to conduct themselves as young gentlemen and officers, instead of which they appear to have been a rowdy, hard-drinking, and fist-fighting lot, who thought that it comported with good manners to throw a comrade down on the floor and beat him until he threatened, and actually tried, to commit murder. More than that, there seems to have been a surprising lack of discipline, for officers were apparently on the most familiar terms with privates and sergeants. The Marine Corps has hitherto borne an excellent reputation; in efficiency and soldierly conduct it has ranked very high; higher in Cuba and elsewhere, than the regular army organizations beside which it has served. There are excellent and high-minded officers in the Corps, who must be deeply chagrined that in one batch so many undesirables were foisted upon it, and that the officer in command of the school was not able to subordinate and train them properly.

Nietzsche's "blond," whom he loved so much, and whose decline through the cunning of his darker rival he so much deplored, is, according to Dr. Charles E. Woodruff, surgeon and major in the United States Army, on the point of extinction. Our jails are full of blonds, he alleges, who have fallen into poverty, disease, and crime. Light hair and ingenuous blue eyes often accompany the pickpocket's dexterity and moral languor. Dr. Woodruff thinks the cause of this deplorable state of affairs is an excessive sunlight, which the sensitive blond cannot endure. Whether or not the blonds are a declining type, it seems to be a fact that they are, relatively to the brunettes, decreasing numerically. Even in German cities and towns, where one might expect to find the light-haired and blue-eyed Saxon and the sun-touched Teuton, increasing numbers of brunettes are to be seen. Blond women, indeed, are growing so rare, that, like some species of orchids and other delicate plants, they have a special charm for whole races of men, the French, for instance. Perhaps, too, the blonds may have some spiritual grace, often associated with the languor of early decline. But Nietzsche seems to have been a bad prophet.

Madame Maurice Maeterlinck, who is an operatic actress, has a plan to translate art back into the life from which it springs. She intends to produce "Macbeth" at her husband's château of Saint-Wandville, without a stage. The building is an old, castle-like affair, with architectural elements from the twelfth century. It is full of great corridors, huge rooms, an impressive banquet hall, and its environment is wild and secluded. The idea is, not to play "Macbeth," but to reproduce it. The banquet, for example, will take place in the actual banquet hall, the sleep-walking scene in the bedrooms, and there is a desert heath where the witches will weave their malevolent webs. If there are any spectators, they will be as the spectators of a drama in real life, who glide in and out of the scenes, to whom not all is revealed of the tragic circumstances, but who feel, vaguely, the indefinite horror of the events. This is realism with a vengeance, and suggests the ultra-æsthetic idea that nature is a copy of art.

No more difficult problem confronted the men who have been organizing a great and united state in South Africa than that of dealing with the native. There is, of course, some racial prejudice against the dark skin, and some horrible crimes have been committed there by white men, in the name of Christianity and civilization. But, on the whole, there is warrant for saying that the relationship between the races is cordial and friendly. The Boers are, perhaps, harsher with the untutored native than are the English. But even the Boers respect a native who has acquired property and shown himself a stable citizen, and admit him to their churches. Now the Act of Union contains a clause (No. 35) that "no person who . . . is registered as a voter in any Province shall be removed from the register by reason of any disqualification based on race or color." This does not, however, mean that there is to be manhood suffrage all over South Africa, for where the na-

tive is already excluded from the ballot he will, for the present, remain so excluded. As to the wisdom of this, there seems to be general agreement; but there has been a sharp difference as to whether the native ought to sit in the Union Parliament, which is to be the supreme legislature for South Africa. The Act of Union limits eligibility to British subjects of "European descent." Heretofore in Cape Colony the native has been eligible to the Cape Parliament, and, although he never made use of the privilege, he held it in high regard. That right he retains, but the Cape Parliament becomes now merely a local council.

Thus for the first time in history, the Cape native finds himself subject to a political disability because of his color. This is an entering wedge which has not only disconcerted the natives, but has led to vigorous and high-minded protests from men like Sir Gordon Sprigg, Mr. W. P. Schreiner, and others, who see here the jeopardizing of the "essential principles of free government," for it attacks "ministers of religion, editors, teachers, doctors, public servants, clerks, land owners, traders, and artisans." They believe, also, that it will be now possible, in some reactionary moment, to disfranchise these same persons solely because of race and color. The Imperial Parliament is not, however, going to interfere. The Ministry is satisfied that substantially as many rights have been given to the native as he possessed before, and that the question is a domestic concern which is best left to those most intimately involved for final adjudication.

There has been a happy interchange of views between the Anglo-German Friendship Committees of Great Britain and Germany, which affords evidence that not every one in England has lost his head in the invasion panic. The letter from the English Committee is signed by such men as its president, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Avebury, Lord Brassey, the Earl of Lonsdale, Herbert E. Maxwell, and Francis William Fox. It asks among other questions:

> Why should there be estrangement between our countries? Your heritage of culture is ours also. Your chief heroes and teachers are ours. All your highest aims and aspirations are shared by us. There may be rivalry, full and unfettered, in generous and pacific pursuits. Two nations had never less cause for strife, and never more for unity of spirit.

The Committee then assures its German friends of its readiness to do anything within its power to avert the terrible disaster of war, saying:

> We have put, and shall continue to put, before our countrymen, as we doubt not you will before yours, the supreme duty at this hour of resisting that spirit of fatalism which assumes that two nations of the highest intelligence, and masters of their future, must sooner or later become foes, and of combating the present propaganda of war with a no less earnest propaganda of peace.

The German reply is in the same high tone, and full of gratitude for the efforts made by the British Committee. It quotes anew the Kaiser's words, spoken at the Guild Hall in London in 1907: "The main prop and base for the peace of the world is the maintenance of good relations between our two countries . . ." and asserts that the great and ever-increasing burdens of militarism on both countries "can hardly be tolerated any longer." Among the German signers are Theodore von Holleben, Eduard de Neufville, and Wilhelm Faber.

The reason why Von Bülow was not anxious to dissolve the Reichstag appears clearly from the result of recent bye-elections in Rhenish Bavaria. The Social-Democrats gained in the first election more than 2,000 votes, while the National Liberals and the Alliance of Landowners lost, together, 3,000 votes, and the Clericals 1,700. Another vote being necessary between the Socialists and Liberals, the former won the election by 1,000 votes; many Clericals apparently voting against the Liberal candidate, whose party has now lost its last seat in Rhenish Bavaria. The result has, of course, created a great political sensation. It being an off-year contest, there was naturally a smaller vote than in 1907; but the significance of the outcome is not to be overlooked. The Liberals, who were a party to the *bloc* policy of Von Bülow, are beginning to feel the punishment they merit for compromising and abandoning the real Liberal principles. As for the increase in the Socialistic vote, the new and heavy taxation undoubtedly played its part, together with universal disgust at the delays and compromises in the Reichstag. While this district includes two considerable cities, they are located in an agricultural and highly conservative province. The warning was, therefore, the more unmistakable. The Socialist newspapers speak of it as only the beginning of a great day of reckoning.

Aristide Briand, who is described as the "first Socialist Premier in France," is the man most hated by the "radicals" to-day. Writers in *La Guerre Sociale* and *L'Humanité* regard him as the "lowest of mankind." The cause may be that he has "the advantage of having a little common sense," as Clemenceau once triumphantly maintained of himself in an encounter with Jaurès. Whatever the social philosophy of Briand and Clemenceau might be, if they were proceeding *a priori* to construct it, they as practical and executive men recognize, when in power, that it is a condition and not a theory which confronts them. As editors, Clemenceau and Briand were not too much troubled by the facts; as ministers, Clemenceau apparently has done his democratic best in guiding the State, and it seems that the "sadder and wiser" Briand will follow in the footsteps of his predecessor. His name is and will be anathema to his former friends; but that is a situation which, in the course of human affairs, eternally recurs.

It is difficult to arrive at the merits of the dispute between China and Japan over the question of the Manchurian railway. The Japanese case was first put before the public, and cast all the blame on the shilly-shallying of Chinese diplomacy. But Kipling has told us what anybody may expect who undertakes to make the Orient "hustle." China's reply, issued later, charges Japan with seeking more than she was entitled to, under the treaty, and of depending on her "military and naval superiority." This would seem to imply that the Mandarins are ignorant of the great American doctrine of the strong man armed who will neither suffer nor do injustice. One thing, at least, Japan has spared us, and that is a snuffling pretence that she is taking what she wants under an overpowering sense of Divine guidance. Western Christians, in their wars of conquest, have the great advantage over the heathen of being conscious servants of the Lord, when they kill and rob,

> They said their duty, both to men and God,
> Required such conduct—which seemed very odd.

"POPULAR" TAXES.

A revulsion of feeling over the new taxes proposed by the Liberals, is now going on in England. The cable dispatches but faintly reflect it. They state that the Conservatives are much worried to discover that Lloyd-George's budget is much more "popular" than they supposed. They have been attacking it tooth and nail, denouncing it as "fraud," "spoliation," and "robbery," but now they find that it is meeting with warm approval from large classes in the electorate. The Liberals have been unexpectedly winning bye-elections on the issue of the budget, and a general chill has fallen upon the divided counsels of the Conservatives. One of their own newspaper organs, the *Daily Mail*, plainly tells them how the tide is running. It says:

> What the Unionist party scarcely seem to realize is that the mass of people whose envy and cupidity Mr. Lloyd-George seeks to arouse are not versed in politics and stagecraft. They cannot see through the flimsy fallacies of socialist argument. To a large number of them the Chancellor of the Exchequer appears with the halo of his own creation as the friend of the poor man, the sworn foe of injustice in high places, the humbly-born castigator of the idle rich. Among those who watch most closely the fluctuations of public sentiment there is a pretty general agreement that during the last few months the position of the government has been strengthened.

The immediate reference is to an extraordinary speech which Lloyd-George has just made in London. It was, affirm the shocked Conservatives, a performance such as no previous Chancellor of the Exchequer could have been capable of; and they are right. It was a fighting and inflammatory speech. Lloyd-George carried the war into the enemy's country in dashing style. In explaining his new land taxes, he ridiculed the Dukes, and held the landlords up to scorn, amid the uproarious applause of his audience. He asserted that his opponents were making the greatest political blunder in history, when they assumed that the land-owner was beloved in England, or that it would be a shrewd or safe thing for any party to set itself up as the special champion and defender of the landlords. Describing himself as "a son of the people," Lloyd-George declared that he should see to it that the very rich should be compelled to pay their just share of taxation. In this kind of campaigning, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is ably seconded by Winston Churchill, who has been speaking with great boldness and vigor, and declaring that the Government would not permit such a "crime against the British democracy" as would be "the slightest mutilation" of the budget by the House of Lords. Mr. Churchill has also announced a scheme of workingmen's insurance by the state, after the German model, to be introduced next year; and it is plain that the leading spirits of the Ministry are preparing to throw themselves bodily upon the middle-class and labor vote. As the signs multiply that the new taxes are "popular," the drift that way will be more marked.

Over the mere proposal to make a beginning of taxing the unearned increment in land, there seems no sufficient reason for all this excitement. It is a tax which has been advocated by eminent economists and leading statesmen in England. Joseph Chamberlain himself advocated it in 1885. Before that date, a Royal Commission on land taxation had made a report favoring a tax on the increment much more extreme than the one now urged by Lloyd-George; and that report was signed, among others, by Cardinal Manning and the present King of England, then the Prince of Wales. Proposals with such a weight of authority behind them, and with the endorsement of John Stuart Mill, seem hardly to deserve such a violence of epithet as the Conservatives have been bestowing upon them. But it all comes from flinging the measure into heated politics. In the circles where they move, and in the ranks of their own followers, Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne found the new land taxes intensely unpopular, and so they seized upon them as another stick to beat the Liberals with, speaking of them, as Sir Edward Carson has done, as "the beginning of the end of all rights in property," "the satiation of greed," and "a war of the classes." Such extravagance of language begets equal extremes in retort; and the result is that England is torn with passion over a question of taxation that should have been broached and settled with scientific coolness. The whole matter is expected to turn on the fact whether the taxes are "popular" or not.

A good and just tax may be popular; but so may one that is ill-advised and oppressive. A sober statesman will look beyond any such external test. He will inquire whether the proposed tax is one sound in principle, equitable in operation, and such as will not do more to harm business and the good relations of the classes in the community, than it will do good in helping the revenue. But for the politician, it is enough to know that the people's fancy is caught with the new taxation. That was the real argument by which the corporation tax was passed in our Congress. It would be a "popular" tax, therefore necessarily a good one. But that remains to be seen. What we already know is that sound finance and wise taxation cannot be as fickle as the caprice of the crowd.

SCIENTIFIC SPECULATIONS.

If modesty is ever seemly, it is where the layman stands in the presence of the man of science. When the ultimate nature of physical phenomena is under discussion, we feel as did Thackeray when his story reached the battle scene. Like him we salute the military novelist and retire below decks. It is only when a man of science himself takes up the criticism of prevailing theories in physics that we dare to venture out under the shelter of his guns.

It is true that long before Prof. L. T. More's paper on "Atomic Theories" appeared in the *Hibbert Journal* for July, we had bemused ourselves over recent tendencies in science. Few who have been graduated from college in the last quarter of a century will forget what an impression of finality they received from their instruction in physics and chemistry. The professors of these subjects used to refer in sportive satire to the lack of definiteness and the endless flux in the humanities. Science towered on high, with its *quod semper, ubique, ab omnibus* disdain. It, at least, dealt with knowledge untainted by human passion. And yet in the last two decades rumors of radical change have reached the ears of the old alumnus; stories of jangling schools of theorists who wage battle over the inmost mysteries of nature..

Professor More, in the paper referred to, contrasts the scientific procedure and the scientific precision reached in mechanics, with this speculative chaos now obtaining in the realm of molecular physics. The units of measurement in the physics of ponderable matter are based upon and verifiable by sense perception. Mass, length, and time are all

magnitudes related to experience. With the aid of the Cartesian geometry and the calculus, the motions of bodies and the interactions of bulky matter are capable of solution. The paths they traverse and their velocities can be formulated quantitatively. In terms of energy, an explanation can be offered of the agencies which move them. To this Newtonian legislation all bodies on the earth beneath or in the starry heavens were and remain subject. Once the positions, velocities, and masses of any system were given, its past or future could be calculated with precision. But when in the last century the phenomena of light, sound, heat, electricity, and magnetism came under investigation, the method of science, as Professor More demonstrates, showed a tendency to change. The bodily affections of color, pitch, temperature, and electrical charge were not susceptible of the exactitude of measurement possible in the case of molar physics. Most properly, therefore, these phenomena were reduced to terms of energy as measured in mechanical units.

Had the process been content to stop here, there would be no ground of criticism. But with the study of these less tangible phenomena, a new scientific method crept in. Hitherto phenomena had supplied the raw material of study. But increasingly from now on a hypothetical method of conjecturing the nature and activity of the ultimate constituents of matter began. Newton had held aloof, with his *hypotheses non fingam*, from speculating on the inner nature of the agency causing universal attraction. But in the matter of light he conjectured that minute corpuscles were flung off from luminous matter—to the retardation of the development of optics for a century. But undeterred by this scientific miscarriage, the modern physicist revels wildly in the imaginative creation of ultimate constituents of matter and its environment—molecules, atoms, ions, electrons, protions, corpuscles, æthers, and what not—and proceeds by experiment to confirm his guess or to change and elaborate his conjecture as the experimental test requires. He ends up, after piling hypothesis upon hypothesis, with a molecule which is itself "an aggregation of particles, each vastly more intricate than the stellar systems, and whirling around each other with a motion approximating a hundred thousand miles per second."

The use of this method within limits is perfectly valid; but its prevalence is fraught with grave danger. In the first place, fictitious entities are assumed not perceivable by the senses. So long as experiment does not invalidate the assumption, the hypothetical creations grow in reality to their inventor until, as Professor More puts it, "the esseutial differences between hypothesis and fact, between metaphysics and physics" disappear. One distinguished physicist declared to our author that "we know far more about the ether and the atom than we do about sensible matter." To which the proper retort was given that "a Frankenstein might say of a mechanical man which he had conceived and constructed—I know more about him than I do about a real man." A second danger inherent in the prevalent method is the assumption that the internal, intrinsic, essential nature of matter's ultimate make-up is knowable at all. So far as physics has progressed, it has been by reducing observed phenomena to regular coexistences and sequences. All analogy would seem, therefore, to favor this process rather than to attempt to penetrate into the geometrical shapes of ions, or to discern whether they are spheres or disks, as certain savants in Germany are now trying to do.

But the serious aspect of the matter is not the procedure of science itself, but the effect of such studies in the training of young minds. The question is whether a science based on such hypotheses does not tend to dull that conscious distinction between what one knows and what one does not know, which is almost the highest aim of education. It would be a strange reversion if we should find in the end that science, at least as it is coming to be taught, differs from poetry in not knowing the difference between fact and fancy.

FAIR AND FOUL-WEATHER YACHTS.

It would be a misfortune to American yachting if the rough experience of the New York Yacht Club, in its sail around Cape Cod, should act as a damper on future open-water cruising. We have no desire to make light of the hardships the boats encountered. There is no stretch of coast more trying in a blow than that of Cape Cod, from Hyannis to Provincetown. The dangerous shoals from the Vineyard to Chatham make every navigator breathe more freely when he is well into Massachusetts Bay. Only the other week two big merchant schooners grounded in sight of Chatham, under much better weather conditions than the yachts ran into. In that stretch of water a forty-mile breeze brings with it anxieties which would not be felt under other shores; and for this reason, as well as the saving in time, navigators hope for an early completion of the Cape Cod ship canal, that the Cape may lose its reputation as a graveyard for vessels.

Granting that the weather was bad and the coast dangerous, the yacht fleet's experience is bound to raise the old question whether our racing craft are not too often machines built for competitions on Long Island Sound in moderate breezes, and therefore oversparred, with insufficient hull-strength for anything like a deep-sea wind. Under the new scantling restrictions, the hulls of the present-day racers beyond doubt mark a great improvement over the time when imitations of Columbia and Defender were all the rage. But boats like the 57-footers and most of the racing schooners are still far better off in port than at sea on a wild night. Now, we are not of those who would insist that every racing boat should be fit to cross the ocean, but we do maintain that if yacht-racing is to do for the sport all that it ought, the average racer should be stanch and seaworthy enough to go out in a 35-knot breeze, or to take care of itself properly in a sudden blow. Too often races are postponed because of the wind, when our English rivals would laugh at the suggestion that they should stay at anchor. Curiously enough, the big boats are often the least eager to sail in a blow.

The difference in the types of boats is best illustrated by the performances of Elmina and the little Eleanora. The Elmina led the fleet in because she was a stanch, sea-going, and at the same time, a fast boat, combining all the desirable qualities. This was to be expected, because her designer, Mr. A. Cary Smith, has long been turning out just that kind of craft, even when his boats are built to race. Eleanora, on the other hand, is a racing boat pure and simple, a fine light-weather performer, but far too heavily sparred and

with too frail a hull for such seas and wind as she met off Cape Cod—only to lose her mast. It is distinctly the Elmina type of boat that our yachtsmen should pattern after, and we believe they will more and more as the evil influences of the last America's cup racers fade further into the past. Those were skimming dishes, pure and simple, built for summer weather, on one particular course, and, as we pointed out then, bound to have a noxious influence. For what the sport ought to turn out is *sailors* able to take care of themselves at all times, and uot mere racing-masters at ease only in light breezes in land-locked waters.

Something of the same problem has recently developed in motor-boat racing. The Bermuda race of motor boats this year is believed to have been the last of its kind, and its founder, Mr. Thomas Fleming Day, has recently felt himself compelled to denounce the present generation of yachtsmen as a "crowd of weaklings and degenerates." But Mr. Day, we think, misses the point. There is bound to be a much greater difference between the ocean-going motor-boat and that built for every-day cruising, than between the sail-racer and the sail-cruiser. The ocean-going motor-boat needs, for instance, greater storage capacity, stronger engines, than the ordinary pleasure craft, and sufficient sail-power to crawl into port in case of the disabling of the engine. So far the Bermuda race has aroused interest largely because of the venturesome danger of going to sea in boats never built for that purpose, with one exception, Ailsa Craig. This is, again, an A. Cary Smith craft, which has since been turned into a tow boat for a racing sloop, for which purpose her exceptionally heavy hull and strong engine admirably fit her.

A motor vessel admirably fitted for ocean racing is now in service on Cape Cod. She is absolutely unsinkable, being divided into nine watertight compartments, and having every mechanical and engineering device ingenuity could devise. Yet she is wholly lacking in the accommodations necessary for comfortable long-distance cruising. There is no doubt that she could be driven around Cape Cod in a winter's gale with perfect safety. But this exaggerated type of decked life-boat is not what the ordinary yachtsman wants. In racing, whether motor-boats or sail-craft, the desirable thing is a boat in which its crew can have confidence even when caught in a blow and driven miles out to sea. Experiences of this kind come to every yachtsman and are dreaded by the right sort of amateurs only when they are sailing a freak of more than doubtful sea-going qualities. We do not agree with Mr. Day that "the large boat-owners have degenerated into a lot of pond sailors whose only ocean lies between Larchmont and Glen Cove." But we do believe that if we are going to develop real sea-going sailors, like the English amateurs, the first requisite is a safe and sane type of boat, that can take punishment proportionately as well as do the Gloucester fishermen.

LETTERS IN BIOGRAPHY.

Since Meredith's death, all kinds of reports concerning a possible biography of him have been in circulation. His own wish was said to have been strongly against the writing of any Life at all. There was the story that he had warned his friends that he should "haunt" any of them who might venture to assume the rôle of biographer. Also, we had the picturesque accounts of Meredith burning a lot of his private letters, just as Browning and Tennyson were said to have done when Froude's Carlyle was published, and likewise rumors that he had expressed the desire that any who were in possession of letters from him should similarly destroy them. Now, however, the whole matter is put in a new light. Mr. William Meredith has sent a note to the newspapers, requesting the loan of such letters of George Meredith's as may be in existence, for the purpose of publication under the editorship of John Morley. It should seem, therefore, that we are to have "Letters," even if not a "Life."

It would be idle to speculate on the value of such a collection of Meredith's correspondence. The fragments of his letters which have already appeared in print are interesting, but not distinguished. They do not argue that he would take his place among the great letter-writers. Many a man has been in essay or poem powerful, but in letters contemptible. We would not say that this was true of Dr. Holmes or Matthew Arnold, but certainly their published letters were disappointing: they did not seem level with their formal writings. On the other hand, no one could have foretold from Cowper's literary performances that his letters would be such a monument to his fame. However it may prove with Meredith in this respect, the printing of specimens of his private correspondence should aid in solving the problem of his style. Critics will be anxious to see whether he wrote to his friends in as labored a form as he used when addressing the public. Probably, it will be found that Meredith's writing was much of a piece, whether hurried or studied, and that his style was *de l'homme même*. This is known, for example, to be the case with Henry James. The idiosyncrasies of his writing in novels and essays, which some innocent folk imagine him as fabricating with endless and patient toil in his books, are so the habit of his thought that they drop from him spontaneously when writing—or dictating, as he does by preference—the most unpremeditated private letter to a friend. We imagine it will prove so with Meredith.

It is, however, not literary form, but personality, that we most desire to study in the letters of a well-known author. It is the living picture which they present that makes up the fascination of letters in biography. And, as a rule, they are the best and most vital part of any biography. When Coleridge said that literary executors have a way of màkiug havoc with the brains of the man whose Life they undertake to write, he doubtless had in mind the way in which too many biographers obtrude their own judgment or prejudices. They do not let the man himself speak. But this he does in any copious publication of his letters. In them, he is not merely off his guard, and revealing himself as he is, but escapes the misinterpretation, or inability to understand, of his biographer. Of course, even letters have to be edited with discretion. The mere fact that a famous man has written them is no uecessary warrant for their being given to the light in mass. George Russell is much to be blamed for some of the American letters of Matthew Arnold which he published. They gave great and needless offence and pain. If they had been written about English people, Russell would have edited them more carefully, or suppressed them; but he seems to have made up his mind in

a sort of Luther spirit that, reflecting only on Americans, they were "good enough for the Galatians." Nothing of the kind need be feared in the instance of Meredith's letters, if they are to be edited by Lord Morley.

Many nice problems of editorship arise in connection with printing the letters of great writers or statesmen. If their after-fame bulks large enough, we get the complete edition of their works, in which the "Letters" stand by themselves, filling volumes, as with Swift or Walpole, Franklin and Washington. Editing, in such cases, reduces itself to arrangement and explanatory notes. But ordinarily the difficulty of the editor is to winnow out, in the first place, the letters that ought to be printed, and afterwards to set them properly in the frame of the "Life and Letters." The older fashion was to put the biography in the first half of the book, and then to lump the letters at the end. This too much severed the two parts. To avoid this, the practice was adopted of stringing the letters along at the end of each chapter. Even then, the reader had to be turning back and forward all the time. If letters are freely used in the narrative proper, the effect is more pleasing, but frequently tends to break up the consecutiveness of the story. There is also the question whether letters should be grouped chronologically, or by subjects, or correspondents. Each way has its awkwardness at times, and the most skilful editing is that which varies the method, as interest or entire impression requires, not following throughout any too rigid plan. But however they may be presented, we all agree, despite the regularly recurrent complaints about letter-writing having become a lost art, that letters constitute the great charm of biography.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Of the many rare pamphlets by Thackeray or with which Thackeray was associated probably the rarest is that first (and only) number of the *Whitey-Brown Paper Magazine*, being a series of lithographs from his drawings, with explanatory text by him. This is undated, but was probably printed about 1838 or 1839. That first number must have been an experiment only, as no more, so far as known, were ever published. The copy, which belongs to Joseph Grego and is mentioned by him in his "Thackerayana," published anonymously by John Camden Hotten in 1875, now belongs to Major William H. Lambert of Philadelphia. The drawings were also reproduced in the *Autographic Mirror*, a curious periodical made up entirely of lithographed facsimiles of manuscripts and drawings (Vol. I, 1864). They next appear reproduced from the *Autographic Mirror* in the "Miscellaneous Essays, Sketches and Reviews" (1886), which forms Vol. XXVI of Thackeray's collected works.

As Grego points out, the purpose and aim of the caricatures was to hold up to ridicule Dr. Dionysius Lardner, voluminous writer on natural philosophy and editor of the "Cabinet Cyclopædia," and Lardner's friend Sir Bulwer Lytton. These two gentlemen were connected with the *Literary Chronicle*, a rival of *Fraser's Magazine*, to which Thackeray was an important contributor. In this probably lies the explanation of Thackeray's series of caricatures. The same matter forms the subject of "Mr. Yellowplush's Ajew," published in *Fraser's Magazine*, and afterwards included in "Comic Tales and Sketches" (1841).

The features of Diddler throughout are, it is said, a faithful likeness of those of the eminent philosopher, Dr. Lardner. The illustration of "Mr. Shortman" is a caricature portrait of the head of the publishing house of Longmans & Co., and "Sir Hinry Pelham" is, of course, Bulwer Lytton.

The original drawings were formerly owned by Joseph Grego, editor of the two Thackeray volumes, "Thackerayana" and "The Student's Quarter," and were exhibited by him in four oak frames under glass at the Victoria Era Exhibition at Earl's Court, London, in 1897. These have recently been acquired by a Chicago collector.

Correspondence.

PERSONALITY IN POLITICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. G. Bradford's letter on "Personality in Politics" in the *Nation* of August 5 is as interesting as it is scholarly, and its statements and implications might well command attention and discussion by that portion of the press which serves as an independent forum for the general public.

All history shows that it is personality which initiates any change in crystallized convention; but as soon as the alteration is effected it is convention that disowns personality, and at least ignores it, if it does not, overtly or covertly, aim to crush it out. This is true not only in politics, but in all the other fields of human activity or aspiration. All I propose to say on the subject at present, however, is in reference to an observation of your correspondent apropos of the decade immediately preceding the outbreak of our civil war.

Your correspondent never, surely, would have said that "up to the firing upon Fort Sumter *neither* side had hardly more suspicion of an impending war than they have now," if he had ever read "The Impending Crisis," by the recently—and unhappily—deceased Southern writer, Rowan Helper, an impressive output, considering its source, and published a year or two before the war began, or—a still more striking example—"The Partisan Leader" (I think that was its title), a romance based, according to my recollection, on a prophesied war, successfully waged by the South against the North for its separation from the latter. This volume was published, I think, as far back as some year in the early thirties, and, I may mention incidentally, was lent to me, with a recommendation to peruse it, by Prof. Alexander Dallas Bache, a grandson of Benjamin Franklin, and the chief of the Coast Survey. Prof. Bache was the vice-president of the United States Sanitary Commission during the war, and I was its assistant secretary. Both of us resided in Washington, and my Sunday evenings were generally spent under the chief's hospitable roof, where, from the lips of other habitués, chiefly officers of the navy, army, and civil service, and some of them Southerners who had retained their allegiance to the United States government, I heard many an anecdote illustrative of the fact that the majority of the young Southerners of that generation had been brought up to consider a war with the North, in defence of their property and methods, based on the "peculiar institution," as something for which it behoved them to be prepared.

My duties, too, brought me into not infrequent contact with wounded and sick Confederate officers and men in our Union hospitals, or in our ambulances when, at the front, I was with sections of our armies, "on the march"—they for the line of battle or for the base and I for incidents to serve for my periodical letters as "supply correspondent" with the commission's various branches throughout the loyal States. Among these Confederates I found many confirmations of the story of a long-time prevalent anticipation in the South of Seward's "irrepressible conflict."

I had, indeed, just before both sides took up arms for the *bellum lethale* that followed, quite realized that a fratricidal strife was upon us. For it happened that in the autumn and winter of 1860-1861 I lived in the same boarding house—kept by an Italian lady—with a lot of young Southerners studying medicine at the adjacent medical college in Fourteenth Street, New York. (By the way, one of our fellow-boarders among the few whose lines were cast in the North was the afterwards distinguished musical director, Theodore Thomas.) Before sitting at table with these young scions of the "Sunny South" I had, like most residents hereabout, counted the war talk of their like as mere sophomorical bravado and bluff. But at close and continuous quarters with this party—mighty pleasant and companionable young fellows they nearly all were—I realized that I had been mistaken; and when I exchanged friendly adieus with them in the spring of 1861 it was in the full consciousness that they were in dead earnest in averring they were going home to join Confederate regiments to fight us.

Your correspondent is entirely right, so far as the North was concerned. Except among a very few more observant and long-headed men, much more familiar with the South and better read in history than the mass of those north of Mason and Dixon's line, the war talk by those south of it during the decade of 1850-1860 was regarded as huncomb; but his statement as regards the brave upholders of what, from their point of view, were their rights, is contrary to historical facts. The next

decade, with its "cruel war," its "lost cause," and its needless and, for the hapless Southerners, bitterly humiliating "reconstruction" period, clearly demonstrated that however great and—mainly on their own account—deplorable their mistake in ignoring the humanitarian tendencies of their generation, they had at least been in earnest, and deserved sympathy for the losses and sufferings they had gone through. And what candid and benevolent mind now refuses respect for the South's devoted stand in conscientiously defending, against the equally brave and conscientious North, what the former regarded as its lawful dues? A. J. Bloor.

Stonington, Conn., August 11.

A RELIC OF CHARLES LAMB.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Amongst my books—phrase dear to the bookman's heart—is a "Rhymed Plea for Tolerance," which was published by Edward Moxon in 1833. It is a well-intentioned effort now entirely forgotten. Excellent as are its sentiments, and fully as I approve of them in the main, it is doubtful if this particular copy would remain on my shelves but for its association with Charles Lamb. For it was once in his possession, and was presented by him to Thomas Westwood, the Arthurian poet and scholarly angler. It formerly had Lamb's autograph on the flyleaf, until some foolish—to use no harsher adjective—autograph hunter cut this away. But he has not succeeded in spoiling the identification of the book with Elia, for the inscription, perhaps written with a pencil or stylus, has left a shadowy impression on the title-page, and at a favorable angle of light there can be read the words: "T. Westwood Jun from C. L.," in the characteristic handwriting of the gentle spirit who called up for us "the old familiar faces."

The "Rhymed Plea" is anonymous, but it is known to have been the production of John Kenyon, a verse-writer and philanthropist, who enjoys the distinction of having been one of the aiders of Coleridge's family. He was on terms of friendship with Wordsworth, Southey, Ticknor, Bayard Taylor, Barry Cornwall, and Walter Savage Landor. To him Browning dedicated his "Dramatic Romances and Lyrics." Crabb Robinson says that Kenyon had "the face of a Benedictine monk and the joyous talk of a good fellow." When he died in 1856 he bequeathed £10,000 to Browning. His verses are often graceful, but they lack force, and do not greatly grip the mind. As an admirer of Pope, to whom he says

> . . . belong
> The heights at once of satire and sweet song,

he wrote his dialogues in Pope's metre. They are almost monologues. There are some vivid reminiscences of the scenery of Jamaica where Kenyon was born, and it is not without interest to hear of his induction into the pleasures of literature. After the horn-book,

> The Muses came with that expanding day,
> First pious Watts, then—a strange transition—Gray!
> A chance-found book! Oh! how I loved to read
> Of Kingly Odin and the coal-black steed—
> The gory shuttle tossed from hand to hand,
> And all the mysteries of that Runic land.

From Gray he passes to the Bible, Homer, Rogers, Shakespeare, Dryden, and Milton. He describes himself as having "all but took the desperate plunge—in ink," but perhaps was checked by the fear of "the Demon of review." "The Plea" may be summed up in its concluding lines:

> . . . howe'er each sect may brawl,
> Where pure the life, where free the heart from gall,
> Whate'er the creed Heaven looks with Love on All!

How did this book come into the hands of Charles Lamb? The clue is given by Westwood in the delightful reminiscences of Lamb, which he contributed to *Notes and Queries* (3rd S., X, 221):

> There were few modern books in his collection, and subsequently such presentation copies as he received were wont to find their way into my own book-case, and often through eccentric channels. A Leigh Hunt, for instance, would come skimming to my feet through the branches of the apple tree (our gardens were contiguous); or a Bernard Barton would be rolled downstairs after me from the library door. "Marcian Colonna" I remember finding on my window-sill, damp with the night's fog; and the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" I picked out of the strawberry bed. It was not that Lamb was indifferent to the literary doings of his friends; but their books were unharmonious on his shelves. They clashed, both in outer and inner entity, with the Marlowes and Miltons that were his household gods.

Doubtless the "Rhymed Plea for Tolerance" was a presentation copy to Lamb, who, finding it no fit companion for Fuller's "Worthies" or for Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, passed it on by direct or devious paths into Westwood's young and willing hands. And now it has a cherished corner "amongst my books" for its autograph, or simulacrum of an autograph—a ghostly and shadowy relic of the gentle Elia.

William E. A. Axon.

Southport, Eng., August 6.

TOO MUCH EDUCATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We have insisted upon free education, education for all, compulsory education; all sorts of ologies and what not have been injected into our educational systems, and what is the result?

In the first place, our anxiety for so-called education, a diversity of accomplishments, has been such that our children have no idea of thoroughness, they cannot spell correctly, they know little of any of the fundamentals, they have been taught to skim over the surface of things, a smattering of a subject has been accepted as a satisfactory attainment, frivolity is encouraged, a frivolity that sticks all through life, in matters of the greatest importance. Then, too, so much is attempted in our schools that the youngsters believe themselves all candidates for college and higher things; ours is a race of embryo Presidents, Senators, captains of industry, directors, and managers. All believe themselves above working with the hands, headwork only is fashionable, and the least possible of that. Our farms are abandoned, the young people flock to the cities, they cannot, will not, do manual work, they must teach or be typewriters or petty clerks pro tem., awaiting the time they can be enrolled upon the lists of the great. Our trade-unions further complicate matters by limiting the number of apprentices in each trade and otherwise making those trades hard or undesirable to get into.

The farm, the shop, the mine, are as much part of the State communal body as is the office, the bank, or the shop. The State should not discriminate between these and help one at the expense of the other. It is doing that now by its free education; it is pulling people away from the farm and the workbench and fitting them exclusively for work requiring scholastic attainments. All of its grade schooling is planned as preparatory for high school, and the high school is managed as a stepping-stone to college. The State is really to blame for existing conditions, though it has erred in judgment and does not lack in good intent. By its excess of education, so to speak, it has vulgarized the sciences. It has tried to bring everything down to the lowest level of comprehension; it has made millions of mediocrities, people partially or dangerously little educated, but it has given us few, distressingly few, brilliant minds and thorough scholars. Indeed, it has been contended that many of our criminals have become such because of compulsory education; they had to read and naturally turned to debasing, demoralizing reading that in turn led them on into evil. Had they been compelled to work without knowing how to read, they might have turned out better.

Are we to face about and seek to re-create a peasant, a laboring, and uneducated class?

No, but it should seem that something could be done to correct the wrong that is so apparent all around us.

The State has got us into this pickle, now it is the State's duty to get us out of it. Let there be less education and more instruction in the primary grades, more character-building, a training to get the child into the way of learning and applying what is taught. Let there be less kindergarten and playful frills and a more thorough grounding in the rudiments, the three R's. If the child is fitted by nature for a professional career, he'll go on, never fear; if he is not, why should the State tempt him into it, and spend its money and waste his time trying to make a doctor or a preacher out of him, and perhaps spoiling a good farmer or butcher?

The State provides the education, why should it not dispose of it to its own best advantage? Is not that its duty as representative of all the people and all the interests? After a certain grade point is reached, then, by most discriminating and intelligent examinations, physical as well as mental, the children should be divided off according to their especial fitness, this one on to high school, and later to college and a profession, that one to manual training and a trade, and the other to the agricultural school and the farm. What is the use of leaving it to the fond parent, who may have dedicated to the ministry an infant who grows up better fitted by nature for a mule-driver? Oh, certainly! If papa wants to pay for it, let him educate his mule-driver into all the higher orgies of football, polo, poker, and so on, that he may get at the best universities, but I am writing now about the education supplied by the State, and for the maintenance of which we all subscribe.

What is the sense of one, or, at most, two, agricultural schools in a State and a high school in every cross-roads village? Our entire school system needs revamping. The State has mistakenly gone on in one direction. It is worse than folly to keep on because it started that way. It is most important that a change of direction be made, and the time to do it is now.

F. W. FITZPATRICK.

Washington, D. C., August 5.

BEASTS AND THE LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the various communications that you have printed concerning the legal trial of animals I have not noticed any reference to what is surely the *locus classicus* on the subject, "The Wasps" of Aristophanes. Philocleon, gone litigation-mad after having been long restrained from the courts by his devoted son, is at last allowed to amuse himself by trying a dog accused of stealing a piece of cheese. The cause is pleaded, testimony is brought forward, the innocent babes of the accused are produced to work upon the judicial sympathies, and the culprit is finally acquitted by mistake in a whirlwind of Aristophanic gayety.

Racine, in "Les Plaideurs," has imitated the scene closely, with somewhat more of the "gravity of mirth," but also with original touches of graceful pleasantry, as in the advocate's plea for the forlorn infants:

Venez, famille désolée;
Venez, pauvres enfants qu'on veut rendre orphelins,
Venez faire parler vos esprits enfantins.
Oui, messieurs, vous voyez ici notre misère:
Nous sommes orphelins, rendez-nous notre père, &c.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., August 13.

BY MEANS OF THE ACROSTIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I find that by applying Mr. W. S. Booth's acrostic theory to the Sonnets Isaac Newton can be credited with ix, xii, xv, and xviii, and Robert Browning with xxviii; while Theodore Roosevelt can claim xxxi, and George Gordon (Lord Byron) cx. This is a little confusing but is easily explained by the reincarnation of the omniscient Bacon who foresaw the personalities he would assume. I have no books since the fire and little time to devote to discovering how much of all literature is attributable to this Buddha.

There is a letter extant written by Bacon to Sir Richard Twomley in which he says that he is revising his works for publication, and has "the assistance of the best pens in London." The date of the letter identifies these "best pens" as Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Johnson, who were at that time constant callers at Bacon's house. Considering the adulation that was offered to patrons in that day there seems nothing extraordinary in these writers rather enjoying the exercise of weaving just such subtle flattery into their compositions.

ALEX. F. OAKEY.

San Francisco, Cal., August 5.

Notes.

Scribner's Magazine now announces that Mr. Roosevelt's account of his African trip will begin in the October issue, and will run for a year.

We are glad to hear that "Anne of Green Gables" is to have a sequel (published soon by L. C. Page & Co.), in "Anne of Avonlea." May she prove as charming as her original self.

"Stradella," another posthumous novel left by F. Marion Crawford, is to be published by the Macmillan Co. in the autumn. It is described as a love story of Italy of the seventeenth century.

Henry Holt & Co. hope to issue in September the third volume of DeAlva Stanwood Alexander's "Political History of the State of New York," which carries the narrative down to the time of Cleveland's first term.

Two more volumes of Scribners' New York edition of Henry James give us "The Golden Bowl," with a preface in the style of those contributed to the other stories. In the present case, Mr. James begins his prefatorial comment thus:

Among many matters thrown into relief by a refreshed acquaintance with "The Golden Bowl" what perhaps most stands out for me is the still marked inveteracy of a certain indirect and oblique view of my presented action: unless, indeed, I make up my mind to call this mode of treatment, on the contrary, any superficial appearance notwithstanding, the very straightest and closest possible.

There is no difficulty in comprehending what he means by an "indirect and oblique view" of the presented action; but those who wish to know what he regards as a possible alternative to this must turn to the preface itself. They will find here a discussion of literary method which is at least frank, if it is not simple. With these two volumes this handsomely made edition is complete.

There comes out of Tokio, clad in sea-green and gold, from the publishing house of Kyo-Bun-Kwan, a slender, graceful volume by J. Ingram Bryan, called "The Feeling for Nature in English Pastoral Poetry." Upon the outside of the cover is something vaguely Oriental in a Japanese vase. Inside, there are stars, honey, fire, dew, and flowers. This is not a treatise on pastoral poetry, gentle reader; it is itself a pastoral poem. Under the spell of the author's mellifluous, flowering prose, tropical to an almost Hibernian richness, the reader forgets, as the author forgot, all tedious details of chronology, typography, and orthography. Occasionally, indeed, one may feel some shade of difference of opinion from Mr. Bryan—for example, when he says that Bion and Moschus "remind one more of the grammarian than the poet." But again and again one finds one's self in heartiest accord with him. "It would be a mistake," he says, "to be hypercritically tempted into regarding the seventeenth century as a period in which there were no great poets." Perhaps one hesitates for a moment, but on thinking of Shakespeare and Jonson and Webster and Herrick and Milton and Dryden one must conclude that Mr. Bryan is right—is indubitably right. Again he speaks of Lyly's "poetic prose, admirable for smoothness and charm," and one thinks how aptly that characterization would fit the style of Carlyle or of Mr. Chesterton. "The calm and cultured atmosphere of Ben Jonson," he continues with another inimitable bit of generalization, "did not succeed in lending spontaneity to the lifeless classicism of Waller." Alas, how can we deny it—especially as we firmly believe that the full and fattened purse of William Wordsworth was equally unsuccessful in lending daffodils to the languid pantheism of Rockefeller? Those among us who knew what a feeling for nature is—and it is not the fault of literary investigators if any one is now in ignorance—will find in this volume much that is novel.

"The Literary Man's Bible," a selection of passages from the Old Testament, historic, poetic, and philosophic, arranged with introductory essays and annotations by W. L. Courtney, has appeared in a fourth and popular edition. The volume is intended to set before the reader the latest results of the higher criticism, and to attract attention to "the extraordinary literary value of the Bible." The prefatory essay accomplishes the first task very succinctly. The various strata of underlying text are described no less than the priestly redaction made during and after the Babylonian captivity. The editor is at pains to point out that some points in Jewish literary history grow rather more remarkable as the result of recent studies, as, for instance, that the Jews were so largely dominated by Babylonian influences and yet emerged with a set of legends monotheistic rather than polytheistic. Equally extraordinary was the intimate connection in the early nomad faith of the Hebrews between ethics and personal religion, to the comparative neglect of sacrifice and liturgical worship. It is questionable whether the second part of Courtney's task is equally successful. Imagine a parallel case. Suppose that Wolf's hypothesis of the Iliad had been broached among the Greeks of the decadence. Imagine the Ur-Iliad or the tale of a proto-Achilles torn from the conventional context and pieced by fragments allotted on alleged internal evidence (unverifiable by the average reader) to various subsequent periods and authors. The unity of the traditional design would be so broken as to dissipate much of the literary effectiveness of the tale. Something similar is experienced by reading the dissected portions of the Old Testament which are here arranged in an entirely novel order. The text of the King James version is very properly followed, though here the editor's literary feeling breaks away from his scientific leash.

In the preface to his "Historical Introduction to the Marprelate Tracts" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) Mr. William Pierce states that he has in mind to publish an edition of the Tracts themselves, with the necessary elucidations. Such a work we should welcome heartily. Meanwhile we can only commend Mr. Pierce for the diligent study shown in the present work, and regret his spirit. That spirit, at his best, can be shown in a brief quotation:

Early in his life Whitgift was swept by the tide of the Reformation into the Protestant camp; and there, so far as credal assent goes, he remained unchanged to the end. But Protestantism is more than an intellectual assent to a reformed creed:

it is the release of a new spirit; a buoyant and adventurous temper of the mind, a self-realization of the freedom and the prerogatives of the soul. And to the *ethos* of Protestantism Whitgift was entirely a stranger.

No objection will be taken, perhaps, to such a statement; but Mr. Pierce's summarizing of the conflict under Elizabeth so as to place all the freedom and prerogatives of the soul under the banner of nonconformity and only tyranny and the crooked counsels of hypocrisy on the side of the church ends by revolting the taste and judgment of any but the most bigoted reader. This is not to write history, but a brief for a criminal prosecution. The story of the tracts themselves, their authorship and obscure printing, Mr. Pierce has studied out with care, and his work is here valuable, although he has failed to put into his narrative the buoyant and adventurous interest of which it would be capable in a skilful hand.

Leopold von Ranke's "History of the Latin and Teutonic Nations" was published in 1824. It was the first important work of the author, who has justly been regarded with peculiar reverence as the founder of the modern scientific instruction in history. It was revised by him fifty years after its first appearance, but not with thoroughness or with suitable employment of later material. Its value to the student consists in its bringing together under one point of view the exceedingly complicated political and military events of a period in which the northern and the southern nations of Europe were engaged in working out the problem of control in Italy. It is not a work of the highest authority. The events it deals with have all been examined many times by more critical scholarship, but for the purpose for which it was designed, it still remains useful, and thanks are due to the translator, G. R. Dennis, and to the publishers, The Macmillan Co., for its present reproduction.

The most effective work now done in political science is that going on in the field of applied politics. Avoiding abstract principles and *a-priori* speculation, it addresses itself to examination of the actual organization of public authority and of the way in which governmental function is carried out. In "The Government of European Cities" (Macmillan), Prof. William Bennett Munro of Harvard has made a valuable addition to this literature. He gives a detailed account of the way in which municipal government is formed and carried on in France, Germany, and England. The style is clear, straightforward, and unpretentious, and the treatment is steadily confined to the subject in hand without any attempt to point a moral or aid a cause. At the same time references to American municipal methods frequently occur as incidents of the explanation of European procedure, and these add to the value of the book for American readers. The writing, while succinct, is copious in detail, and only administrative experts in the countries respectively considered could check off all the statements made; but the work itself affords intrinsic evidence of its painstaking accuracy. One cannot read the book without being deeply impressed by the essential simplicity of the principles upon which European municipal government is constituted. The general aspect of municipal government is far more democratic than in this country, and, in view of the contrast in results, the inference suggests itself that the road to improvement in American conditions lies in substituting simple forms for the present complex entanglements. The commission plan of government now fast sweeping throughout the country is a movement of this character, but it is accompanied by a restriction in extent of representation at wide variance with European practice, in which representative assemblies are so broadly constituted that every interest or locality is assured of a voice in the management of public affairs, although with no power to frustrate action prompted by consideration of general interests. Professor Munro's work has already been widely adopted as a text-book in university instruction, and extension of its use will be salutary.

Scientific history has put memoirs upon its Index—but that makes little difference to other people. Memoirs continue to appear and to prosper, like most things on the Index, even if they may be unreliable as records of the past and of value to the historian only when his documentary sources confirm the tale—or are lacking altogether. In this class belongs the "Recollections of Baron de Frénilly," which, with the Introduction and notes by Arthur Chuquet of the Institut, has been translated by Frederick Lees (Putnams). Frénilly, whose life stretched between 1768 and 1848, while not a conspicuous figure in the history of the Revolution, was acquainted with those who were. He was a typical product of the privileged class of the old régime, a young man-about-town with no other purpose in life than to shine in society. His Recollections, which were begun only in 1837, show a remarkably keen memory, particularly for small but picturesque details, but they are so deeply dyed in aristocratic prejudice that he would be a bold historian who would be willing to rest content with such a source for any incident which it recounts. The best of memories are sadly strained at the distance of forty years; here we have both strain and warp. The reader should be reminded that the Reign of Terror was but one incident in the French Revolution; there have been two other reigns of terror in Paris, worse from some points of view, of which we have relatively little literary record. Yet the human interest in those tragic days never flags. Frénilly just touched the fringe of the Terror, or else he has something to conceal—which seems quite probable. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the memoirs is the light they throw on the way the old noble families managed to save the wreck of their fortunes through the disorder of the time and in the face of confiscations. This is a page of French history, and of the history of property, awaiting more thorough research.

With the issue by Zanichelli of Bologna of the twentieth and final volume of the complete edition of Carducci's works, a number of critics have published estimates of different phases of his art. Benedetto Croce in a recent number of *La Critica* discusses the influence which foreign poets, and especially Heine, exerted upon Carducci, and ingeniously leads to the conclusion that their effect is wholly negligible. Adolfo Gandiglio's volume, "Studio su la Canzone di Legnano," deals carefully with the historical sources of that poem, while, as the title of the book indicates, "Il pensiero di Carlo Cattaneo e di Giuseppe Mazzini nelle poesie di G. Carducci," by Pietro Tommasini-Mattiuci, weighs the political and historical influences on his thought of the times in which he lived. Zanichelli proposes to begin at once, in uniform edition, the publication of Carducci's letters, and to complete this collection with a volume of hitherto unpublished writings. In addition to this more expensive edition, the publishers have begun to issue a reprint at seven cents a volume.

When once you have become attached or, as the case may be, reconciled to the floridness of his style, there are few pleasanter guides to Italy than Mr. Edward Hutton. His latest book, "In Unknown Tuscany" (Dutton), describes a summer passed on Monte Amiata. Most Italian travellers have at one time or another yearned toward the great blue dome that towers in southern Tuscany, and have vaguely asked themselves what it was like up there. Mr. Hutton answers that question. It is full of ruined feudal castles and dismantled monasteries. At Radicifoni and Santa Fiora are many fine enamelled reliefs of Giovanni della Robbia and his school. Everywhere there are magnificent views over the Maremma, the lakes of Trasimene and Bolsena, or towards the more distant Appenines of Umbria and the Marca. The peasants are simple, independent, and courteous. Intensely religious—in a single sector of the mountain Mr. Hutton counted fifty-four beacon fires on the evening of the feast of the Assumption—the region has within a generation produced a Messiah. The story of David Lazzaretti, who founded a theocratic republic only to fall before the bullets of the carbineer in 1877, is one of the most interesting parts of the book. People still speak of him on the mountain as *nostro Gesù*. Politically the history of the region is remarkable. All forms of lordship were represented. The Abbey of San Salvatore ruled a large part of the heights. From Santa Fiora the Aldobrandeschi played a sharp though losing game with the Emperor, the Pope, and the Commune of Siena. Small tyrants, *signorotti*, kept alive here the traditions of feudalism long after it had vanished from northern Tuscany. Among these little lords was the famous robber Chino di Tacco, whom Dante and Boccaccio have immortalized. On the other hand the town of San Salvatore obtained a substantial bill of rights from its abbot lord in 1212, three years before the English Barons met at Runnymede. Mr. William Heywood contributes scholarly notes on all such matters. It is evident that the fuller study of this neglected region might cast much light on the winning of communal independence in Italy. Naturally Mr. Hutton's business is with his own impressions of the people and scenery—on which topics he is characteristically lyrical—and with the historical narrative, which enlists his more sober manner. The blend if not quite harmonious is agreeable enough. As to practical ways

and means, the unexigent Anglo-Saxon may find good permanent accommodation at Abbadia S. Salvatore, whence on donkey back the rest of the mountain may be explored. The book contains numerous photographic cuts and eight color prints after sketches by O. F. M. Ward. These are alluring to the intending traveller if rather faintly pretty as transcribed in colored inks.

Volumes XIII, XIV, and XV of Worthington C. Ford's edition of the "Journals of the Continental Congress" (Government Printing Office), aggregating more than 1,400 pages of text, are needed for the record of 1779. The new matter is greater in amount than for any previous year, more than half of the record of proceedings being now for the first time printed; while, in addition, numerous reports of committees and boards, and the entries of the "Secret Journals," are inserted. The year was crowded with business and anxiety. January opened with the summary dismissal of Thomas Paine from the secretaryship of the Committee for Foreign Affairs, following his blazing indiscretion, for which he seems to have felt no remorse, in revealing diplomatic secrets. An investigation of the conduct of the American representatives in Europe, though disastrous to the reputation of more than one actor, both at home and abroad, was followed by the abandonment of the plan of one commission of several members, and the appointment of ministers plenipotentiary to Great Britain, France, Spain, and Holland. Much time was also spent in discussing the terms of the anticipated peace, the most troublesome matters being those of boundary, fishing rights, and the navigation of the Mississippi. On the other hand, the supreme value of the French connection is never lost sight of, Congress adopting, as early as January 14, the fateful resolution not to make peace alone. The plan for a renewed attack on Canada, which had haunted Congress ever since the failure of Arnold and Montgomery, was finally given up. Commendable progress was made in the direction of a better administrative organization. An inspector-general's department, an ordnance department, and a board of admiralty were provided for, the former Treasury system was replaced by a Treasury board, and persons not members of Congress were brought into the administrative service. Of the admiralty powers of Congress, there was frequent consideration.

On the other hand, State controversies and personal bickerings were rife, and the financial situation was moving rapidly from bad to worse. Pennsylvania preferred charges against Arnold, which had not been disposed of by the end of the year; the people of the New Hampshire Grants complained of the encroachments of New York, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts; Rhode Island was suffering from the effects of an embargo on the export of provisions from Connecticut and Massachusetts; and there was outspoken opposition in Maryland and elsewhere to the course of Virginia in the matter of its Western lands. A step in the direction of sounder finance was taken in September, in limiting to $200,000,000 the total issues of bills of credit; and November 29 saw the last output of this demoralizing form of currency. Requisitions continued to be made upon the States, as in the previous year, for money and specific supplies; while in September the situation was so bad that an address to the country was issued, in which Congress pathetically urged the folly of pledging the faith of the United States for the payment of a national debt, unless the States raised promptly and fully the sums apportioned to them. The only really bright spot of the year, outside of the reorganization of the diplomatic and administrative services, was the adoption of Steuben's admirable infantry regulations, and the increased disposition to rely, in military matters, upon the judgment of Washington. Of the excellence of Mr. Ford's editing we can only repeat what has already been more than once said in our notices of the earlier volumes of this invaluable series.

Dr. Johannes Luther's "Die Titeleinfassungen der Reformationszeit," soon to be published by Rudolf Haupt of Leipzig, the publisher of the publications of the Gesellschaft für Typenkunde des XV Jahrhunderts, will be an important source for the study, not only of the typography and engraving, but of the literature and civilization of the early sixteenth century. In these borders we find numerous illustrations of costumes, processions, plays, etc., of the time. The work will be published in six or eight parts, each containing fifty plates, and for each plate a transparent duplicate.

Everybody interested in the mediæval "Dance of Death" must have felt the lack of a handy treatise on the subject. The publications treating the same are almost all too costly, or out of print. This want is now filled by the work of Prof. Joseph Künstle of Freiburg im Breisgau, entitled "Die Legende von den drei Lebenden und den drei Toten nebst einem Exkurs über die Jakobuslegende" (Freiburg i. Br.; and St. Louis, Mo., Herder). This volume supersedes all former publications, being based on the results afforded by the most recent research. Professor Künstle brings sufficient evidence to prove that the Dance of Death is the direct outcome of the thirteenth-century legends of the "three living and three dead." This is a new thesis, and it enables the author to elucidate the development of the legend and of its representations in art from the twelfth to the fifteenth century. Like so many other subjects of mediæval iconography, this was suppressed by the Tridentine Council. The author presents all the texts necessary to the understanding of the subject, and among these a Lübeck manuscript containing a low German dialogue between a dead man and a living one, with highly interesting drawings dating from the fourteenth century. The introductory chapter on the representations of the legends of St. James the Greater in German art is an admirable essay on iconography. This saint was specially popular in the Middle Ages in southern Germany, where many confraternities and chapels were dedicated to him. Recently several of the latter have been freed from the whitewash concealing the frescoes on the walls, and important representations of the legends connected with the saint of Compostella have been thus discovered.

Benjamin Ellis Martin died August 15 in this city, where he was born seventy years ago. He spent his life writing and travelling, and his best-known books are "About England with Dickens," "Old Chelsea," "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb," and "The Stones of Paris in History and Letters."

Prof. Wilhelm Bernhardt of Washington was killed on Thursday of last week at Burlington, Vt., by a train on the Rutland Railroad. He was deaf, and it is supposed that he failed to hear the approaching train. He was born in Halle, Thuringia, about sixty years ago, and came to this country after the Franco-Prussian war. He taught in various places, and served as director of German in the high schools of Washington from 1882 to 1896; and was the author of a German grammar, a history of German literature, besides editing editions of many German authors.

The Rev. Hiram Washington Thomas, founder of the People's Church of Chicago, has died at the age of seventy-seven. In 1881 Dr. Thomas was expelled from the Methodist Episcopal Church for heresy. He is the author of "Origin and Destiny of Man," "Life and Sermons," and "The People's Pulpit."

DANTE IN ENGLAND.

Dante in English Literature from Chaucer to Cary. By Paget Toynbee. New York: The Macmillan Co. 2 vols. $5.

To collect the available references to Dante in English literature from Chaucer to Cary is indeed a Herculean task; and Dr. Toynbee is to be warmly congratulated upon his extensive performance. His sane and thorough scholarship, which has long been known to English and foreign lovers of Dante, now demands recognition from students of English literature. This is, to be sure, a book of reference rather than a critical work. But the quotations from the five or six hundred authors are so clearly and so admirably arranged that it is not difficult to trace the history of Dante's fame in England.

An introductory essay sums up the conclusions of the research. It is a difficult task to cover so wide a topic in so few pages; and, although the principal facts are clearly and soundly set forth, the essay lacks distinction in style and seems not to have accounted sufficiently for the various streams and tendencies in literature that have caused fluctuations in Dante's fame. Nor has Dr. Toynbee thrown any new light on some of the perplexing problems in this field of criticism. He gives no satisfactory explanation of the curious reference to Chaucer in Lydgate:

> He wrote also full many aday agone
> Daunt in Engiysch hym selfe so doth expresse.

The treatment of the influence of Dante upon Lindsay's "Dreme" is disappointing; nor is there any mention of the same author's "Exclamatioun to the Reader twycheyng the wrytting of Vulgare and Maternall Language," which may have relation with the "Convivio" and the "De Vulgari Eloquentia." In the case of Dunbar, too, as in that

of Lindsay and the other Scottish poets, the problem of Italian influence needs further investigation. On all questions of the possible influence of Dante, Dr. Toynbee happily sins on the side of caution. In discussing Sackville's Induction, for example, he quotes Professor Courthope's contention that Sackville's sources were Virgil and Gavin Douglas, and adds, "But this does not preclude the suggestion that Sackville was influenced by Dante as well." It is, by the way, strange to see so excellent a scholar make the old mistake of assigning the plan of the poem on the model of Lydgate's "Falls of Princes" to Sackville, who, it is now well known, was merely a contributor to the work. Dr. Toynbee's words on the relations between Spenser and Dante are somewhat disappointing. Doubtless it is a "much debated question which it seems impossible definitely to decide"; but the personal opinion of such a Dante scholar as the author would satisfy us more than his Scotch verdict of not proven. Such problems cannot, of course, be settled by parallel passages alone; it is decidedly refreshing to see an enthusiastic follower of a great poet refrain from assigning to his influence similar ideas in later writers. But there are other literary tests that might be applied.

At the close of his preface the author asks for "information which may serve to fill the inevitable gaps in this first instalment of the history of Dante in English literature." The first instalment is so elaborate and so large that additions of any moment cannot be extensive, yet one or two references of minor importance it may not be amiss to give here. One interesting reference in Milton is omitted. In a letter to his friend, Deodati, written from London, April 21, 1647, the English poet bespeaks for his own religious views from the Italians the same indulgence which they showed to Alighieri and Petrarch. Under Thomas Fuller should be added a translation of Leland's epigram on Sir Thomas Wyatt, which Dr. Toynbee prints under Anthony Wood, but which was also published in Fuller's "Worthies of England," 1662. It is also interesting to note that in the 1641 edition of Foxe's "Martyrs" there appears in the index: "Dante an Italian writer against the Pope." Dr. Toynbee is doubtless right in excluding what may be mere suggestions of the influence of Dante, as, for example, the relations between the "Vita Nuova" and the "Memoirs" of Sir Kenelm Digby. It may, however, be permissible to quote here what Professor Norton, in an unpublished letter, writes of Dante and Donne:

> I have the impression that there are one or two references to him in Donne's sermons, but possibly I am deceived by the memory of passages analogous in thought or statement of doctrine. I have not the volumes here to refer to and make sure. At any rate, for richness of learning, abundance of thought, and depth of feeling Donne's are better worth reading than any other sermons of the time.

To Americans it must seem strange that there is no allusion in these volumes to the influence of Dante upon American writers. To be sure, not much more than a beginning had been made before 1844, the *terminus ad quem* of Dr. Toynbee's work. But the first ten cantos of the Inferno were translated by T. W. Parsons in 1843; and his distinguished lines "On a bust of Dante" are no mean contribution to English poetry. Of course, the notes to Longfellow's translation, which are perhaps the most important contribution made by America to the literary study of Dante, do not come within the limits of this work. But Longfellow had begun his study of Dante much earlier than 1844. In his inaugural address as professor of modern languages in Bowdoin College, delivered in 1830, he speaks of Dante as the immortal Father of Italian song, and adds:

> Throughout the Divina Commedia of Dante it is easy to trace the workings of the political and religious character of his age. Whether he leads you to the peaceful shades of Paradise or enters that broad gate over which is inscribed, "Through me ye pass into the city of woe," it is but a transcript of the stirring thoughts which agitated not only his own bosom, but the bosoms of the crowd around him, of his paternal city, of his native province, of all Italy.

It is interesting to set such a passage over against Mrs. Trollope's words written in 1832, labelled by the editor, "American ignorance of Italian literature":

> To speak of Chaucer, or even Spenser, as a modern appears to the Americans inexpressibly ridiculous; and all the rich and varied eloquence of Italy, from Dante to Monti, is about as much known to them as the Welsh effusions of Urien and Mordred to us.

Doubtless the influence of Dante upon American letters was not marked until the work of Longfellow and Lowell and Norton had been published; but early allusions cannot be altogether lacking. Perhaps Dr. Toynbee has intended his work to be limited strictly to the British Isles.

In glancing over the chronological list of authors published at the end of the second volume, one is struck by the quality of the men in English literature who have had the most to do with Dante. When we read the names of Chaucer, Milton, Gray, Shelley, and Keats, and of Sir Thomas Browne, Coleridge ,and Ruskin, we are reminded anew of the criticism that Dante compels attention from certain types of mind, and that the true appreciation of him is one of the touchstones of literary taste. But it is not chiefly in gathering the tributes of such great souls as these that Dr. Toynbee has made his work of value: it is in the countless allusions to Dante from the lesser men that we may see more clearly the progress of the Italian's power in English literature. In some respects the editor has focussed the light on some interesting literary problems. The relations between Gray and Cary, on the one hand, and Lamb and Cary on the other, are set forth most suggestively. Cary, by the way, is becoming more and more an important figure in our poetry. This fact is due in part to the time in which he wrote and in part to the fact that he has written what Professor Grandgent, in his interesting introduction to his lately published Inferno, calls, of the numerous English versions, "the easiest to read." Dr. Toynbee writes: "Cary once and for all made Dante an English possession, and in so doing won for Dante, as well as for himself, a permanent place in English literature." Dr. Toynbee also has valuable comments upon the work of expatriated Italians in England, such as Baretti and Fuseli, who, long before the time of the Rossettis, helped to spread Italian influence upon English poetry and prose and to extend the knowledge of Dante. Notable, too, are the comments of the editor upon Coleridge's lecture upon Dante, and the impetus it gave not only to the sales of Cary's version, but to the study of the poet in England.

Although Dr. Toynbee's work will naturally appeal more to the scholar and the student, many parts of it will not fail to arouse the interest of the general reader. It is no unlively literary adventure to wander through its pages and to see the quaint comments made upon Dante and Italian literature in the various centuries. Nor are all the early comments merely curious. Was Milton, for example, responsible for the interpretation of the Divine Comedy that led his nephew, Edward Phillips, to speak of it as the Paradise to which are added the Purgatory and the Inferno? What must have been the conflicts of emotion in Thomas Warton which led him to speak of Dante's "Gothic and extravagant innovations," and yet to allow that his "grossest improprieties discover an originality of invention, and that his absurdities often border on sublimity"? It is odd to read of Miss Anna Seward's attempts to recommend Dante to Scott, and of his answer that the plan of the Divine Comedy appeared to him unhappy, and that the personal malignity and the strange mode of revenge were presumptuous and uninteresting. Then there is the anecdote of Norton Nicholls, a freshman at Cambridge, drinking tea with Gray and winning that poet's encouraging affability by quoting a verse from Dante. And there are the curious judgments of Landor who at one time called

the Inferno, "the most immoral and impious book that ever was written," and who also pronounced thirty lines of the Ugolino episode to be "unequalled by any other continuous thirty lines in the whole dominions of poetry." Not many would be likely to think of Fanny Kemble as a life-long admirer of Dante; nor to remember that Arthur Hallam rendered into verse most of the sonnets of the "Vita Nuova." Gladstone wrote that Hallam often complained that "Dante was not properly appreciated even by his admirers, who dwell only on his glowing power and sublimity, without adverting to the peculiar sweetness and tenderness which characterize, as he thought, so much of his poetry."

Many such criticisms may be found in Dr. Toynbee's work; and we advise the general reader to go exploring for himself. He must have read little, indeed, of English literature if he will not here find something to his purpose. And if he is also a lover of Dante, he will be glad to pay tribute again to the industry, zeal, and breadth of scholarship of Dr. Toynbee.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Certain Rich Man. By William Allen White. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Here is a full-bodied novel of the Middle West written in the generous, leisurely, ruminative style of the early Victorians. It is obvious that the author has listened with interest to the yearning prophecies of *The* American Novel, and that he has attempted to end them by fulfilling them. Considering the magnitude of his undertaking, his success has been remarkable. He has set forth from boyhood to death the career of John Barclay, a representative American multi-millionaire and captain of industry. In portraying the life of Barclay he has written the history of the growth of a typical Kansas city during a period of fifty years. The actual field of the fiction may appear at first thought somewhat provincial; but Mr. White has shown a surprising power of relating his Sycamore Ridge to the national past, present, and future, and of making it mirror in some sort the developing character of the entire country.

The curtain rises on a struggling frontier town shortly before the beginning of the civil war. The conflict calls every competent pioneer into the ranks. The recruits from Sycamore Ridge are a faithfully composite lot—a tuneful Scotch harness-maker, a German, a sharp-tongued Irishman, a magniloquent Southerner, a passionate young abolitionist from New England, a quondam horsethief, and, as runaways caught by the tide of patriotism, barefoot, eleven-year-old Johnnie Barclay and his chum. No one knows better than Mr. White what real boys say and do in every conceivable circumstance, and the first half-dozen chapters of his book dealing with the early years of his hero are, though splashed with blood, purely delightful. After the war the patriots, never utterly losing the vestiges of their soldierly consecration, fade away into matrimony, law, real-estate, wheat-raising, and railroading. Johnnie Barclay, at first a dreamy, imaginative youth fond of Emerson and music, develops shrewdness, acquires hardness, exhibits a bent for trading, gets the loose ends of local business into his hands, and, finally, stride by stride upon the necks of his fellow townsmen, emerges into the great financial world.

Though the material which has been crammed into this novel is enormous, it is not without a certain large unity. The hero of the story is indeed rather Sycamore Ridge making itself a city out of the barbarous West, rather the gradually awakening conscience of the nation, troubled by magnificent crimes unregarded by the law, than John Barclay piling up his unscrupulous millions. And yet the character of the self-made Crœsus, his manners, his morals, his might, are seen to be implicated coarsely or subtly in the destinies of all whom he touches, in the inmost fibres, in fact, of his town, of his State, of the whole commonwealth. Nevertheless, the reader feels a loosening grip, a scattering of the interest in the latter part of the narrative. It was manifestly a difficult novel to terminate. Toward the end, the courts indict the rich man—the flavor here becomes strongly contemporaneous—but he slips through their fingers. Mr. White, feeling that this will never do, yet uninstructed by example, subjects Mr. Barclay to a kind of Christian conversion or change of heart, under the influence of which he buys up all the stock in his Trust, burns his certificates, and dies in the performance of an insignificant act of self-sacrifice. Aside from this over-moralized conclusion, there is small complaint to make on the score of realism. The aim of Mr. White, however, is far removed from the strident veracity of the alarmist and muckraker. He tells the truth unwinkingly, but with the reassuring poise and geniality of those who in the most dubious times believe in a slowly-bettering world.

Norah Conough. By Walter George Henderson. New York: The Outing Publishing Co.

The map of British colonial fiction is being steadily filled in. Remote back districts are dotted with the red of romance, and every port hath its minor Kipling. To an American the interesting thing about all this mass of story-telling is its solidarity, its wonderful, if familiar, coherence. We hear much of the growing independence of the colonies, of their radical innovations upon the insular way of doing things, of their laudable similarity to ourselves. The fact remains of their mutual bond; and the visible sign of it—an obstinate fidelity to the home code of social formalities—is as striking as ever. Socially, it seems, every Colonial remains an exiled Englander. The rude conditions of military or pioneer service, the exotic scene, merely afford a quaint setting for the familiar action. Norah Conough is the dear girl of English story transferred, but not translated, to the comparatively fresh literary soil of New South Wales. She and Donald Southerden, whose name sufficiently defines him, have neighboring "selections" in a half-settled bullock-country. There is a new local technology for us to puzzle over, and a back scene in which cattle-fences, creeks, and gum-trees take the place of the English hedges, lanes, and parks, in which most of the action might as well have taken place. Theresa, the inn-keeper's daughter, and her rough champion are the figures which give the pleasant story such distinctiveness as it can lay claim to.

Brothers All. By Maarten Maartens. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This collection of short stories by "Maarten Maartens" differs little from its predecessors—unless, perhaps, as it makes smaller display of his versatility, and over-represents a type of humorous tale in which he does not excel. A Dutchman who is influenced by diverse French and English models, and who writes in English chiefly upon Dutch themes, labors under evident disadvantages. This writer has always shown a good deal of cleverness, especially in his stories after the French manner. It is as well for him, probably, that he has not chosen French as his medium; there, we suspect, what has seemed Gallic finesse would prove to be mere Teutonic adroitness. Comparatively few of his stories seem to have come into being through any other method than deliberate manufacture. Admiration of his processes, of the skill with which he shapes his product to conform to the given model, and achieves the desired finish, is, after all, a doubtful tribute. He is never so little successful as in his studies in the comic vein. Dutch peasant life offers plenty of material in this kind, but he is unable to make use of it; he cannot create an Ichabod Crane or a Mrs. Poyser. Half-a-dozen of the present stories are mere bits of facetiousness. The story-teller is at his best in those simpler and soberer sketches of Dutch character and manners which constitute his real gift to the literature of the day. "The Death-Way" and "The Promise," with their grimly tender insight and sympathy, represent a sincere and fruitful native humor. Even in these tales—

though less noticeably than elsewhere—the effect is confused somewhat by the writer's attempt to translate the speech of the Dutch peasant or burgher into English vernacular terms. When a dying man says, "Something's gone in my innards: I've a-felt it going. The farm's very small and poor, but I done my best," we find it hard to realize that a farmer of Holland is supposed to be the speaker. He seems merely to be using bad English of no particular habitat.

Gambolling with Galatea. By Curtis Dunham. With illustrations by Oliver Herford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

It would be interesting to know what Mr. Herford, to whom has fallen the task of bepicturing this extravaganza, really thinks of its quality. Mr. Herford's own sense of humor, though not always the extreme of fastidiousness, is lively and discriminating. Did this "bucolic romance" really seem to him entertaining, or did he simply make the best of it, choose a passage here and there which seemed to invite a fantastic pencil, and forget the whole affair as quickly as possible? The tale belongs roughly to the Bangs school. The heroine is named Galatea, and one of the other persons is a pig, who exquisitely becomes Pig-malion for a whole chapter, and has his portrait taken in Galatea's lingerie hat. This may be taken as a fair sample of the sprightly episodes which make up the narrative. The tediousness of the performance is aggravated by the "literary" affectation of its style.

THE FAITH OF ISLAM.

The Religious Attitude and Life in Islam [Haskell Lectures]. By Duncan Black Macdonald. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $1.75 net.

In a former volume, on "Muslim Theology, Jurisprudence, and Constitutional Theory," Professor Macdonald has discussed Moslem theological dogma, including such points as the being and attributes of deity, human freedom, and the question whether the Koran was created or uncreated; in the present volume, he describes the ideas of the Moslems respecting intercourse with the unseen world—as his thesis, he takes Professor William James's definition of religion, that it is the belief in an unseen order. In the life of the Moslem [Macdonald says the "Oriental," but the term is too broad], with his lack of the sense of law, the unseen plays a great part; our author's object is to describe the methods by which relations with the supernatural are maintained through prophets, diviners, magic, jinn, dreams, and saints. In all these cases there is divine revelation. Prophets, Hebrew and Arabian, spoke by compulsion from without, and commonly their utterances were in poetical form. In connection with this fact there is a question of some interest. Macdonald, here following Goldziher, observes that there is no distinctive word in Hebrew for "poet," and the common Arabic word for "poet" means "he who knows"; there is also a Hebrew term for "diviner" with the same meaning. Goldziher concludes that for the Arabs poetry was magical utterance, and the poet in part a magician and soothsayer. It is doubtful, however, whether this is the proper statement of the Old-Semitic conception of the relation between poetry and magic. The authors of the great pre-Mohammedan Arabian poems speak out of their own minds, with no hint of supernatural influence, and there is no trace of the relation in question in the Babylonian and Hebrew literatures. The better statement would seem to be that, according to Semitic ideas, all remarkable deeds and utterances came through supernatural influence; seers, soothsayers, and prophets spoke under a divine seizure, and as their words, by a natural human instinct, fell into rhythmical form, this form came to be associated with soothsayers who, in old times, were the principal speakers of the community, and in Arabic the "knower" came to be the term for poet. Poetry was the natural form of speech of the inspired man; it was not that the poet was a soothsayer, but that the soothsayer was a poet.

This, however, is an incidental point so far as regards the main object of Professor Macdonald's volume. He has collected a large mass of material illustrating Moslem opinions concerning the messages brought to men from the other world in sleep and by jinn. For a full history of the jinn our data are regrettably meagre; Robertson Smith's definition of them as "gods without worshippers" hardly does justice to the known facts; they are the spirits of early times, good and bad. Even in Mohammed's day there were believing jinn, and later these came to play a great rôle; they formed marriage alliances with human beings, and became the teachers and the pupils of saints. As for the Moslem belief in dreams, it was and is substantially the same as that which has been and is now not uncommon in the Christian world.

An excellent feature of this volume is the exposition it gives of the Moslem philosophical explanations of the phenomena of prophecy and dreams; particularly Ibn Khaldun is cited at great length. This philosopher, it is true, is unique in the Moslem world—almost modern, as Macdonald says, in the scientific character of his thought; he was late (*ca.* 1400 A. D.), and he was much influenced by Greek philosophy. Still we may suppose that he represents advanced Moslem opinion to a certain extent, and, in any case, his views have interest for modern psychologists. His point is that the soul is potentially a spiritual essence, ordinarily restrained by the body, through which it works; but it is possible that it may become free from the trammels of the bodily senses, in which case it will attain to the apprehension of reality and to the vision of the future. Such an emancipation may take place in sleep, when the eyes of the rational soul are open. In idiots and insane persons also the ordinary capacities of the mind are obscured or effaced, and the soul is in fit condition to enter into relation with the spiritual powers of the world. Men differ in their aptitude for spiritual illumination; the most gifted persons in this regard are prophets, to whom the essence of truth and the secrets of the future are revealed by God. Various other classes of persons are discussed by Ibn Khaldun, such as astrologers, wizards, diviners, and his system embraces practically all occult phenomena. Comparisons with the methods of Christian science and the phenomena of hypnotism naturally suggest themselves, and are made by Macdonald; can Mohammed's experience have been a case of auto-hypnotism?

The ascetic life, with its mystical experiences, has been developed to an extraordinary extent by the Moslems, and Professor Macdonald devotes much space to the famous mystic Al-Ghazzali, quoting largely from his works, especially from his remarkable autobiography (*ca.* 1100 A. D.). Al-Ghazzali, in his search for certainty, had fallen into complete skepticism. He found that his senses deceived him, and concluded that his reason was no more trustworthy than they. From this disease God healed him by a light cast into his breast, and he proceeded to examine the systems of the scholastic theologians, the allegorists, the philosophers and the sufis. It was only in the last of these that he found satisfaction, and, after passing through a variety of experiences, he withdrew wholly from the world and gave himself up to meditation. At last he found peace by excluding all earthly things and immersing himself in the thought of God. Reasoning and speculation he cast away, and sought to be conscious of nothing but God. The man's seriousness and modesty make him an attractive figure, and he became a force in and beyond Islam.

We are indebted to Professor Macdonald for a valuable exposition of one phase of Moslem thought, and we would suggest that the value of his work would be increased by distinguishing between the three sections of Islam, the Semitic, the Aryan, and the Berber. It is only the Aryan that has developed mysticism.

Sir George Mackenzie, King's Advocate, of Rosehaugh: His Life and Times. By Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $4.20 net.

The names usually associated with the royalist side of the dramatic struggle of Restoration times in Scotland are those of Monmouth, Lauderdale, Claverhouse, and Sharp, soldiers, statesmen, or churchmen. The name of Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, who as King's Advocate from 1677 to 1686, and again in 1688-9, had principal charge of the government prosecutions, scarcely appears at all in the ordinary books, and, when it does, is almost invariably coupled with the invidious epithet "The Bloody." Sir Walter Scott, who did more to mould the popular conception of Scottish history than any other writer, mentions him several times in the Waverley Novels, almost invariably in terms of disparagement; the Dictionary of National Biography, "the modern Book of Doom," as Mr. Lang calls it, declares that the "one redeeming feature" of Mackenzie was his love of literature; so strong, indeed, is the prevailing tendency to attribute to him every single legal iniquity of the age in which he lived, that so eminent an historian as P. Hume Brown has been led into the grave error of assigning to him the rôle of government prosecutor of the rebels of the Pentland Rising, in 1666, and of intimating that he was responsible for the detestable torturing of Hugh Mackail, whereas in reality he was counsel for the defence, and did all in his power, at that stage of his career, to mitigate the severity of the punishment of the Covenanters. A truer picture of the great King's Advocate was given by John Willcock, whose life of the Earl of Argyll appeared in 1907, and who there lamented the fact that, though several zealous attempts had been made to represent the ruthless Claverhouse as a hero, Sir George Mackenzie still lacked a defender. Possibly it may have been at Mr. Willcock's suggestion that Mr. Lang took up the task. Whatever the cause of its inception, his book is, like all his other works, deeply interesting; it adds much to our knowledge of the life of its subject, and it presents him in a far more favorable light than ever before.

The importance of Mackenzie's career as King's Advocate has caused many writers to forget that during the greater part of his life he was a friend and defender of the Covenanters. His prosecution of the Earl of Argyll in 1685 has overshadowed the fact that he won his first great legal reputation by his brilliant, though unsuccessful, defence of that Earl's father in 1661. The key to his whole career is to be found in the reasons that impelled him to change sides, and accept the post of King's Advocate in 1677. Briefly stated, if we omit his personal hatred of Lockhart, those reasons may be described as a firm conviction that the maintenance of order by persecution was preferable to anarchy and civil war. "Resistance in the name of civil and religious liberty was now going 'beyond his first inclination,' and he sided with the government, as a Radical, in face of Socialism, may become a Tory." From that time onward his main tenet was that personal belief should be suppressed or dissembled at the bidding of authority, and that the state was at liberty to compel outward conformity to certain things, not because they were true, but because they had been commanded. Thus the man whose *bon naturel* shrank from harsh measures allowed himself to be converted into a persecutor.

Such is Mr. Lang's argument; and there is certainly much to be said for his side of the case. Whatever the final verdict of history about Mackenzie may be, it is clear that he deserves to be far better known than he has hitherto been. He is an infinitely more interesting person than Lauderdale; in some respects he is abreast of his more showy contemporary, Claverhouse. As a lawyer he was in the very first rank; as a writer of prose and poetry, prolific and able. A rather melancholy interest attaches to his final withdrawal, on the arrival of "Dutch William" and a régime in which he preferred to find no place, for study and seclusion to Oxford, "that dear city of youth and dream"; and the picture stands out the sharper by contrast with the dramatic ending of Dundee's career at the pass of Killiecrankie.

Social Organization: A Study of the Larger Mind. By Charles Horton Cooley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

This is a notable book, full of discriminating insight and freighted with well-canvassed and hopeful forecasts for democracy. The title sounds a bit mystifying, and might with advantage be replaced by the less ambiguous phrase—a study of public opinion. For by "social organization" Mr. Cooley means essentially this: an analysis of public opinion; its genesis, nature, and functions, not only in the fleeting present, but in its more durable manifestations, such as its dominant ideals, its stratification in social classes, its methods of intercommunication, its institutions, and its corporate activities. The book goes far to reconcile one to the claim that there is a special sociological point of view, if one so chooses to call the attempt to scan society in its *tout ensemble* rather than from the narrower special standpoint of narrative history, economics, or politics. Except that he limits his analysis to material psychological in essence, to the conscious though purely provisional exclusion of the physical environment, his book is what an Aristotelian would call politics. It is much as though Mr. Bryce had written a work on the American Common-Mind, rather than on the American Commonwealth. It exemplifies also a refreshing absence of the hysteria with which the professional worshippers of the sociological Baal leap upon the altar and cry aloud and cut themselves after their manner, though they succeed in evoking "no voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regardeth."

The single pertinent criticism to be passed on this work is what we deem its ill-founded assimilation of the social consciousness to what we know as self-consciousness The truth or falsity of this identification in nowise impairs the ripe wisdom that everywhere illuminates the discussion of concrete phases of public opinion. But the notion itself is so little substantiated that its discrediting is worth while. "Mind," says Mr. Cooley at the outset (p 3), "is an organic whole made up of coöperating individualities in somewhat the same way that the music of an orchestra is made up of divergent but related sounds." "Self and society are twin-born . . . and the notion of a separate and independent ego is an illusion" (p. 5). "I am aware of the social group in which I live as immediately and authentically as I am aware of myself" (p 9) The "coöperative activity" of individuals "gives us public consciousness, or, to use a more familiar term, public opinion, in the broad sense of a group state of mind which is more or less distinctly aware of itself" (p. 10).

At the peril of aligning ourselves with the benighted followers of common-sense, we feel disposed to deny these assertions *in toto*. Making every allowance for the way one mind is colored by its contact with another, as well as for the comparatively late emergence in child psychology of the "I-concept," the idea that even the most extreme mutual sympathy creates a corporate consciousness like in kind to individual self-consciousness can only be set down as an illusion. The golden thread of persisting self-identity which threads the beads of individual psychical experiences must be absent on the larger social scale. Dissent to Mr. Cooley's view from a slightly different angle is admirably put by Henry Rutgers Marshall in his "Instinct and Reason," where he first shows how the alleged social organism, if it exists at all, is akin to the lowest cell-complexes which are aggregated together instead of integrated. He then pertinently concludes that it is improper to speak of "the opinions of aggregates of men" . . . as a "social consciousness" . . . "for the conception of a social consciousness implies that the thoughts of men as they are related to the whole pulse of the social consciousness, must correspond in the main with

particular psychic elements in us, as these are related to the whole purse of our own conscious life" ("Instinct and Reason," p. 189).

As remarked above, the cardinal error does not infect the substance of the analysis which follows. This analysis is wholly admirable. It is as though Lincoln, with his range of insight and experience, had superadded the culture of the schools, and were calmly pointing out in his exposé of public opinion the moral legitimacy of democracy. Illustrative of the originality of the author is his calm reargument and rebuttal of the hasty conclusion that group opinion is commonly below the average of intelligence in the group (p. 123 *sq*). Typical of his ripeness and sanity in matters of practical concern is his adverse verdict upon the general efficacy of "the referendum and similar devices for increased participation of the people at large in the details of legislation" (p. 129). Rare discrimination is shown, for example, in the subtle inquiry whether democracy is hostile to distinction in production, in art or literature (p 157 *sq.*). The conclusion reached distinguishes between the forces of a transitional era and the influence of democracy proper. The former are adjudged hostile to distinction, but not the latter. But chiefly of value is the sustained tone of calm, reasoned, but exacting morality which breathes in every page. Not for nothing has Professor Cooley perused his Emerson. The Emersonian reach and wit and aphorism are very much in evidence. Like Emerson, too, he has garnered his fruit, leaving no pickings for the would-be follower They will find no forgotten apples to appropriate as their own under Professor Cooley's well-beaten tree of knowledge.

We Two in West Africa. By Decima Moore and Major F. G. Guggisberg, C.M.G., R.E. With numerous illustrations and maps. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

This is the clever story, told by his wife, of the "going on tour" of the Director of Surveys of the Gold Coast, as the journeys are called which the head of every department makes periodically to see how his staff, scattered through the colony, are carrying on their work, and to keep himself in touch with local conditions and requirements in the various districts. The book is thus not simply an account of experiences in the West African "bush," but describes the methods by which the native is ruled, and the natural wealth of his land is developed through railways, mines, botanical gardens, and agricultural stations established to teach especially the intelligent cultivation of cocoa and rubber.

The first part of the journey was by rail to the gold district, and much space is devoted to the mining industry, whose ultimate success, it appears, depends mainly on the cheapening of transport by the creation of motor roads and railways. Then followed a trip by hammock into Ashanti, in order to determine the boundary between that country and the Gold Coast. Here they were carried into regions never before visited by a white woman. Some of the refinements of civilization, however, had preceded them. In a remote wild corner of the forest they came suddenly upon the chief of a town with his state umbrellas surrounded by a swarm of natives in gay-colored cloths and a half-naked band, consisting of a large drum, two kettledrums, and several fifes. This "struck up 'God Save the King' as we appeared," and at its close the chief and his retinue "started for the town, followed by the band, playing 'Way Down upon de Swanee Ribber,' the drummer beating the big drum for all he was worth, and the conductor wildly waving his wee bit of stick." The news of the coming of a white man and a white "mammie," we may add, had been drummed by bush telegraph the day they set out from Kumasi to every village along the road a hundred miles before them. Occasionally they stopped at the stations of the district officers, and the life of these often "solitary pale-faced, fever-stricken" Englishmen, and the patient discharge of their duties as shown in the long-winded "palavers" on tribal boundaries, give one a high impression of these men whose single aim is to improve the condition of the native.

The larger part of the book is naturally devoted to an account of various experiences while travelling, and many trivial details, especially of camp-life, are recorded, which make it at times somewhat wearisome reading. For the information which it gives, however, it is a valuable contribution to the literature of the Gold Coast. The illustrations, 148 in number, are reproductions of photographs of nearly every noteworthy scene and incident of the journey.

Haremlik. By Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown). Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

People who see in the position of Turkish women a subject for amazement or regret will find "Haremlik" disappointing or pleasing, as the case may be. The life of the women of the harem as portrayed by Demetra Vaka is neither an unhappy nor a subservient one. Our writer is of Greek descent, born and educated at Constantinople, and married to an American. She should be qualified to interpret the East to the West. To her, then, life in the harem passes in an atmosphere of sunshine and felicity. It is true that Turkish women suffer at times, but that would seem to be only when they are affected by our perverse Western ideas on monogamy. Such instances are, however, rare. As a rule Turkish women scoff at the idea that one wife is quite enough for a man. Sometimes they even take it upon themselves to find an additional wife or two for their husbands. On such occasions, as may be imagined, they display foresight as well as zeal. The new wife, as a rule, brings with her some missing element of happiness. Her presence also serves to intensify the spirit of idealism and self-sacrifice in her predecessors.

In spite, therefore, of her long acquaintance with American civilization, Demetra Vaka maintains that the premature adoption of Western ideas by the people of Turkey in general, and the women in particular, would bring about their destruction. From this standpoint our writer passes in review a number of incidents in Turkish domestic life which carry a certain Eastern tone, but are skilfully colored to suit the taste of romantic American readers. She cannot sufficiently praise the beauty, devotion, and integrity of the true Turkish woman, and she has little sympathy for the revolutionists among them, who find in Schopenhauer, Kant, and suffragette ideals merely unhappiness. A secret meeting of these radicals of the harem is described with something of the abandon of the American reporter. In spite of assurances at the beginning of the book that everything in it is practically true, we find it somewhat difficult to believe that the chairman's address at the meeting in question "ended up with the proposition that six members of the club should be chosen to kill themselves as a protest against the existing order of things." When the president is made to suggest that she, by virtue of her office, should be excluded from participation in the lot-drawing, we are pretty near to burlesque. The women of the harem who, as we know now, played an important rôle in the overthrow of the Hamidian régime, must surely have had more sense than that.

Science.

"The Balance of Nature and Modern Conditions of Cultivation," by George Abbey (E. P. Dutton & Co.), despite the reticence of its title, deals with Great Britain alone. The bulk of the book is thus of value chiefly to Englishmen; but the introduction is of more general interest, being a history of the rise of sporting, fishing, forestry, gardening, and farming in England from the earliest recorded period to the present. The sub-title, "A Practical Manual of Animal Foes and Friends for the Country Gentleman, the Farmer, the Forester, the Gardener, and the Sportsman," defines the specific purpose of the work, which is to

discuss the wild and semi-wild vertebrates —mammals, birds, reptiles, and amphibians —found in the British Islands, in regard to their beneficial, neutral, or harmful relation to the cultivation of crops. Mr. Abbey treats fully of "aids" and "hindrances"; or, respectively, methods of protecting beneficial species, and of trapping or otherwise exterminating harmful creatures. One is rather skeptical of the science of an author who boasts of obligation only to "Wood's Natural History" and to two contemporaneous treatises of equal value. But Mr. Abbey shows himself a close observer, and in food habits at least makes a real contribution to our knowledge of the British fauna. The illustrations are numerous, but are mostly amateurish pen-and-ink attempts, which are almost unrecognizable and might well have graced some volume of a century ago. In a well-bound and well-printed book of 1909 they are merely laughable. The same artist has depicted numerous traps and methods of trapping, and these, considered diagramatically, convey valuable hints, which may be adopted to advantage by farmers in this country. The author is moderate in his statements, but a book such as this should be used with discretion, as a bird or animal may be harmful in one country and beneficial in another; while again its destructive or beneficent qualities may vary with the seasons.

As "Epoch-Making Contributions to Medicine, Surgery, and the Allied Sciences" (W. B. Saunders Co.), Dr. C. N. B. Camac has brought together fundamental articles, now become medical classics, by seven noted authors: Lister, Harvey, Auenbrugger, Laënnec, Jenner, Morton, and Holmes. The object of the book is to give to students "the article which communicated such observations as first placed the subject upon a sound scientific basis." For each author there is a portrait and a list of his writings, and for each, with the exception of Lister, a short biography. To the articles on ether Simpson's pamphlet on chloroform is added. The controversy between Morton, Wells, and Jackson, concerning the discovery of anæsthesia is treated rather briefly, and Dr. Camac unhesitatingly awards the honor to Morton. The existence of other claims is not mentioned. The book is handsomely and, barring a few slight typographical errors in the bibliography, excellently printed, and should keenly interest those medical students—*raræ aves*—who can be induced to read anything outside the required textbooks.

Under the title "Bacterial Food Poisoning" (E. B. Treat & Co.), Dr. C. F. Bolduan gives the reader an annotated version of a little book which Dieudonné of Munich published something more than a year ago. In a hundred pages of text are given the essentials of our present knowledge of poisoning by meat, fish, milk in its various preparations, potatoes, and a few other foodstuffs. It is interesting to see how completely the point of view regarding this question has changed. Not many years ago it seemed as though the ptomaines of Brieger and the tyrotoxicon of Vaughan furnished the solution of these poison problems, and that most, if not all, of the disturbances attributable to foods would be found to be caused by specific substances of this kind. Later researches, often of great difficulty, seem to show, however, that such substances are far less important than certain bacteria, developed in foods that for some reason have gone "wrong," or than the toxic substances they produce, quite different from the ptomaines. Although often too technical and brief for a full understanding of the question, the book is profitable reading for any intelligent layman. The translation is smooth, but there is a slight confusion in the nomenclature of the organisms and the linguistic difficulty, now common to bacteriologists, balloonists, and aviators, concerning the derivatives of *aër* presents itself on many pages.

"Die natürlichen Pflanzenfamilien nebst ihren Gattungen und wichtigern Arten, insbesondere den Nutzpflanzen," edited by Prof. Adolf Engler of Berlin (Leipzig: H. Engelmann), deserves mention as the most complete botanical work ever published. The first volume appeared in 1887, and the nineteenth and concluding volume has just been issued. More than sixty botanists have contributed to it, and the results of their exact and exhaustive researches cannot fail to be gratifying and stimulating to all specialists in this department of natural science.

The Kosmos, Stuttgart, continues to add to its list of valuable monographs in natural science. The latest volume is by Prof. K. Sajó, "Unsere Honigbiene," and deals with the culture of bees in Germany and Switzerland.

Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson died in Chicago, August 14, after a three years' illness. Dr. Stevenson was interested in many charitable institutions and was the founder of the Illinois Training School for Nurses, and one of the promoters of the Home for Incurables. She was the first woman appointed instructor in the Northwestern Medical College, and also was the first woman admitted to membership in the American Medical Association. She was born in Ogle County, Illinois, in 1843, and graduated from the Woman's Medical College in 1873. She was the author of a work on biology and various medical papers.

Drama.

Plays. By John Galsworthy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35.

Those who have felt the irritation of Mr. Galsworthy's subtly interrogative novels will know what to expect from the three plays included in this volume, "The Silver Box," "Joy," and "Strife." The remorseless preying of vital egotism upon dress-parade principles, or, to state it more broadly, the seemingly hopeless conflict of ideal justice with natural instincts—this is the underlying theme. In the "Silver Box" a member of Parliament sacrifices a poor man to save the reputation of his son—justice against the paternal instinct; in "Joy" a mother sacrifices to some extent her uncle and even her own daughter to save her lover—justice against the amatory instinct; in "Strife" the two noncompromising and principled representatives of capital and labor are sacrificed to save their women and children—justice against the instinct of self-preservation. In the end we are all left darkling, troubled, as by twinkling lights extinguished in a great mist. Roberts the labor-leader in the last-named play—by far the most effective of the three—thinks he knows the way out. When his famine-stricken fellows cry, "Give in to Nature," he retorts with rude eloquence, "I tell you, strike your blow in Nature's face—an' let it do its worst!" But Nature strikes back, and Roberts falls. To Mr. Galsworthy there is a bitter reality in the trite phrase, the "problems of life." As yet he has been able to do little but indicate them; indicate them he does with painful pungency and iteration. His plays, consequently, have, like his novels, the interest of difficulties seriously confronted, vividly experienced.

It has been said that the drama of the future will concern itself with the clash, not of characters, but of classes, and Mr. Galsworthy is emphatically a writer of the future, cautiously feeling his way into that vaguely defined and still more vaguely understood socialistic movement which may conceivably characterize the twentieth century as the democratic movement characterized the nineteenth. If such be the case, the future of the drama as a living literary form is dark. But the antithesis of class conflict and character conflict has been too sharply put; there is no necessary incompatibility between them. In fact, Shakespeare's "Coriolanus"—a tragedy, by the way, much underread and underestimated—already demonstrates the possibility of representing the most bitter class conflict in the most tremendous character conflict. Now, the effect of Mr. Galsworthy's plays, in spite of their undeniable vitality, is very far from tremendous. His deficiencies are partly corrigible. He ought not, for example, to waste his energies in imitating the vivacities of Mr. G. B. Shaw, as he has done in the rather futile comedy called "Joy," of which, furthermore, the exposition is very awkward. He ought not to confuse a situation with a plot, which he seems almost to have done in "Strife." He ought to avail himself very gingerly of Ibsenese symbolism. But, above all, he ought to recognize that great drama requires great characters. The modern dramatist, in spite of modern experiments, may still be urged prayerfully to meditate Aristotle's observations upon the character of the tragic hero, and to remember the practice of the Elizabethans. Mr. Galsworthy's leading *dramatis personæ* are not so much feeble in characterization as in character—which is to be deplored because he is possessed of the seriousness, the idealism, and the irony which go to the creation of tragedy.

A new edition of Sidney Lee's "Life of William Shakespeare," now issued by the Macmillan Co., shows thoroughgoing revision. It is not so much that entirely new pages have been added, as that by providing throughout the book details of evidence, what was general has been made specific. The sum total of changes is not more than sixteen pages, but again and again these alterations have compelled a change in pagination. To the list of illustrations has been added a copy of the contemporary inscription in Jaggard's presentation copy of the first folio. In general, this new edition seems an improvement upon the old in its care to bring out the evidence, however persuasive a theory in itself may be. This is clearly a revision which replaces the earlier edition, not an unimportant reissue. It is, however, disappointing that Mr. Lee has not so edited the note on page 40 as to include references to the interesting discussions of the Elizabethan stage by Brodmeier, Wegener, Reynolds Albright, and Archer. Why, too, in the note on page 43 is Creizenach's "Die Schauspiele der englischen Komödianten" omitted?

Art.

GENTILE DA FABRIANO.*

Lafcadio Hearn tells us that a Japanese *daimio* had the right to hew down summarily "an other than expected fellow"—that is, one who accosted him brusquely or in terms not sanctioned by an immemorial etiquette. Towards the artist the public has always assumed this lordly prerogative. The other than expected fellow, whether he calls himself Uccello or Millet, Caravaggio or Whistler, has invariably had his period of faring ill. All triumphant and wise artists have had the grace of concealing their unexpectedness. Raphael came down from Urbino and in a short lifetime revolutionized the graphic design of the world. But he always had the gracious air of a conformist, and, in fact, each work made so little break with the past, and so ingratiatingly prepared the way for the next departure, that men were admiring the School of Athens before they had ceased to adore the fugleman of Perugino.

A hundred years before Raphael, a young painter from the same March of Ancona carried his broadening art from his native hills through the proudest cities of Italy—Venice, Florence, and Siena, to Rome itself. Gentile da Fabriano, like his greater antitype, made the most of a pretty scanty education, drank from many cups, everywhere won for himself friends, honors, and gold, and left a deep if not a permanent impress upon his generation. Every work of his shows a passion for perfection, guided by a prudent sense of means and possibilities. We mark in him a fine economy of workmanship, an elaborate yet not merely cumulative beauty, which betokens serenity both in conceiving the vision and in transferring it to panel or plaster. In short, Gentile da Fabriano came about as near being a Raphael as anybody could who was born to share the bankruptcy of Gothic painting.

Unhappily, time has shorn Gentile of the chief evidences of his power and versatility. We cherish him for a few altarpieces of exquisite feeling and workmanship, giving him a place in our affections with Lorenzo Monaco or the Sienese Sassetta. His contemporaries held a higher opinion of him. In the Ducal Palace of Venice might be seen until the fire of 1577 Gentile's frescoes in the Hall of the Great Council. The very subjects are amazing for a painter whose work, according to Michelangelo, was "as gentle as his name." In one panel the young Fabrianoese (his latest biographer sets these works as early as 1410) depicted the naval battle in which the Venetians conquered Otto III, the son of Barbarossa. On this work we fortunately have the opinion of a critic of the high renaissance, Francesco Sansovino, who praises the entanglement of the galleys and the fury of the combatants—precisely those qualities of energy in which Gentile seems deficient. Of the companion-piece which represented a storm, the chronicler Facio writes that "the sight of the whirlwind uprooting trees, etc. [alas that etc.!] struck with fear those who beheld it." Of the chapel which Gentile painted in the ancient Broletto of Brescia we know not even the subject. But Facio tells us of the frescoes representing the life of John the Baptist painted in the Lateran, 1427, that Gentile, as if presaging his imminent death, here outdid himself. And, happily, Facio gives better testimony than his own as to the excellence of these works. Rogier de la Pasture, the greatest northern painter of his age, came to Rome in 1450. "Greatly taken with the Lateran frescoes, he inquired who the painter was, and, heaping him with praise, placed him before all other Italian painters." The incident suggests that affinity between Gentile's work and that of the north which must occupy us later. It proves more poignantly still the loss we have suffered in the destruction, save a not very important fragment at Orvieto, of all of Gentile's mural painting. And yet there remains the possibility that, as the great fresco by Guariento was found injured but still fine behind the Paradise of Tintoretto, in the Palace of the Doges, so Gentile's two frescoes painted for the same hall may some day be rediscovered behind the sixteenth-century canvases that have replaced them. Until that day we must judge and enjoy Gentile by what is presumably the least important part of his work. In trying to reconstruct imaginatively these lost masterpieces we may assume that they abounded in figures and action. In some fashion they may have resembled the vivacious narratives of the earlier Florentines, Agnolo Gaddi and Spinello Aretino. But we get a finer intuition of them by recalling that they forecast the monumental compositions of Gentile Bellini, and more remotely prelude both the delightful story-telling of Carpaccio, and such a romantic picture as the enigmatic St. Mark and the Demons which criticism ascribes now to Giorgione, now to Palma Vecchio.

We must turn back and try to imagine Gentile's beginnings. The date of his birth is unknown to us, but it cannot have been much earlier than 1480. Until his thirtieth year, roughly speaking, when he went to Venice, he painted in his native city. What could he have learned in the March of Ancona? A good deal, perhaps, but rather little that was consistent or helpful. If French realism was latent in the Carca, the ostensible influences were of quite another sort. The Gothic-Byzantine of Venice still prevailed widely, but Siena had conquered the towns. Everywhere one finds in the Marca panels which betray the teaching, or at least the authority, of the Lorenzetti and Simone Martini. From Assisi there had also been a transmission of Giottesque influence, but at Assisi, too, Simone Memmi and Pietro Lorenzetti loomed large, and on the whole the March of Ancona preferred to Giottesque austerity the dulcet Sienese mood. The best exemplar of these pervasive influences was Alegretto Nuzi, the true founder of the Fabriano

**Gentile da Fabriano*, by Arduino Colasanti (Bergamo: Instituto Italiano d'Arti Grafiche), is a compact and scholarly monograph abounding in carefully sifted information, much of which is new, and adequate also on the critical side. Dr. Colasanti prints a document from the Lateran archives which definitely fixes the death of Gentile in the year 1428, confirming the general chronology of Vasari. The position of the lost frescoes in the Lateran has also been accurately ascertained. The polemical part of the study is largely devoted to the always dubious matter of an independent school of painting in the Adriatic Marches. Our author takes the affirmative view, and makes the most of a rather unsatisfactory case. Again in tracing the undoubtedly widespread influence of Gentile sometimes one questions whether what is called Gentilesque is not merely derivative from Siena from which he himself drew so much. But in general Dr. Colasanti will command a cautious reader's confidence. We take serious issue with him only for helping to fix upon the little Madonna with Sigismondo Malatesta, in the Louvre, the too ambitious attribution to Jacopo Bellini. Its obvious superficial affinities with Jacopo's work will hardly survive an æsthetic analysis of the picture itself. With all its charm, it has no characteristic to justify the ascription to any great master. Like all the Bergamo monographs, this book is fully illustrated with half-tones of good quality.

school and Gentile's master. Those who are lucky enough to recall the Umbrian exhibition at Perugia will not need many words about Alegretto. There he shone in a peculiar biltheness. He is less mystic than his exemplar Simone, more frankly sentimental, and his coloring is hardly less exquisite. Uneven in invention and workmanship, a true provincial in his qualities and defects, he yet displays a peculiar inwardness in his best pictures. We should remember him gratefully, for without him we should hardly have that most delicious of late Gothic Madonnas, Gentile's little masterplece in the museum at Pisa.

Gentile's earliest picture, the Coronation of the Virgin at the Brera, shows little of the eclectic character that was later to be prominent. It seems to go behind Alegretto to those Gothic painters who retained much of the Byzantine feeling. At the base of the central panel a segment of the crystalline sphere bends over the sun, the moon, and the stars, and here is proudly set "Gentilis de Fabriano Pinxit." Upon this arch kneel eight tiny angels playing musical instruments—a motive frequently found on Gothic-Byzantine organ shutters. On the expanse of gold above is incised a blazing aureole to receive the figures of Christ and his mother. They are seated upon clouds, the gold embroidered borders of their robes are whipped into calligraphic loops after the fashion of Siena and the late Byzantine painters. The head of the Virgin is bowed and her slender hands crossed in humility. The Christ reaches up from below and sets the crown gently in place with the suave gesture of a priest touching an infant's brow in baptism. His free hand rests lightly upon his knee and holds erect a tiny cross. The partly exposed lining of his mantle repeats the stellar pattern at the base of the composition. Above, the Father, vestured in a rich dalmatic, reaches his hands towards the divine heads in approval of the rite. In the irregular space between Christ and the Virgin hovers the white dove of the Holy Spirit, not displayed stiffly and heraldically, as is usually the case, but swinging across the space as if about to alight. While the picture is by no means deficient in emotional seriousness, it is chiefly remarkable for the beauty of its gold and tempera enamel, and for minor evasions of the underlying symmetry—artifices which give to this hackneyed theme a peculiar freshness and vivacity. More serious in some ways are the tiny figures of saints which are minor features of this altarpiece. Some stand radiantly "upon the softe swote gras"—a greensward half-hidden by growing flowers; others kneel in their wildernesses, like St. Francis at La Verna; others, like the Aquinate, sit contemplatively over a book in a monastic garden plot. These miniatures betray more clearly than the central panel the tenderness of Gentile's Sienese forerunners.

Yet it seems to me that when Venice called Gentile to paint in the Palace of the Doges she merely reclaimed her own. He inaugurated, as we have seen, her school of monumental decoration; he became the teacher of that pioneer of the renaissance, Jacopo Bellini. Gentile's too-little known Madonna in the Jarves Collection, New Haven, has a breadth of style that looks forward even beyond Jacopo to the triumphs of his greatest son, Giambellino. Venice made Gentile famous. Popes and tyrants began to compete for his brush. For Pandolfo Malatesta, at Brescia, he painted for more than four years. But the frescoes in the Broletto have long since disappeared, leaving no trace even of their subject. We know Cosimo Tura saw them in 1469, and presumably disapproved, for the stern Paduan manner then had the cry. In the autumn of 1420 Pope Martin V, already planning his triumphal return to St. Peter's throne, sojourned in the Brescian territory and invited Gentile to come with him to Rome. Nearly a year later a safe conduct for eight men and horses was issued to the painter, but both Pope and painter had to postpone the Roman visit for several years.

For Gentile at least the delay was golden. He proceeded to Florence, and there, among other works, completed an enthroned Madonna with Saints for the Quaratesi family; and for that prince of humanists, Palla Strozzi, the Adoration of the Magi, a picture beside which only Lorenzo Monaco's Coronation of the Virgin in the Uffizi holds its own as a perfect expression of late Gothic design. But before we pass to the Adoration, we perhaps do well to recall the Florence that Gentile saw with an artist's eye.

We must suppose he had the self-esteem without which one would hardly be an artist at all. He would soon have found that only Don Lorenzo Monaco, who was painting in the Trinità, and Masolino, who had begun the stupendous decorations of the Brancacci Chapel, were regarded as his peers. People perhaps talked of an eccentric young painter named Paolo Uccello, and of a youth of genius who served as assistant to the great Masolino. But Masaccio's day was yet to come. Fra Angelico was probably absent in Umbria; in any case, he had not yet asserted himself as a mural painter. In short, Gentile found himself almost without rivals of his own quality and bade fair to repeat at Florence his Venetian triumphs. No great decorative commission seems to have been given him. In fact, since he had put himself at the disposal of the Pope, he could hardly have accepted any prolonged task. But he found time to execute for Palla Strozzi that radiant Adoration of the Kings which, formerly in the Church of the Trinità, is now a chief ornament of the Florence Academy. No one who has seen this picture forgets it, and for those who have not seen it, of what avail are many words? More than an Adoration of the Kings, it is a Triumph of Chivalry, so completely does knightly pageantry outweigh its charming religious sentiment. Lorenzo Monaco had already perceived this possibility of the subject. He was the first Florentine to draw out the escort of the Magi upon an oblong panel. Indeed, the Adoration, which he painted for the little Church of St. Lucy in the Ruins may have served as a model for Gentile. But the newcomer outdid his exemplar. Never had the courtly and spectacular features of the scene been so fully developed. Gentile has raised the horizon to the top of the picture, in order to have more space in which to deploy his cavalcades. Beside the reverent group of the Holy Family and the worshipping potentates, is a dense and jostling throng of arrested horses, grooms, knights, men-at-arms. A great hound crouches before the hurly-burly, above it and behind a falcon strikes a dove and two monkeys balance on the humps of a dromedary. Over a hedge and the grotto where the ox and ass munch peaceably, one looks to a high-lying distance divided into three scenes by as many arches of the rich frame. To the left, the Three Kings look over the sea towards the Star in the East. In the centre, their cavalcade, with prancing horses and hunting leopards on the cruppers, swings up a hill towards a city. To the right, the Magi enter the gate of Bethlehem. Above, in the crocketed pinnacles, are medallions with God the Father, the Virgin, and the Angel of the Annunciation. Below, in the base, the Nativity, and the Flight to Egypt, a night scene, and a dawn, in which the lights are effectively touched with gold. The third predella panel, the Presentation in the Temple, is represented only by a copy; the original, since Napoleonic times, has been in the Louvre. The Gothic side columns are treated as if they were of skeleton construction. From a dark background within the mouldings painted flowers spring as if planted within. The gilding and varied tempera enamel afford a gorgeous and yet harmonious effect. Diapered gold, lapis blue, crimson, these are the prevailing colors. In technical brilliancy, no panel of the century surpasses this radiant work of Gentile's.

The group of the Holy Family is draped after the traditional half-classic fashion, the remaining figures wear splendid costumes of the time, with minor Oriental features. This picture is the transition to the realistic *genre* manner of the Quattrocento in Florence. The step from it to those frescoes with state-

ly citizens as witnesses of the ostensibly sacred theme is a short one. Now, this sense for pageantry and love of contemporary faces and costumes appear very early in French miniature painting. It has been suggested, in fact, that both Gentile and Masolino got their hint from such pictures as those of the Limbourg illuminators and Hubert van Eyck. All this is possible, and even plausible, but I think it is easy to exaggerate the importance of this northern influence. Pageantry was in the air of Florence. The religious spectacles, the jousts, the ceremonials of the guilds constituted a festal year affording every variety of processional display. On St. John's day this actual subject, the Adoration of the Magi, was occasionally given with great splendor. Machiavelli describes a performance of 1466 that was elaborate enough to occupy nearly the whole city for several months. In the Marches, the Adoration was given as early as 1380. In 1414, at Parma, we have a record which might be a description in brief of Gentile's picture painted eight years later. Now, this love of pageantry rarely found full vent in the religious painting of the time. Such a picture as this of Gentile's, such a Cortège as that which Benozzo Gozzoli some thirty years later spread on the walls of Cosimo de' Medici's private chapel, remain in a manner exceptional. It was the humble, usually nameless, painters of storied bride-chests (*cassoni*) who were the true recorders of this vanished Florence. To them all was permitted. Through them we see the wedding feasts, the jousts, the horse races, the triumphs. With them we may wander in gardens of love, or enjoy in the fantastic travesty of the dawning renaissance the old, sad stories of Virgil and Ovid. Truly inheritors of unfulfilled renown, for we rarely know even their names, these blithe craftsmen were the real illustrators of Florence in its heyday and on parade. Gentile and Masolino were the great predecessors of these little men, though Paolo Uccello was to be their chief exemplar. They represent the full flood of a tendency already vigorous in Gentile. If northern, or more specifically French, influence comes in at all, is it not merely by way of confirming an established taste? Alas, those days of significant pageantry! In England they are reviving the traditional spectacles with learned care; among ourselves mysterious orders of chivalry parade in knightly panoply. We strive arduously for the spectacular, and we get the results of those who strive too consciously. Perhaps the realists are right—Whitman in Brooklyn Ferry, Renoir in the Dancing Garden, our own young arranger of sombrely splendid pageants from the New York ghetto, Jerome Myers—perhaps they are right, I say, to eschew the arranged for the casual spectacle. And yet with the sense of travesty departing, is not the casual spectacle also doomed—I mean as regards its appeal to the eye? This, too, would be of a piece with a civilization that willingly starves the eye in the alleged interest of the mind. Is it not significant that at a time when society gives the artist so little to look at, the writer pushes description to its furthest extreme of technical excellence? What does that mean but that the naïve joys of the eye have been superseded by a more complicated pleasure—one fairly within the range of a blind person? How can the painter and sculptor hope for a real place among us, until we concede to the claims of the eye—not that attention we gladly pay to those of the ear, but at least that respect which we give to the higher exactions of the palate?

We have drifted far from Gentile. But really little remains to say. We find him at Siena and Orvieto, repeating his Venetian and Florentine triumphs, and finally, at derelict Rome, helping to dignify the return of the Pope. Gentile painted at Sta. Maria Nuova and in the Lateran, at that time the first temple of Christendom. There death overtook him suddenly, in 1427, still in joyous possession of his powers. He was buried at Sta. Maria Nuova, but time has cancelled his epitaph and even exact memory of his last resting place.

Any judgment we may form of his painting, is defective in advance. His most important work we know on hearsay only. For us he is preëminently the master of blithe color, the inventor of certain soft appealing forms of woman's loveliness—what Madonna picture in the world is sweeter than the little panel in the Museum at Pisa?—the contriver of vivacious spectacles, the celebrator of dying chivalry in the full-blown splendor of its decline. For the rest, a simple spirit, carrying to the point of perfection the technique and forms he had inherited; a contented soul when divine discontent was in the air; an innovator only to the extent of enriching established formulas. In every way, he seems one of those gracious spirits whose pious task it is to invest in an ultimate charm, an art no longer capable of real progress and foredoomed. The wistful flavor of decadence is in all his panels. They have, as compared with Gothic painting of the great time, the insubstantial flavor of Campanian marbles, as compared with those of early Attica. In both cases, the vague provincial suggestion is a weakness, but constitutes also an appeal. Our judgment approves Masaccio for his break with an exhausted past, our love goes out to Gentile for his unquestioning fealty to old and beautiful if tottering ideals. I could almost resent a discovery, say of those hidden Venetian frescoes, which should demonstrate that Gentile, too, was an innovator. That he was that in a measure, there is reason to believe—but a progressive spirit, not in the sense of the realists, but of Fra Angelico or Fra Filippo Lippi. Why Fra Filippo is not a realist, I cannot here take the pains to explain. As a wholesome sentimentalist, and lover of the human spectacle, he was, in some degree, the spiritual heir of Gentile.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

The July *Burlington Magazine* is not at the highest level of interest attained by that periodical, though it contains several articles of some importance. The note by Georges H. De Loo on "An Authentic Work of Jaques Daret" should fix a date and a name in the heretofore rather vague history of early Flemish painting; while A. M. Hind notices some "Newly Discovered Rembrandt Documents," published by Dr. Bredius, which upset the received chronology of Rembrandt's etchings and show that that master continued to etch and to engrave up to the end of his life. Among the illustrations the most interesting are reproductions of several pictures lately in the collection of the King of the Belgians (two by Rubens and one by Hobbema) and a couple of rather timid works put forward by C. J. Hl. as possible early experiments by Vermeer of Delft.

The special spring number of the *International Studio* is devoted to the water colors of J. M. W. Turner. There is a growing feeling that this part of Turner's work is the best of what he has left us, and these thirty reproductions of drawings, ranging from the stiff formality of the earliest exhibited work of 1790 to the amazing sketches of the early forties, will be welcome to many. There are the inevitable contradictions in the text, Sir Charles Holroyd dwelling on the "absolute truth," even to the smallest details of locality, of Turner's sketches, while Mr. A. J. Finberg maintains that they must not be regarded as "attempts to give an accurate representation" of anything, even of effects. Mr. W. C. Rawlinson's detailed discussion of the plates and of Turner's successive manners at different periods of his life is perhaps more profitable.

The Académie des Beaux-Arts has announced its awards in the architectural section in connection with the Grand Prix de Rome. The chief prize went to J. G. M. Boutterin, a pupil of Rauiin and Héraud. The prize next in value was taken by M. J. E. L. Madeline, a pupil of Degiane, and the third by G. E. Lauzanne, a pupil of Laioux. Two other awards of the Académie are the Prix Troyon to Émile Marcel and a *Mention Honorable* to Mlle. Marcelle Louis Noyon.

From Kiel comes the report of the death, in her eighty-first year, of Prof. Johanna Mestorf, who until a year ago was director of the Schleswig-Holstein Museum in that town. Her title of "professor" was conferred on her by the Emperor, in 1899, and she was the first German woman to be so honored. Besides her administrative work she wrote a number of volumes on archæological subjects.

Finance.

THE UNION PACIFIC'S ASSETS.

For a week past, the Stock Exchange has been indulging in great excitement over what it describes as the expected "segregation plan" for the Union Pacific Railroad's holdings of stocks of other railways. In general, Wall Street's idea appears to be that these stocks—amounting by the company's last report to $108,000,000 pledged against collateral trust bonds, and $131,000,000 held free in the Treasury—will somehow be transferred to other custody, so that the railway company, as such, will be disengaged from the business of operating on the stock market. As to what method of segregation will be pursued, no official statement or intimation has been given out; it is, therefore, impossible as yet to discuss the matter from that point of view. Speculative Wall Street, after its fashion, jumped to the conclusion that the "deal" would be so arranged as to impart great additional value to the Union Pacific's shares, which were accordingly bid up 16 points last week, with a relapse at the present week's opening. This throws no light on the project; the Stock Exchange, in its present mood, would do the same for the shares of any property in which a "deal" was rumored. But the "segregation plan," whatever form it take, happens to be a sequel to a very sensational chapter of railway history, which it is well worth while to review.

The Union Pacific's purchases of stock in other railways, on the scale which has made its operations memorable, began when the so-called "community-of-interest" idea had turned the heads of our Wall Street millionaires. This plan of action was based on the purchase of one another's shares by the various railways, the purchase-money being raised on the credit of the purchasing company. It will be recalled that the process was largely at the bottom of the frenzied markets of April, 1901, when the buying power which converged on the Stock Exchange seemed to be absolutely unlimited. The Union Pacific had thus bought $75,000,000 stock of the Southern Pacific Company, bonding itself for the purpose. This operation attracted less attention, because its main purpose was to acquire the Central Pacific line, which, although owned by the Southern Pacific, was a natural connecting link to the Western Coast for the Union Pacific's main transcontinental line. But the ease with which this property was acquired stimulated the appetite and relaxed the caution of the rich "insiders." The contest, first for possession of the Burlington and Quincy, and then for the Northern Pacific Railway, followed a few months later.

It was conducted on lines which, a very few years before, would have been described as unparalleled recklessness. Union Pacific's executive committee had virtual *carte-blanche* with the company's credit; Harriman himself, as chairman of the board, had been voted practically unlimited borrowing powers, with the absolute right "to execute in the name and on behalf of this company a note or notes for the amount so borrowed." Although no official admission of the fact has ever been made, there is no doubt whatever that the $78,000,000 par value in Northern Pacific stock, bought by the Union Pacific in 1901, was purchased with money borrowed in the open market on the notes of the company. This highly precarious operation was supplemented later by a bond issue to take up the floating debt thus created, and a fortunately favorable money market averted the grave perils which must always surround such experiments with corporation credit. The Northern Pacific corner, the exchange of the stock for that of the Northern Securities holding company, the dissolution of that company, occurred without disaster to Mr. Harriman's undertaking.

He sold on the open market the stock received on the liquidation of that merger, and got more than he had paid for it. The speculation had been lucky, and in the middle of 1906, Union Pacific was left with $55,000,000 free cash in its treasury. No idea of reducing the capital liabilities incurred in the purchase, or of devoting this money to the urgent physical needs of the railway property, seems to have occurred to Harriman. Instead, he rushed into the speculative Wall Street market, buying right and left the shares of other railways, many of which had no connection with his own. The $55,000,000 cash was not enough; the Union Pacific incurred a floating debt of $75,000,000 more, and the proceeds were similarly used. Such an operation, secretly conducted and accompanied by wild speculation ascribed to the people who knew what was going on, was bound to take rank as a public scandal when the facts were made public. That service the Interstate Commission rendered, and the people at large learned the truth of the matter at the moment when Union Pacific was struggling to place its bonds in an unfavorable money market, and when, by rough calculation, the market value of the stocks bought for the company in 1906 had depreciated $40,000,000. Since then, and up to the present time, there have been fairly well authenticated reports of buying and selling operations for the same account, and in the same shares, on the Stock Exchange.

The panic of 1907 sobered up a good many millionaire speculators who had come to believe that there was no limit

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of safety to their use of credit. Probably some of Harriman's own associates began to feel misgivings over the policy so recklessly pursued, and to protest against its continuance. It had, moreover, become quite plain that unless our great railway corporations were to become mere engines of speculation, and their trust funds only handmaids of the Stock Exchange, a halt of some sort must be called. The most that they could discover, in the way of remedy for the situation created in Union Pacific's own finances, was some scheme for turning over the company's holdings of other railway shares to a separate company, or at all events, for placing immediate control of them in different hands. It will occur to all observant minds that a plan of this sort might leave the last state of things as objectionable as the first. But comment on this aspect of the matter must be deferred until the nature of the contemplated "segregation plan" is known.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baskerville, C. General Inorganic Chemistry. Heath & Co.

Bisland, E., and Hoyt, A. Seekers in Sicily. Lane. $1.50 net.

Bond, F. Visitors' Guide to Westminster Abbey. Frowde.

Curtler, W. H. R. A Short History of English Agriculture. Frowde. $2.15 net.

Despatches From Paris, 1784-1790. Selected and edited from the Foreign Office Correspondence by O. Browning. Vol. I. (1784-1787.) London: Camden Society.

Dumas. Le Comte de Monte-Cristo. Edited by C. Fontaine. American Book Co. 40 cents.

Elford, P. Practical School Gardening. Frowde.

Elson, H. W. A Child's Guide to American History. Baker & Taylor. $1.25 net.

Figgis, D. A Vision of Life: Poems. Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. Lane. $1.25 net.

Historical Stories of the Ancient World and the Middle Ages: Retold from St. Nicholas Magazine. 6 vols. Century.

Ibañez, V. B. The Shadow of the Cathedral: a Novel. Translated from the Spanish by Mrs. W. A. Gillespie. Dutton. $1.35 net.

Liverpool Committee for Excavation and Research in Wales and the Marches. First Annual Report, 1908. University Press of Liverpool.

Lyons, A. N. Sixpenny Pieces. Lane. $1.50

Pattee, G. K. Practical Argumentation. Century. $1.10 net.

Phillips, D. G. The Hungry Heart; a Novel. Appleton. $1.50.

Photographic Annual. Fifth edition, revised to June, 1909. Tennant & Ward. 50 cents.

Stephens, F. F. The Translation Period, 1788-1789, in the Gov. of the U. S. Social Science Series, Vol. II, No. 4, University of Missouri Studies.

Tennyson's Shorter Poems and Lyrics 1833-1842. (The Lady of Shalott, and Other Poems.) Edited with introduction and notes, by B. C. Mulliner. Frowde.

Third Report of the Wellcome Research Laboratories at the Gordon Memorial College, Khartoum. Toga Publishing Co. $5 net.

Wollaston, G. H. The Englishman in Italy. Frowde. $1.75 net.

Works of James Buchanan. Collected and edited by J. B. Moore. Vol. IX, 1853-1855. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Old Testament Narratives

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Armstrong's Syntax of the French Verb

By EDWIN C. ARMSTRONG, Professor in Johns Hopkins University. With Exercises by DE LA WARR B. EASTER, Professor in Randolph-Macon College. ix + 192 pp. 12mo. 90 cents.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1909.

The Week.

The Attorney-General, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, the Secretary of the Interior, the chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the Solicitor of the Department of Justice are, it is said, to furnish President Taft with material upon which to base recommendations to Congress. The legislation relates to the powers and functions of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the amendment of the Sherman Anti-Trust act, and additional safeguards against corporate abuses. Some profess to see an innovation in this recommendation of specific statutes to Congress. President Taft, however, is not only an able lawyer himself, but evidently constituted his Cabinet so as to entrench himself as behind a bulwark of distinguished legal advice. His experience with the tariff bill, where the corporation tax was of Cabinet manufacture, may have convinced him of the utility of having a measure in definite white and black to urge upon the attention of the lawmakers. This plan, even if in some degree novel—and we are not at all certain that precedents cannot be found for it—is at least rather more dignified than the back-door deal in patronage to buy legislative approval of particular measures. However, if the experiment is actually tried, it will but register the growing inclination to trust the Chief Executive, rather than Congress, with the initiative in measures taken in the interest of the nation as a whole.

President Taft is reported to be not at all disturbed by the news that the corporation tax is to be taken into the courts, to test its Constitutionality. He expected this. He knows the ways of lawyers, and only laughs when told of their eager preparation for the great battle. But he should not forget that a similar hilarious incredulity was displayed in 1894, over the proposal to challenge the income tax in the Supreme Court. Why, it was *res adjudicata;* the Court itself had upheld the validity of the tax, and how ridiculous it was to imagine that it could be upset. But it was upset; and Mr. Taft cannot have forgotten the innocent smile with which Mr. Choate remarked, when all was over: "Well, some things can be done as easily as some other things." It is, of course, true that very able and experienced lawyers agree with the President that the corporation tax is not obnoxious to any Constitutional principle; but just as many take the other view, and what the courts will hold cannot be predicted.

Acting Secretary Reynolds of the Treasury Department has come forward as an authority upon official æsthetics. There are two provisions in our tariff law, the one providing for the free admission of works of art over one hundred years old, the other for similar products more than twenty years old. The unsophisticated person might imagine that the effect would be the free admission of any work of art more than twenty years old. But such an opinion differentiates the untutored Philistine from the Treasury connoisseur. The regulations just issued discriminate 'twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee very nicely. The twenty-year provision is to be strictly construed. Under its terms, nothing is held to be a work of art, which can, by any possibility, minister to aught but the æsthetic sensibilities. "Nothing suitable for purposes of utility," so reads the edict, "such as tapestries, paper hangings, glass windows, ornamental clocks, chandeliers" or other furniture may gain free admission under this proviso. The one hundred-year provision, however, is to be construed with the liberality which is of right paid to age. With the single exception of rugs and carpets which are denied free admission though they might come from the palaces of the Pharaohs, any work of art over a century old is welcomed, despite its possible utility. Thus, if one buys a dozen Apostle spoons, he may bring them in, duty free, for kitchen use, if he chooses; but a lace handkerchief that was made subsequent to Fulton's navigation of the Hudson is promptly charged with its appropriate duty. Secretary Reynolds seems to have answered with wonderful acumen the Conundrum of the Workshops:

> And the first rude sketch that the world has seen was joy to his mighty heart.
> Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves: "It's pretty, but is it art?"

It is a pity that Congressman Fowler's attack upon Speaker Cannon is so personal and so violent in language as partly to obscure the real gravity of his charges. People cannot be got to work themselves into excitement over the fact that one Representative, rather than another, is made Chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency. Recriminations on that score will fall rather flat. Only languid interest can be taken in the assertion, on the one hand, that Mr. Fowler's deposition from his chairmanship will yet rank as "the crime of 1909," or in the retort, from the other side, that his lamentations are nothing but the wails of a "squealer." Much more to the point is the exhibition of the Speaker's very bad record in matters of public finance. We ourselves have shown that he was on the wrong side in every financial measure of capital importance, having voted regularly for all the inflation bills and silver bills, and against all the sound measures—even the repeal of silver purchases, in 1893—that have come up in his time. If currency reform is to be left to the tender mercies of a public man so ignorant and narrow and perverse as Speaker Cannon has shown himself to be, we can only say, Heaven help the reformers.

The bloodshed at McKee's Rocks should surprise no one who has watched the progress of the conflict between the Pressed Steel Car Company and its employees. A disgraceful civil war has virtually been raging at the works. No less than 3,000 men have been under arms on the side of the strikers alone; daily fusillades have been reported, and yet the State of Pennsylvania has not acted except by ordering out a handful of constabulary. Whatever the merits of the strike, if the company is able to man its works the State owes it to itself to protect the company's property and the lives of the men it employs. If the strikers have a just cause, they are only injuring it by resorting to violence. Bul-

lets will restore no man's job and will merely harden the hearts of the employers. Killing strike-breakers feeds no hungry mouths and alienates public opinion without which no such strike can be successful. Punishment of unjust and cruel employers can come generally only through that same public opinion.

On the other hand, we feel quite as strongly that the time has gone by when employers can take such a stand as President Hoffstot takes toward his men. If the statement is correct that a skilled riveter worked ten days and two nights, and then received only $6.50 pay, and that another employee of seven years' standing worked ten and one-half days and received only $14.95, when he had formerly earned $30 in the same time, there is every reason why the company should have met its employees and discussed labor conditions in an amicable spirit. To institute order is, we insist, all-essential for every one concerned, but as the Pittsburgh *Sun* put it: "More important to Pittsburgh than her tonnage output is the making of good citizens out of all who labor here. He is an optimist, indeed, who can see any good at all in such economic conditions as are bared in this strike and attendant rioting." For an official to refuse to arbitrate where no principle is at stake, but merely a question of wage rates and hours of labor, is to prove one's self not only entirely out of touch with modern economic conditions, but entirely too autocratic and unreasonable to have charge of the destinies of thousands of employees.

At last, Mr. Taft is caught in deliberately, unblushingly, and wickedly reversing one of his predecessor's policies. We hasten to call it to the attention of the muck-raking magazines. West Point reveals the parting of the ways. It is only eight months ago that Mr. Roosevelt was confronted with a hazing case involving five cadets. He knew that the law required the dismissal of these men; that the Academic Board of West Point was unanimously in favor of letting the law take its course; that the superintendent, Col. H. L. Scott, had publicly declared his apprehensions for the discipline of the Academy if the cadets were permitted to go over the heads of their military superiors. But Mr. Roosevelt knew better, and true to his habitual custom, he let no such little thing as a Congress-made law stand in his way. Now, Mr. Taft deliberately reverses Mr. Roosevelt's humanitarian policy, without a word of explanation or justification, and seven poor "boys" must undergo the "entirely needless hardship of being turned out." Nothing is said about their being sent back for one year—there is merely, at Beverly, a craven desire to abide by the law which prescribes dismissal for each hazer, without alternative.

Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture might well be content to allow the department year book just issued to stand as his *nunc dimittis*. In the twelve years that have marked his administration of the department, he has seen the staff grow from 2,444 to 10,420—due to the increasing duties loaded by Congress upon this branch. The period has witnessed an increased average production per acre of such staples as cotton and corn, the former rising in the ten years prior to 1906 from 172 pounds to 191 pounds per acre. Of course, this advance may connote even more than a corresponding outlay per acre, but it may be due in part to more scientific and more economical cultivation. The Secretary is very sanguine as to the American farmer's ability to provide food for any possible growth of our population. His declaration that as regards wages the "farm laborer has fared better than the workingman employed in manufacturing and mechanical industries" raises the query whether this wage increase in an essentially non-protected industry is compatible with the protective shibboleth which the Secretary's party has always uttered. Not the least of the services which the farmer renders is the international credit his exports create in our favor—a factor of great importance just at this present juncture, when gold exports are large enough to be sobering.

With the mimic war in Massachusetts over, the country may now rest in peace—until there shall have been drawn from the manœuvres the inevitable dread lessons. Meanwhile, we are very happy for the regular army that it has achieved so glorious a victory. We can well imagine the heart-burnings in the service if a mere militia general, with an inferior force, had outwitted three of our shrewdest regular army generals. That we felt sure was an impossibility, unless General Pew should prove a Napoleon in disguise. As for the lessons to be drawn from these field exercises, without in the least pretending to military wisdom, we are really to wager a field gun against a cocked hat that they demonstrate, clearly, the utter defencelessness of our coasts and the absolute necessity of, at least, 20,000 more coast artillerymen—or, should we say 30,000? At the same time, it is pleasant to record that in this war game the various State troops seem to have conducted themselves extremely well and demonstrated anew their military progress since 1898.

The oft-repeated tale of our annual fire-waste was never more cogently put than by Mr. Edward T. Campbell last week at the Trans-Mississippi Congress at Denver. Losses by fire in the United States, he declared, cost three-quarters of a million dollars a day. In 1907, the entire fire-bill reached a total of $456,000,000, or about one-half of the total value of new constructions in the same year. The neglect of collective hazard in the matter of high or non-fireproof buildings is the chief reason why our per capita fire losses are about ten times as great as those in Europe. There is in this country no adequate recognition of the fact that fire losses are never ultimately indemnified, and that fire insurance premiums are essentially taxes imposed upon the community to spread the losses over a period, rather than to compel individuals to incur the same losses in lump sums at a single time. It is refreshing to see how frankly the West can be told of its errors in the matter of insurance. Mr. Campbell pointed out fearlessly that the three States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut practically insured the country, because of their reasonable laws governing insurance.

There have been gross misrepresentations sent out regarding actions of the Department in certain matters. Criticisms have been pretty severe from some quarters; but knowing that I am absolutely right in the position I have taken I have paid no attention to them. In time it will be shown beyond a doubt that my course has been all right.

In these words, according to a dispatch to the New York *Sun* from Butte,

Secretary Ballinger has commented on the various attacks upon him. "At the same time," he went on, "I realize that there are some things in the law governing the disposition of public lands, which ought to be modified, and as soon as I shall have opportunity, I shall suggest such changes as appear to me to be necessary, and report to Congress." In the meantime, Mr. Ballinger says, the established policy of the Interior Department will continue. It is hard to see why even Mr. Pinchot should not be satisfied with this.

A dispatch from San Francisco asserts that President Wheeler of the University of California has established a strict censorship over all news emanating from that institution. It can hardly be the case that the so-called censorship applies to matter other than official announcements of university policy or action which should rightly emanate from the university authorities. The dispatch in question, however, relates that "a curt letter has been sent out forecasting trouble for any professor or instructor who discloses anything concerning the working of the institution to reporters." In view of some of the sensational reports that emanate from university centres, it is easy to sympathize with President Wheeler. May not, however, the desired end be approximately reached, if discretion is exercised in the choice of a staff of instruction? Liability to epigrammatic seizure may well disqualify for a faculty position a candidate otherwise qualified. The judicious organization of a university bureau of publicity coöperating with a press bureau composed of student reporters has eliminated many of the cruder evils which unregulated and sensational newspaper exploitation of universities formerly occasioned.

The action taken by the School Board of Chicago against Greek-letter secret societies in the public schools is no doubt wise. And, indeed, clubs and social organizations even in the university, where the students are older, are, at the best, not an unmixed good. The recent action of Chicago University in dropping one hundred students brought a statement from the president that one cause of low scholarship was too great "social" interest. That, perhaps, is partly true, but a greater objection to strictly organized societies is the exclusion from the larger university life that membership often implies. They, too, often lead to a certain snobbishness and chauvinism, to a general narrowing of the sympathies. There should, of course, be social life at the university, which, broadly considered, has as its primary end the introduction of the student to the widest life, intellectual and cultural, and that includes the social. But the narrower and more intense social life involved in the strictly organized "society" often works against the wider and more humane outlook.

We can hardly believe that the verdict of $20,000, given by a St. Louis jury against a physician of that city, because he sewed up in a patient a roll of gauze, will stand in the higher courts. More intelligent persons will, we are sure, feel that to proceed against this cherished practice of some of our most distinguished surgeons will be an undue interference with their liberty and their pursuit of happiness, and, therefore, quite unconstitutional. And what would become of the newspapers, if they could not record from time to time that the great surgeon B., or the wonderful operator C., had carefully sewed up an unsterilized instrument or thirty-six inches of gauze in the place of a recently removed appendix? We are the more concerned because this is the second verdict of the same kind which we have noticed during the last few weeks. Now we submit that physicians are but as human as the rest of us, and that to require general infallibility while operating is a little bit more than the medical profession can be expected to endure in silence.

Financial legislation in the British Parliament contrasts favorably with the analogous process in our Congress. The budget proposals emanate from the Ministers, and are presented to the House of Commons on the collective responsibility of the entire Cabinet. Then in the Commons, the scheme is canvassed both in its totality and in minutest detail. During the debate, which, as in the present case, often extends over weeks and months, the closest outside scrutiny of the measure is kept up under the sharpshooter fire of the press on both sides. The bye-elections, during this time, give to Parliamentary leaders and to the country at large a good inkling of the pulse of popular opinion. As a result of these combined processes, the dross is pretty thoroughly refined out of a budget measure, and the eventual statute is at least a consistent whole. It is not pleasant to compare such a method with the dark-lantern process of our legislators, from the first secret concoction of a measure in the secluded rooms of the majority of the Ways and Means Committee, to its final hasty signing by the President.

The elimination of specific features from the pending Finance bill very well illustrates the peculiar excellence of the British process. Virtually, the aim of the measure is to secure large amounts of additional revenue, both for the navy and various schemes of social reform, without resorting to a protective tariff. Two main sources of new revenue chosen are a tax on the increment value of land, and a super-tax levied on incomes of over £2,000. But so radical a departure in finance had involved various dubious expedients. The excision of those excrescences one by one has resulted from the complex process of criticism, while the basic principles of the budget are left intact. Thus the cost of the land's valuation, it was proposed originally to impose on the owner. The hardship this would have worked in individual cases was made so clear that the state now undertakes the valuation and will pay the cost thereof. The failure to provide appeal for the taxpayer was pointed out by the Lord Chief Justice in a public address. As a result of this criticism, an appeal has been allowed. The somewhat whimsical tax on ungotten minerals could not stand up against the ridicule it occasioned, and has been replaced by a tax on mining royalties. As a result of this open, public, and above-board discussion, the finance measure has steadily grown in popular favor. The bye-elections and public political meetings have shown an apparent stemming of the adverse political tide. The Lords' bluster about throwing out the budget is growing beautifully less, and even Mr. Balfour is said to have advised them against such unprecedented action. The result shows the unquestioned value of publicity in the legislative handling of financial measures.

ARITHMETICAL NAVAL STRATEGISTS.

How can a science be both exact and inexact? This question is inevitably suggested by the settlement of the great naval dispute in England over the administration of the fleet, between Admiral Beresford and Sir John Fisher. Both profess themselves wholly satisfied with the outcome; both feel that they have been overwhelmingly sustained by the sub-committee of the Imperial Defence Committee, and Beresford is able to tabulate eight distinct reforms which his crusade has compelled the Admiralty to introduce. Let no one believe, however, that the peace now established is to be of long duration. Naval officers must be fighting always, if not in their dreams or in their play, then each other. Now this is a very queer thing, because our naval lords are ever dictating to the statesmen of the world what they shall tax the people. No professional man on the whole globe so readily has his way or is listened to and obeyed so zealously. The navy man knows each year just how many ships will prevent the despoiling of his native land, and each year he reports with sorrow new dangers and greater needs. But when it comes to administering his own province, this superman is in hot water all the time; his infallibility ceases when the threshold of his own special field is invaded. Whether it be how navy yards should be conducted, whether marines should or should not be on ships, whether a naval general staff is or is not desirable, the service is certain to be split asunder, and naval science appears at once anything but a science.

Let a naval officer but enter the field of international relations, and all his professional doubts vanish. His fears remain, for he is the most timid of mortals, seeing death and destruction everywhere, if the proportion of his battleships to those of some one else is not exactly as he thinks it ought to be. Thus, we now have an ever-increasing number of amusing, because so serious, arithmetical naval strategists. In solemn earnestness they set in opposing columns the lists of battleships and auxiliaries of the various Powers, find their own navy a poor second in the comparison, and immediately scent disaster to the integrity of their nation. Naturally, there follows a demand for still more ships and a fervent appeal to patriots to act promptly and vigorously, lest all be lost in a terrible *débâcle*. That other countries are adding yearly to their fleets, making our permanent superiority wholly out of the question, escapes the arithmetician's notice. With a sigh of relief, he solves his little problem, points with pride to the result, and tells us that when we have a predetermined number of Dreadnoughts, then, and not till then, we shall be safe.

The latest apostle of the vicious doctrine that only by predominant naval strength can the United States exist to carry out the plans of the founders and prove to an astonished world the practicability of orderly self-government based on universal suffrage, is Commodore W. H. Beehler of the navy. In an article in the current *Proceedings of the Naval Institute*, entitled "The Navy and Coast Defence," he gives the conclusion to which his imagination, his arithmetic, and his exact science irresistibly lead him. "To protect the country, our navy must command four different spheres, the Atlantic, Pacific, West Indies, and Philippines. Command of the sea in these four spheres is essential, and it can only be attained by an adequate naval force." Granted the premises, and the outcome must be accepted in a fleet strong enough in each of these theatres of war to overpower any antagonist. Delightfully simple and obvious. He would be unpatriotic, even perchance, a mollycoddle, who should ask whether this Union might not survive with less, rather than more, armored vessels; who should brutally point out the impossibility of reconciling this gigantic expansion with the President's flat order to reduce the naval appropriation by at least thirty millions of dollars; or who should suggest that by a single act of justice to the Philippines the assumed need of one of these fleets would disappear entirely.

The arithmetical naval strategist is not like other men. He lives in a world of his own where he blows his little bubbles and maps out the only possible scheme of salvation, with serene indifference to the actualities of life. It is a matter of course that he should coin new and sonorous phrases such as "strategic line of force" (whatever that may be); should advocate "a fleet of armored cruisers" (a discredited and obsolete type); should dot the wide oceans with scouts cruising continually in search of the enemy (how happy to find him at last, like the old lady who nightly looked for the burglar under her bed); should recommend fortifying such hopelessly exposed cities as San Diego; and should call for five vice-admirals, forty-two rear-admirals, and other officers and men in proportion. Very sapiently and in italics Commodore Beehler lays down this proposition. "*If we command the seas no foreign naval force can attack our coasts.*" Of course, dear arithmetician, who ever said it could?

Some day there will arise a Lewis Carroll properly to satirize the Beehlers, the Deweys, the Beresfords of our day; to place the Mad Naval Officer alongside the Mad Hatter, the White Rabbit, and other immortal logicians. Meanwhile, we would simply submit to our statesmen who listen in such awe to every graduate of our Naval Academy, that naval officers' decisions in matters international would be much worthier of credence and acceptance, could they but reach a common understanding in a field admittedly their own. A science exact and yet hopelessly inexact is, we submit, an anomaly, particularly when, dealing with human beings, it begins its theories by confessing a total lack of faith in the human equation. The very exactness of their science prevents their taking into account national characteristics, conditions of discipline, and relative efficiency. In his worship of the battleship, our arithmetician behind the gun sees no one in the conning tower, at the sights, or in the engine-room. A battleship is to him a battleship and nothing more.

THE GENERAL STRIKE.

The most recent advices from Stockholm indicate pretty plainly the failure and impending collapse of the Swedish strike. The struggle was unusually interesting for several reasons: it was perhaps the nearest approach to a universal strike ever attempted; it was conducted on the whole peaceably, so that the economic power of the unions was tested with little admixture of alien forces; it was fought out among a homogeneous people, where the introduction of immigrant strike-breakers was vir-

tually absent. The complete history of the movement we may not obtain for some time, but the indications are that its ill-success has removed many of the predicted terrors of the general strike.

In its theoretic aspect, nothing would seem more menacing than a universal stoppage of labor. Most urban communities have had some experience of the extreme inconvenience that a tie-up of the local transit system will produce. Multiply this by whatever factor represents the totality of hand-workers, and it should seem as if anarchy or social revolution must result. In France, indeed, this is the connotation which the term—general strike—carries. It is only another name for the hoped-for supersession of the government of the bourgeoisie by the labor unions. It is true that the extensive strike in Paris earlier in the year was spoken of as a general strike. But this was only by anticipation or by mistaken usage. The policy of organized labor in France, it must not be forgotten, is to ignore the existing government, to abstain from asking beneficial legislation from the Parliament, and to prepare for a *coup d'état*, whose alias is the general strike. In Sweden, as in most Teutonic countries where labor's attitude is largely opportunist, the general strike is expected to operate within the framework of existing institutions, and by sheer economic necessity to effect the granting of labor's claims.

The first cause of the weakness of the general strike is the failure to make it really general. It is not likely that all classes of operatives will feel aggrieved at one and the same moment. Those whose condition is for the time being fairly satisfactory have an aversion for a sympathy strike. Their attitude is:

The distant Trojan never injured me.

While they may be coerced by the urgent claim of the solidarity of labor, they find it difficult to forget their individual grievance at having to quit work. Many classes again, even of hand-workers, are not unionized. The Swedish farmers seem to have repulsed all suggestions of coöperating with the striking urban operatives. On the other hand, some of the best organized unions refuse flatly to go out at the behest of an unrecognized labor leader. Those who are in public employ are particularly chary about quitting their posts. Thus the soldiers and the police in Sweden seem to have been mindful of the services expected of them by the state. Even the paupers supported at public cost, when ordered to perform certain tasks, such as burying the dead at Stockholm, feared to decline, dreading the cessation of the support now received from the public chest.

A second major reason which accounts for the general strike's missing fire is the quick-spreading alienation of public favor. The strikers themselves are surprised to find how numerous is the rest of the community. Where the struggle is restricted to an out-and-out fight between a single trade or corporation and its operatives, and where a good *prima-facie* case can be made out for the strikers, public opinion is generally inclined to support the more numerous party. People put up good-naturedly with no little inconvenience in the hope that it may aid the workmen. But when the public in the rôle of *amicus curiæ* has its toes stepped on; is compelled to walk in rainy weather as well as in sunshine, because of suspended transit; has to put itself on siege rations, and depend upon the police for the distribution of the children's milk, the beauties of the general strike begin to fade, and a prompt clamor arises for stringent enforcement of the law, and, if necessary, for an industrial dictatorship to protect society at large from the warring factions.

When cases growing out of such industrial conflicts finally come up before the courts, and the conduct of the parties defendant is scrutinized in the dry, cold light of statutes and precedents, the law is generally found to be peculiarly unsympathetic to these attempts to coerce employers and incidentally to starve and inconvenience the public in the process. Perhaps no part of our law in this country is more conservative than that bearing on the legality of strikes. Originally, at common law, both in England and America, all strikes were unlawful. This extreme position has long been vacated, but courts still restrict with extreme caution the objects for which a strike is a lawful expedient. Anything that savors of the boycott or the sympathetic strike is likely to be treated with short shrift. The sharp doctrine is laid down that only to better the terms of *the strikers' own employment* is a strike lawful. Employees in public service corporations, moreover, are assumed to have obligations co-extensive in kind with that of the corporation. So in many other trades and professions, striking is not the privilege of any moment. A surgeon who suspended an operation to haggle for a higher remuneration would probably land where operations are limited to picking oakum.

The final weakness in the universal strike is that it cuts both ways. Strike funds lose their efficiency when everybody is on strike. The story is told of an ambitious young strategist at West Point who asked his instructor why fortifications were not built in the form of a circle so as to be "equally strong all around." The gray-haired instructor opined that such a fort would be "equally weak all around." Something of this kind is discovered in the general strike. Its instigators are going to starve society into submission, and then discover that their own larder goes bare just a trifle before that of their opponents. We doubtless shall have many sore trials before our industrial organization is perfected, but it is comforting to believe that the general strike is rather more terrible on paper than in fact.

WRATH AND GOLF.

We are glad to see the *Spectator* questioning the legend of the infuriated golfer. It is one of the ancient conventions of golf—or of those who talk and write and make jokes and draw comic pictures about the game—that it constantly provokes its votaries to wrath, malice, and all uncharitableness. But if that were ever largely true, it has certainly ceased to be so. It is indeed the case that you will occasionally see an unfortunate player in a hideous bunker or trap, burying himself deeper in sand and bad language, but that is exceptional. The dear old stories about the golfer who in a fit of rage breaks every club in his bag, and vents his fury upon man and nature impartially, relate to prehistoric times, even supposing they were ever true. The choleric majors, the passionate pilgrims of the links, the caddies fleeing from the wrath to come, the scarred bosom of the fair green, the air quivering with profanity—all this has more to do with the humorous tradition of the game than with its actual practice.

The present race of golfers are among the most equable-tempered and well-poised of mortals. Watch them at their play, and you cannot but be struck with the sedate way in which they go about it. Mental absorption, concentration of the whole physique, intent study of each shot, and a strained following of the flight and fall of the ball—these are the main things that impress the observer, and they are totally inconsistent with the intermittent explosions of ungovernable anger which he may have been led to expect. The devotees of the links exhibit frequent gleams of jollity. They have their jokes with each other, their side remarks, their mock praise, their acid comment—all between intimates, and never violating the etiquette of the game—and a part of their fun is melodramatic posing and violent outcries, when calamity overtakes them, as if despair had seized them for its own. This may mislead the bystander, but the others know that it is only feigning.

Compelled to admit this fact, some persons, steeped in the beloved tradition of the wrathful golfer, put a wrong interpretation upon it. They say that golfers are becoming better tempered. If the Comminatory Service is not so often read on the links as it used to be, it is because men have grown ashamed of their senseless objurgations. They are convicted of sin by quiet and well-behaved companions, or, possibly, by the presence of ladies on the green or on the club-house piazza, and set about mending their manners. Their patience becomes schooled by the discipline of the game itself, and they are less prone than before to let the sun go down upon the links and their wrath at the same time. Now, we are reluctant even to appear to take anything away from the moral glories of golf, and should be only too happy if we could make out the game to be the nursing-mother of all the virtues; but we fear the ugly fact is otherwise. It is not moral striving, but the endless struggle for excellence in the game, that leads the earnest golfer to avoid tempestuous and unseemly raging.

It is a question rather of psychophysics than of morals. The acutest analysis of golf shows it to differ from all other games in the degree of fixed attention it requires at the moment of the stroke. There is no reflex action to help the player. The game never becomes automatic. The impulse, the initiative, the summoning up of the whole man, have constantly to be under the golfer's control, and he speedily discovers that he cannot get on without a nice nervous poise. He learns that the most trifling external accidents—a temporary indigestion, loss of sleep, business worry—will put him off his game mysteriously, and he is not fool enough to add anything in the way of internal excitement, if he can help it. An oath a hole is almost like giving his opponent a stroke a hole. Hence, the self-restraint and heroic calmness under misfortune which he displays, are only proofs that he is trying to play the game well. It is not a moral scruple that holds him in. If swearing more terribly than the army in Flanders would cut his handicap, the air would be blue about him; but he is well aware that madness lies that way, as well as strokes over bogey. The choice of clubs is not more important than the cultivation of an equal mind. Greater is he that ruleth his spirit, and maketh a fine recovery, than he who taketh a city, or captureth the gallery, by a brilliant drive. Ebullitions of rage mean not only bad taste, but a bad score. Herein lies the explanation of the fact that so many good golfers seem to have steeled themselves to the mischances of their favorite sport, and to have taken as their motto: *Savis tranquillus in undis*, which may be translated, "Don't get mad even if you drive into a water hazard."

A WORD FOR AUTUMN.

St. Nicholas for September prints a number of brief essays by boys and girls, written in a prize competition, upon the theme, "My Favorite Season—and Why." Their excellence consists in their spontaneity and in their natural, unsophisticated analysis of their delight in the out-of-doors life. The contributions are none the worse that they betray no inkling of a reminiscence of Thomson's "Seasons." But among those deemed worthy of the prizes there is none, if we except one, that sings the glories of Indian summer, which betrays a partiality for autumn. This predilection for one of the other three seasons is characteristic not alone of children, but of their elders.

Autumn is unquestionably the least spectacular season. Spring appeals to the sense of novelty, to the expectation of release from confinement, to the pleasures of hope. With women, it is almost universally the favorite. To them the earth's "divine renewal" has a symbolical meaning which "mere man" cannot wholly perceive. If, in the spring, the young man's fancy proverbially turns to thoughts of love, it turns thereto "lightly," almost casually, and not improbably because the young man has a touch of spring fever. To the athletic temperament, summer is alluring. The sense of untrammelled freedom in the out-of-doors, the escape from school tasks, the vacation from business, or the unalloyed delight in sport and exercise find in summer their fittest opportunity. On the other hand, winter has a double claim. The æsthetic charm of snow and ice, with their zestful sports, tells in its favor. Winter, moreover, carries for the children the lure of Yuletide festivities, and for their elders the pleasant sense of shut-in isolation and family solidarity peculiar to the open hearth.

But it must not be forgotten that each season has the defects of its qualities. Spring, especially the early spring, is *varium et mutabile semper*. Then you can never tell what a day may bring forth. The one thing certain is that it is dangerous to let the fire in the furnace go out. Neither the ground nor the temperature affords occasion for the hardy sports of winter, nor the vigorous out-of-doors existence that summer brings. The illness that mortal flesh is heir to is always lurking about the turn of the year, and every schoolmaster will bear witness that childhood's epidemics usually cluster around the traditional spring vacation. The joys of summer are often purchased at a heavy cost. The conscious effort after bodily comfort is incessant. To speak of heat and humidity and dust is superfluous, but every one has sympathized with Sidney Smith, who "found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones." But the discomforts of wintertime are worse. Then, if ever, one agrees with Mr. Squeers in his verdict that "natur' is a rum 'un." The white veil of snow which has so often been idealized means weeks of slush. The wizard architecture of Jack Frost means frozen water pipes and plumbers' bills, not to mention the colds

and coughs and influenza that hold revel.

To the eye of experience, therefore, the fall of the year may rightly have a claim as the most auspicious season. No greater libel was ever uttered than the allegation that the closing days of November, the "saddest of the year," are fairly typical of autumn. It is more than half due to the prejudice of the poets that the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" bears so bad a name among its fellows. Whenever a rider of Pegasus feels lachrymose, he is almost sure to work in some slander on the autumn. Thus Tennyson felt:

> Tears from the depth of some divine despair
> Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes
> In looking on the happy autumn fields.

No wonder that he confessed he knew "not what they mean." Here in autumn, is found the even tenor of all the year as summer heat melts imperceptibly into the invigorating charm of cooler days. The harvests are all but gathered in. The grapes and apples and nuts presage a cheer that never attaches to the precarious peach crop. Even with its slow progress towards winter, the autumn is prodigal of gifts:

> When the frost is on the pumpkin,
> And the corn is in the shock.

As one grows in years, performance and not promise takes an added value. It is broad-shouldered Ceres, with her lap full of good things, not the willowy and changeable "Aprille with his shoures soote," that challenges our regard. We come to dread the sudden change and climatic extremes. "Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven doth shine" for us to remain quite unblinded by his rays. But in the clear light of the hunter's moon we see things as they really are.

THOMAS HOOD.

I.

It cannot be thought that a new life of Hood was widely desired, nor does the writing* of Mr. Walter Jerrold show that charm of manner which makes us grateful for unimportant things. Yet, at least, the biography is the result of honest painstaking, and has the solid merit of correcting traditional errors and of offering a considerable amount of new material. It is well enough to be assured that the true date of Hood's birth in London was 1799; to have an exact relation of his years in Scotland, 1815-1817, when, according to Mr. Jerrold, his determination was formed to devote himself primarily to literature, rather than to engraving; and to know that his marriage, in 1825, was not in opposition to the wishes of Miss Reynolds's people and brought no bitterness to his amiable heart. It may even be that there is still a sufficient number of admirers of Hood's humor and pathos —among whom, indeed, I count myself —to justify the fuller printing of his mad letters and the telling of all his madder practical jokes. There may be some who will welcome the complete story of his stay on the Continent from 1835 to 1840, with its rollicking German friendships; who will read willingly the lengthened record of his struggle against failing health during his last five years in England, and to hear his brave deathbed profession of faith, almost his last remembered utterance:

> It's a beautiful world, and since I have been lying here, I have thought of it more and more; it is not so bad, even humanly speaking, as people would make it out. I have had some very happy days while I lived in it, and I *could* have wished to stay a little longer. But it is all for the best, and we shall all meet in a better world!

Through the troubles and anxieties caused by illness and, it must be added, by imprudence in money matters, Hood preserved this buoyant cheerfulness. One comfort comes from this biography—although Mr. Jerrold did not quite intend it—in dispelling the supposed tragedy of Hood's life, which would have him driven by grinding necessity to the production of vendible comicalities. At the very beginning of his career Barry Cornwall is exclaiming to a friend over the pity "that Hood should have given up serious poetry for the sake of cracking the shells of jokes which have not always a kernel"; and so the tradition has been passed down to us of a fine creative artist who deliberately diverted his talents to the popular market, with all the misery of such a conscious degradation. There was, no doubt, a vein of delicate pathos in his genius, but no one can read this life without feeling that not the hateful *res angusta* but the inevitable bent of his mind made him from boyhood to the fading years of sickness the jester of England. His "National Tales" in prose (published early in 1827), were a deliberate effort to prove his rights to another name.

> The serious character of the generality of the stories [he says in his preface], is a deviation from my former attempts, and I have received advice enough, on that account, to make me present them with some misgiving. But because I have jested elsewhere, it does not follow that I am incompetent for gravity, of which any owl is capable; or proof against melancholy, which besets even the ass. Those who can be touched by neither of these moods rank lower indeed than both of these creatures. It is from none of the player's ambition, which has led the buffoon by a rash step into the tragic buskin, that I assume the sadder humor, but because I know from certain passages that such affections are not foreign to my nature. During my short lifetime, I have often been as "sad as night," and not like the young gentlemen of France, merely from wantonness. It is the contrast of such leaden and golden fits that lends a double relish to our days.

All which is perfectly true, but it did not save the "National Tales" from being a flat failure. As for "Tylney Hall," his attempt at sustained fiction, its character is indicated by Dickens's praise of it as "the most extraordinary jumble of impossible extravagance and especial cleverness"; or by Lamb's admiration of its puns as "so neat, that the most inveterate foe to that sort of joke, not being expectant of 'em, might read it all thro' and not find you out."

II.

It was as the inimitable equivocator in words that Hood won a reputation among his contemporaries, and will be remembered. In *Blackwood's Magazine* for April, 1830, an unknown rhymster hit off a number of English writers in quatrains, ending with Hood:

> Im*pugn* I dare not thee
> For I'm of *puny* brood
> And thou would'st *pun*ish me
> With *pun*gent hardiHOOD.

The foolish lines show the place of Hood in literature, though the puns employed are, as Mr. Jerrold rightly says, not at all of the genus that gave Hood his fame. His letters overrun with quibbling conceits; his pencil could scarcely draw a picture without a play in forms; his practical jests were a kind of amphibology in act—"the equivocation of the fiend!" we are likely to exclaim at the last, in wonder and dismay.

The fact is the pun has got a bad name in society, and Hood—dare we add Lamb also?—as its devotee would probably be shunned to-day as a bore in any club of London or New York. There is some reason for this unpopularity of a once admired species of wit, for it is subject to a woeful abuse. In his "Shirley Brooks of *Punch*" Mr. G. S. Layard gives too numerous illustrations of what the profession of punning soon came to be; for horrid example:

> One summer evening Thackeray arrived late at the *Punch* dinner. He had given up a lady's dinner for a dinner with Lord John Russell, and the little statesman had left him in the lurch. "So," he said, "I come as a *peas-aller* to Mr. P. to eat my peas in peace."
>
> "But you must mind your Q's as well," said Shirley, "and you must take your cues from me or I shall not excuse you."

Peculiar taste in entertainment! Let us pray for it an everlasting *requiescat in pace*. It should be added that the Victorian afterwits were not the first

**Thomas Hood: His Life and Times.* By Walter Jerrold. New York: John Lane Co. $5 net.

or only ones to bring the double-tongued Muse into contempt. Early in the forties of the eighteenth century, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter had planned a *jeu d'esprit* on "The Whole Art and Mystery of Punning," calculated "to furnish the sweet *nepenthe* of nonsense in such copious streams as to water the face of the whole earth." The prospectus should be perused by all intending sinners. "To so great a height of perfection," she declares, "have the authors of this work carried their design, as to lay down rules to divide, subdivide, compound, recompound, decompound, rack, torture, strain, and quodlibetificate any word into a pun by nineteen several ways of false spelling."

III.

But the pun is not necessarily and was not always this criminal act of verbicide, as Oliver Wendell Holmes has called it; an evening with Theodore Hook, we may remember, could wring from Coleridge the exclamation that he was as great a genius as Dante. There is a pleasant reward in going back now and then to the group of wits who treated punning with the scrupulous delicacy of a fine art; and of this practice Hood, at least, so far as the *litera scripta* can decide, was the incomparable master. There is some exaggeration in saying, as a reviewer in the *Spectator* wrote not long ago, that "Hood's pioneer work—Hood's own unique work—was the punning ballad, which may be said not only to have begun, but in its best form to have died, with him." That is to pass a little too lightly over the work of many writers before Hood's day; more particularly it is to forget the ballads of Goldsmith, such, for instance, as the stanzas on "Mrs. Mary Blaize," which would seem quite in place if found in "Hood's Own." It is to forget also the excellent absurdities of the "Ingoldsby Legends" and other later works. Yet it is true that Hood remains the inapproachable master of the pun in all its shades of excellence, and to understand his humor, and indeed his fancy, is to practise a useful discrimination among the different kinds of equivocation. Charles Lamb, as a connoisseur in the art, pointed the way to the right classification, when, in his remarks on the "Odes and Addresses," he censured his friend not for excess of wit, but for the occasional use of the wrong sort of wit.

> What we allude to [he writes] is a mixture of *incompatible* kinds; the perpetual recurrence of *puns* in these little effusions of humor; puns uncalled for, and perfectly gratuitous, a sort of make-weight; puns, which, if *missed*, leave the sense and the drollery full and perfect without them. You may read any one of the addresses, and not catch a quibble in it, and it shall be just as good, nay better; for the addition of said quibble only serves to puzzle with an unnecessary double meaning. A pun is good when it can rely on its single self; but, called in as an accessary, it weakens—unless it *makes* the humor, it *enfeebles* it.

What Lamb means, as becomes evident from his comment on the humor of the "Ode to Joseph Grimaldi, Senior," but what he does not quite say, is that the pun succeeds when it plays primarily on the double sense of a single word and not on the mere similarity in sound of two words. The late Canon Ainger, in his "Life of Hood," comes closer to the real distinction, while hinting at a larger classification:

> Herbert, Crashaw, Donne [Lamb had made the same comparison with the "metaphysical" poets], in like manner, have their abundant and perishable affectations. Yet all of these in turn show how true wit may subserve the highest aims of the Poet; and that in fact, so far from Wit and Poetry being irreconcilable, they shade and pass into one another by gradations quite imperceptible. Who shall decide, on the moment, whether Waller's couplet—
>
> The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
> Let in new light through chinks which time had made—
>
> is to be pronounced witty or poetical? The truth is that it is both; and that the two are fused, beyond possibility of separation, by the intensity and sincerity of the Truth enforced.

Now Waller's couplet, as Canon Ainger might have pointed out, is at once both poetical and witty just because it contains an uncertain play on words hovering midway between the true metaphor and the avowed quibble. Its position is clearer if we compare it with two stanzas which turn on different equivocations of the same word. In Cardinal Newman's hymn—

> Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
> Lead thou me on;
> The night is dark, and I am far from home;
> Lead thou me on.

we have sheer poetry, with no suspicion of wit. The pun, if we may use the term in so generic a sense, lies in those physical qualities of light which the mind has always and instinctively associated with the moral qualities of the spirit. There is an equivocation of ideas, if you insist; but without the element of surprise, and springing from a deep similarity of emotional content. This is, properly speaking, metaphor. At the other extreme lies such a stanza as this epitaph on a lamp-lighter:

> Faithful at lighting lamps thou wast,
> Till soul and body grew so light,
> That one is wafted now with dust,
> While t'other shines a star of night.

Here is the pun in its vulgarest form—a pure quibble, whose whole force is in the unity of sound of two distinct words "light" as opposed to dark and to heavy, and whose wit, if it have any, rests on the element of surprise alone. Between these two, the metaphorical and the quibbling use of the word, stands Waller's witty comparison, which is raised by its play on sense rather than sound above the quibble, yet which so dwells on the physical accessories of light, and so depends for its effect on the unexpected turn, as to be strictly, not a poetical metaphor, but a conceit.

IV.

These are the three terms of figurative speech—the quibble or base pun, the conceit, and the metaphor. For the most part Hood ranges on a ground below the middle term and above the lowest—on a ground which may be designated the legitimate pun. Not always, indeed; for at times, he, like other wits, forgets to resist the first temptation of his own cleverness. Thus a catch in an old Scotch ballad, "cauld, cauld, he lies beneath the deep," may set him off on a long chase after words whose only association is their similarity of sound:

> But still that jolly mariner
> Took in no reef at all,
> For, in his pouch, confidingly,
> He wore a baby's caul;
> A thing, as gossip-nurses know,
> That always brings a squall!
> . . . .
>
> The ensuing wave, with horrid foam,
> Rush'd o'er and cover'd all.—
> The jolly boatman's drowning scream
> Was smother'd by the squall,—
> Heaven never heard his cry, nor did
> The ocean heed his *caul*.

But more often there is a kind of accompanying twist in the situation itself, playful or grotesque, which raises the humor above the exasperation of sheer verbicide, as in "Faithless Nelly Gray" or the less grewsome "Sally Brown":

> O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
> How could you serve me so?
> I've met with many a breeze before,
> But never such a blow.

And this twist may become the very substance of the humor, so that the play on words is lost in what may be called the equivocation of circumstances, or the pun in things themselves. So it is throughout the "Parental Ode":

> Thou little tricksy Puck!
> With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
> Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
> (The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!) . . .

V.

Hood's manner of punning is an old story no doubt, and needs no interpreter. But it may not have been so often remarked that the trick pursues him even into his solemn moods; is, indeed, in more or less disguised form, one of his efficient instruments of pathos. There was a vein of melancholy in the man, nor was he, as he says, "incompetent for gravity." He was in this respect like other humorists who have turned lightly from laughter to tears, but he differed from others in his ability to measure sadness with a conscious pun:

All things are touch'd with Melancholy,
Born of the secret soul's mistrust,
To feel her fair ethereal wings
Weigh'd down with vile degraded dust;
Even the bright extremes of joy
Bring on conclusions of disgust,
Like the sweet blossoms of the *May*,
Whose fragrance ends in *must*.
O give her, then, her tribute just,
Her sighs and tears, and musings holy!
There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely;
There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in Melancholy.

Perhaps it is the fatalistic pun luring the mind from beneath the more manifest metaphor of *may* and *must* that gives a peculiar piquancy to these lines, as if under a masquerade of sorrow we should catch glimpses of a face not smiling, but itself sorrowing. Such an audacious quibbling with melancholy leads one to reflect on the intimate mixture of laughter and tears in some forms of art, on the slender partition in human life between joy and sadness, or what may be called the ambiguity of the emotions. They stand so near together and pass so easily one into the other for the reason that their cause is so ambiguous; for regret and disappointment, like the merry accidents of life, though to different ends, spring from a kind of disparity between expectation and event. The only peculiarity of Hood is that he uses the juggling with words more consciously than other poets to express the juggling realities of fate. Thus, were it not for the harshness of the term, the ambiguity of sleep and morn and the soul's secret mistrust in "The Death-Bed" might almost be called punning:

We watch'd her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro!

So silently we seem'd to speak—
So slowly moved about!
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out!

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died!

For when the morn came dim and sad—
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours!

Is our perception here merely quickened by our familiarity with the equivocating habit of the writer, or has this habit really led him on more audaciously than others to that verge of sentiment where the instrument of pathos is almost confused with that of humor? The latter is the case, I think; for I observe that he carries this same tendency not only into his other pathetic poems (making of this same likeness of sleep and death in one passage of his "Hero and Leander," at least, a pure conceit), but into all the emotions. It would be tedious to hunt out the various illustrations of this lurking wit in his poems of awe and regret and indignation and fancy; it would even tend to disconcert us in our enjoyment of his delicate craftsmanship. Only one example I cannot pass over, for its comment on the ambiguous charm of beauty:

O saw ye not fair Ines?
She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest:
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

To Poe these lines had "an inexpressible charm"—as indeed to whom have they not?—and I think it is not extravagant to say that some part here of that "petulant, impatient sorrow" (the word is too strong) which Poe connected with the incomplete realization of beauty in art, is due to the teasing duplicity introduced by the word "West." The emotional impression of the whole poem is too fine and pure to class it as a conceit; it is metaphor of the truest sort. Yet withal the realism of the action of the second line, the insistence on the similarity of physical motion, adds a certain whimsical element, as if a metaphor might at the same time be a conceit and—let us not say a pun, but—a play on words. Not the least of the interests attaching to Hood's work is this persistent amphibology of his genius. Better than in almost any other writer, we can, in him, follow poetic wit through all its gradations of quibbling and conceit and metaphor, where, indeed, these are not blended together in a kind of sublimated punning. We seem thus at times to come very close to the equivocation that lies in the human heart, too close, it may be, for the uses of great poetry. We are reminded too coarsely that the powers of literature are only figures of speech, just as Brutus, after serving virtue for a lifetime, found it in the end, not a thing, but a word. P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In a recent letter giving some notes about that famous Italian book of wood-engravings, the "Hypternomachia Poliphili," Venice, 1499, it is said that "an example has been acquired recently by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan." As a matter of fact, Mr. Morgan owns, and has owned for a long time, three copies of the first edition. One of these, in an old blue morocco eighteenth century binding, is perhaps the tallest copy known, the leaf measuring full 12½ inches in height. It is from the Brayton Ives Library, and in the sale catalogue was described as "large paper" and as having been "bought from Morgand of Paris, and said by him to be unique." All copies were no doubt originally alike as to paper, some having been trimmed closer than others. Mr. Morgan acquired the book with the Theodore Irwin collection. His second copy, only one-eighth inch shorter, is in citron morocco by Roger Payne, a fine and authentic specimen of the work of this famous binder. It was formerly in the collection of Mark Masterman Sykes, and later in that of James Toovey. The third copy, from the Richard Bennett collection, is in a superb binding of brown morocco, richly tooled, and bearing on each cover the famous device of Demetrio Carnevari, physician to Pope Urban the VIII. Examples of books bound for him are as rare and as highly prized by collectors as those from the libraries of Grolier and Maioli.

The book seems to have been of so much interest, even in early days, that special bindings were put upon many copies. In the strictest use of the word it is not at all a rare book—probably a hundred copies might be traced—and while its value seems to hold in the auction room, it does not materially increase. The Beckford copy, in an old Venetian binding, brought £130 in 1883, and the Turner copy £137 in 1888. These prices have, we believe, been only twice exceeded at public sale. Charles V's copy brought £151 in the Earl of Ashburnham's sale, June, 1897, and on November 3 of last year, £159 was paid for the Newton copy, in blue morocco by Derome. This was a very tall copy, 12⅝ inches, the same height as the Toovey-Morgan example.

Of the second edition of the book, which is no doubt actually rarer than the first, and which was printed in Paris in 1545, Mr. Morgan has two very fine copies. One is in an Italian binding of brown morocco of the sixteenth century, the back and sides very richly gilt and painted in colors. This volume was exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club Exhibition in 1891. The second copy is in the original vellum covers.

The Third Quarterly Part of Karslake's "Book-Auction Record," covering sales in London from April 1 to June 30, 1909, and recording 5,511 lots, is just ready. But few items of exceptional rarity or interest are included in this part, the most notable being the volume in old binding containing five pieces (or, more correctly, four, two having been published together) from the press of William Caxton. This volume, one of the most interesting of Caxton books to come into the auction market in recent years, was sold on May 21 to "Stanley" for £2,600. It was, it is now reported, "bought in" for the owner, and has since been disposed of privately to Mr. J. W. Ellsworth of New York city. Mr. Ellsworth is perhaps best known as the owner of the Brinley-Cole-Ives copy of the Gutenberg Bible and of the Daly set of the Four Folios of Shakespeare, although he is the owner of many other rare books.

Correspondence.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial of August 5, upon "Student Activities," continuing as it does a long series of adverse criticisms upon our present college administration, states what is patently true, but fails, it seems to me, to give the fundamental reason for the eclipse of the curriculum by the "activities," or to suggest any useful remedy. If the undergraduates at our colleges or in

the arts departments of our Eastern universities concentrate their interest on athletics, journalism, debating, fraternity management, and similar pursuits, it cannot be wholly due to their juvenility or barbarism. If alumni habitually look back upon their college "activities" as the most valuable part of their four years of undergraduate life, it cannot be all sentimentalism. There must be some radical failure on the part of the college itself to meet the wants of these young men. It is a commonplace observation that the same youths who have idled through their college courses become enthusiastic workers in technical or professional schools; whereas only the grind—that is, the person who expects to turn his college course to advantage as a teacher, or as a means of paying his tuition through a scholarship—takes the college work seriously.

In the opinion of one whose fate it has been to teach in both Eastern and Western institutions, in large colleges and in small, the indifference of our undergraduate to his college studies arises from the absence of any more definite aim in his curriculum than "general culture." The courses offered and to some extent prescribed are those which every "gentleman" might well know; but the undergraduate, confronting Latin, Greek, the classical French or German authors, English literary criticism, mediæval and early modern history, abstract economics, and the like, realizes that these subjects have for him a purely intellectual interest and bear no vital relation to the life he will lead after graduation. Toward the sciences taught as elementary subjects his attitude is more favorable, but even there the absence of connection with the real world is felt. In brief, the colleges offer studies of a purely intellectual character which certainly ought to command respect, but which certainly do not do so. The student is not literary-minded, and it is idle to criticise him harshly for being what his family and business and social interests make him, and needless to wonder at his devoting himself to such interests as seem to him alive and real. Under such circumstances, one may be allowed to doubt whether the sole remedy urged by the *Nation* year in and year out—namely, the exaction of more work and the imposition of severer examinations—would prove efficacious. Modern American men are not likely to be made scholarly by having general culture rammed down their throats. The students would undoubtedly work enough harder to ensure their remaining in the college, but they would continue to consider "college life" as their real aim. The problem is not to be solved so simply, but rather by a searching study of the nature and opportunities of the college, as suggested by President Wilson in his recent Phi Beta Kappa address at Cambridge.

An experiment which the writer would be glad to see attempted would be the effort by a college to meet the situation squarely as it exists. Taking the future business man, it might say to him: "We will fit you to live in the world of to-day, not by teaching you literary culture nor the rudiments of original research on one hand, nor typewriting and bookkeeping on the other, but by making you acquainted with the actual problems—economic, political, scientific, philosophical, psychological—which every citizen is bound to confront. We will do this by prescribing courses in these subjects as thorough-going as those in any school of engineering or law. If you wish Latin or Greek or Anglo-Saxon or the history of mediæval Italy or the analysis of the Elizabethan literature, you may study these subjects here as electives or, better, at some university. This college prepares for the living world." An institution with such a programme, cutting loose from the English tradition of classical culture or the German tradition of technical scholarship, might prove to be the means of elevating American citizenship.

T. C. Smith.

Georgeville, Canada, August 9.

[The exaction of more work has not been proposed by the *Nation* as a panacea. The problem is to make culture real, not to throw it away because it is sometimes presented in an unreal fashion. And the first, but not the last, step toward reality is honest work.—Ed. The Nation.]

EVOLUTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: That errors and defects may exist in the theory of evolution, and in Darwin's own contribution to it, as "A Subscriber" asserts in your issue of August 6, is only natural to believe. It is hardly fair to expect that a radical innovation in human thought, which reversed or overthrew many previous conceptions, should spring into existence full-grown and perfect. But even if Darwin's theories were entirely discredited, the evolutionary hypothesis would doubtless still remain in some form or other.

A common misconception of evolution seems to identify it with progress, with continuous betterment. It is constantly forgotten that evolution is counterbalanced by dissolution; that growth is followed by decay. But it is impossible to demonstrate that the total of things is developing into a harmonious whole that passes, as Tennyson would have the soul pass, "from state to state," ever higher and more perfect. Rather is evolution to be considered as the development of separate existences, remote from each other in time and space, which, so far as we know, form no aggregate, slowly progressing under some super-evolution. Lower forms do change into higher (as well as higher into lower); but there is visible no gradual infinite progression of *all* lower forms simultaneously into higher. Nor is there evidence that any given set of forms has possibilities of unlimited development. When the solar system comes to an end, as it seems it must come, the race of men or even of supermen will not have left any contribution to the hierarchy of archangels whose existence Mr. Bernard Shaw poetically imagines as a future possibility in direct line from the amœba. This particular series of evolutions will have come to an end. Simultaneously perhaps myriads of other evolutions and dissolutions are going on, with no more permanent results.

Evolution attempts to deal only with the world of change, of the fleeting phenomena of mind and matter, and not with the First Cause from which they proceed. It is no more essential for evolutionary theory to explain this First Cause than it is for physical or biological theory to do so. They all deal with the knowable and concrete, and their validity can not be judged by their supposed relations to some thing or being whose very existence we can not conceive in terms of human reason. One philosopher's idea of a tragedy was a deduction killed by a fact; but there will probably be no fatal results in the attempt to reverse the process and kill a fairly well established scientific hypothesis by stating its supposed relation to something entirely beyond our ken.

Ward Shepard.

Cambridge, Mass., August 10.

THE HYPNEROTOMACHIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Inasmuch as the recently published letters by Mr. John La Farge and by Mr. Gardner C. Teal are likely to awaken interest in the once-forgotten "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili" of Fra Francesco Colonna, it may be worth the while to supply your readers with a few bibliographical data.

(1.) The sixteenth-century English translation of the "Hypnerotomachia," 1592, was edited in 1890, by Andrew Lang, in the Tudor Library. This translation is apparently a much rarer book than the Italian original, 1499; at least, I infer from Mr. Lang's introduction that the only complete copy is one in the Bodelian.

(2.) Facsimiles of the woodcuts of the original Italian edition were published in 1889, by J. W. Appell, Ph.D., assistant keeper in the South Kensington, under the title: "The Dream of Poliphilus: Facsimiles of One Hundred and Sixty-Eight Woodcuts etc. Reproduced for the Department of Science and Art in Photo-Lithography," by W. Griggs, 1889.

(3.) The entire 1499 volume was reprinted in facsimile, in 1904, by Methuen & Co. This reprint is without a word of introduction or explanation.

The price of the Appell volume was twelve shillings, sixpence. The Methuen reprint was issued at about two guineas. Mr. Teal says that he picked up his copy in London for less than a pound; he was lucky.

Mr. Lang's introduction is in his wonted style, readable but lacking in precision. His chief reliance is upon Claude Popelin's "Le Songe de Poliphile," two volumes, 1880-1883. Dr. Appell's introduction, though brief, gives pretty much all the information one needs. Especially helpful are his explanations of the woodcuts.

I should add that the reader ought to have the *Athenæum* review of the Methuen reprint, December 31, 1904, pp. 896-7, with Mr. W. C. F. Anderson's letter, *Athenæum*, January 25, 1905, p. 85. Here one's attention is called to the fact that in the original Italian edition of 1499 the date and place of issue are given *in the colophon* as Treviso, 1467 (!), but in the final errata page: "Venetiis Mense decembri. M.ID. in ædibus Aldi Manutii, accuratissime." The explanation is that the work was composed in 1467 at Treviso.

In conclusion, Mr. La Farge's enthusiasm is borne out by Dr. Appell's sober judgment:

But if the Dream of Poliphilus displays little or no merit as a romance, it nevertheless is a work full of curious details for the architect and suggestions for the ornamentist; and it is also of great interest as an evidence of the current of thought and feeling in Italy during the fifteenth century. J. M. HART.

Cornell University, August 18.

MEREDITH'S LETTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Supplementing the announcement recently made in England and widely copied here that a collection of Mr. George Meredith's letters is in preparation under the supervision of Lord Morley, Mr. William Meredith desires me to ask that any American correspondents possessing letters, who may kindly be willing to place them in his hands, will forward them to me at this address, where careful copies will be made at once and forwarded to Mr. Meredith, the originals being returned immediately to their owners without the delay of transmission to England. E. L. BURLINGAME.

Scribner's Magazine, No. 153 Fifth Avenue, New York, August 19.

Notes.

Aleyn Lyell Reade is publishing a series of privately printed volumes, to be called "Johnsonian Gleanings." His purpose is to deal with the less-known aspects of Johnson's life. Part I is now almost ready for publication.

Henry Holt & Co. have ready for publication "Hellas and Hesperia, or The Vitality of Greek Studies in America," being three lectures by Professors Gildersleeve and Francis White.

Thomas Whittaker publishes "The Motor Boat," translated by Theodore E. Schulz from the text of W. Hantzschel. Besides descriptive matter it contains a disintegrable model of the boat for self-instruction and for use in technical schools.

M. Vicaire, a librarian of the Palais Mazarin, has been appointed custodian of the Balzac collection bequeathed by M. Spoelberch de Lovenjoul. The collection is to be kept at Chantilly, in the old convent of the Sœurs de Saint-Joseph de Cluny.

Some time this autumn Gilbert K. Chesterton will publish, with John Lane Company, a life of Bernard Shaw, under the title of an "Illustrated Biography." It ought to be, in view of the relations between author and subject, hugely merry reading.

The Macmillan Company announces the following volumes to be issued this autumn: "A Life for a Life," by Robert Herrick; "Martin Eden," by Jack London; "Stradella," by Marion Crawford; "A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg," by Charles Major; "The Backwoodsmen," by C. G. D. Roberts; "The Human Cobweb," by Putnam Weale; "Discoveries and Adventures in Tibet," by Sven Hedin; "Labrador," by Dr. W. T. Grenfell; "Mexico," by W. E. Carson; "The New New York," by J. C. Van Dyke, illustrated by Joseph Pennell; "The Wayfarer in New York"; "The Picturesque Hudson," by Clifton Johnson; "One Day and Another," by E. V. Lucas; "Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road," by H. A. Bruce; "My Day: Reminiscences of a Long Life," by Mrs. R. A. Pryor. Also, a new novel by Winston Churchill and another by Zona Gale; a volume on contemporary novelists, by Professor Phelps; a narrative, by Prof. Frederick Paxson, of the conquest of America's last frontier; a volume of essays by J. R. Rhodes, and other works of sociology, economics, religion, science, and philosophy.

The autumn publications of Charles Scribner's Sons include the following titles: "John Marvel, Assistant," by T. N. Page; "The Arabian Nights," edited by K. D. Wiggin and N. A. Smith; "Posson Jone' and Père Raphaël," by G. W. Cable; "Stevenson's Child's Garden of Verses"; "Home Letters of General Sherman," edited by M. A. DeW. Howe; "The Relations of the United States with Spain," by Rear-Admiral F. E. Chadwick; "The Birth of Modern Italy," by J. W. Mario; "The Servian People," by Prince Lazarovich-Hrebelïanovich; "Society and Politics in Ancient Rome: Essays and Sketches," by Prof. F. F. Abbott; "The Universities of Ancient Greece," by J. W. H. Walden; "Narratives of New Netherland," edited by Dr. J. F. Jameson; "Recollections of a Long Life," by Lord Broughton; "Pepys," by Percy Lubbock; "The Return of the Bourbons, 1814-1815," translated from the French of Gilbert Stenger by Mrs. R. Stawell; "The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley," collected and edited by Roger Ingpen; "A Rose of Savoy: Marie Adelaide of Savoy, Duchesse de Bourgogne, Mother of Louis XV," by H. N. Williams; "Memoirs of the Duchess of Dino," edited by Princess Radziwill née Castellane; "The Gateway to the Sahara," by C. W. Furlong; "American Prose Masters," by W. C. Brownell; "The Mystery of Edueation and Other Academic Performances," by Barrett Wendell; "The French Renaissance in England," by Sidney Lee; "The White Bees and Other Poems," by Henry van Dyke; "How to Be Happy Though Civil," by Rev. E. J. Hardy; "The American of the Future and Other Essays," by Brander Matthews; "Sixty Years with the Bible," by W. N. Clarke; "Privilege and Democracy in America," by F. C. Howe; "Forty Minutes Late, and Other Stories," by F. H. Smith; "Mr. Justice Raffles," by E. W. Hornung; a new volume of stories by Richard Harding Davis; "True Tilda," by A. T. Quiller-Couch; "Sea Breezes," by W. W. Jacobs; "A Romance of the Nursery," by L. A. Harker; "Church Unity," by C. A. Briggs; "The Problem of Human Life," by Randolph Eucken; "The Boy's Catlin," by George Catlin, edited by M. G. Humphreys; "College Years," by R. D. Paine; "On the Old Kearsarge," by C. T. Brady; "The Boy Pioneers," by Dan Beard, and "The Story of Rustem and Other Persian Hero Tales from Firdusi," by E. D. Renninger.

We take pleasure in calling attention to Thomas Mosher's dainty print of Browning's "Rabbi ben Ezra." It is preceded by the "Prospiee" and followed by the "Epilogue."

With unflagging zest we have gone through, actual reading not sampling, the anthology in prose and verse gathered by Helen and Lewis Melville, under the title of "London's Lure" (The Macmillan Co.). The subjeet lends a kind of unity in variety to the thoughts of many men, and the whole answers to the somewhat confused impression left by the eity on the mind of a visitor. We commend the little book for its excellent entertainment.

As a piece of magnifieent book-making, the two-volume quarto edition of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," printed at the Cambridge University Press, and sold by G. P. Putnam's Sons, takes precedence of anything we have handled for some time. The edition is limited to 350 copies, and the type has been distributed. The text is a literal reproduction (with modern *s* and *r*, and a few obvious misprints corrected) of the edition of 1596 in two volumes quarto. The fragment of Book vii is from the folio of 1609; the letter to Sir Walter Raleigh and the verses addressed to and from Spenser are from the edition of 1590. The accuracy of the text it is safe to assume knowing the nature of the work turned out by the Cambridge University Press. In general the writer of this note sees no profit in the reproduction of the Elizabethan spelling. Why, he would ask, should any pedantic barrier be placed between the meaning of Shakespeare or Sidney and the mind of the ordinary reader? But in the case of Spenser there is a difference. Here the language is a more or less artificial creation of the poet's, depending in part for its savor on the quaint form of the words. The editors of the present edition, as were their predecessors, are wise in not attempting to straighten out or modernize Spenser's strange orthoepy. As for the form of these two volumes, it must be acknowledged that their size and weight make them impossible for holding in the hand. But on a book rest, these clean handsome pages would be a lure to follow the winding track of the faerie crew through forest and meadow, by stream and lake, into aery palace and loathsome dungeon. Spenser is called the poets' poet, and the saying, we fear, is an excuse for all but poets to let him alone. The luxurious few who can read him in this new edition may have occasion to learn more perfectly the magic and insubstantial beauties of his world. No poem of England begins with more winsome romance:

A Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine;

none ends in a graver ecstasy:

O! that great Sabbaoth God, grant me that Sabaoths sight.

And between these limits what a long journey of ever-changing entertainment.

"The Oxford English Dictionary," with its latest double section prepared by Henry Bradley, enters upon the letter S and proceeds to Sauce, recording 3,886 words—3,557 more than are found in the corresponding portion of Johnson. But what could the insular lexicographer know of the East Indian sabdariffa, good for cooling drinks; of the Cuban wood, sabieu, excellent for hardness; of the Russian antelope, salga; of the evergreen shrub known in the Chinook jargon as salal; of the Canadian saskatoon, combining the luscious virtues of currant and bilberry; or of the West African sassy, an efficient decoction for detecting witchcraft? Such stuff is English made of. Even "sashy" or "sashay," a humorous corruption of *chassé* introduced by O. W. Holmes in "Elsie Venner," is admitted by

our courteous host of words into the sacred precincts; and though the word now stands marked "U. S. vulgar," it has acquired a kind of function of its own, and may yet make its way among its betters. Speaking of Americanisms, we note by the way that "sauce-man" is marked "U. S." and defined as "one who deals in vegetables." "U. S." is a large place, and may no doubt contain some obscure sauce-men vending vegetables, but the present reviewer, who has bought divers kinds of garden products on both coasts and at several intermediate points from dealers of various nationalities, has never met a sauce-man, and knows of no one else who has. Lest some humorous Briton, building on this dictionary, dilate foolishly upon the curiosities of the American dialect, it were well that such provincialisms should be labelled with the name of the particular locality to which they belong.

As the editor points out, this section contains no long articles and comparatively few words showing an interesting sense-development. "Sake" is an exception with a curious history. In the Anglo-Saxon times it meant for the most part something unpleasant—a lawsuit, strife contention. The Hell-fiend Grendel in "Beowulf" wreaked his hate on Hrothgar in constant "sake" (*saece*). In the fourteenth century "Harrowing of Hell" "withouten sake" means "without cause." In the "Cursor Mundi," 1300, the word approaches the modern use, but with an odd difference, in the assertion that Herod "For crist sake the childer slogh." Unless we bear in mind this neutral signification of the word in reading Genesis iii, 17—"Unto Adam he said, . . . cursed is the ground for thy sake"—we shall make God himself the author of a very bitter paradox. It is a strange pilgrimage this little symbol has made from the place where it stood for wrath to the breathless place at the end of a Christian prayer. On the other hand, there is a large group of words in this section which illustrates the strong Rochefoucauldian tendency of the popular mind. The plebeian and democratic soul hears of supreme virtues with a confidently skeptical inward grin. In the pious Middle Ages one could aspire no higher than to the praise of "saintliness"; nowadays the word has lost most of its desirable lustre—we rather avoid that sort of person. More marked is the degeneration of "sanctimonious"; in the sixteenth century it ordinarily suggested perfect holiness; in the twentieth, it ordinarily suggests perfect Pecksniff. "Sacrifice" is another fallen word; of old, it meant something on the altar; to-day it means something on the bargain counter. "Sapient," too, has sunk; formerly it was applied to the Ruler of the Universe; in this age it would almost offend a Solon from Oklahoma, or a Senator from Illinois. Deepest of all has been the degradation of "sanctum sanctorum"; in the elder time it was the word for the "Holy of Holies" in the Jewish tabernacle; now it is the word for the inaccessible office of a journalist.—*Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles!*

Baron de Belabre, for some years French consul at Rhodes, spent part of his time on that island in studying the fortifications and palaces of the Knights of St. John. The result is a scholarly publication ("Rhodes of the Knights"; New York: Henry Frowde), in which he gives, not a new history of the Order of St. John, but a most careful description of those monuments of the knights which still exist in Rhodes, with glimpses of the social and military life of their builders. The treatment is in the main topographical, but, perforce, historical too. The author is master of all that has been written on the subject, and surpasses his predecessors in his diligent study of the remains at first-hand. He conducts his reader successively about the various walls, the Grand Master's Palace, the *auberges* of the different countries, the hospital, the town, and the remains outside the walls. He intersperses anecdotes agreeably, and much interesting information, such as the fact that the present Rhodian Jews are descendants of those who inhabited the city in the days of the knights, and that they still speak Spanish. Most of the photographs with which the book is illustrated are unique, and were taken from places to which access is usually denied.

Students of political science will welcome Walter F. Dodd's "Government of the District of Columbia" (Washington: John Byrne & Co.), while regretting that the work should not have been shorn of some of its crudities. Mr. Dodd has apparently thought it incumbent upon him to pack his book as full of information as possible, with the result, especially in the chapters devoted to the work of the various administrative bureaus, that many pages in the aggregate are filled with minor details having nothing to do with government and of interest only to an official. Detailed recital of the routine duties of a fireman or policeman, for example, presents absolutely nothing that is not common to every sizable community in the country, and is entirely out of place in a work which claims to be a work of scholarship. Equally useless and extraneous are the elementary disquisitions on duty, morals, and reform with which a number of the chapters are prefaced. Those who are likely to resort most to the book may be presumed to know that "it is the duty of every man to take care of himself and to provide for his family," and that "defective plumbing is one of the most frequent causes of disease." With these exceptions, the task of research has been carefully and thoroughly done, and the narrative, if dry and unadorned beyond that of most monographs, is at least clear and orderly.

Benjamin Franklin, one hundred and sixteen years ago, published his conviction that in the centre of the earth all substances would be converted into gas, or, as he called it, air, if temperature went on increasing towards the centre. This theory is probably correct, says Mr. R. D. Oldham in the *Geographical Journal* for August. He shows by a comparison of the rates of travel of the earthquake tremors and waves, as recorded by the various seismographs in different parts of the world, that "in the centre of the earth, extending certainly to not more than half, and, very likely, not to more than four-tenths of the radius, there is material which behaves very differently from that which lies outside of it. In this central core the rate of travel of the first preliminary tremor is checked and reduced by about one-tenth, while the waves of the second phase are either stopped altogether or propagated but feebly, with their rate of travel reduced by one-half." Evidently the suffragettes have been successful in Ghat in the meeting-place of the Saharan caravans, for the Governor, Jamy Bey, says that "tyrannized over by their wives, the poor men have no liberty. This is by reason of the laws of inheritance by which all the real estate is the property of the women." The border region between the Uganda Protectorate and the Congo State is described by Major R. G. T. Bright, the chief of the Boundary Commission. Of the pygmies he says that though both sexes are completely nude, the standard of morality is high, and, "strange to say, they are remarkably intelligent." Some elaborate observations on "dew-ponds" are contributed by Mr. E. A. Martin, F.G.S. The maps are of the Ruwenzori region and northwest Rhodesia.

With "Meditazioni filosofiche inedite di Vincenzo Gioberti" (Barbèra, Florence) and "Vincenzo Gioberti, frammenti inediti" (Bocca, Turin), Edmondo Solmi has begun the publication of selections from the Gioberti manuscripts, now in the Biblioteca civica of Turin. The "Meditazioni" is made up of youthful essays, written before 1825, while the other volume includes "La teorica della mente umana," "Rosmini e i Rosminiani," and "La libertà cattolica," some of the latest unpublished writings of this precursor of the Modernist movement.

In preparation for the coming centenary of the University of Berlin, Prof. Erich Schmidt, for over twenty years a member of the Berlin faculty, has been elected rector of the university for the period 1909-10. Professor Schmidt came to Berlin in 1887 as the successor of Wilhelm Scherer, and has enjoyed exceptional popularity, not merely as the discoverer of the Goethe "Urfaust," but as a man of science devoid of the cobwebs and must of tradition. His wide acquaintance with foreigners, especially perhaps Americans, English, and French, should contribute to his arduous work of arranging for one of the most notable dates in the history of Berlin.

Samuel A. Clarke, eighty-two years old, for many years librarian in the General Land Office and Department of the Interior, Washington, died at Salem, Ore., August 20. He was for a long time editor of the Portland *Oregonian* and published several historical works dealing with the State.

George Cabot Lodge, son and private secretary of United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, died on Sunday at the age of thirty-five. He served in the navy throughout the Spanish-American war as an ensign. Shortly after the termination of hostilities he became his father's secretary. Mr. Lodge was the author of a drama, "Cain," and of several volumes of verse: "Song of the Wave" (1898), "Poems" (1902), and "The Great Adventure" (1905).

From London comes the report of the death of Sir Theodore Martin, the well-known translator of Heine, Goethe, Dante, Horace, and Virgil. He was born in Edinburgh in 1816, and was the dean of English writers and parliamentary agents. Be-

sides his translations he wrote several biographies, the chief of which was the "Life of the Prince Consort," in five volumes, which was composed in collaboration with Queen Victoria.

The death is announced, in his seventy-third year, of Adolf Hausrath, professor of ecclesiastical history in the University of Heidelberg. Among his publications are "Konrad von Marburg," "Apostel Paulus," "Neutestamentliche Zeitgeschichte," "David Fr. Strauss und die Theologie seiner Zeit," "Luthers Leben," and several romances.

Another death, that of Adalbert Merx, the Orientalist, has occurred in the faculty of Heidelberg. Prof. Merx was seventy-one years old and had been at the university since 1875. He had published a long list of Biblical and Oriental studies, including "Die canonischen Evangelien nach ihrem ältesten Texte."

ROMAN LETTERS.

A Literary History of Rome, from the Origins to the Close of the Golden Age. By J. Wight Duff, M.A., Professor of Classics, Armstrong College (in the University of Durham), Newcastle-upon-Tyne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 695 pages. $4.00.

This history, or, rather, partial history, of Roman literature forms the tenth volume in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Library of Literary History." This fact may suggest its general plan, and also explain its incompleteness—for the history of Roman literature is a longer story than some of the similar histories already issued in the series, say, for Ireland, Scotland, or America. Perhaps it is the publisher's intention to devote two volumes to Rome, as has been done for the literature of Persia. In that case, we hope that the second part may be assigned to as capable hands as the first.

Professor Duff's book is a good, scholarly piece of work. It is written professedly for the general reader, but even the professional student of Latin may read it with much pleasure and profit. Throughout the volume he insists upon the permanence of the Roman type, and wisely emphasizes the national aspects of the literature; for "the Roman borrowed in a Roman way." His critical judgments are usually sound and well expressed, and one gets the pleasant impression that they are based on his own reading of all the authors concerned.

The volume begins with a long introduction, of 57 pages, on the descent of the Romans, their language, character, and religion. This is an attempt to set forth the complex heredity of the people and their literature, and to discuss some of the "determining facts of existence which constituted the Roman environment." Here the author grapples with some difficult questions, such as the relationship of the Italic tribes, the influence of the Italic dialects upon Latin, and the characteristics of plebeian Latin. It is hardly his fault that some of his results are rather hazy or uncertain—"linguistic connection does not settle racial connection." And after all that has been learned, or guessed, in much philological and epigraphical research, some of his linguistic questions must still wait for the accumulation of more evidence.

The history proper is divided into two main periods: the earlier literature of the Republic (from the origins to 70 B. C.) and the literature of the Golden Age, the second period being subdivided into the Ciceronian age (70 B. C. to 43 B. C.) and the Augustan age (43 B. C. to 14 A. D.). The sketches of Ennius, Plautus, Varro, and Cicero are all good, and, as is apt to happen in an English book, the chapter on Virgil is excellent. For the beauty of Virgil's style still appeals to the best English scholars:

> But it is to beauty that, like Dante, one returns as the final fact and feature of his style. Under Virgil's verbal sorcery, Latin becomes a golden language of exquisite richness, veined with a delicate melancholy and wistful reverie upon the abundant travail of life. If his wealth of tremulous pities and mystic dreams do not make true poetry, then poetry was never written.

The illustrative passages which are introduced to support the author's criticisms are given in English translations, with the Latin relegated to notes. And the translations are always good. Witness the teeth-chattering of the half-drowned Labrax (Plautus, "Rudens," 533):

> If I only had luck to be a du-duck,
> So that all the wa-water would leave my back dry!
>
> Utinam fortuna nunc anetina ut-uterer,
> Ut, quom exissem ex aqu-aqu-aqua, ararerem tamen!

Horace's adventure with the bore is translated in prose as a dramatic sketch, and the two universal favorites, "Pæne insularum, Sirmio" and "O Fons Bandusiæ," are cleverly turned into sonnets.

Sometimes the reader is treated to a modern instance. On p. 244 we are told that Horace's imitations of Lucilius, to compare great things with small, are "like Max O'Rell's copying, in 'L'Ami Macdonald,' of Dean Ramsay's Scottish stories." The atomic theory expounded by Lucretius "is still for scientific thought its basic hypothesis. Even in the light of the flashes of the spintharíscope which mark the off-shooting of helium atoms from radium, it is not more than a modification of nomenclature that is necessary" (p. 289). And on p. 608 we are assured that Ovid really deserves more handsome commendation than Quintilian's, "which is the exact counterpart of the fabled curate's remark on an unsatisfactory egg—*laudandus tamen in partibus.*" But the most striking parallel in the volume is the comparison of Lucretius and his comprehensive love of nature with Whitman:

> Both rationalist, though Whitman is less systematic; both at times prosaic and careless of form, though Whitman is exeessively so; both frankly approaching all processes of life in their naked simplicity; both perhaps seeking, though Whitman more evidently, for some ideal essence behind things, they are in nothing more alike than in their sense of the open and delight in the free growth that is in nature. Lucretius, it is true, looks on the scheme of things with something of the enjoyment felt by the spectator of a great tragedy. He feels both *horror* and *uoluptas*. But if he has not Whitman's violent dithyrambic raptures over each throb of universal nature, his love is not less real because more restrained.

The parallel is resolutely drawn, but it requires too many "thoughs."

Professor Duff escapes the charge of insularity which has sometimes been brought against his countrymen, by showing a wide acquaintance with the work of German, French, and American scholars. His decisions on disputed questions will, of course, not satisfy everybody, but he is always scrupulously fair and courteous. He is surely right in rejecting the contention of Bährens that the "Albius" of Horace is not the poet Tibullus. And he is as surely wrong in accepting Skutsch's reckless guessing as to Virgil's indebtedness to Cornelius Gallus in the sixth and tenth Eclogues.

One or two other details may be mentioned here. It is hardly worth saying (p. 90) that the Fescennine masque was the lineal ancestor of pastoral amœbean verses like those in Virgil's Eclogues, without adding that Virgil had a very definite model for his amœbean lines in the Idyls of Theocritus. And one who is very jealous for Virgil may fairly protest against the statement (p. 441) that "Ecl. viii, 58, *omnia uel medium fiant mare*, is a blunder for πάντα δ'ἔναλλα γένοιτο." The general model of the passage is doubtless Theocritus, but the details are changed, and it can hardly be called a translation at all. On p. 281 we are told that Lucretius's invocation to Venus "may have been suggested by the fact that Memmius was son-in-law to Sulia, who was devoted to the goddess." This may be new, but it is not very convincing. And it scarcely harmonizes with the statement (p. 295) that the Venus of the invocation is "a reminiscence of the Aphrodite of Empedocles."

The book is well printed, on good paper, and the proof-reading has been very carefully done. "Though" for "thou," p. 541, l. 25, is a rather lonely error. And if "Mevius is the better spelling" for the enemy of Horace and Virgil, p. 615, the "Mævius" of pp. 273, 480, 505 might be changed.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Hungry Heart. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

If Mr. Phillips, with his fondness for exposing the weaknesses of polite society, has always a good deal about him of the bull in the china shop, there is no doubting his sincerity or denying his vigor. He is a voice of the Middle West; he speaks, without conscious pose, as a plain man of the people, which is to say, the people of the class and district from which he came. There is a something impressive as well as comic in his insistent expression of a conviction that the East is really little better than the home of effeteness and affectation. We recall how, but recently, "Joshua Craig" made ravage upon the Atlantic seaboard, bringing to confusion all persons who were so luckless as to have been bred or educated according to the fair, false Eastern method. The present hero's mid-Westernism is less rampant than Joshua's, but, despite his respect for his grandfather, his cultivation, and his "long, aristocratic face," he is plainly differentiated in his creator's mind from the Basil Gallatin, whose artificiality and spinelessness proclaim him from the East.

The story belongs to the general order of "The Helpmate" and "Together." That is, it is a study of modern married life, and begins where the old-fashioned novel used to end. Courtney Vaughan is a woman whose mind has survived social and college training. She has married with a high ideal of love, but shortly after her brief honeymoon discovers that her husband cares only for her physical charm, and has not the least notion of making an intellectual companion of her. He has the old conception of a wife as a housekeeper and plaything. She is not content, and falls into the hands of Gallatin, whose love for her, she thinks, is of a more exalted kind. In time this illusion is destroyed. She sees him for a weakling; but clings to the poor shadow of their love, as all that is left for her. Then the crash comes; the husband discovers the situation. Here the unexpected begins to happen. Vaughan, who up to this time has seemed a man of singularly narrow and dull apprehension, develops sudden intelligence and magnanimity. He offers Courtney her freedom, and even her child.

Mr. Phillips has acquired a considerable popular reputation as a man who tells the truth as he sees it. In fact, his method unites realism and didacticism in such proportions as naturally to command, in his treatment of problems of sex, a large, if feminine, audience. "The Hungry Heart" is a vigorous tract. Basil Gallatin is a fair type of the invertebrate philanderer. Richard Vaughan is, if you take him literally, rather absurd. His character is not developed: suddenly, at the proper time, he ceases to be one person and becomes another, by a process of conversion as violent and conventional as that of brother Oliver in "As You Like It." On the other hand, we may record with pleasure the impression that in Courtney Vaughan, with all her inconsistencies and failings, Mr. Phillips has come nearer the creation of a living human person than ever before.

Kingsmead. By Bettina von Hutten. New York. Dodd, Mead & Co.

This is another of the Baroness von Hutten's sequels. Here again (though receding into the background) Pam figures, here the Brigit Mead, who loved a great violinist and became Lady Pontefract, here the Tommy who appeared incidentally as Brigit's brother in "The Halo." Here, finally, one may see Pam's daughter Pammy steadily edging toward the foreground, a large and greeuy young girl, who, we are told, is going to be good-looking some day. Obviously, she is to be the next heroine in the series. Meantime, Tommy, Lord Kingsmead, holds the floor, and for heroine we are forced to put up with an adventuress of whom, presumably, we shall hear nothing more. She is, to tell the truth, rather preposterous: a shy, large-eyed damsel, who always carries a silver mirror (whereby hangs a tale) and wears mignonette. She passes for a widow, but damsel she is, and with a past. Tommy's bosom friend loves her, and Tommy does his best to marry them. But when it is almost too late, he discovers at the same moment, that he himself loves her and that she is a fraud. Her past turns out to be lamentable—she tells Tommy all about it and she loves Tommy; but she still proposes to marry the friend. Tommy prevents this, and will have none of her himself. The curtain falls upon the "Mignonette Lady," leaving her silver mirror in Tommy's hand, for remembrance, and rather piteously taking herself out of his life. If it were not for her persistent designs upon the bosom friend, and her attempts to get Tommy to keep her story from him, we should find it possible to pity her more, and we should incline to despise Tommy for his squeamishness. As matters stand, we assent that he and the bosom friend are well rid of her. We suspect that Pammy's forthcoming love-story will be not unconnected with Tommy's sober second thought.

The tale is told with that air of light-hearted inconsequence which gives this popular novelist her charm. She acknowledges in a brief and good-humored preface the discrepancies which "the nimble critic" may find in her "Pam" series of novels. Witnout especial nimbleness, one may find incongruities and contradictions in abundance within the bounds of the present story.

A False Position. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. New York: Brentano's.

It is a pity that the qualification of a book as suitable reading for a young girl and safe to be admitted into the family circle, should commonly be accepted as a sneer by implication. There is no reason why simple and wholesome themes should be relegated to the hands of incompetence; pathology need not enlist the services of all the expert: but of late, there has arisen somewhat of a cult that holds only the abnormal and diseased worthy of skilled treatment. Mrs. Reynolds's latest book is a pleasant rebuke to this fallacy. Its characters are neither consistently villanous nor consistently heroic, but fallible humans trying for betterment, and if one must admit that they are a bit *bourgeois*, they do not differ in that respect from the majority of readers. Mrs. Reynolds has taken the old but inexhaustible theme that truth is the only safe foundation for every degree of human intimacy, and elaborates it with grace and ingenuity. The tangled threads of the plot are unravelled at the end with a minimum of breakage, and though no single figure may have impressed itself upon the mind as a salient and individual creation, one is left with the comfortable sense of having been amused and interested without a waste of time or an aftermath of unpleasant recollection.

Less Than Kin. By Alice Duer Miller. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The black sheep of an excellent family in the United States dies obscurely of drink in a South American republic after an absence of several years. On the brink of political imprisonment an exiled countryman of his, handsome, reckless, yet in the main, thoroughly admirable, goes North and presents himself as the returned prodigal. It is an old plot but a new author and a new story. If you can tell what is going to be done or be said from one page to the next, you are more astute than the present reviewer. If you can absent yourself from this two hours' diversion before it is ended, your bump of curiosity must be insignificant—the Ancient Mariner could never have held you like a three-years' child. The story is witty, terse, and swift. For a narrative so light, bent purely at amusement, the characterization is surprisingly sharp and vivacious. In fact, Nellie, the inflexible dogmatic young woman in the case comes pretty near being a very memorable creature. Wherever she appears, the sparks fly. It would be unjust to the reader further

to uncork the novel champagne of her personality. So crisp is the dialogue, so unconventional the action that it will be astonishing if some one of our needy playwrights does not turn "Less Than Kin" into a charming little farce-comedy.

LOUIS XVII.

The King Who Never Reigned: Memoirs upon Louis XVII. Edited, with introduction and notes, by Maurice Vitrac and Arnold Galopin. To which is added Joseph Turquan's New Light upon the Fate of Louis XVII. New York: The John McBride Co. $3.50 net.

The Little Dauphin. By Catherine Welch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

It is recorded of Lord Beaconsfield that he once said to a young man anxious to shine in society: "Never inquire who the man in the Iron Mask was, or you will be thought a bore." But, notwithstanding the advice of Disraeli, the tragedies of royal houses will always make their appeal. The identity of the masked prisoner, of Gaspard Hauser, and the fate of the son of Louis XVI are questions that will not down permanently. Of late there has been a decided revival of interest, in France and England, in the history of the young Dauphin, who did, or did not, die in the Temple, and several volumes on the subject have appeared recently. Two of these are now before us. One, edited by MM. Vitrac and Galopin, is made up of the Memoirs of Eckard and Naundorff, and "New Light on the Fate of the Dauphin" by Joseph Turquan. Although Eckard's work is old, it is little known, and is extremely important, for his memoirs have really formed the basis for all the researches that followed. He was a perfervid royalist, but admittedly honest, and as he had an opportunity of questioning many of the contemporaries of the Revolution, an opportunity of which he availed himself industriously, he learned from first-hand sources facts which but for him would never have been brought to light. As for Naundorff's Memoirs, there does not appear to be any excuse for publishing them at all. The narrative is a farrago of incongruities and contradictions, of peregrinations, imprisonments in mysterious and unknown places, strange maladies—the whole thing as grotesque as it is incredible. Besides, the absurdities are not even amusing.

M. Turquan's attempt to solve the mystery is interesting, because it presents a new explanation of the drama in the Temple, or, at least, a new dénouement. His thesis is that the unfortunate son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette was assassinated within the precincts of his prison, on January 19, 1794, between eight and nine o'clock at night; that he was buried, before life was extinct, in the moat of the Temple; that a child, suffering from an incurable disease, was substituted in his place, and that his sister, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, was made aware of the fact after her return to France, the knowledge of which fully accounts for her strange acts and words in relation to the subject. The theory is based on a passage in the Memoirs of Comte d'Andigné. This royalist chief, when a prisoner in the Temple in 1801, obtained from Fauconnier, the concierge of the Temple, permission for the prisoners to make little gardens of the heaps of earth that had been thrown into their quarters from the moat. Their labors resulted in the discovery of the remains of a child, which had evidently been buried in quicklime at the bottom of the moat. D'Andigné at once rushed to the conclusion that the skeleton was that of the Dauphin. He questioned the concierge, who replied in the affirmative. M. Turquan considers this formal declaration of the jailer of the highest importance. He supports his contention by a chain of arguments, some of which are decidedly ingenious, if not convincing. The Comte d'Andigné was the soul of honor and loyalty, and his sincerity was above suspicion. All which is no doubt correct, but very poor evidence to support the statement of the concierge. This man had filled the post of jailer only since 1798, and could, therefore, have had no personal knowledge on the subject. However, it is on his conjecture that the author has built up a theory. On the 19th of January, 1794, he tells us, Simon strangled his victim, shortly before he left the Temple forever, by order of the Commune and the Committee of Public Safety. M. Turquan is not absolutely certain that Simon acted under official authority in the matter, for the cobbler might possibly have killed the little victim in a fit of drunkenness or brutal passion, at any time before his departure. None of these suppositions is essentially improbable, and any of them would have the advantage of explaining several circumstances which are at present incomprehensible; for instance, Simon's abrupt dismissal from his post, and the laborious care with which at the time everything concerning the Dauphin, including his death, was concealed from his sister. But a conjecture cannot be adopted as true because it is a convenient solution of an enigma and is free from any inherent improbability, nor can it erase from history conclusions that are deduced from official documents, such as jail registers, reports of physicians, etc. This work, like those that have gone before it, will simply have the effect of proving that it is useless to expect any complete revelation of the truth concerning, perhaps, the most poignant episode of the Reign of Terror.

Miss Welch's volume on the same subject is very pleasant reading. It deals with the whole life of the little prince from his cradle, and is marked by freshness and individual judgment. The author is too sane to venture on any positive assertion as to what happened in the Temple in 1794, but she lets it be understood that she is inclined to believe in the escape of the Dauphin. She is certain, however, that every one of the forty persons who at very different epochs posed as the son of Louis XVI was an impostor. Miss Welch has a keen sense of humor, and this adds to the attractiveness of this bright little narrative.

A Vindication of Warren Hastings. By G. W. Hastings. New York: Henry Frowde. $2.

When Warren Hastings returned to England in 1785 he expected some recognition for his great services in India; he found instead that his hateful rival, Sir Philip Francis, had poisoned men's minds against him and that he was to be impeached. Burke's false setting of the Indian situation and the enchantment of Sheridan's oratory worked such prejudice to him that the trial dragged on for seven weary years and cost him the larger part of his fortune.

Even death in 1818 did not end the ill-usage of which Hastings had had so much in life—Macaulay's essay was yet to appear. This essay, like that on Frederick the Great, exhibits a curious inconsistency. The great Whig historian could not help admiring the greatness of his hero, and frequently gives him unmeasured praise. But at the same time, laboring under the spell of Burke and Sheridan, and intoxicated by the exuberance of his own irresponsible rhetoric, he condemns Hastings as guilty of "great crimes," and makes insinuations as to motives which still further blacken his character. This picture of Macaulay's, familiar to hundreds of thousands for half a century, has been somewhat damaged by the careful studies of Sir James Stephens, Strachey, Lyall, Forrest, and Lawson, and is now thoroughly demolished, as accurate biography, by Mr. Hastings's "Vindication." This is in no sense a biography. It does not attempt to give a connected narrative of Hastings's whole life, but merely takes up in detail Macaulay's fictitious insinuations and "great crimes," and examines them critically in the light of the official records. The chief of these records are the three folio volumes, containing the daily minutes of the Council during Hastings's administration, which were published at Calcutta by G. W. Forrest in 1891.

To show the result of this examination, the Nuncoomar affair may be tak-

en as a fair sample. At the time when Sir Philip Francis had the majority in the Governor's Council at Calcutta, and was lending a ready ear to any slander on Hastings, Nuncoomar appeared before the Council to accuse Hastings of accepting a great bribe from the Munny Begum. According to Macaulay, (1) the letter which Nuncoomar offered as evidence was genuine. (2) To rid himself of the charge and to destroy his accuser, Hastings suborned a native to make a counter-accusation against Nuncoomar of obtaining more than a lac of rupees by forging a bond. "The ostensible prosecutor was a native. But it was then, and still is, the opinion of everybody, idiots and biographers excepted, that Hastings was the real mover in the business." (3) Nuncoomar was condemned "before Sir Elijah Impey"; (4) and "no rational man can doubt that Impey condemned him in order to gratify the governor-general. Hastings later described Impey as the man 'to whose support he was at one time indebted for the safety of his fortune, honour, and reputation.' These strong words can refer only to the case of Nuncoomar. It is our deliberate opinion that Impey, sitting as a judge, put a man unjustly to death in order to serve a political purpose." (5) However, Macaulay does not think even the murder of Nuncoomar can be reckoned among Hastings's "crimes," because he was acting for "self-preservation."—Now, what are the historical facts? (1) The letter which Nuncoomar offered as evidence against Hastings was unquestionably a forgery; he was notorious for his dishonesty in other affairs; in his house were found counterfeits of the seals of many princes; he had a grudge against the governor, who had refused to appoint him to a coveted office, and he sought this means to get even with him; he knew that Francis would gladly receive any accusations against Hastings; and it is significant that Francis took care not to put Nuncoomar through any cross-examination as to his allegations. There is therefore not the slightest reason to doubt Hastings's statement that the whole accusation was a malicious forgery. (2) Hastings declared on oath that he had "neither advised nor encouraged the prosecution of Nuncoomar." The court records show that the private action on account of the forged bond was begun *six weeks before* Nuncoomar appeared before the Council, that is, before Hastings would have any motive for suborning a counter-accusation. It is clear that the idiots and biographers were right and the brilliant essayist, who did not stoop to verify his facts, was wrong in regard to this all-important point. (3) The trial was not before Impey alone, but before a bench of four judges. Macaulay overlooked this fact. His insinuation against Impey must be extended to the other three judges—or rejected. (4) The words of Hastings expressing lasting obligations to Impey, which Macaulay rashly accepted as conclusive proof of a dishonorable agreement between the judge and the governor to destroy Nuncoomar, do not refer to this affair at all; they refer to the attempt made by Francis to seize the reins of government some years later on the pretext that Warren Hastings (owing to a resignation handed to the directors in London by his agent, but disavowed by him) was no longer governor. The question was referred to the Supreme Court, where Impey and the other judges decided in favor of Hastings. (5) Macaulay's justification of Hastings has the faintness which damns rather than justifies. How far a judicial murder in self-defence is justifiable is a point in casuistry which it is not proposed to argue. On page after page Macaulay is shown to be equally untrustworthy. And yet the official records from which all these facts appear lay at Calcutta when Macaulay was there.

The author of the "Vindication" speaks as one having authority. His grandfather, a distant cousin of Warren Hastings, was present in Westminster Hall at the impeachment, heard the great speeches, and described the scene in his latest years to the author, then a boy. His father stood in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford when Warren Hastings received the degree of D.C.L. at the hands of the university, and lived to refer to that occasion forty years after, when he himself was honored with a similar compliment. The author himself has known personally many men who knew Hastings personally, and he is one of the very few now living who knew Daylesford House, outside and in, as it had been when Warren Hastings was there. Naturally, he writes *con amore*, and often with vehemence, but he keeps within the bounds of good taste, and proves his case. Many of the facts he presents have already been published by Forrest in his edition of the Council Minutes, but not one person in a thousand who reads Macaulay's essay is ever likely to see so much as the backs of Forrest's volumes. Though nothing is ever likely to be written which will have a tithe of Macaulay's audience, this "Vindication," attractive in form with the portraits of Hastings and the pictures of Daylesford, deserves a wide circulation as an antidote to the famous essay.

State Insurance. By F. W. Lewis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25.

Mr. Lewis, who is a member of the Boston bar, has brought out a useful book. Economic insecurity he regards as a menacing evil; "a slight misfortune—enforced idleness, a serious accident, illness"—may reduce a family to poverty and abject want; and the only remedy is a comprehensive scheme of insurance. Existing institutions—savings banks, "friendly societies," trade-union benefit systems, relief departments of corporations, industrial insurance—in some degree relieve economic insecurity, but fall far short of meeting all demands of the situation. Mr. Lewis, therefore, advocates compulsory State insurance, substantially on the German plan. The German legislation of the eighties and the results achieved under it he briefly describes, without exaggeration or undue praise; and the following chapter, as if by way of contrast, gives an account of the history and working of the fellow-servant doctrine in England and the United States. The cost of insurance, Mr. Lewis thinks, should fall upon the workingmen themselves, and, wherever necessary, wages should be readjusted to the standard of a full living wage, including provision for sickness, accident, and old age. Old age pensions he rightly regards as unsound in theory, since they do not reach the cause of the evil, and are difficult to alter or amend after being once adopted. All pension schemes should be "contributory," and "cannot be made effectually contributory without compulsion."

Altogether, Mr. Lewis has made out a strong case. He does not strengthen it, however, by presenting mere estimates of outlay for poor relief (p. 20), when the census statistics are available; or by using rickety estimates of the distribution of wealth in the United States (p. 15); or by citing unreliable enthusiasts and sensationalists as authorities or "competent observers" (pp. 10, 15, 159).

The Awakening of Turkey. By E. F. Knight. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3 net.

Mr. Knight calls his book a "history of the Turkish revolution." For such a history, of course, the time is not yet at hand. The most we can hope for at present is a systematic résumé of what the newspapers during the last year have told us, supplemented by such special information as previous acquaintance with Turkey and her people may have placed at a writer's disposal. The leaders of the Turkish liberation movement have been exceptionally gracious in their relations with Western correspondents; but they tell only what may be conveniently told. The greater part of the present volume is, therefore, neither very new nor yet very profound.

Written from a decidedly philo-Turkish point of view, it would have little to say that the friendly Anglo-Saxon press has not already said, had not the

author been fortunate enough to obtain access to the letters and diary of Niazi Bey, who first raised the standard of revolt in Macedonia, a scant three weeks before the collapse of the Hamidian régime. Niazi's diary, or what we get of it here, contains little of first rate import; but it is undoubtedly absorbing to follow in detail the makings of a revolution—the first daring step, the handful of refugees swelling with every day toward the dimensions of an army, and a free-breathing countryside breaking through the pall of despotism like the surface of a slate under the sponge.

Mr. Knight is almost Thucydidean in his minute account of what Niazi did and said during the two weeks of insurrection. He strengthens the existing impression of the extraordinary care and laboriousness with which the ground for revolution was broken and prepared. We may cite a single instance. In one Macedonian village a man in the secrets of the revolution had babbled to his wife, who, in turn, grew over-communicative:

> This event led to the creation of a female police or vigilance committee in this and some other villages, whose chief duty apparently was to check indiscreet gossip concerning the committee.

This is almost Japanese foresight.

Science.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HEALING.

Psychotherapy. By Hugo Münsterberg. New York; Moffat, Yard & Co. $2 net.

This book, as we are told in the preface, is one of a series in which the author proposes "to discuss for a wider public the practical applications of modern psychology." A thoroughly scientific discussion of such a subject by a trained psychologist of the author's position and reputation would evidently have an important place in pedagogical literature; but an appeal to the wider public by one who claims to have only the interests of science at heart, as our author constantly does (*e. g.*, p. 240), is scarcely justified, unless the specialists in his field are slower to employ the instrumentalities at their command to the obvious advantage of the people at large.

There is, however, no evidence of such an attitude of mind among the serious psychologists of our day, and it would, therefore, at first sight appear improper to treat this book, and "On the Witness Stand," the preceding one of the series (reviewed in the *Nation*, May 21, 1908), as more than attempts to acquaint the ignorant public with the work of the psychologist and its possible applications to practical life; attempts which are, of course, entirely laudable, but which are not, strictly speaking, scientific. But, as a matter of fact, Prof. Münsterberg here deals with an array of subjects none of which can be properly understood except by the highly educated among the "wider public," and most of which appeal either to the specially educated doctor or to experts in psychiatry, psychology, and philosophy. His book must, therefore, be considered in relation to its effect upon these several classes of readers.

The educated layman, upon perusal of "On the Witness Stand," must have been impressed by the unbounded, and often unwarranted, optimism of the author in relation to the immediate value of the practical application of psychophysical method to the realm of law. In the book before us, this optimism will be less obvious to the average reader, but the specialist cannot fail to note again the author's weakness in this regard. Although scientific advance in any field must eventually affect all other related sciences, this very correllation of the sciences indicates the necessity of caution in treating advances in any special lines as of pre-eminent importance. In fact, little of value is likely to be attained when such attempts are made in appeals to a public which reads to be entertained, not to be instructed. The consequences of such reading may, in fact, be actually evil in relation to mental discipline; for, to use our author's own words (p. 201), "an untrained attention is attracted by everything which is loud and shining, big and amusing. The trouble is not with the rush and hurry of the impressions which demand our attention; the trouble is with our attention, which seeks a quick change of new and ever new impressions, because it is not disciplined to hold firmly to one important interest."

Nevertheless, a number of the author's teachings are of great value to the educated layman among this "wider public," and offer a timely opposition to certain current misconceptions. It is unfortunate, therefore, that the beneficial effect of these teachings is likely to be much reduced, if not altogether lost, because the leaders maintaining the doctrines opposed by our author will doubtless retort that his opinions need not be taken quite seriously; basing their assertion on adverse criticisms which are bound to be made by specialists to whom alone certain parts of the book will be thoroughly comprehensible.

Most important is his discussion of the relation of religion to medicine; in which he argues convincingly that the cures performed under such influences are due to causes only fortuitously religious, emphasizing the fact that a large proportion of the effects produced by the modern religious psychotherapist may be produced equally well by the most barbarous of superstitions (p. 225) and calling attention (pp. 164, 335 f) to certain dangers, which are commonly overlooked, in therapeutic practice connected with religious appeals. He quite properly protests against current references to the "moral factors" in illness; justly holding (p. 56) "that the right entrance to psychotherapy is missed if the difference between morality and mentality is not recognized from the very beginning." He does well, also, to call attention to the artificiality of the separation of functional from structural nervous diseases, of which the modern religious psychotherapists make so much.

With equal propriety he emphasizes the distinction between the attitudes of the physician and the clergyman, and points to certain dangers which are involved in the current neglect of this distinction (*e. g.*, pp. 187, 33). His contention (chap. xii) in favor of a higher view of religion than that which allies it with the elimination of pain, should gain the ear of the thoughtful among the clergy and laity alike; as should, also, his appeal (p. 381 f) in the interest of a nobler view of the world and of God than that which "gains authority over the mind from such an external motive as a belief in its curative effects." "What is gained," he justly asks, "if some nervous disorders are helped by belief, if the belief itself devastates our intellectual culture and brings the masses down to a view of the world which has all the earmarks of barbarism?" So far, his ideas are sound.

When we turn to his treatment of suggestion, of hypnotism, and of the subconscious, we find an unfortunate attempt to speak to two audiences at the same time. The average well-educated layman would have been enlightened by learning that suggestion, as employed by the psychotherapist, is not a mysterious power of one "will" upon another "will," but is merely a special form of an influence which every man exerts upon his fellows in normal life; and that the dangers connected with the use of this special form of suggestion, while real (pp. 106, 226, 383), are no other than those which in milder form may appear in the practice of the unskilled teacher who encourages in his pupil bad volitional habits. He would have been benefited by the knowledge that hypnotism is very closely allied with mental conditions which are agreed to be normal, and that, while its employment by the uneducated should be discouraged, on the other hand its use by the skilled practitioner, with due caution, is no more to be feared or deprecated than is the employment of other radical therapeutic agencies where morbid conditions seem to warrant such use. He

would have found his thought clarified by the teaching that what is spoken of so glibly nowadays as the "subconscious" is not, as it is commonly thought to be, a mysterious inner moral force, especially powerful in producing changes in the nervous system; and that, as thus conceived, no such thing exists.

But, unfortunately, Professor Münsterberg here presents views which are not at all appropriate for the consideration of the layman; which really appeal to the average well educated physician, and which are couched in terms certain to lead the physician to question the validity of the author's statements. And such doubts will be strengthened if the inquirer appeals for verification to skilled psychologists and psychiatrists.

The psychologist, for instance, will tell his inquirer that the word consciousness is commonly employed in two senses, viz., (1) as the equivalent of mere psychic existence, and (2) as the equivalent of "awareness"; and that only if we mean to use the word in the latter sense (*cf.* p. 133) is it true that "there is no subconsciousness" (p. 125-157), *i. e.*, no awareness of which we are not aware. But the psychologist will also tell his enquirer that we have very good reason to believe that there is a form of mental life transcending the narrow limits of awareness (what H. R. Marshall would have us call sub-attentive consciousness), and that it is this "sub-attentive consciousness" which is usually referred to by serious students who use the unfortunate term "subconscious."

We are thus brought to the consideration of the effect of the book upon experts in the several fields in which the writer claims to speak as himself an expert. The opening up of the field of scientific psychotherapeutic treatment is so recent, and the exploration of the field so manifestly inadequate, that it behooves the really scientific worker to record his observations in a form which his co-workers may examine and verify; or if this is impossible, to state his own views with more modesty than our author displays and to hold them more tentatively. It is reasonably sure that practical psychotherapists will find their experience differing in some respects from that of Professor Münsterberg in regard to alcoholic and morphine patients; and certainly the psychiatrists will fail to follow him in his quite artificial restriction of psychotherapeutic treatment to cases outside the alienist's field of work, which implies a sharp distinction between the sane and insane, such as few leaders in psychiatry would to-day defend.

But, after all, our author, notwithstanding his desire to be numbered with the physicians, will be judged primarily as a psychologist. We may make due allowance for carelessness in writing under pressure to meet a present popular demand; but it is under just such unguarded conditions that a man is likely to lay bare the real nature of the doctrines which guide his thought; and it is clear that in the case of our author these doctrines were derived in the receptive age of youth, and have remained virtually unmodified to meet modern criticism. His reference to "the will" is constantly made (*e. g.*, p. 31) in terms that hark back to the conception of the "faculty psychologists," which should have succumbed to Locke's forceful attack, but which actually held almost complete sway among the psychologists of our author's youth. The opening chapters might well have been written by a psychologist of the early associationist school; although few even of them would have been bold enough to hold with our author (p. 24) that "the whole stream of mental life" is "made up of sensations," "we ourselves" being "for ourselves a complex combination of sensations" (p. 25). In fact, he actually proclaims (p. 23) that "if there were mental states which are composed of other elements than sensations, they would necessarily remain indescribable." His reason for this questionable statement, viz., that "we could not grasp them because they would not have any definite relation to the common physical world," is in line with a view of his own to which he attaches great importance, that "as soon as we look on inner life as merely psychological objects, then the material is connected only through the underlying physiological processes, and we can never explain causally the appearance of an idea through the preceding existence of another idea" (p. 139). In other words, he justifies the important place he gives to physiological psychology by the assertion that without reference to physical process causal relations between psychic states would be inexplicable; an assertion which involves a very doubtful thesis as to the nature of the concept of causality and which carries with it the denial that anything like a valid psychology existed in ancient times when the masters of thought were ignorant of the nature of the psycho-physical process. He properly emphasizes the view, above referred to, that the suggestion employed by the psychotherapist is of the same nature as processes observable in normal life; but he takes a step backward when he separates this psychotherapeutic suggestion from the ordinary emphasis of ideas through every day environmental influences. Few, if any, psychologists will follow him in holding (p. 100) that "it is meaningless to speak of suggesting an idea"; that (p. 101) "suggestions which are not suggestions of action are without exception suggestions of belief."

But, perhaps, we make too much of his psychological positions; for his present interests are philosophical rather than psychological, and, in this particular book, we find not a little of interest in relation to what, broadly speaking, we may call the philosophy of life. His demand that the medical student should be trained in psychology (p. 364) is thoroughly warranted, and timely. His explanation of the basis of the crude metaphysics of Christian Science (p. 344) is admirable. Interesting also is his comparison of the idealistic and realistic movements (p. 5); and equally enticing, although less convincing, is his distinction between the "causal" and "purposive" views of life (p. 14 f), and his application of this distinction to the work of the psychotherapist (p. 56 f).

The book will, without doubt, be widely read, and will increase in marked degree the interest of the public in psychotherapy; and, in this connection, it may be worth while to consider the tendency of physicians who practise current psychotherapeutic methods to adopt a disingenuous attitude toward these patients. Even our author, notwithstanding his disclaimer on p. 361, shows himself to be not averse to the occasional use of trickery and deceit (*e. g.*, pp. 188, 223, 300). It is difficult to raise logical objection to quackery and charlatanry, except on general grounds; the question concerns the value of what we may call the detective attitude in the physician, an attitude which this book will without doubt strengthen in many a young doctor. In the long run, we believe better results will follow from discouraging this detective attitude, and encouraging mutual trust between patient and medical adviser, the physician being thus led in general to rely upon the correction of morbid ideas by the wholesome influences flowing from contact with life under normal conditions and in normal surroundings.

"Life Histories of Northern Animals," by Ernest T. Seton; "The Grizzly Bear," by W. H. Wright; "Latter-Day Problems," by J. L. Laughlin, are among the scientific publications to be issued by Charles Scribner's Sons in the autumn.

About a year ago Sir James Crichton-Browne delivered an address at Buxton before a section of a meeting for the discussion of questions relating to public health. He took up the problem of extensive reduction of the human food requirement, which has become a matter of general interest. An expanded version of this address has now appeared as a little book with the title "Parcimony in Nutrition" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.), and is well worthy of careful reading, particularly by such laymen as have been attracted by the doctrines associated with the names of Fletcher and Chittenden. The author is a well known English physician of extended experience, and his views are fully entitled to consideration. In a sense, there is nothing absolutely new in the book, but there is a clever marshalling of facts which make against a hurried adoption of low standards of diet

and should give pause to those who, with more zeal than discretion, have advocated such procedures. Sir James points out that the experience of mankind is with remarkable uniformity in favor of a liberal diet and abundant nitrogen, and that the human habit is justified and fully confirmed by observations made among the poor and in prisons and workhouses, as well as by the best knowledge of the food requirement of animals. The experiments of Professor Chittenden seem to him exceedingly interesting but inconclusive, and as yet quite unacceptable as a basis for a general reform of standards, particularly as to a lower intake of nitrogen. That there is much overindulgence is not denied, nor that a considerable restriction in the eating of meat would be beneficial. While economy in certain directions is much to be commended, no extended reduction in the individual supply of food may be safely advocated on the basis of our present knowledge; in fact, our author believes that there is far more underfeeding than overfeeding in the world, and that poverty in nutrition is a much more serious problem than economy.

Maria Parloa, one of the pioneers in this country of scientific cookery, died at Bethel, Conn., August 21, at the age of sixty-six. Her books are "First Principles of Household Management and Cookery," "Kitchen Companion," "The Young Housekeeper," "New Cook Book and Marketing Guide," and "Home Economies."

Dr. Max H. Runge, professor in the University of Göttingen and director of the Frauenklinik, has died at the age of fifty-nine. He wrote several books in his special field, including a "Lehrbuch der Gynäkologie."

Drama and Music.

Charles Scribner's Sons will shortly publish a comedy entitled "Open Country," by Maurice Hewlett; also a volume entitled "Roses," comprising a series of four plays by Hermann Sudermann, translated from the German by Mrs. Tenney Frank.

Popular acting is coming to be more and more a real art in Germany. In the Bavarian Highlands, Oberammergau is by no means the only place where the Biblical or legendary drama is cultivated by non-professional actors, and in the secular *Volksstück* the peasant companies of Schliersee and Tegernsee rival successfully the regular stage of Munich or Vienna. A still more ambitious, and in many respects extraordinary, dramatic undertaking is at present going on in some rural communities of Schleswig-Holstein. In Wesselburen, the native town of Friedrich Hebbel, members of the order of the Good Templars have for some time past been devoting their leisure hours to the study of Hebbel's dramas. From reading them aloud they passed on to private performances of selected scenes, until this summer they have come out with full-fledged, public representations of such plays as "Maria Magdalena," "Agnes Bernauer," and "Gyges und sein Ring." The earnestness, simplicity, and power of these performances attracted such attention that neighboring towns, such as Meldorf, Lunden, Marne, asked for repetitions; and it seems as though popular Hebbel festivals were to be a regular feature of the higher life of the sturdy Ditmarse farming population. Preparations are already on foot for the celebration of Hebbel's hundredth birthday, in 1913, by a performance of his Nibelungen trilogy. That a play of such philosophic depth and psychological complexity as "Gyges und sein Ring" should have been impressively acted by a company the stars of which were a carpenter, a rural dentist, and a peasant girl, seems remarkable indeed. A curious concomitant result of this dramatic activity of the Good Templars is reported to be the extension of their anti-alcoholic principles.

Max Grube's "Adalbert Matkowsky," the last volume in the Dramaturgische Plauderein Library (Berlin: Herman Paetel), is little short of a complete biography of the distinguished German romantic actor, whose death was recorded in the *Nation* of April 8. There are personal reminiscences of Matkowsky in his younger years of preparation, at rehearsals, and behind the scenes, and an examination of him as a man. His most successful rôles are characterized, and several portraits of him in private life, and as Sigismund and Macbeth, are given.

News reaches us of the death of Wilhelm Millowitsch, founder of the famous Volks Theater of Cologne. His popular drama, enacted by living players, was a successor of the marionette theatre of Christaf Winter, founded in 1802, in which popular local types were represented by puppets.

"Success in Music and How It Is Won," by Henry T. Finck, appears among the publications to be issued by Charles Scribner's Sons in October.

Oliver Ditson Company have added four new volumes to their excellent Musicians' Library, bringing the total list now up to fifty.

The *Corriere della Sera* announces that the Association of Italian Musicians has completed a catalogue of works on the theory of music found in the Reale Biblioteca Palatina, the churches of San Giovanni and the Stucata, the cathedral and the baptistry of Parma, where this society has its headquarters. This investigation has brought to light many works of great interest by forgotten authors, such as three volumes of "Aron," printed at Venice by Master Bernardino and Master Matteo de Vitali in 1523 and 1529; an Aristoxemus, Venice, 1562; a "Regula musice plane," by Fra Bonaventura of Brescia, printed in round characters, in 1497, and with wood cuts; a "Nicolay Burti Parbensis musices opusculum," printed in 1487 in Gothic characters and coarse figures. Among other works of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries is a manuscript divided into three parts, with curious musical compositions. Some fine musical dialogues by Vincenzo Galilei (1581) have been found, and works of Glureamus (1547), Kircherius (1650), Lanfranco (1533), Pontis, Rameau, Francesco Salina, and other sixteenth-century authors, and a large number of sixteenth and seventeenth-century publications. It is the intention of this association to extend this catalogue so as to include all Italian works which appeared before the nineteenth century, found in any public or private library in Italy. It is expected that their labors will serve as a basis for a great critical edition of the best Italian writers. Prof. Guido Gasperini, of the Royal Conservatory of Music at Parma, is at the head of this movement.

Richard Hoffman, musician and composer, died August 17. He was born in Manchester, England, in 1831, and came to this country at the age of sixteen. He was an honorary member of the Philharmonic Society of New York, and in his younger days played at their concerts. He was engaged by Barnum to play in the first Jenny Lind concert as piano soloist. Some of his compositions were "La Gazelle," "Crépuscule," "Spinning Song," "Finland Love Song," "Crossing the Bar," and "Memory."

Art.

THE DEARTH OF ANTIQUES.

Within ten years antique objects of art have quadrupled in price. This may be taken as a rough average. With such objects as happen to be in vogue, the rise has been much greater. In part, this is due to the tactics, or rather want of tactics, of the new-rich collector. But that much abused person should not be made to bear all the blame. Inflated prices rule also in the shops which he never enters. The desirable trifles that one used to pick up in Europe for a few francs, now cost as many dollars. The demand increases as the supply nears exhaustion. The smaller antiquaries judge that their part of the business may last another ten years, but hardly more. Many of them are embarking perforce upon the dubious trade in false antiques; the more far-sighted talk of dealing in modern art. Meanwhile the search is always more intense and less fruitful. There are few hamlets in Europe too humble to have some agent whose connections reach eventually to London and Paris. But they no longer find much. Everywhere the story is the same. A noted rug-dealer and expert deems himself lucky if a single carpet of high class rewards a long trip in the East.

The causes of this dearth are many; chiefly, we think, the steady demand of the museums and the tendency of collectors to bequeath their treasures to the public are responsible. Every year thousands of fine objects are thus withdrawn from the market. In Europe, there exist at present only a handful of notable collections that can conceivably come under the hammer. Here in America, at a wide guess, there may be in private hands a thousand meritorious paintings by old masters. Of these, it is safe to say not more than a third will ever come into the market again. As regards the supply of antiques, we are at the end of an era. The main

sources were the suppressed convents, whose dispersed treasures have now mostly reached the museums or permanent collections; the churches, which are now forbidden by law to alienate their possessions; the private galleries of old or noble families, which, with trifling exceptions, have been sold out or registered as non-exportable; finally, private and illicit excavation, which is now severely controlled by statute.

Of course, we are by no means at the end of the antiques, merely of the marketable ones. Every year brings important discoveries from Egypt. The sands of Turkestan yield up interesting vestiges of lost civilizations. Persia and Babylonia have been touched only superficially. Even the colonial cities of Greece have been rather reconnoitered than explored. Yes, there will still be notable returns from excavation, but in the main the local museums will be the gainers. The art market will receive but little relief from this source.

The chief sufferers from the shortage are new museums and modest collectors. No pity need be wasted upon the antiquaries. They have developed abilities of such serpentine astuteness that they must succeed in any branch of trade. Nor need the many-millioned amateur claim our compassion. Other means of spectacular expenditure will be provided for him. The humble collector suffers already in his pocket and in unrealized desires. But these mole-like folk have, after all, a faculty for taking care of themselves. By barter, by attending sales too obscure for the dealers, by knowing a good bit more than the peripatetic agents, by familiarity with each other's possessions, and prudently accepting the opportunities opened by adversity or mortality, the small collector will contrive for a time to keep supplied. Against him, too, the age is working. As he realizes the impossibility of duplicating his modest treasures, let him murmur proudly *après moi le déluge*.

The case of the new museum—and we have many such—is harder. It must buy antiques on a rapidly rising and nearly exhausted market, or not at all. In fact, only a well endowed museum can hope to enter this competition successfully. For the smaller museums there will remain the alternative of concentrating on the art of the present, or buying small collections rather of archæological than artistic importance. Some such course will be forced upon most of our museums of recent foundation. The duty seems all the more imperative, then, that the few American museums which can afford to buy the finest examples of old art should do so while yet it is possible. Some years ago, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts took the almost unprecedented course of spending for acquisitions a large part of all unconditional gifts and bequests. The authorities judged that it was more important to capitalize works of art than cash, and the outcome, both in its artistic and financial aspects, has fully justified a course that was, at the time, criticised rather severely. Only those museums which allow great freedom to their purchasing staff can hope to make the most of an art market ever rising as it narrows.

Among the art books announced for early publication by Charles Scribner's Sons are the following: "City People," drawings by J. Montgomery Flagg; "Through the French Provinces," by Ernest C. Peixotto, with eighty-five drawings by the author; "Art in Great Britain and Ireland," by Sir Walter Armstrong; "The Art of Landscape Painting," by Birge Harrison; "Pewter and the Amateur Collector," by E. J. Gale, and "The American Girl," by Harrison Fisher.

The house at Toledo once occupied by El Greco has been presented by a wealthy amateur to the Spanish state. On the initiative of the King, and under the auspices of the Royal Academy, it will be converted into a memorial museum, and filled with works of the eccentric Cretan master.

In the City Museum of Padua has been discovered a portrait of Donatello. It is painted upon a thin beech panel, and evidently served as the cover of a manuscript. Our only other authentic likeness of the great Florentine sculptor is the sadly repainted one by Paolo Uccello in the Louvre.

To the National Gallery, in the Corsini Palace, at Rome, have been recently added the following pictures: by Nicholas Poussin, The Triumph of David; by Sodoma, the Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine; by Novelli of Palermo, St. James. This gallery has also bought the wooden sketch model made by Bernini for one of the angels in the Church of St. Andrea delle Fratte, Rome.

On July 4, at Milan, a gold medal was presented to Prof. Luigi Cavenaghi, in recognition of his service in saving Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper from rapidly approaching destruction. The medal, which is reproduced in the July number of the *Rassegna d'Arte*, is the work of the sculptor Danielli.

While restoring the Church of S. Giuliano, Venice, a number of rolled canvases, and filthy, were discovered between the ceiling and roof. One of these, Christ Bearing His Cross to Calvary, an important canvas, measuring 2.63 by 3.12 metres, is said to be by Tintoretto. Other large compositions are attributed by ancient guides to Palma Giovane, and his minor contemporaries. The find includes two cartoons for mosaics by Aliense, a designer of the sixteenth century.

The excavation of the Roman town of Calleva, at Silchester, begun by the Society of Antiquaries of London in 1890, has been so successful that the society has decided to engage in further work of the same kind. They have appointed a special research committee to superintend all undertakings of this nature, and propose to begin operations this coming September. The site chosen by them is that of old Sarum, the exploring of which is expected to yield valuable results. At the same time they have obtained permission from the Earl of Verulam to excavate the Roman city of Verulamium, the area of which is nearly twice that of Silchester. As this is close to St. Albans, and its archæological value might be destroyed by its being cut up into building lots, the society feel the need of beginning work on it as soon as possible, and it is hoped that sufficient will be contributed by the fellows of the society and others to enable it to be started in the course of next year.

From Paris comes the report of the death of Louis Le Poittevin, the landscape painter, in his sixty-third year. He was a pupil of Bouguereau and Tony Robert-Fleury, and exhibited first at the Salon of 1877.

The death is announced of Georges Vogt, director of the technical department at the Sèvres manufactory. He was the inventor of the *Nouvelle Pâte Tendre*, and wrote, also, a number of books on his special subject.

The death is also reported, at the age of ninety-two, of Joseph Schefsky, the Bavarian sculptor.

Finance.

WALL STREET AND MR. HARRIMAN.

It is not overstating matters to say that the paramount topic of the past week in Wall Street gossip, rumor, and conjecture, and the dominant influence on the movement of speculative values, were the questions whether Mr. E. H. Harriman was or was not on the point of sailing from Europe for New York; whether he was or was not in better health than when he left America; whether he was coming home to a sick chamber, or to the directors' room of the Union Pacific. When news that he was about to sail was received, prices of stocks advanced on the supposition that his return meant announcement of a "railroad deal," or renewal of the Stock Exchange boom. When it was next announced that Harriman was still a sick man, and that the European specialists had prescribed a programme of complete rest and abstention from business activities, the stock market broke with great violence. People of the less imaginative sort suggested that there were other good reasons for the 10-point relapse than "Harriman's health"—the fact of an overdone and artificial midsummer rise, for instance—but Wall Street insisted that the market was moving according to the news from Harriman.

Now all this demonstration, so far as it actually had any such cause, will possibly take its place, in the minds of the average serious observer, as a piece of Wall Street foolishness. A market whose

intrinsic values depended on the presence of a single financier would be a peculiar market. Furthermore, Wall Street's reasoning that Harriman's return ought to put up prices appeared to overlook the fact that his absence, since his departure for Europe on the thirty-first of May, has been contemporaneous with an excessively violent rise in stocks. Evidently the rule was not supposed to work both ways. Nevertheless, the fact of Wall Street's supreme excitement over an absent financier remains, and it may be profitable to inquire just what is the basis for it.

One basis undoubtedly is the rooted belief on the Stock Exchange that powerful capitalists fix the value of securities. Wall Street does not go to the length of the La Follette theory; but it holds very firmly to the notion that "bull movements" are primarily the result of individual initiative and manipulation. Most of the professional contingent and its satellites would hesitate to assert that the "multi-millionaires" can construct bull movements in a period of real adversity. Yet there are those who maintain this doctrine also, the presumption being that many scattered operators might be willing to bid up prices but unable to do it effectively, because of lack of concentrated effort and organized operation. Therefore, the reappearance of a "leader" is in their eyes a "bull point" in itself.

Of recent years another argument for the theory of "one-man markets" has gained equal vogue, based on the reasoning that capitalists daring enough and powerful enough to divert bank surpluses and corporation cash balances into the speculative stock market can do for "bull movements" what no one relying on his own capital or credit could achieve. This, too, might serve in part to explain the attitude of Wall Street towards this week's news and rumor. No attention seems, however, in applying conclusions to the existing market, to have been paid to a certain forecast made by the subject of these various rumors. Just before sailing from New York in May, Harriman expressed his views to this effect:

> If we have favorable weather and correspondingly large crops, I look for happy times. There will be a big burst of speculation and a rise in the price of everything, but these will quickly grade down from the top to whatever level the crops make logical . . . . If a tide of speculation sets in rapidly, and we jump things up thirty or forty stories and then smash, the fall will naturally be greater.

The obvious field of inquiry would be, at what stage of such an advance as prices have had this summer would the market be in the fortieth story?

In some minds, there was another and a larger reason for the wide financial interest in Harriman's return, and in his physical condition. It arises from reflection on the extraordinary character of the structure which Harriman has built up in the investment and credit markets. Never, perhaps, in the history of the world's financial markets has so extended and complicated a set of machinery been put in operation. Its author knew every cog and wheel and pivot in it; that is quite generally admitted. But a safe piece of machinery is one that can be relaxed or stopped without danger to any of its parts, and there were those who felt some apprehension as to whether Mr. Harriman's invention could conform to those conditions. His own operation of it, at all events, seemed to involve the forcing of its speed to the utmost limit, and the extending of its connections in every direction, and sometimes machinery of that sort becomes difficult to control.

Supposing the author of this mechanism to relinquish his part in the controlling of it, Wall Street itself will not fail to raise the question, to whom would he hand it over? This question may have had its share in the week's misgivings over the cables from Cherbourg and Vienna. It is a question which sooner or later will be uppermost in the serious discussions of finance. The most hopeful view of the case is that this danger-spot in the credit situation will be taken in hand by conservative and prudent men, and much of the past few years' work of Mr. Harriman be cautiously undone. It will require men of large calibre to accomplish even this; but it is quite as conceivable that competent men for that work could be found as that men capable of driving the machine ahead without invoking disaster could arise.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andreieff, L. The Seven That Were Hanged. The Tucker Series. New York: E. C. Walker. 15 cents.

Aristotelian Society Proceedings. New Series.—Vol. IX. London: Williams & Norgate.

Arrhenius, S. The Life of the Universe. 2 vols. Harper.

Ashburner, W. The Rhodian Sea-Law. Frowde. $5.75 net.

Becker, C. H. Christianity and Islam. Harper.

Bertholet, D. A. The Transmigration of Souls. Harper.

Birchall, S. H. Songs of Saint Bartholomew. Boston: Alfred Bartlett.

Blanchaud, R. de. One Thousand Common French Texts. Crowell. 25 cents.

Brown, C. R. The Young Man's Affairs. Crowell. $1 net.

Brown, J. D. Guide to Librarianship. London: Libraco Ltd.

Bywater, I. Aristotle on the Art of Poetry: A Revised Text with Critical Introduction, Translation, etc. Frowde. $5.25 net.

Canfield, W. W. Along the Way. Fenno & Co. $1.50.

Crawfurd, R. The Last Days of Charles II. Frowde. $1.75.

Crockett, S. R. The Men of the Mountain. Harper. $1.50.

Davis, J. W., and Julien, F. Finger Play Reader. Two parts. Heath. 35 cents each.

Dewar, D., and Finn, F. The Making of Species. Lane. $2.50 net.

Fisher, E. Dornröschen. Crowell Modern Language Series. 25 cents.

Hein, G. Exercises in French Conversation and Composition. Crowell. 40 cents.

Herrick, C. Trust Companies, Their Organization, Growth, and Management. Bankers Pub. Co.

Hillicrs, A. As It Happened. Putnam. $1.35 net.

Hoag, E. B. Health Studies: Applied Physiology and Hygiene. Heath & Co. 75 cents.

Holliday, C. Once Upon a Time: a Collection of Stories. Broadway Pub. Co. 75 cents.

Hoover, B. R. Pa Flickinger's Folks. Harper. $1.

Hyatt, S. P. The End of the Road: a Novel. Appleton. $1.50.

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Irwin, W. Confessions of a Con Man. Huebsch. $1 net.
Janvier, T. A. Henry Hudson. Harper. 75 cents, net.
Johnson, A. H. The Disappearance of the Small Landowner. Ford Lectures, 1909. Frowde. $1.75.
Lee, Vernon. Laurus Nobilis: Chapters on Art and Life. Lane. $1.50 net.
Lugaro, E. Modern Problems in Psychiatry. Publications Univ. of Manchester. Medical Series No. XII. London: Sherratt & Hughes.
Meyer, A. Jesus or Paul. Harper.
Myth, M. Y. T. H. Dorothy of Angelwood. Broadway Pub. Co. 75 cents.
Newell, L. C. Inorganic Chemistry for Colleges. Heath. $2 net.
Phelps, E. S. Jonathan and David. Harper. 50 cents.
Porter, G. S. A Girl of the Limberlost. Doubleday, Page.
Quiller-Couch, A. T. True Tilda. Scribner's.
Register of the Members of St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford. New Series. Vol. VI. Frowde.
Rowell, H. Allan, Son of a Gunmaker. Cochrane. $1.50.
Sherrill, C. H. Stained Glass Tours in England. Lane. $2.50 net.
Sinclair, W. J. Semmelweis: His Life and His Doctrine. Manchester University Series. London: Sherratt & Hughes.
Smith, V. A. Asoka: the Buddhist Emperor of India. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Frowde. $1.15.
Stearns, W. N. A Primer of Hebrew History. Eaton & Mains. 40 cents net.
Stewart, J. D., and Clarke, O. E. Book Selection. London: Libraeo Ltd.
Stewart, J. D. The Sheaf Catalogue. London: Libraeo Ltd.
Sweny, H. R. The Big Stick and the Golf Stick. Albany: J. B. Lyon Co.
University of Pennsylvania. Publications of the Egyptian Department of the University Museum. Areika, by D. R. Maeiver and C. L. Wooiley.
Wason, R. A. Happy Hawkins. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.50.
Webb, C. C. I. Ioannis Saresberiensis Policratici. 2 vols. Frowde. $11 net.
Wrede, W. The Origin of the New Testament. Harper.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1909.

The Week.

The *Commoner* of Mr. Bryan points to the fact that the only notable victory won of late years by the Democracy was in 1892, when it flat-footedly opposed protection. It urges that a tariff for revenue be made the issue in the immediate future. One does not know whether to rejoice over Mr. Bryan's tardy conversion, or to deplore "the years that the locust hath eaten," while he was worshipping false gods. More than any other living man Mr. Bryan is responsible for having induced the Democratic party to forsake its great historic issue. He has persistently led his followers through the quagmire of novel heresies. He has blown a thousand blasts against the gold standard, against corporations, against the present system of individual bank responsibility, against private ownership of railways. But from the day of his first nomination, he has never staked the whole political battle upon the historic mission of Democracy—the eradication of favoritism to particular interests by Federal taxation. His belated conversion is only another proof of his fatal lack of foresight and his total incapacity as a statesman. If sincere, it should be followed by his tacit willingness to fight in the ranks. But there is time left yet before 1912 for him to discover half a dozen other paramount issues.

It may be that Mr. Morrison, secretary of the American Federation of Labor, has no technical *locus standi* in asking the Department of Commerce and Labor to investigate the conditions of alien laborers at the Pressed Steel Car Company's works at McKee's Rocks. The strikers are not members of the American Federation of Labor. Besides, unless the company has violated some Federal statute such as the Contract Labor law, or the law prohibiting peonage, the State of Pennsylvania would seem to be the proper authority to conduct such an inquiry. But in a broader, non-technical sense, and standing simply on his rights as an American citizen, Mr. Morrison and everybody else is vitally concerned in a political way in the pointed issue Mr, Morrison raises:

> Laborin' man an' laborin' woman
> Hev one glory an' one shame.
> Ev'y thin' thet's done inhuman
> Injers all on 'em the same.

And the charge made is that the Pressed Steel Car Company is enabled by the tariff to exact high prices for its product, but that instead of sharing its gains with its workers, it grinds down and oppresses many of them with a meagre wage. As Mr. Morrison puts it, it is "not giving labor what is justly due it." The strike at McKee's Rocks ought to prove that the pretence that the tariff is devised in behalf of the laborer is buncombe, pure and simple. If the eyes of the wage-earners themselves are opened to this fact, the greed that now drapes itself in the hypocritical disguise of tenderness for the laborer will stand exposed.

The confession of Judge Gary, at the dinner in his honor given by the Sheffield Chamber of Commerce, that he had no objection to free trade, if only it were universally adopted, is now characteristic of our greatest iron masters. Mr. Carnegie, it will be remembered, has delivered himself to the same effect, that the American steel and iron industry no longer requires protection. Reciprocal trade conditions between all the countries of the world, to which Judge Gary expressed himself as favorable, take on increasing attractiveness when the provincial state of industrial development has once been passed and world-wide maturity attained. One can, however, understand something of the fury which this Olympian open-mindedness excites in the breasts of lesser producers who think that their profits now depend on the tariff. These devotees of protection shrink from that readjustment of methods and processes which they would have to face if the arbitrary screen behind which they are sheltered were lowered. And others who know that their prices are artificially boosted by the tariff vent their indignation upon the selfish treachery, as they term it, of those who have arrived at the top of the tree, and who coolly question the utility of artificial ladders for scaling the magic bean-stalk.

The unwonted promptness with which all of the executive departments of the Federal Government have drafted their preliminary estimates for expenditure, is an earnest of the novel spirit of economy which actuates the Administration. There is no doubt of President Taft's deep-seated purpose to effect the utmost saving of public money compatible with administrative efficiency. Ordinarily, the preliminary estimates are submitted about October 15. After being canvassed by the Treasury, they are assembled in the book of estimates, which, having received the President's sanction, is transmitted to Congress. The thick quarto still bears the rather quaint title of a Letter to the Speaker of the House of Representatives. The Secretary of the Treasury, from whom the "Letter" purports to emanate, is the single legalized channel through which all official recommendations of proposed expenditure in detail must pass. It is unfortunate that the Secretary's freedom is hampered in some respects by statutory regulations prescribing the items to be included in the official estimates. Nevertheless, he still has considerable leeway, and may trim and pare the figures of the various bureaus so as very sensibly to affect the total estimates. An early compilation, therefore, will give the Secretary more than the usual period for inquiry and review. There will result almost to a certainty a carefully scrutinized list of appropriations awaiting the action of Congress when that body convenes in December.

The high character of recent appointments in the Bureau of the Census, is maintained in the admirable choices made by Director Durand of experts to prepare and formulate the various schedules. This preliminary work of devising schedule questions, which shall be at once practicable and of a character to throw light upon the real conditions of industry, is an important and delicate work. Most of the appointees for this task are trained economists, many of them now holding university positions. Typical of the new kind of coadjutor is the committee to draft the *questionnaire* for the agricultural schedule. Of the four members of this com-

mittee, Prof. T. N. Carver is a professor of economics at Harvard University, Mr. Coulter is an instructor in agricultural economics in the University of Minnesota, Prof. H. C. Taylor holds the chair of agricultural economics at the University of Wisconsin, and Mr. Warren is professor of farm management and crops in Cornell University. All of these gentlemen have an expert knowledge of the subject. Their equipment and character, like those of their colleagues on the committees on manufactures, dependent classes, and general statistics, should give the next census a unique position amongst informing official inquiries.

The widespread interest in the betterment of city government is indicated by the attendance of nearly one thousand delegates at the convention of the League of American Municipalities at Montreal. That city has recently discovered graft in its own administration so that the choice of a meeting place proved most opportune. From the secretary's address, it appears that forty cities in this country have already adopted some variety of the commission type of government, and thirty-three other cities scattered over twenty-five States are at present considering this new plan. The moot question of State versus local control of municipal public utilities called forth the usual differences of opinion in the convention. It seems not at all unlikely that the present time may in retrospect be known as the era of political enlightenment. With campaigns and non-partisan conventions and associations dealing with taxation, city government, direct primaries, the short ballot, public utilities, and all sorts of administrative problems, it will be strange if a final precipitate of wisdom is not thrown down for the healing of the nation.

The action of the Pure Food Association in endorsing the findings of the Remsen Board of Referees upon the use of benzoate of soda as a food-preservative will be regarded by the general public as final. The vote, though in favor of the board by only 57 to 42, is the more significant in that last year the association took strong ground against any use of benzoate whatever. The courts, especially in Indiana, where suits are pending in both Federal and State courts upon injunctions to restrain the enforcement of rules prohibiting the use of this preservative, will now have some additional light by which to arrive at their decisions. It must, however, be remembered that the Remsen Board was charged merely to answer certain specific queries, and has made no recommendation as to the administration of the Pure Food laws. That four grams per day of this preservative are not dangerous to the consumer's health, and that benzoate does not disguise any original defect in the materials preserved, may be taken as proved. But whether the Secretary of Agriculture is to permit the use of this preservative in unrestricted amounts, and whether its use is to be indicated by a compulsory label, are matters of administration, upon which the chemists' verdict does not bear. It is to be hoped that Dr. Wiley will persist in his determination not to resign his position, and that he and the Secretary of Agriculture may unite upon some administrative regulations which will guard the health of the consumer without jeopardizing the legitimate use of the preservative in question.

Geography is also among the progressive sciences. This is the upshot of the address of Sir Duncan Johnston, president of the geographical section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, holding session at Winnipeg. The idea that work in geography must now take on an exclusively intensive character, and consist of surveys, rather than explorations, has been thoroughly disproved of late years. Not only Shackleton's and Sven Hedin's polar expeditions, but Stein's discoveries in Khotan have shown how imperfect is our knowledge of physical geography and grades of civilization. The Duke of Abruzzi is investigating unknown regions on the northern Indian frontier, while Mongolia, West Africa, New Guinea, and both poles are besieged by eager explorers who will certainly add vastly to our knowledge of the topography and demography of the globe. Within a fortnight announcements have been made of the finding of a hitherto unknown glacier on the Alaskan coast, as well as of the vestiges of an advanced civilization once seated in that region. It is always dangerous to think of any department of science as a closed book. Once let some definitive treatise be read as the funeral service over further advance in any branch of knowledge, and forthwith discovery or invention delights to run riot in that very field.

Medical ethics is a mighty deep for the layman to embark upon, we know, yet recent events make us wonder what are the exact laws compelling a physician to reticence. If it is a mere King or President who is ill, we expect to have a medical bulletin, conveying to the public more or less of the truth. But apparently this rule does not hold for a great financier, whose health is one of the elements in stock-gambling. About his condition, we are permitted to learn nothing. His physician "cannot speak." His chaplain speaks, so do his relatives and a visiting banker, but the faculty is dumb. Yet a foreign physician, who has treated the financier, talks freely to reporters, giving his view of the case. It is only the doctors now in charge who are bound over to professional secrecy. We do not question their delicacy or conscientiousness; but their course shows that the code of medical ethics will have to be rewritten.

Nowhere in the world, not even in Russia, has there been a Yiddish theatre of any such importance as that on the East Side of New York. Russian-Jewish customs, the realistic idealism of the Russian, given a local setting amid the conditions of the New World, have received, on the boards of the Bowery and Grand Street Yiddish theatres, a multiform and vigorous representation. Very little of it, of course, has been "pure art." Much of it has been farce and operatic mixtures, and melodrama crops up in almost every Yiddish play. But isolated scenes are often of searching and genuinely dramatic power, acted with passion and directness. It is therefore regrettable to hear that Jacob Adler, best known of Yiddish actors and managers, announces that, in consequence of the demands of the actors' unions, he is not able to run his theatre, and that he will lease it to a moving picture show. They demand, he says, exorbitant increases in salaries, and also the employment of more actors than he can use. It is said that the vitality of the Yiddish theatre has, of

recent years, somewhat fallen off. Jacob Gordin, the "Shakespeare of the Ghetto," is dead, and even before his death his prestige had waned, partly because of the growing extravagance and unreality of his manner and theme. Yet the Yiddish theatre has been a remarkably living and complete reproduction of the life of a people. Not only was the life of Hester Street, and of the old orthodox Jew, with his picturesque psychology and infinite tradition, artistically represented on the stage, but also the Russian "intellectual" life—the life of Muscovite art and modern social and political yearning.

When a Duke goes out into the market-place and asks piteously how he can economize without inflicting hardships upon others, it is certainly an act of charity to tell him. Sir Edward Grey lately undertook, in an open letter, this kindly office for the Duke of Northumberland. That nobleman had maintained that the new taxes would compel him to retrench, but that he could not cut down his expenses without lowering wages, dismissing servants, etc. But Sir Edward points out that if a man owns more than one house, in town or country, he can lease one, with an obligation on the occupier to keep it up. As the Duke has two castles, besides Syon House in Brentford, and a town residence in Grosvenor Place, the bearing of the advice is obvious. Besides, a landed proprietor often has shooting rights, which he can sell or let, thus increasing his own income without diminishing employment. Sir Edward puts in one important *caveat*. He warns the Duke that he is not speaking of retrenchments that will be pleasant, but only of those which are possible.

The accounts of the arrival of the Zeppelin III in Berlin make interesting reading for those who still think of the Germans only as a phlegmatic and stolid people. Not even Bismarck at the height of his popularity ever received a greater ovation than that accorded to the veteran inventor. That the sight of a great airship manœuvring over a city appeals powerfully to the imagination is, of course, true. But the German enthusiasm is not to be attributed solely to elation over an epoch-making spectacle. Industrially the most diligent and intelligent nation on earth, Germans have a profound respect for the man who takes the leadership in fresh fields, conquers nature anew, and applies science to the solution of a problem. The national rise to commercial greatness in so short a space of time is due to this readiness to turn to men of science for industrial advice. It is a commonplace that the Germans are years ahead of other nations in the practical application of the newer chemical learning. They have not been afraid to go to philosophers of the closet for aid and suggestion, and every professional discovery has enhanced the respect for the man of learning. Hence comes the profound admiration for Zeppelin among the thinking classes. That there is also much of the popular enthusiasm which everywhere attaches to a new record or to a spectacular discovery we would not deny. But the public looks to positive results of value from the leadership of Zeppelin.

The airship carnival at Rheims has marked a great step forward in aerial science. We refer, of course, not to the broken records, nor to the unparalleled number of contestants, nor to the unnumbered spectators. What it will really be remembered for, when even Blériot's name shall have been forgotten, is the imposition of the first fine for reckless flying inflicted on this earth. Later on, of course, we shall expect to see aerial courts held in captive balloons around which hover the speeder, the air-cycle policeman, and the witnesses, while the judge pronounces sentence; but until then the fine for offending above will be imposed below. The Rheims miscreant, M. Lefèbvre, paid $4 for turning corners too quickly and failing to slow down at air-current crossings, and was then congratulated for having become an historic offender. M. Lefèbvre to-day doubtless likens himself to Adam as the first of another long line of sinners. We trust he was duly warned that a second offence will be more severely punished, and that a third will land him in jail, even if his speedometer should show twenty-five miles an hour less than that of the policeman who arrests him.

The Argentine Republic's foreign trade statistics for the last year will probably be used to bolster up the subsidy campaign soon to be made in Congress for fast steamship lines to South America. The statistics in question show that the United States ranks third in foreign trade with the Argentine. Great Britain leads with $23,899,855, in exports; Germany stands second with $11,789,490; and the United States third with $8,987,317. Mr. John Barrett, the director of the Bureau of American Republics, comes forward with the usual remedy. Unless there are "fast and commodious steamers" to carry passengers, mail, and express traffic, he thinks that commerce between the American republics cannot be expected to grow. In the promotion of this commerce, the State Department in conjunction with the Department of Labor and Commerce will translate the commercial laws of South American States into English for the benefit of our merchants. It is hardly necessary to remark that our merchants would do far better to acquaint themselves and their agents with the language of these countries than to possess English translations of South American codes. One of the main reasons for Germany's expansion in foreign trade is the scientific way German merchants study foreign fields. Their factors speak the languages of the countries with which they trade. Their prospectuses appear in the same tongues. They study the methods of packing goods that are customary in these countries.

Another "crisis" in Greece is tided over, growing out of Cretan unrest, but the question of Crete remains full of explosive material. Greece strongly desires the formal annexation of Crete, and so do apparently the majority of the inhabitants of that island. In intervening to prevent immediate action towards union, the Powers say nothing about the ultimate solution of the problem. Their only explanation is that they cannot permit at present a rupture which would endanger the new régime in Turkey, or imperil the peace of Europe. In the end, there can be little doubt, the flag of Greece will be hoisted in Crete, and allowed to stay there. The old passion for liberation from the Turkish yoke still burns in Cretan bosoms. That it also continues to kindle in life-long sympathizers at a distance, is shown by the remarkable letter which the *Evening Post* recently published, written by Julia Ward Howe, in behalf of Cretan freedom.

ADMINISTRATIVE DISCIPLINE.

The resignation of Mr. McHarg, Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor, is to be accepted by the President. This follows hard upon Mr. McHarg's public attack upon the policy of forest and water-power conservation, with open sneers at colleagues in the government service. It is explained, to be sure, that the assistant secretary did not, in any case, intend to stay in the Department longer than October 1, so that his resignation may be merely hastened by recent events. But the public will be sure to take it as a pendant to the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy, and as a sign that Mr. Taft has determined to put an end to the bickerings among his subordinates. It certainly was time for official discipline to be vindicated and enforced.

It is well known that, under President Roosevelt, administrative methods were left at loose ends. With a Chief Executive who could let nothing alone, we had also a set of subordinates with no due sense of subordination. Assistants magnified themselves above their immediate superiors. Commissioners ignored Secretaries. It was common for Mr. Roosevelt to go over the heads of his Cabinet officers and set men under them to working directly on his orders. To him they also reported directly, instead of through their titular chiefs; and the sight was frequent of commissioners and special agents hovering about the President, or dragged out by him into the limelight that beat upon the White House. This made them happy and proud, no doubt, and fed the newspapers with sensations, but it was not good administration. A President who would do his work easily and well, must dispatch the vast business of his office in an orderly manner. Having chosen his heads of department, he must work through them, giving them great responsibility, but then holding them responsible. Their assistants must get orders from them, and must be content to report to them, instead of flying to the President. This is the natural method of large administration, which, it is evident, President Taft has sought to restore. The bevy of favored assistants is no longer seen daily at the White House. The President does his official work through official channels. This is as it should be. It may be hard on the young heroes who used to bask in the Roosevelt sunshine, but it will do them good to work again for the joy of working, fulfilling in hours of gloom, as the poet advises them, the tasks in hours of insight willed.

More is needed, however, than this due subordination. There must also be something like "team play." An official in one department should not be allowed openly to rail at one in another. Least of all, should public charges and recriminations be permitted to fly back and forth between different members of the executive departments. The unhappy significance of the dispute between Chief Forester Pinchot and Secretary Ballinger, as now of the railing accusations made by Mr. McHarg, has been primarily that the President's subordinates were not pulling together, and that discipline was breaking down. If these men have their sharp differences, the thing should be kept to themselves, or settled privately, not shouted from the housetops. If there is an issue of fact, let it be tried out in the office, before their respective chiefs. If it is a question of public policy, let them remember that it is not their function to shape it. Whatever information or advice they have to give their superiors will doubtless be welcome; but having given it, they should keep silence; or, if the President and his Cabinet go on making such grievous mistakes that the fourth assistant or the third deputy simply cannot stand it, resignations can always be offered and accepted.

Behind all these questions of administrative method and of the personnel of government, stands a larger issue. It is that of procedure in accordance with law. This lies at the root of the agitated differences between Mr. Pinchot and Secretary Ballinger. The latter, with the approval, of course, of President Taft, made up his mind, as a lawyer, that the action of the Roosevelt Administration, towards its end, in withdrawing great tracts of forest land, was without due warrant of law. That being so, there was nothing for it but to rescind that executive order, as it has been rescinded, care being taken that no site for water power should be covertly taken up. It is not contended that the policy which Mr. Pinchot advocates is not wise. The fullest recognition is made of his fine spirit and self-denying labors. But the new Administration sets out to comply strictly with the law governing this and all other matters. It is to be presumed, therefore, that President Taft will lay the whole case before Congress, and urge the enactment of statutes to make entirely legal what is confessed to be desirable. This is no reversal of the "Roosevelt policies," except as they were policies without regard to the law.

In taking this stand, President Taft must have been fully aware that the pack of little idolators of Roosevelt would open on him. They are, in fact, already in full cry. But it would, in any event, have been impossible to satisfy them. They were persuaded, from the first, that "Taft was sure to make a mess of it," by contrast with his predecessor, and it was only a question of time when they should proclaim the worst, with brandished muck-rakes. Those modern implements of torture the President can well afford to disregard, provided he succeeds in asserting administrative discipline and basing governmental action firmly upon the law of the land.

REFORM OF JUDICIAL PROCEDURE.

The American Bar Association does well to heed the growing dissatisfaction with the administration of justice through the courts. At the meeting in Detroit, the committee, appointed two years ago to consider the evil of the law's delays and the vexing uncertainties of litigation, has brought in a report which is at once an admission of abuses and an effort to correct them. This representative body of American lawyers rightly feels that the initiative in reform must come from them. It is a question of professional obligation as well as professional standing. If the law is too often brought into contempt, and courts made the object of bitter and well-founded reproach, it is time for the bar to bestir itself.

In the comprehensive and radical recommendations of the committee, we find first, decided approval given to the doctrine of "harmless error." That is to say, the committee urges a reform by which verdicts shall not be set aside for technical error that does not go to the merits of the case. The Supreme Court of Oklahoma has recently refused to reverse a lower court, though obvious but unimportant errors had crept into the trial. It is no derogation of justice to maintain that a litigant has

enjoyed all his legal rights even if some minor ruling against him by a judge was not strictly correct, so long as the decision against him, on the real issue joined, was manifestly just. This particular reform in judicial procedure has long been advocated by enlightened judges, like Mr. Justice Brewer. President Taft has also put himself on the side of those who would have the courts think more of substantial justice than of impeccable technique, and make the trial and adjudication of cases simpler, swifter, and less costly. In this sense, the committee of the Bar Association proposes several changes in procedure, to do away with the duplication of papers, multiplication of court officials, and the like.

When all is said and when every reform of method is made, much will depend upon the diligence and efficiency of judges. It is undoubtedly the fact that too many of them are deficient in industry, or in capacity to keep up with the business of their courts. The law's delays are too often the delays of a judge. A case in point comes from Indiana. One judge in that State has had before him for more than two years a demurrer in a suit wherein the plaintiff alleges that, for over six years, he has been kept out of the use of $10,000 rightfully belonging to him. Yet over a mere pleading in demurrer a lazy judge has dawdled for two years—and this in spite of the clear law of the State:

> Whenever any issue of law or fact is submitted to the court for trial, and the judge shall take the same under advisement, the judge shall not, except in the case of severe illness of himself or family, hold the same under advisement for more than sixty days.

If judges themselves will not obey the law, how can they expect to force others to regard it? Such abuses as this if unchecked will run into such scandals as used to make the delays in Chancery in England so notorious. Lord Eldon once held a case "under advisement" for more than twenty years, and even then could be spurred to a decision only by Brougham's bringing the matter to the attention of Parliament.

The second part of the committee's recommendations looks to a reorganization of the courts themselves. This is not to be acted upon immediately; the intention is to have the matter considered by the profession and brought up for decision next year. In general, the proposal is for the embodiment of the judicial power of each State in a court that shall be an organic whole, consisting of three branches—county courts (including municipal), a superior court of first instance, and a single ultimate court of appeal. This system should be so organized as to prevent both waste and conflict of judicial work, and should have a directing head who should be "responsible for failure to utilize the judicial power of the State effectively." Something like this system is submitted to the voters of New Jersey, in the constitutional amendment to be passed upon in a special election next month. Its acceptance by that State would obviously further its general adoption, as urged by the Bar Association.

It is needless to labor the high importance of these proposed judicial reforms. There is doubtless much unreasonable discontent with the processes of the courts, but there is also a great deal that is justified. To remove it as speedily and completely as possible, is the plain duty of bar and bench. That reverence for judges and courts which all sober-minded citizens feel it essential to keep unimpaired, will be heightened by the very sight of the leaders of the American bar undertaking to make justice more prompt and sure.

THE ZINC-ORE TARIFF OUTRAGE.

On March 20 last, according to the *Mining and Engineering Journal*, the price of sulphide zinc ore was $40.00 per ton; on August 14, the price was $52.50. This simple statement tells the story of as barefaced a tariff robbery as has yet come to light since the passage of the Payne-Aldrich law. A clearer illustration of government sanctioned graft, it would be difficult to find. Zinc-ore under the Dingley tariff was on the free list. Secretary Shaw once made an effort to lay duties on imports, but after prolonged litigation the government was compelled to refund the amounts he had collected. Thereafter, zinc was imported free until the "revision downward" of this summer, when, in the face of many protests, zinc-ore was taken from the free list and not merely a duty levied upon it, but a prohibitive duty. From free trade to total exclusion of foreign ores—that is what explains the more than thirty per cent. rise in the price per ton.

Now, a duty of one cent per pound of zinc contents in zinc-ore means a duty of $12 per ton. The new tariff places that duty of one cent per pound on all ore containing over 25 per cent. of zinc—the quotations we have given were for 60 per cent. zinc-ore. Hence the price of ore has already reached the high level made possible by the tariff. Thus the government has as plainly put $12.50 into the pockets of every zinc mine owner who produces a ton of ore as if Congress had ordered it paid in cash. Zinc mining is, of course, no manufacturing enterprise. There can be no talk here of protecting home skill and industry; nor does the wage difference really count, in view of the accessibility of domestic markets. It cannot, moreover, be alleged that this is an infant industry in need of protection. Besides, prohibition is not protection even according to the gospel of McKinley. What has happened is that Congress has deliberately created a monopoly and said to the rich Missouri zinc producers: "Here, mulct the American people as you see fit." For the price of spelter, which corresponds to pig iron, has, of course, risen with that of the ore, from $4.75 at New York on March 20 last, to $5.82½ per 100 lbs. on August 21.

To state the case in another way, Congress has licensed the ore producers to tax American consumers at the estimated rate of $2,500,000 a year, all of which goes straight into the pockets of the mine-owners. Yet zinc is really the "poor man's metal," being used in galvanizing, in making brass, and serves many other purposes when the consumer cannot afford copper or porcelain or bronze. It is characteristic of the hypocrisy of the Republican party in all tariff matters that, deeply concerned as it is about the welfare of the laboring man, it is quite ready to let him pay tribute to the zinc-mine owners for every zinc article he purchases. The pretence is, of course, the protection of the miner in the Joplin district of Missouri which produces 60 per cent. of the zinc of this country. There could not be a flimsier pretence. The real reason is that Speaker Cannon, when campaigning in that district last year, promised to put a duty on zinc ore if a Republican member were returned from the Joplin district. The Republican was chosen, the Speaker has kept his word, Congress has done his bidding. If he could not pay Littauer what he owed

him politically, he has settled in full with Joplin.

We do not ask any one to take our word for it that the duty on zinc-ore was unnecessary. We have experts' opinions for it. Jesse A. Zook, the leading statistician of the Joplin district, in an article in the Joplin, Mo., *Daily Globe* for January 26, 1908, thus summarized the results of the trying year of 1907: "The lesson of the 1907 panic has clearly demonstrated that the Joplin district can stand a severe panicky condition, and continue the output of ore necessary to keep the smelters supplied." It quoted with approval the opinion of another expert, Walter Renton Ingalls, in the *Mining and Engineering Journal*, who declared that in the light of 1907, "foreign ores are not serious competitors of the American, *duty or no duty*." To this, Mr. Zook added the significant statement that "no importations of ores were made [in 1907], except to supply a demand in excess of the domestic production." All of those facts were brought out during the debate in Congress in which Senators Burton of Ohio and Kean of New Jersey were conspicuous in their opposition to the duty. But the Speaker's word had been given and no more than a king's could it be broken. Mr. Kean was particularly useful in proving by an authentic letter that a chief lobbyist from Joplin was actually buying up Mexican ores for sale in Europe, in the confidence that they would be prohibited here. He also brought out the indisputable fact that the Joplin district is beyond foreign competition, and that any protective tariff on ores "is equivalent to a premium on the speedy exhaustion of certain natural resources, which, once used, can never be reproduced."

Never was a case more clearly proved, but there was no one at hand to settle the matter in favor of the ultimate consumer. Mr. Taft made his stand on other schedules and left the mine owners and controlling politicians to settle it to suit themselves. This sort of thing is the reason why to growing numbers of persons protection is synonymous with theft and corruption. The Joplin mine owners, not content with having control of a rich gift of nature, wanted a law to swell their profits. Of course, they had Democratic aid for their schemes: Senator Stone was quite aware of the necessity of placing a tariff for revenue only on zinc-ores and favored it with Democratic subtlety. But this merely illustrates afresh the truth that one cannot touch the tariff pitch without being defiled. It would have been much better, because far less corrupting and more equitable, if Congress had voted the $12.50 per ton out of the Treasury direct.

THE OUTPUT OF DOCTORATES.

There is always experienced a sense of relief when the final statistics of a periodic movement are announced. When we know the exact number of commercial failures for the year, or learn the precise extent of Fourth of July casualties, there emerges the feeling that now at least we have the worst. Something of this character must be our reflections upon the completed score of Ph.D.s conferred in the last academic year. To *Science* for August 20, we are indebted for this information, as well as for comparative figures for the past twelve years. Three hundred and seventy-eight doctorates were conferred by American universities in 1909, exactly the same number as were granted in 1908, but more than one hundred in excess of the average for the last ten years. As yet there are not issued statistical forecasts indicating the relative condition of the forthcoming crop of Ph.D.s, or estimating the number "in farmers' hands," or "afloat." But the figures given are portentous enough in all conscience.

Twelve years ago, only about two hundred of these higher degrees were annually conferred, so that it appears that the flow of erudition has almost doubled in a decade. In the totals, for the past twelve years, the University of Chicago leads with 448 to its account, as compared with 436, 418, and 394 for Columbia, Harvard, and Yale, respectively. The Johns Hopkins University, which at the outset was easily first, has fallen astern, though if its doctorates with those of Cornell and Pennsylvania are added to those of the Big Four for twelve years past, we have accounted for 2,579 as against 892 for thirty-five other universities. Among State institutions Wisconsin comes first with 110, while there are eighty-six to the credit of Michigan and forty-seven to that of California. In the distribution of theses over the field of knowledge, the sciences in 1909 claimed exactly one-half of the total number, whereas in the first ten years of the period but 45 per cent. fell within that class. Of the sciences, chemistry out-distances the rest with a proud record of 413 for the twelve years, as compared with 202 for physics, which, in turn, is followed by zoölogy, psychology, mathematics, and botany, in the order indicated.

The summary in *Science* gives the titles of all the theses in the natural and exact sciences. In this connection one word of suggestion may be ventured. Where the technical nature of the work is such that only the expert can divine its meaning, a sub-title, preferably in English, might well be added to indicate to the lay reader something of the approximate content. For example, one stands quite unenlightened after reading such a title as: "The Intracellular Encymes of Penicillium and Aspergillus with Especial Reference to those of Penicillium Camemberti." Unless we knew beforehand that it contained an investigation in the field of science, one might suspect that it was the study of an Etruscan bill of fare. Of couse, the necessity for a sub-title does not apply universally. We know from mere inspection, for example, that degrees conferred for knowledge evidenced by "American Varieties of Beans" or "The Effect of Cold Storage on Chicken Meat" are simply typical of "the ordinary Ph.D. of commerce."

Much more serious, however, is the question how this large number of young doctors is to be assimilated by the crowded staffs of university instruction, or the limited capacities of research laboratories. The danger of an intellectual proletariat would seem not to be confined to Germany. And yet the fact is, as every college president and departmental head knows, that good college teachers are scarce, surprisingly scarce. The truth is that the doctor's degree, or the master's degree, which originally was a *licentia docendi*, has long ceased to be a guarantee of capability or efficiency for teaching. There is some grain of truth in the feeling that it often positively unfits for the kind of teaching that undergraduates most require. Specialization in research, too often leads the newly fledged doctor to look with something like disdain on the inculcation of the more elementary facts that make up the staple of ordinary col-

lege work. Almost inevitably the candidate for a college instructorship wants to stipulate that he may offer an elective course in what he calls his specialty, or at least a number of graduate courses. Many a college president must pathetically appeal to his new instructors in Tennysonian language to come down "from yonder mountain height," and "to cease to move so near the Heavens." It was bad enough when the old paradox was launched that a university course unfitted a man for business. But what shall we say of the newer paradox that the higher research often seems to unfit a man for teaching?

Despite the fact that the name of doctorate in philosophy is now employed in a purely technical sense, and that most of the German and American universities no longer require the candidate to pass any examination in a specifically philosophical course, the question emerges whether some reversion to the old idea would not be serviceable. Of course, there is no reason why an investigator in most departments should be expected to have special knowledge of any particular philosophical discipline. He may even be excused any detailed knowledge of the history of philosophical thinking. But for the bearer of the Ph.D. degree to be wholly ignorant of the more general interrelations of his province to other parts of the field of knowledge, makes for narrowness. If philosophy be construed broadly as a knowledge of the general trend of scientific thought and method; if the *commune vinculum* of the sciences be regarded as a real thing so that the various fields of research are inevitably bound together by certain intellectual filaments; and if it may be fairly presumed on the Ph.D.'s part that he has envisaged the common domain of all investigators, we might have a guarantee, which now we lack, that the newly made doctor is not the unilateral specialist he so often proves to be.

MORAL UPLIFT IN GARDENING.

The great vogue which out-of-door activities enjoy in this generation naturally creates a corresponding philosophy of nature, satisfying its devotees, doubtless, even though a bit superficial. Two notable utterances have, of late, associated gardening with an inner impulse making for the moral betterment of the Man with the Hoe. Lord Rosebery, in his speech opening the local flower show at Cramond, created one of those graceful illusions in language which quite belies his sad personal disclaimer of any knowledge of flowers. And our own Professor Bailey, chairman of the Country Life Commission, crowns his report with a pastoral on the future of the rural church which makes up in earnestness what the report may lack in beauty of expression. It is true that these two declarations have many points of divergence. Lord Rosebery is felicitously saying the pleasing thing before friends and neighbors whose flower show is quite as much intended as an occasion for general gossip as for an exhibition of plants and fruits. Our Uplift Commission, however, is in grim earnest from beginning to end. Its language is that of the Horticultural Exhibition, not that of the modest flower show. But the conclusions of both the lonely plougher of the sands and of the practical head of the experiment station are almost identical as to the intrinsic moral invigoration which the garden evokes.

Lord Rosebery's praise of the gardener's life strikes one, however, as having been excogitated rather in the library than in the open air. Its deft allusions to the story of Eden, to Lord Bacon's essay on Gardens, and to the literature of the subject—from which he expressly bars nurserymen's catalogues—lead one to conclude that the noble lord's address smells of the lamp, rather than of the sod. This, however, is probably inevitable. The most ardent woodsman is rarely gifted with his pen. It is hard to extort from him in confidential converse how he feels about nature. A Maine guide or Indian trapper can no more describe the sensations which he experiences in the open than could a moose. It requires a "Gigadibs, the literary man," to create the illusion of "atmosphere" for the magazine reader, whose enjoyment of nature is often most keen when he can read about it by the open fire, after a good dinner at home, and in the certain expectation that there will be a roof over him when he goes to bed. But the genial banter which plays over Lord Rosebery's praise of the art and healthfulness of gardening, sobers into quiet earnestness when he sounds the moral note. To the ex-Premier, "the gardener, by the nature of his occupation, is, or should be, physically and intellectually and morally the best of our rural population, . . . daily and hourly face to face with the elevating mystery of nature."

It is right here that our Country Life Commission joins hands with the English scholar. Only—as was to be expected—Professor Bailey and his confrères, not content with simply bestowing moral approval on the agriculturalist—intend to organize the State and Church for his encouragement. Averse as we are to throwing cold water on the excellent suggestions of the commission, we fear that some of its conclusions savor of an indiscriminate blending of things which have no necessary or essential connection. The idea that "a course in a good agricultural college would wisely supplement training in a theological seminary," seems to have been anticipated by the schoolboy's essay exploited by Mark Twain, where the remark is dropped that "a good many donkeys are found in theological gardens." To what extremes the proposed fusion may go is illustrated by the enthusiastic editorial support accorded thereto by the *Independent*. Says that journal: "The minister of the rural church ought to know more of what Jesus knew, and what Burbank knows." The natural query would seem to be—why ring in the founder of Christianity at all? The rural pastor does his duty to his parishioners, according to the new gospel, when he spends "half of his time either in his own garden or in their gardens and fields, talking grapes and pears, instead of original sin and total depravity." Progressive orthodoxy, too, takes on a bucolic cast, for we are told that "Experiment Station Bulletins are one of the modern forms of inspiration; revelations of the Divine Will in Nature"!

There is some danger in this blending of things and ideas which are essentially distinct. There is a world of good inherent in the movement back to the land. There is a healthful reaction against the evils of urban congestion, and a wholesome revival of the tonic qualities of life in the country. But the truth is that occupations and avocations as well as residence in town or country are, of themselves, morally indifferent, and only by reflected light take on the character and nature of the human personalities which create a moral

atmosphere. Marcus Aurelius found that virtue could be practised *et in palatio*. And despite Lord Rosebery and Professor Bailey, it is not yet extinct in city life. Historically, there has perhaps never been in the towns a sordid moral degradation comparable to the serfdom of Europe since mediæval times. The old idea that "God made the country, and man made the town," was fairly well exploded by Holmes's retort that God made the cave and man made the house. In our enthusiasm as new converts to the cult of the open-door life, let us not imagine that we have discovered a universal moral renovator. A new, a real, and an innocent delight in gardening may add immensely to our store of pleasures, but there is no certainty that, under the shade of the gardener's hat, the human heart will invariably beat in tuneful unison with the Divine.

THE STATUS OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

Ten years ago, the university summer school, from whatever point of view one chose to regard it, was admittedly a problem. Hardly anywhere could be found a faculty the majority of whose members did not look upon it with a mixture of distrust and disdain, or hesitate long before allowing its courses to count towards a degree. With the exception of younger men frankly in need of money, professors were indisposed to undertake summer teaching, and yielded grudgingly to the official pressure sometimes put upon them. Even presidents and governing boards showed their lack of confidence, as indeed most of them do still, by insisting, as a rule, that the school should live upon its income from fees, with the result that financial support was limited and sometimes precarious. The fact that the students, who, for some reason, manifested a disposition to come in increasing numbers, were mainly secondary school teachers without collegiate training, seemed to stamp the work as necessarily of low grade, however exalted the language of the printed announcement. One heard freely the prediction that the summer school would either degenerate speedily into a teachers' "institute" devoted to the exploitation of "methods," or else, like many another well-meant device for the dissemination of culture, would have its day and presently cease to be.

If the disturbing problem of a decade ago has not yet been fully solved, some, at least, of its conditions have unquestionably become clearer. For one thing, the summer school has manifestly come to stay. While the number of such schools does not much increase, there seems to be not the slightest reason for expecting the discontinuance of any of those now well established. It is significant that enrolments have ceased to fluctuate materially, and that growth in numbers tends to conform in the main to that in other departments of the university. Further, professors of the higher grades are increasingly willing to teach during the summer, though preferably in places other than those in which they teach during the remainder of the year; and a surprisingly large number of the best known scholars in all departments now accept such appointments more or less regularly. As a direct consequence of this wider and more representative participation in the work of instruction, there has come about a more generous recognition of summer courses in fulfilment of the requirements for degrees, and this, too, not alone by the institution under whose immediate direction the work is done, but by other institutions as well.

These are substantial gains. On the other hand, acquaintance with a number of representative schools in different sections of the country leads me to the conclusion that the summer school, considered as an agency for the spread of higher education, has as yet passed but little beyond the rudimentary stage. Neither in organization, nor in programme of studies, nor in coördination of courses and departments, nor in effectiveness of work, does it yet compare favorably at all points with the regular academic department with which it is most closely affiliated. The faculty is a constantly changing body, rarely meeting for any save a social purpose, and hired to carry out a scheme of work over the formulation of which it has little or no control. In no summer school with which I am familiar is there anything fairly to be designated as a curriculum. Of the courses offered, the majority appear to be elementary courses in subjects most likely to appeal to the secondary school teacher, and with considerable variation in subject and content from year to year. Advanced courses, though offered almost everywhere, are few in number and seem to attract few students, though at this point the experience of different schools varies considerably. While the tendency seems to be to increase the number of departments in which work is offered, rather than the aggregate offerings in each department, it still not infrequently happens that important departments do not appear at all, or are represented by one or two elementary courses only.

The make-up of the summer student body is another disquieting feature. While the number of graduates often attains large proportions—332 of the 931 students at Harvard this summer held academic degrees—the attendance of undergraduates does not seem to indicate a very widespread desire to shorten the four-year course by doing summer work. Moreover, it must be confessed that a considerable proportion of summer undergraduates are the "lame ducks," who have failed in one or more subjects, often at another institution, during the year, and who bear the burden and heat of the day for the sole purpose of making up a deficiency.

On the other hand, the overwhelming preponderance of teachers in all our summer schools creates a problem of another sort. Of the hundreds of teachers whom it has been my privilege to meet in summer school classes during the past eight years, less than one-fourth have had any college training. They have usually been relatively mature persons, predominantly, of course, women, who have taught for a number of years, and whose minds have lost somewhat the habit of systematic study. That they are zealous far beyond the zeal of the average undergraduate, that they come with serious purpose and at no little sacrifice of strength and money, and that their accomplishment in a brief time is often extremely creditable, is cheerfully to be conceded; but it must also be admitted that they are inclined to look at the subjects which they are pursuing almost exclusively from the pedagogical standpoint, and give the class-room too much the air of a summer normal school. I cannot but think that the predominantly pedagogical character of the American summer school constitutes one of its greatest weaknesses as an educational institution. The most cursory inspection of a summer announcement of courses will suffice to show how pervadingly the teacher is catered to. Of a total of eighty-six courses, not counting the courses in physical training, offered this year at the Harvard summer school, forty-one were announced as designed, more or less directly, for teachers; and the proportion is not widely different at similar schools elsewhere.

Another perplexing problem is the "auditor." In the early years of the summer school the attendance of mere listeners was not encouraged, and in some cases was forbidden; but, of late, they have come even to be bid for. A number of Western schools sell an auditor's ticket, entitling the holder to attend any lectures he pleases; and the custom seems to be making headway in the East. Where a course consists of lectures only, the composition of the audience does not perhaps greatly matter; but where recitation or discussion is the order of the day, the presence of these peripatetic truth-seekers is frankly demoralizing to the regular members of the class, if not to the instructor. That the popular or informal lecture,

dissociated from any kind of required or systematic work on the part of the listener, has a much more important place in higher education than has yet been accorded to it, I, for one, firmly believe; but experience in five large summer schools compels me also to believe that the combination, in one exhibit, of the characteristic features of a college or university on the one hand, and of a sublimated Chautauqua assembly on the other, has thus far proved highly unsatisfactory.

Two consequences, which, ten years ago, were often instanced as pretty certain to follow the extension of the summer school habit, have not thus far come about. Summer teaching, though obviously an added portion of accustomed service to the teacher, does not seem to have been the baleful source of physical and mental exhaustion which was freely predicted, nor to have interfered disastrously with the professorial study and writing for which a long vacation has come to be thought essential. Save in regions where the summer climate is peculiarly unfavorable to exertion, I have yet to hear any considerable number of university men speak of their summer teaching in terms of strain; while, with many, the change of scene is not seldom in itself a rest. I do not speak particularly of the advantages of summer school work in facilitating university interchange, or increasing one's acquaintance with men and institutions, or broadening one's outlook upon the educational world, though in all of these directions the benefits seem to me to be conspicuous. On the other hand, the prediction that, once the summer school was firmly established, all the colleges and universities would presently be running twelve months in the year, has proved to be quite without foundation. Not even the example of the University of Chicago, whose four-quarter system caused a good deal of quaking among the educational dry bones, has encouraged other institutions to go and do likewise. Even granting that a three months' vacation, spent as many undergraduates and some professors spend it, is an unconscionable waste, the once heralded demand for the redemption of the summer by projecting into it the ordinary habit of the year, makes no headway, nor does it seem likely to do so as long as the work of the summer school continues to be so sharply differentiated, in scope and method, from the regular work of the institution.

What has been done, in substance, is to append to the university, mainly in the interest of those who cannot pursue systematic studies during the rest of the year, a sort of combined extension and normal department, in which elementary courses intended principally for teachers vie with courses for delinquents, a few advanced courses for graduates and undergraduates, and lecture courses for listeners. As a link between the quasi-academic public and the university, and as a means of strengthening the influence of the university in the community, it must be reckoned one of our most important educational agencies. Whether it can go further, and offer in the summer approximately the same kind of educational opportunities that are available at the university during the remainder of the year, is yet to be demonstrated.

WILLIAM MACDONALD.

Brown University.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Although Walter Greg's theory as to the origin of the more common Shakespeare quartos, put forth originally in the *Library* of April, 1908, has been denied by some Shakespearean students, the subject still excites the interest of American collectors and bibliographers.

The theory, which was noted in the *Nation* of May 21, 1908, is, briefly, that the nine following quartos, "Merchant of Venice," 1600 (Roberts edition); "Midsummer Night's Dream," 1600 (Roberts edition); "Sir John Oldeastle," 1600 (T. P. edition); "King Lear," 1608 (N. Butter edition); "Henry V," 1608; "Merry Wives of Windsor," 1619; "Yorkshire Tragedy," 1619; the "Contention of York and Lancaster," 2 parts (n. d., but 1619), and "Pericles," 1619, were all printed by Thomas Pavier in the year 1619, bound together, and sold as a collected edition of Shakespeare's works. Of the first four of the above list, there are, it will be remembered, other editions of the same dates. Those editions are proven by the texts to be the earlier and are also very much rarer. It is surmised that Pavier, who already owned the copyrights of five out of the nine plays, surreptitiously reprinted the others, with the old dates in order to have ready a volume which might in a measure forestall the first folio, then under way, though not published until 1623.

George Watson Cole, editor of the "E. D. Church Catalogue," recently completed, has in the Boston *Transcript* of August 25 a two-column article giving a summary of what has been published on the subject. At the Bretton Woods meeting of the Bibliographical Society of America in June Mr. Cole presented statistics showing the relative abundance in collections here and abroad of these quartos. At that time he was able to locate 196 copies of the ten pieces (the "Whole Contention" being considered as two), the lowest number traced of any one book being seventeen copies of the "Merry Wives." Now, by including a few others recently traced in other collections or in the hands of booksellers, and those which have been disposed of at auction since his list in the Church Catalogue was made up, he has increased his total to 222 pieces, the smallest number of any one play being nineteen. He has not included Bishop Gott's set (he had all but "King Lear"), which would bring the total to 231, with a minimum of twenty. It is pretty certain also that Marsden J. Perry had a set, complete or nearly so, before he acquired the Gwyn copy (which alone is recorded by Mr. Cole), and that H. C. Folger also had a nearly complete set before he purchased the Lord Howe collection. We think, therefore, that it is not too much to say that not less than 250 copies of these ten quartos have survived to the present day, and in this number would be comprised not less than twenty-two complete sets. This, by all laws of chance, would almost prove that the books were, when issued, bound together, and so kept until comparatively recent times. Only one set intact, as issued, is now known. That, the Gwyn copy, belongs to Mr. Perry. Another, the Hussey copy, was broken up and the books offered separately at Sotheby's in June, 1906. A third, for about a hundred years in the Library of the University of Virginia, was destroyed by fire in 1895. The Capell copy in the Library of Trinity College is in two volumes, but as they are identical in size, they were probably once bound together. The same is true of the Garrick set, now bound separately, in the British Museum. All other sets apparently have been broken up and the plays widely scattered.

The Bibliophile, in company with Beverly Chew, had an opportunity recently of inspecting the ten plays in the library of W. A. White. With the volumes spread out side by side the similarity of typography was most striking. Similar series of the plays of other authors, as Ben Jonson and Chapman, displayed by Mr. White, show no such similarity. We came to the conclusion that Mr. Greg's theory is more than plausible.

The editors of the first folio probably refer to the efforts of Pavier when they speak of "the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors." That the practice of surreptitiously printing or reprinting books without authority was not uncommon fifty years later, the following extract from the "Orders, Rules and Ordinances of the Company of Stationers," printed in 1678 for the use of members, will show: That no Member or Members of the said Society, shall at any time from henceforth erect, or cause or procure or suffer to be erected any private Press or Presses, commonly called *a Press in a hole,* nor shall countenance or contribute towards the erecting or setting up of any such private Presse or Presses," under a penalty not exceeding fifty pounds. "And for the better discovery of all such private Printing-presses, commonly called *Presses in Holes,*" the discoverer was to receive five pounds.

Correspondence.

THE INSTRUCTOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Amid the chorus of Macedonian cries raised by our universities and major colleges in recent years, I have been struck by the rarity of a word on behalf of the instructor. As one who has himself passed safely through this period, but so recently as to be unable either to forget the pit from which he was digged, or as yet to develop interests antagonistic to those of the instructor, and hence, consciously or unconsciously, to make light of his hardships, I have ventured to give voice to some complaints of many of this class.

The situation now prevailing in our leading educational institutions is briefly this: The higher teaching and administrative positions are in the hands of older men, while the lesser administrative duties and the great bulk of the teaching rest upon the shoulders of young men just out of graduate schools. This system is unfortunate in several ways. In the first place, the mass of students in the major part of their college course come in contact only with callow, inexperienced, and (often through sheer excess of zeal) inefficient teachers. The leading professors are, in the main, accessible only to the few who have had perseverance to continue in the same line of work for several years; or if the younger students ever see the head professor at all, the distinguished man merely harangues or lectures and allows most of the work in personal contact to be done by inexperienced subordinates.

The absurdity of this whole system is manifest. On the one hand, ripened and mature professors, men of national and often international reputation, whose training and experience make them eminently fitted to instruct students, are doing a comparatively light amount of teaching, and then generally in small classes, or else merely lecturing to large ones, while young and immature instructors, with little or no experience, have heavy burdens of teaching, doing all the hard work themselves, and almost always with large classes, often too large for satisfactory instruction of any kind—in a word, the most efficient doing the least teaching work, the least efficient far more than they are capable of doing well.

Bad as all this is for the student, the effect is, perhaps, even worse upon the instructor. In the present cut-throat competition for the higher university positions every man is bound to distinguish himself within the first year or two as a teacher, investigator, or utility man, or as all three. But, instead of every opportunity being given to the tyro to show what is in him, he is immediately saddled with such a burden of teaching that the first year he can do scarcely anything but his class work, and often he glides into the second and third years without finding time for investigation. Even though his teaching hours be not excessive, his direct service to the institution is not bounded by the narrow walls of his class-room and his study—far from it! He is the general handy man about the place to manage the multitudinous administrative details of an academic or semi-academic (when not really anti-academic) nature in our up-to-date fantastically elaborate and complicated educational system. The result of all this is either that he steals time from his classes or devotes to research the precious moments of a few scanty holidays, or else, and this most frequently, he gets discouraged, and gives up the unequal struggle.

Besides this, he is forced to live upon a salary so preposterously inadequate for the service rendered or for anything more than the first brutal physical needs of life, that, if he be married, he is kept in a state of constant anxiety about his pecuniary well-being—a distraction of all conceivable kinds the worst. In our leading institutions the salaries of instructors for the first year vary from $800 to $1,200, and in the course of three to five years you may expect $1,200 to $1,500. Now the peculiar condition of life at universities has raised the standard of living in their proximity to a relatively high level. One thousand dollars will, indeed, furnish food and shelter of a certain kind, but it is, frankly speaking, foolish for an instructor with a family to attempt to live on such an income. The inevitable result is that instructors are forbearing in greater numbers every year to marry at all, or else they have few or no children. An early marriage or a fair-sized family for an instructor is openly regarded in university circles as a serious indiscretion.

And then the crying disparity in salaries! In all our leading institutions the salary of a full professor is at least three times that of an instructor on first appointment, and in many of them four or even five times. But even this ratio is unfair, as the older and more distinguished men have many opportunities for adding to their incomes from lectures, royalties, etc., which, in the very nature of the case, the young man cannot enjoy. Furthermore, this ratio is growing more uneven, and not less so. While the salaries of full professors have, without exception, risen in the past two decades, those of instructors have almost universally remained stationary, or actually been reduced! In one fairly representative institution within the last twelve years the salaries of first-year instructors have been lowered 16 2-3 per cent., while the salaries of full professors have been raised 36 4-11 per cent.

The effects of this financial embarrassment resulting from low salary and long-deferred advancement are simply that the married instructor must himself and his wife suffer hardships (and that there is real misery in university and college faculties any one realizes who knows the facts), or else he must eke out his salary by all manner of outside work, in the much-needed holidays as well as during term time, or by the preparation of cheap text-books that have positively no *raison d'être* whatsoever except to keep some enterprising publisher's press busy and some poor instructor's pot boiling.

Allow me now to suggest briefly some much needed remedies. Let the new instructor have short hours and few courses, and then demand of him that the teaching, for which he has every opportunity to prepare properly, be of high grade, while at the same time he has leisure for productive scholarship, which must also be used to good purpose; and then weed out instantly and without ruth those who fail to take advantage of their chance, and reward generously those who do. But it is repeated persistently: "It is so difficult to tell the capable from the incapable within a year or so." Granted—under the present conditions, which seem to have been cunningly devised by some malign intelligence solely to render confusion yet worse confounded; but—could any better argument be advanced for changing these same conditions?

Among many reasons for the present evils, two are paramount. First, in half-frantic megalomania, the larger institutions of the land have struggled so successfully to increase their enrolment that they have universally far more students to care for than their teaching staff of properly trained men can handle, and, as students always precede endowment, more than they can hire such teachers for at the time. The so-called problem of the undergraduate has already assumed alarming proportions in more than one institution. It is no exaggeration to say that the adequate teaching staff is always ten to twenty years behind the development in enrolment. And what is the object of this? Why, to raise more endowment to attract more students, to raise more endowment to attract more students—*ad infinitum*. To secure an endowment, equipment, and teaching staff in every way adequate to meet the very highest needs of a student patronage already within our gates is little thought of, and even if mentioned is practically unheeded by the wealthy magnates or the legislators who finance our institutions of learning.

For the university authorities are not always to blame. It is a fact sad but true that few wealthy men or local "statesmen" can be persuaded to do anything by way of ameliorating university conditions until the overcrowding of students is patent even to the high-gravel blind. Even should suitable provision be made at one time, before another year the same equipment has become inadequate for the growing classes. Yet for any university firmly to set a limit to further increase in numbers until those it already had were properly cared for, and to refuse to bid or bargain or advertise for more, while content to serve with the highest efficiency a limited number, would be almost enough to make the average American educator doubt the sanity of its administration.

The second reason is the large number of courses offered at one and the same time in our curricula. Most flourishing departments doing graduate work have from ten to twenty (and in rare cases twenty-five or more) courses running simultaneously, which keep perforce a large staff of men all working at the top of their bent. This is sheer wastefulness and nothing less. A mere glance at the list of courses offered in a real university (for example, one in Germany) would be an excellent curative. A comparatively small number of subjects is offered, and these are changed from semester to semester, only a few fundamental courses being regularly repeated. But the whole repertoire of what each man is capable is not displayed in the shop windows all the time; while with us, if all the courses were included in reckoning that are "not given in 1908-9," or perhaps have not been given for years, if ever, and will never be given again if they have ever been given at all, the figures would be almost fabulous. As in a cheap shop, nothing can be taken for granted, so most university and college catalogues, while professing to be both historical and prophetic, are generally either misleading or silly, and usually both. There is simply no need that a student should be able to select subjects at any instant from the whole range of human knowledge. Let him study the first year what the professors are prepared to give, and, if he needs more, let him remain another year, or even longer than that. There is not a particle of reason why our courses of study might not be arranged uniformly in recurring series, giving thus the widest possible range, but making no attempt to cover the whole field at once. Our present irrational scheme seems based on the assumption that the

strength of a department consists in the number of courses offered simultaneously and not in the utmost efficiency of presentation. W. A. O.

August 23.

A PRESIDENTIAL ROAD TO LEARNING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is no subject, not even excepting the tariff, in regard to which the popular mind is so confounded as in regard to "liberal education." This entity is generally admitted to be a good, but if we inquire further what it is thought to be, or how it may be gained, the answer is Babel. This chaos of opinion should now become a cosmos. For now comes the highest educational authority in the country and tells us through multifarious advertisement how we may gain this unknown good almost gratis and almost painlessly. All that we need to do is to purchase the Eliot Library, and devote to its conscientious perusal fifteen minutes per day. If we consume these sixty bottles (and no others) in small daily doses, the most famous doctor in the land guarantees over his signature that according to the best of his belief we shall reach the state of mental health, which is liberal education. The remedy is absolutely democratic; there are no specifications as to age, sex, or previous condition of mental servitude.

So much for the authoritative method by which a liberal education may be obtained. No definition of the term is given explicitly, but a definition is clearly implied in the method, and can easily be deduced from it. In the first place, a liberal education is a sort of by-product. Hereafter no one need concern himself with spending years in its attainment. It is rather a matter of spare minutes; something that can be picked up out of hours, like stenography or Esperanto. A plumber, for instance, can gain it by taking a volume of the Eliot Library—let us say the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius—and reading it every day as he rides on the electric car from his shop to the houses where he is to work.

It is interesting, by the way, to note that this view of liberal culture as a by-product has just been expressed by another writer on education. In an essay in the August *Atlantic*, Dr. Homer Edmiston takes the position that culture is an incidental result of vocational training. He says:

> A mind trained along the line of its true development grows and expands as naturally as does a tree planted in the right conditions of soil, air, and sunlight. . . . The craftsman trained to the practice of even a minor art has had a better preparation than the academic student for the appreciation of poetry, because he, as well as the poet, has been touched with the spirit of that "art which shares with great creating nature."

If we accept this view, it follows that even the reading of the Eliot Library is not necessary for a liberal education. But this seems extreme.

To return to the deduction of our definition. Secondly, since liberal education is to consist solely in the reading of books, it must be purely a matter of intellectual acquirement; that is, of learning. We are to read, assimilate, and memorize; since no provision is made for the exercise of the judgment, of the imagination, or of the constructive power of the mind, it evidently follows that these matters have no place in a liberal education. Physical training, the development of the body, and social training, manners, and all that relates to them, are clearly excluded. (We have Arnold's word for it that Milton's Prose Works are not an ideal school of manners.) It is hard to see how any ethical training is to result from the Method, or even any clear ethical precepts. What, for instance, will be the resulting moral ideas of our imaginary plumber, who, after reading the "Imitation of Christ" and Epictetus, proceeds to Middleton's "Changeling," Beaumont and Fletcher's "Maid's Tragedy," and Dryden's "All for Love"?

It almost seems as if Cardinal Newman must have had a prophetic view of Dr. Eliot's scheme, when he said fifty-seven years ago:

> What the steam engine does with matter, the printing press is to do with mind; it is to act mechanically, and the population is to be passively, almost unconsciously, enlightened by the mere multiplication and dissemination of volumes.

It is true that Newman hastens to characterize this as the "most preposterous and pernicious of delusions"; though he admits that "such innocent recreations as science and literature are able to furnish will be a very fit occupation of the thoughts and leisure of young persons, and may be made the means of keeping them from bad employments and bad companions." But, he says, in effect, you must not call this sort of thing education. "Education is a high word; . . . we require intellectual eyes to know with, as bodily eyes for sight." Evidently we have advanced a long way from Newman's position. To make clear how far, let me quote further one of his definitions of liberal education:

> It is the education which gives a man a clear conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging them. It teaches him to see things as they are, to go right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and discard what is irrelevant. It prepares him to fill any post with credit, and to master any subject with facility. It shows him how to accommodate himself to others, how to throw himself into their state of mind, how to bring before them his own, how to influence them, how to come to an understanding with them, how to bear with them. He is at home in any society, he has common ground with every class. . . . He is a pleasant companion, and a comrade you can depend upon, . . . he knows when to be serious, and when to trifle. . . . He has the repose of a mind which lives in itself while it lives in the world, and which has resources for its happiness at home when it cannot go abroad.

Comparison of this definition with the one deduced from Dr. Eliot's scheme will give us a convenient measure of the educational progress of the last half-century.

Homer E. Woodbridge.

Colorado Springs, August 20.

PHYSICS AND METAPHYSICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The editorial on "Scientific Speculations" in the *Nation* of August 19 contains the following passage:

> A second danger inherent in the prevalent method is the assumption that the internal, intrinsic, essential nature of matter's ultimate make-up is knowable at all. So far as physics has progressed, it has been by reducing observed phenomena to regular co-existences and sequences. All analogy would seem, therefore, to favor this process rather than to attempt to penetrate into the geometrical shapes of ions, or to discern whether they are spheres or disks, as certain savants in Germany are now trying to do.

Elsewhere the same article, after quoting with approval Newton's statement that he would make no hypotheses concerning the cause of universal gravitation, continues thus:

> But in the matter of light he conjectured that minute corpuscles were flung off from luminous matter—to the retardation of the development of optics for a century.

These passages and one or two others which I will not here quote prompt me to ask a number of questions.

(1.) Did Young and Fresnel in their development of optics a century or more after Newton follow, in their wave theory, a *method* essentially different from that of Newton when he was dealing with light?

(2.) Are light waves to be put into the category of "hypothetical creations" and condemned accordingly?

(3.) If it is true that the inventor of hypotheses is in danger of ignoring "the essential differences between hypothesis and fact, between metaphysics and physics," is it not also true that *a priori* condemnation of speculations concerning the "shapes of ions"—speculations the results of which are speedily put to the test of experiment—is an abuse of metaphysics, this condemnation being based on the general proposition, to which I for one make no objection, that the ultimate, essential, nature of matter is beyond human knowledge? Edwin H. Hall.

South West Harbor, Me., August 22.

[We do not pretend to decide in these high mysteries of science. Our editorial was based on an article in the *Hibbert Journal*, by Prof. Louis T. More of the University of Cincinnati. From him we report the following answers:

(1.) The hypothesis of a wave theory of light is an hypothesis in a most elementary form, a mere expression of one way of transmitting energy. Some such simple hypothesis is probably necessary to interpret observed facts. The special and detailed hypotheses of Young and Fresnel about the character of these waves and the medium carrying them have never withstood any common-sense tests, and are in fact abandoned. Their laws stand to-day and are extraordinarily useful, their hypotheses are failures. It does not appear that their theories of the nature of the ether and the mechanism of etherial waves have led to any discovery which could not have been predicted by other hypotheses, and in my opinion the progress of the science has been retarded by them.

(2.) The expression "light waves," as being a name for the fact that heat energy of the sun reaches us, certainly need not be condemned. But if we identify these waves with any kind of material waves of which we have a sense perception, we get into such difficulties and absurdities that, to say the least, most people, including scientists,

are more misled than benefited. Few things in human thought have been more misleading and more futile than the discussions of the properties of the ether and ethereal waves.

(3.) There is as much necessity and care for embodied angels in the spiritual world as for ions in the material, and speculation as to their shapes is equally profitable for both. One thing physics has taught: that we can never put the "shapes of ions" to the test of direct experimentation.

Ed. The Nation.]

THE JAPANESE SUGAR SCANDAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As a resident in Japan for nearly forty years, and a warm friend of the Japanese people, I wish to thank you for the editorial on the Japanese sugar scandal, which appeared in the *Nation* of August 12. Your appreciation of the swift and apparently even-handed justice meted out by the Japanese courts was a pleasure to read, after the unintelligent and too often carping criticism of Japan, in which many, even of our better papers, frequently indulge.

There was, however, one point regarding which you were perhaps misled by your informant. You state that among the delinquents was the president of the American Board of Missions College, in Kyoto. Strictly speaking, that institution never belonged to the American Board. That board has from the beginning, it is true, given it large aid, both by pecuniary subsidies and by supplying teachers; but the control has been from the first in the hands of a special board of directors. During the first twenty years, or thereabouts, all the voting members of that body were Japanese; but since 1899, three Americans, nominated by the American Board, have been included in the voting membership which has varied from fifteen to twenty.

Mr. J. T. Yokoi, the person to whom you refer, was for a few years prior to 1899 president of the college. The constitution of the college was, however, changed at that time, and he resigned the presidency. Some years later he was chosen a director, and continued to act until his arrest, but he has held no other office. He was greatly beloved by a wide circle of friends, and in spite of the fact that he has not for many years claimed for himself the name of Christian, he has been looked up to as a man of unsurpassed probity.

The pathos of the case is greatly heightened by the fact that Mr. Yokoi's father was one of the most respected of the leaders of the restoration movement of 1868. He died by the hand of assassins before the new government had won its place in the hearts of the people.

D. Crosby Greene.

Scituate, Mass., August 15.

Notes.

Scribners announce that Maurice Hewlett's new novel, "Open Country," will be ready for publication September 7.

Card players who wish to perfect themselves in the newest fad may be glad to hear of a little book by Capt. Browning on "Auction Bridge" (E. P. Dutton & Co.).

On the first of October T. N. Foulis of London will issue five new volumes of The Nietzsche, which is coming out under the editorship of Dr. Oscar Levy. These volumes will contain "Thus Spake Zarathustra," "The Genealogy of Morals," "Human, All-Too-Human," "The Future of Our Educational Institutions," and "The Will to Power."

The autumn and winter list of D. Appleton & Co. contains the following titles: "The Danger Mark," by R. W. Chambers; "Keziah Coffin," by J. C. Lincoln; "Through the Wall," by Cleveland Moffett; "Seymour Charlton," by W. B. Maxwell; "The Star of Love," by F. M. Kingsley; "The End of the Road," by S. P. Hyatt; "The Deeper Stain," by F. Hird; "The Price of Lis Doris," by Maarten Maartens; "An Admiral's Log," by Rear-Admiral R. D. Evans; "Army Letters from an Officer's Wife," by F. M. A. Roe; "The Confidantes of a King—The Mistresses of Louis XV," by E. de Goncourt; "Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette," by Lieut.-Col. A. C. P. Haggard; "Louise Renée de Kéroualle: Duchess of Portsmouth," by Mrs. C. Grant; "The Confessions of a Beachcomber," by E. J. Banfield; "A History of the People of the United States" (Vol. VII), by J. B. McMaster; "Francis Joseph and His Times," by the Right Hon. Sir H. Rumbold; "A History of Jamaica; from Its Discovery by Christopher Columbus to the Year 1872," by W. J. Gardner; "The Secret History of the Court of Spain, 1802-1906," by R. Challice; "The Buried City of Kenfig," by Thomas Gray; "Native Life in East Africa—The Results of an Ethnological Research Expedition," by Dr. Karl Weule; "Around Afghanistan," by Major de Bouillane de Lacoste; "Life and Adventure Beyond Jordan," by the Rev. G. R. Lees; "Rambles in Bible Lands," edited by G. L. Neil; "In the Land of the Blue Gown," by Mrs. A. Little; "A Text-Book for Nursing," by M. F. Donahoe; "Girl and Woman," by Caroline Latimer; "The Junior Republic: Its History and Ideals," by W. R. George; "Double Play," by R. H. Barbour; "The Free Rangers," by J. A. Altsheler; "The New Sophomore," by J. S. Hamilton; "Jesus, David, Joseph, and Moses," stories for children; "The Story of Sugar," by G. T. Surface; "American Business Law with Legal Forms," by J. J. Sullivan; "Elements of Transportation," by E. R. Johnson; "The Southern South," by A. B. Hart; "The History of French Literature," by A. L. Konta; "The Story of Gold," by E. S. Meade; "The Last of the Chiefs," by J. A. Altsheler; "On the Trail of Washington," by F. T. Hill; "In Line of Duty," by R. P. Hobson; "The Red Caps of Lyons," by H. Hayens; "The Man Who Made Good," by Walter Camp; "Louisa May Alcott," by Belle Moses; "Florence Nightingale," by L. E. Richards; "The Adventures of Little Knight Brave," by Mrs. F. B. Rees; "Tales of the Red Children," by A. F. Brown.

Wilhelm Busch, the creator of "Max und Moritz," who died last year, has received from the hands of Dr. Paul Carus a pious little memorial, consisting of a translation of passages from "Eduards Traum," with an appreciatory introduction (The Open Court Publishing Company). Admirers of Busch's light-hearted genius should be warned to avoid Dr. Carus's depressing analysis of humor with unconvincing examples. His attempt to demonstrate that Busch was a great humorist is so totally disinterested that it is prefaced by the candid admission that "his wit is not of the style in which I would indulge if I were a humorist."

Mr. Eugene L. Didier, veteran among students of Poe, has collected twenty-three of his articles dealing with the poet, and has published them, along with a new memoir, in a volume entitled "The Poe Cult and other Poe Papers" (Broadway Publishing Co.). As the author is aware, such a mode of publication involves either considerable editing or, what we find here, not a little repetition. As he is also doubtless aware, the view of Poe presented in the memoir and throughout the volume will not win general assent. Even readers favorably disposed to Poe will wonder how Mr. Didier manages deftly to avoid all mention of certain topics, and will cavil at his superlatives. Nevertheless, there are two reasons for recommending the book. It represents the loving labors of a pioneer student of Poe whose services have not always received due acknowledgment, and it contains anecdotes, poetical tributes, and other material useful to the student and not easily accessible elsewhere. Collectors of Poeana will want it for their shelves and, if they read it carefully, they will discover in it a quality rare in these piping days of peaceful and innocuous criticism. Mr. Didier has strong emotions and is not afraid to express them. What he has to say about a famous Southern university's conduct in inviting an unsympathetic Northern man of letters to deliver an address on Poe may seem to some unduly sectional, may even in its personalities suggest the lurid past of journalism, but will surely give a shock of grateful surprise to all who fancied that refreshing frankness could no longer be encountered in an American book.

Feminine sentiment can do no more for the pickaninny than it has done in Lucy Pratt's "Ezekiel" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). The portrait of Ezekiel is evidently drawn from knowledge, with deep and sincere feeling. He is a little darky who goes to school to a Northern girl-teacher at Hampton; and the education is mutual. The experience and attitude of "Miss North" must be taken to be the author's own. It is a distinctly Northern attitude, self-conscious and sympathetic at times almost to the point of hysteria. Ezekiel is frankly adored and yearned over because he is black, not because he is a child. He stands in the eyes of his creator as type of a down-trodden and misunderstood race. There are moments, to speak the bald truth, when she seems fairly to wallow in the pathos of him. She sees his humor, too, and there is much material for laughter in the record of his exploits and his fanciful narratives. But her chief object is to bring home "the full meaning of a bitter truth—of a childlike, willing, erring race transplanted from the gentle drift of an Oriental country to the stern, exacting West—surrounded there by another people, uncomprehending and impatient." She has, happily, no remedy to suggest save the gradual education of the two races toward a better mutual understanding.

Sir William R. Anson's new (fourth) edi-

tion of "The Law and Custom of the Constitution" (Clarendon Press) has now reached "Parliament." Appearing after the other volumes, it is yet numbered vol. I. The author has embodied the latest practice and precedents, involving pretty large recasting. The marks of this are not always obliterated, as when the index inadvertently retains the form of opening Parliament from the Journals of 1880, while in the text the actual year used is 1906. The author discusses recent changes in democratizing the House of Commons and making it more the instrument of party, in a detached and impartial way, though his own dislike, if not dread, of existing tendencies is scarcely concealed. Himself, as is well known, a leading Conservative member of Parliament, he yet frankly sets down the Constitutional doctrine of the inability of the Lords to meddle with the Budget, in a way that makes against current pretensions of his own party. He writes: "The Commons now regard as breach of privilege not merely the imposition by the Lords of any charge by way of rates or taxes, but any dealing with the regulation or administration of such a charge; and this in measures not primarily financial, but *mainly concerned with social changes*." We have italicized the words which reject the asserted right of the Lords to cut out the tax on the increment of land. Of course, this does not deny their right to throw out the Budget altogether, if they have the stomach to do it and to face the consequences. In Sir William's new preface he expresses indebtedness to only two foreign writers on his subject; one of these is Dr. Redlich, the other President Lowell.

In order to reach a larger number of readers than could afford to buy the first edition of his "Industrial Efficiency," Arthur Shadwell has brought out a second edition in a single volume (Longmans, Green, & Co). The text of the first edition stands apparently unaltered, and the necessary additions and corrections are made in a supplementary chapter of some thirty pages. This deals chiefly, however, with British industrial conditions and legislation from 1906 to 1908. Despite the author's manifest inclination toward protectionism, the work is of the highest value, both for British and foreign readers. In the supplementary chapter Mr. Shadwell observes that Great Britain is rapidly "awakening" under the "stimulus of necessity," and expresses the belief that the progress of Socialism gives no cause for alarm.

Prof. William Denison Lyman of Whitman College, Walla Walla, Wash., in an attractive book of 400 pages, describes the "Columbia River, Its History, Its Myths, Its Scenery, Its Commerce" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), in such a way as to put the world in his debt. The son of pioneers who followed the lead of Marcus Whitman into the far West, he has grown up among the localities with which he deals, and sets forth with the glow of one to the manor born, who at the same time appreciates the finer things, the romance, the natural beauty, and the economic possibilities of the great river. His style is easy and picturesque, if sometimes a bit careless. Occasionally, as in detailing the Lewis and Clark story, we detect some minor inaccuracies in his breezy résumé of the records. But, for the most part, we find him trustworthy, and hold his book to be not only fascinating, but thoroughly studied and packed with valuable knowledge. The abounding illustrations are of a high order of merit, and well supplement the excellence of the text.

The committee in charge of the National Edition of the writings of Giuseppe Mazzini has in press two additional volumes, for which Professor Merighi has written introductions. It is expected that this edition, when completed, will include over sixty volumes. Four have already been issued. The committee has collected over eight thousand published and unpublished letters. Comparatively few belong to the years between 1828 and 1832, since political conditions rendered their possession compromising. It is believed that Mazzini's correspondence with the Ruffini brothers and with Elia Bensa, as well as many other letters which he wrote from Marseilles and Switzerland to friends in Italy, was destroyed. Enough remains, however, to make the new volume five, which embraces this period, of much greater importance than the corresponding volume of the best previous edition, the Florentine. Volume six forms a part of the political series. This edition is issued by the Tipografia Editrice Galeati of Imola.

One of the encouraging results of the exchange of professors between American and foreign universities has been the publication of several works more or less reminiscential in character, or reflecting the observation of the scientific visitor, in one field or another, while abroad. Thus far the Germans, perhaps, have been the most fruitful in putting their impressions on paper, and the latest contribution to the study of American conditions is from Prof. Carl Clemen, who last winter filled the professorship of Dr. E. D. Burton at the University of Chicago. In one of his series of monographs on "Practical Theology" (Giessen: A. Töpelmann), Professor Clemen deals with "Der Religions- und Moralunterricht in den Vereinigten Staaten von Nord Amerika," expressing his belief at the outset that the standard of moral conduct in the United States is higher than that even in his Fatherland, and that, as a result, Germany may learn much of America. Notwithstanding this higher standard of morality prevailing here and generally governing Americans, Professor Clemen did not find as much formal instruction in good morals as he would wish to see; for the American teacher tries to accomplish the results desired by indirect means, and there is a peculiar and unreasonable opposition to specific instruction of a religious character not experienced by authorities in Europe.

The *Dahcim* of Leipzig, No. 40, contains, from the pen of Prof. Dr. Otto Hötzsch of the Royal Academy of Posen, a suggestive article entitled "Studenten Austausch." The author, who speaks with authority—having been once an exchange professor in America and three times one of the docents in the vacation courses for foreign students maintained by the University of Edinburgh—proposes to extend the scheme of exchanging professors by an exchange of students, also, especially between Germany, England, France, and the United States. Dr. Hötzsch recognizes the fact that such an exchange of students would be easier between Germany and France than between Germany and France on the one hand and England and America on the other. The universities and technological institutes of the first two countries are so much alike in their inner arrangements that the advancement of a student in his regular course would not suffer by such an exchange; not so, however, with England and America, where academic ideals and methods are quite different. He, accordingly, suggests, as far as Germany is concerned, that this exchange be for post-graduate work, and that the German government maintain for this purpose an institute in London, just as for scientific research it maintains institutes in Rome and in Athens. He does not wish this exchange to be confined to students of modern languages, but to be extended to all departments of the university.

One of the most instructive and interesting publications in connection with the semi-millennium celebration of the University of Leipzig is the "Leipziger Anthologie," by Gustav Werner Peters, with the subtitle "Gedichte ehemaliger Leipziger Studenten seit 1870." Naturally, it is published as a *Festgabe*. This is apparently the only Leipzig jubilee publication in the department of pure literature, the others being historical in character. In all forty-eight poets are here represented, some of them of recognized standing. Three of these forty-eight are still students in Leipzig.

The tenth volume of the publications of the Irish Texts Society contains an edition and translation by R. A. Stewart Macalister of "Eachtra an Mhadra Mhaoil" (The Story of the Crop-Eared Dog), and "Eachtra Mhacaoimh-an-Iolair" (The Story of Eagle-Boy). Both the texts are modern Irish and are found in manuscripts of the eighteenth century. The tales themselves are of uncertain date. The editor terms them "two Irish Arthurian romances," but they are such hardly more than in name. King Arthur plays, as Mr. Macalister points out, a secondary part in both of them, and the same is true in general of his knights. Even Sir Balbhualdh (identified as Galahad by the editor, though Gawain is probably meant, as Mr. O'Rathaille argues in the August number of the *Irisleabhar na Gaedhilge*) who shares with the Crop-Eared Dog the rôle of hero in the first tale, preserves few individualizing traits, and might as well be almost any other worthy knight of the Round Table, or even a member of the Fenian Troop of Finn and Ossian. Except for the names of a few persons, it is not clear that the stories owe anything to the Arthurian cycle of romances; but it will not be possible to deal satisfactorily with the question of their sources, or to trace the stages by which the Arthurian knights came to play even so shadowy a part in Irish tradition, until more of the early Irish redactions of French and English romances have been made accessible in print. In substance, the tales are typical wonder-journeys, of the sort that Irish literature of all periods abounds in; and, as such, they contain many features of interest to the student of folk-lore and popular tales. The general plots fall at once into familiar categories. The Crop-Eared Dog in the first is an Indian prince who has been transformed by a jealous step-mother, and who undergoes many trials in obtaining restoration to human shape; and Eagle-Boy, in the second, is another prince, the victim of a wicked

uncle by whom his father has been killed and his mother banished, and from whom, of course, he ultimately succeeds in winning back his kingdom.

NOTES ON TEXT BOOKS.

ENGLISH AND EDUCATION.

Houghton Mifflin Co. has started a series of useful reprints under the general title of Riverside Educational Monographs. Six of these now lie before us, slender, clearly printed volumes which sell for only thirty-five cents each: they are "Education, and Other Selections," by R. W. Emerson; "Self-Cultivation in English," by G. H. Palmer; "The Meaning of Infancy," by John Fiske; "Teaching Children to Study," by Lida B. Earhart; "Moral Principles in Education," by John Dewey, and "Education for Efficiency" and "The New Definition of the Cultivated Man," by C. W. Eliot. The plan and form of these publications we can heartily commend. We must, however, register a protest against the awkward English in the introductions of the general editor, Prof. Henry Suzzallo.

J. L. Hughes's little book, "Teaching to Read" (A. S. Barnes & Co.), is rather remarkable among utterances on this subject for its advocacy of rapidity as the proper test of proficiency in reading. "The man who reads only two pages in the time in which he should be able to read three pages is handicapped for life." In accordance with this view Mr. Hughes, who is inspector of schools for Toronto, points out that reading consists, not merely in repeating printed words aloud, but in gaining information from them. Hence, learning to read aloud in the ordinary fashion may not in reality be learning to read at all—much less to read effectively. In connection with this idea Mr. Hughes properly calls attention to the fact which has been too frequently overlooked, that in learning to speak and to read there are involved two distinct sets of processes, which should be distinguished accordingly.

Prof. G. K. Pattee's "Practical Argumentation" (Century Co.) aims in a general way to rescue argument from the kind of intellectual gymnastics to which it has been reduced by the modern methods of teaching debate and to restore it to its proper rank as a form of English composition. The mischief of the recent craze for debating consists in the circumstance that it has inclined more and more to make of argumentation a rigid and artificial methodology without much consideration for its more practical and usual functions as an occasional auxiliary of expression. It is this sort of convention which Professor Pattee endeavors to break through. His volume contains about all that is essential to his subject, and includes a number of suggestions for debate itself, without the depressing formalism which has come to characterize most treatments of the theme.

Under the title of "An Introduction to Poetry for Students of English Literature" (Henry Holt & Co.), Prof. R. M. Alden has just brought out a kind of pendant to his capital handbook of "English Verse" published a few years ago. The names indicate pretty well the different aims of the volumes. Whereas the earlier was historical and, as we like to say nowadays, "scientific," the latter is rather æsthetic and critical. It is for this reason, in part, no doubt, that the "Introduction to Poetry" appears, for all its merits, less satisfactory on the whole than the "English Verse." Not only is the subject more difficult in itself, but the treatment inevitable to a text-book is also bound to make a discussion of poetry as such seem rather jejune and commonplace. At the same time Professor Alden has produced the best manual of its kind in print. He has prudently avoided anything like an attempt at a pseudo-scientific terminology; he has covered the ground pretty thoroughly and with copious references to the most significant critical utterances on his subject; and he has taken space for some discussion of such topics as are likely to be suggestive or troublesome to the student.

"The Hudson Shakespeare" (Ginn & Co.), of which "As You Like It," "Henry V," "Macbeth," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Julius Cæsar" are already in print, has the advantage of an admirably arranged reading page, with the notes at the foot and the important variants immediately under the text, above the notes. The general plan of the work, which has made it so popular a family and school edition in the past, remains essentially unchanged, although the details have been thoroughly modernized. In particular the text itself has been treated more conservatively in accordance with present ideas and brought into closer conformity with that of the First Folio. On the whole, this new edition, to which Prof. E. C. Black and Mr. A. J. George stand sponsors, represents very fairly for the purpose the progress of Shakespearean scholarship.

MODERN LANGUAGES.

"Syntax of the French Verb," by Prof. Edward C. Armstrong, with exercises by Prof. De la Warr B. Easter (Henry Holt), is clear in statement and systematic in plan. Especially commendable are the sections on the participle, gerund, and verbal adjective, on the tenses, and on that shibboleth the subjunctive mood. The exercises, the vocabulary, and the numerous idiomatic and well-translated examples in the text fit the book for use in advanced classes in composition, while the thorough index renders it useful as a work of reference.

"Easy French Prose Composition," by H. A. Guerber (American Book Co.), consists of twenty-five stories in English, to be translated with reference to the author's "Contes et légendes," which presumably contains the same stories in French. In their English form, these are, perhaps inevitably, jerky and incoherent; their morals are somewhat flippant and commercial; and their arrangement exhibits no particular sequence with a view to the development of principles of grammar or composition.

"First Lessons in French," by P. Banderet and Ph. Reinhard, adapted by Grace Sandwith (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.), is a graded series of vocabularies and exercises, combining the "direct" with the "indirect" or "formal" method. From the beginning, the lessons consist of complete sentences, which are soon combined into more or less interesting paragraphs. The arrangement is such as to cover, in the order of their difficulty, the elementary inflexions and syntax. The rules and paradigms involved in the several lessons are given in appendices.

"Elementary Reader of French History," edited by Freeman M. Josselyn and L. Raymond Talbot (Ginn & Co.), is a text for sight reading. Dry and summary, it nevertheless admits legendary matter like the tale of Roncesvaux and the reply of Cambronne at Waterloo. *Quaere:* Whether the first year students for whom the book is primarily intended will not prefer to read narratives that are possessed of imagination and style.

From Yale comes a reissue of Prof. F. M. Warren's editions of the "Andromaque," the "Britannicus," and the "Athalie" of Racine (Henry Holt). These have in common the same introduction, which gives a brief account of Racine's life, the principles of his dramatic art, and his versification and style. This is followed in each volume by remarks upon the particular tragedy in hand. The notes are also brief, taking much for granted on the student's part. What the student needs most is that his initial prejudices against the *genre* should be overcome. An explicit statement of its differences from the Shakespearean drama with which he is familiar, together with a simple historical account of its rhetorical and material sources in Senecan tragedy and of its critical basis in Renaissance commentaries upon Aristotle, could scarcely fail to help him towards the appreciation of Corneille and Racine.

Heath's Modern Language Series offers three new volumes. "Les Mésaventures de Jean-Paul Choppart," by Louis Desnoyers, edited by C. Fontaine, is a rather dreary picaresque "juvenile," the humor of which fluctuates between the level of Mr. Vincent Crummles and the level of Peck's Bad Boy. This trifle is entirely surrounded by an introduction, notes, a vocabulary, questions, and paraphrases for retranslation. De Tocqueville's "Voyage en Amérique," edited, with introduction, vocabulary, and notes, by R. Clyde Ford, includes the author's "Quinze Jours au désert" and extracts from his letters, together constituting the record of his travels in the American wilderness in 1831. The book should prove interesting to American boys and girls, and may even stimulate them to read the more famous "La Démocratie en Amérique." It is well that they should have an early opportunity to see their country through the eyes of foreigners—especially of sympathetic foreigners, who, like De Tocqueville, nevertheless tell the wholesome truth. "La Princesse Lointaine," with introduction and notes by J. L. Borgerhoff, is an appreciative edition of Rostand's romantic play—the latest treatment of the tale of Jaufre Rudel and the Lady of Tripoli. The introduction sets forth the material, historical and legendary, at the author's command; remarks upon some stylistic qualities of the play, and concludes with a biographical sketch of Rostand. The notes, too, are satisfactory. This edition is none the less welcome for dealing with its text as literature.

"Spanish Anecdotes," arranged by W. F. Giese and C. D. Cool (D. C. Heath), and "Spanish Tales for Beginners," edited by Elijah Clarence Hills (Henry Holt), are selections of easy and interesting material for reading and study. The second book, in particular, is better than its promise; for, besides prose narrative—by Echegaray, Eserich, Valdés, Pardo Bazán, Alarcón, and

others—it offers short poems, with simple notes on Spanish verse. This volume may well fulfil the editor's wish that it "may awaken the student's interest in the civilization of Spain, and . . . serve as an introduction to the study of Spanish literature."

"Deutsche Gedichte zum Auswendiglernen" (Crowell & Co.), by W. P. Chalmers, is a creditable selection of German verse for memorizing. The poems are carefully graded and represent a sufficiently wide range. Considerable pains has been taken with the English notes; and altogether this book should prove a useful supplement to other texts. Goethe, Heine, Uhland, and Schiller are plentifully represented, though, of course, no two persons will agree upon selections for an anthology. For instance, we miss some of the humorous pieces of writers like Heine and Kopisch, which make excellent material for memorizing, and invariably remain longer in the mind than the austere verses to which Mr. Chalmers seems to incline.

"Goethe in Italy" (Holt & Co.) consists of a selection of extracts from the "Italienische Reise" for the classroom. Goethe's prose is by no means easy reading, even outside the classroom. The Germans in prose, as in Greek, are sadly to seek; but Prof. A. B. Nichols has wisely chosen for the present volume the more vivid and human bits of the Italian journey, omitting the geology, botany, and archæology. It is a pleasant arrangement enough for the general reader. What the classroom will say to the 113 pages of text, with only a sparse ten and a half pages of notes we are not very sure. It is Spartan fare, but carefully prepared.

LATIN AND GREEK.

Prof. E. P. Morris has edited the "Satires" of Horace on a commendable plan (Morris & Morgan's Latin Series, American Book Co.). He has restricted comment on grammar and antiquities and devoted himself chiefly to the interpretation of Horace's thought. The summaries of the different satires are fuller than usual, and the general introduction is in the main an analysis of Horace's personality and of the contemporary life that furnished him a world for satire.

The latest addition to Macmillan's Latin Classics is the "Agricola" of Tacitus, edited by Prof. D. R. Stuart. It is well adapted for use in college courses. Professor Stuart is versed in the necessary studies and editions of the "Agricola," and he is the first to utilize for the text the all-important manuscript recently discovered at Jesi. The notes, while touching sufficiently on incidental problems, are not fraught with learning useless to the sophomore. The translations are now and then a shade too colloquial, as the rendering of *mixti copiis et lætitia* by "pooling rations and merrymakings."

One rubs his eyes at seeing an edition of the "Famulus" of Terence (J. Sargeaunt and A. G. S. Raynor, Clarendon Press), and wonders if the Egyptian sands have yielded a new play of the "dimidiatus Menander" as well. Unfortunately, it is merely an expurgated "Eunuchus." The real play was performed at Westminster, throughout the eighteenth century and until 1854, when it was discreetly abandoned. Cardinal Newman prepared a revision with the title of "Pincerna," on which is based the present text by Dr. Gow. It was performed at Westminister in 1907, but we hope it will have no vogue in America. Expurgating Terence is like the task of which one of his slaves tells, washing a brick.

The Clarendon Press has issued Book iv of Thucydides, acceptably edited by T. R. Mills, with a brief introduction, which makes no mention of Cornford or Bury, by H. Stuart Jones. The text is taken from the plates of Mr. Jones's edition of the entire work of Thucydides in the Oxford Classical Series. The reason why the pages of these beautiful and serviceable texts are not numbered should by this time be apparent to excited German reviewers. The price of the book is 3s. 6d.; the notes may be procured separately for 2s.

The translation of the "Rhetoric" of Aristotle found among the papers of Sir Richard Jebb, and now edited with an introduction, supplementary notes, and index by Dr. John Edwin Sandys (Cambridge University Press; Putnams), provides the English reader with a version of that fundamental treatise upon which he may implicitly rely. We have here an interesting illustration of the firm foundations on which the elegant superstructure of Jebb's scholarship was erected. How many young teachers having occasion to lecture on the "Rhetoric" would think it necessary to write out a careful translation of the whole? The work was done in the years preceding the publication of the "Attic Orators," in 1876; and the results appear in the firm grasp of the subject exhibited there and in the masterly article on rhetoric in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Dr. Sandys, who, thirty years ago was selected, on the recommendation of Jebb, to edit Cope's posthumously published commentary on the "Rhetoric," contributes an introduction based largely on the references to the subject in the "Attic Orators," and explains all literary allusions and variations of text in foot notes marked by his usual sound and copious learning.

HISTORY.

A second volume of "Readings in Modern European History," by Profs. James H. Robinson and Charles A. Beard (Ginn & Co.), covers the period from the Congress of Vienna to the present time, already dealt with in volume two of the "Development of Modern Europe," by the same authors. Naturally, political events are most emphasized, but we note a goodly number of selections illustrative of social and industrial life, and a final chapter on such current problems as the responsibilities of modern government, the warfare against poverty, and the progress and achievements of science.

Prof. James Q. Dealey's "Development of the State" (Silver, Burdett & Co.) should prove, in the hands of a discreet teacher, a serviceable outline for students who are well-grounded in history, and who can supply for themselves the historical illustrations which the extreme compression of the narrative necessarily omits. While Professor Dealey emphasizes the idea that the development of the state conforms to definite laws and principles, which are themselves largely determined by intellectual and economic conditions, he avoids the abstractions which commonly fill so large a place in works of political theory, and on controverted points contents himself, for the most part, with an impartial presentation of the opposing views. Of special interest is his discussion of the electorate as constituting, in a sense, a fourth department of government. Many of the foot-notes and chapter references are cast in an unfamiliar form, and some of them are slovenly.

Profs. James A. James of Northwestern University and Albert H. Sanford of the Stevens Point (Wis.) State Normal School have brought out jointly an "American History" for schools (Charles Scribner's Sons). The distinguishing features of the narrative are a fuller treatment of the later colonial period than has commonly been the case in recent manuals, a careful presentation of the causes of the Revolution, and emphasis upon the growth of the West and upon social and industrial development; while the influence of European happenings on the course of events in America is also pointed out. It is matter of surprise, however, that in a work which seeks to introduce the student to the more usable literature of the subject, the scheme of references appended to the several chapters, should not have been more consistently carried out. We take a single illustration: Why should the bibliography at the end of chapter x, on the causes of the Revolution, refer to the texts of the writ of assistance and the Stamp Act, and not to the texts of the Declaratory Act, the Townshend Acts, or the Massachusetts Circular Letter, all of which are discussed in the chapter and are equally within the grasp of the student? Again, why cite now one and now another collection of documents or source material, without intimation that the sources referred to are all contained in one of the works mentioned? With the present limited development of the school library, the citation of a number of source collections, without indication of the extent to which they duplicate each other, is a discouragement rather than an aid to the teacher. We cannot altogether praise, either, the mechanical make-up of the volume—a matter of consequence in a text-book. The page has a pretty solid appearance, due in part to the absence of paragraph headings; and the lack of distinguishing type in the reference lists is likely to be confusing to young readers. The illustrations are commonplace, and some of the maps too small to read easily without a glass. We note a few errors in the text: "habitans" for habitants (p. 115); "1661," instead of 1761, as the date of the application for writs of assistance in Boston (p. 143); "three" acts, instead of four, as comprising the Alien and Sedition legislation of 1798 (p. 235); and "$500," instead of $300, as the price of exemption under the Draft Act of 1863. On pages 67 and 83 MacDonald's "Select Charters" is cited as though it were a work of more than one volume, which it is not.

SCIENCE.

Messrs. Stone and Millis, having dedicated their excellent "Secondary Arithmetic" (Sanborn & Co.) to the exclusive uses of commerce and industry in terms of emphasis almost shrill, proceed at once to make amends by opening with a chapter devoted to a critico-historical account of notational systems and a philosophical comparison of the decimal base with other bases.

The latest volume of "The Appleton

Arithmetics" (D. Appleton & Co.), by Professors Young and Jackson, is designed for the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth grades. It is quite up to date in the character and arrangement of its subject-matter. Its usableness in the classroom is in a measure qualified by a prolixity due to extensive employment of the inductive method, a liberal use of pictorial illustration, and an attempt to preserve the cultural value of the study while fully recognizing the modern conception of secondary arithmetic as a practical art.

Professor Lester's "The Integrals of Mechanics" (Ginn & Co.), is an attempt to mediate between a first course in the integral calculus and a first course in mechanics. If the student could be provided with sufficient time and incentive to read this book prior to entering upon mechanics—and there is the rub—the teacher of mechanics would be thereby relieved from the present annoying necessity of pausing to drill his classes in processes with which, strictly speaking, the subject presupposes familiarity.

The "Trigonometry" (Holt & Co.), by Professor Hall and Mr. Frink, aims to meet the increasing demand of mathematicians and engineers for a treatment of the science better suited to the needs of technological students. The aim is pursued by the introduction of numerous exercises, including many applications to problems of physics and engineering, and by thoroughly treating the arithmetic solution of triangles before entering upon the science proper, namely, the theory of the general trigonometric functions.

"Light and Sound," by W. S. Franklin and Barry MacNutt (Macmillan), is the third volume of the authors' college texts on physics. The statement is made in the preface that America is comparatively lacking in productive scholarship, and the authors believe that, in writing this series of elementary texts, "they are doing as much for the ultimate development of science in America as any of our research specialists." This may be so, but we are reluctant to grant it. A critical comparison of these texts with the best, say of England, shows them to be at least as inferior as is our productive scholarship. The style is inelegant and the construction weak, nor does the treatment of the subject show any peculiar excellence. Mathematics has been almost eliminated, and the difficulties of the science so emasculated that an English student would feel that he was being fed on pap. We certainly hope, for the sake of American scholarship, that this series of texts will not be widely introduced into our colleges.

A rather useful set of definitions, formulæ, and problems for the electrician will be found in T. O'Conor Sloane's "Elementary Electrical Calculations" (Van Nostrand & Co.). The writer attempts to cover too much ground, as he not only gives the ordinary calculations, but also the principles of the subject. He should limit himself either to the needs of the beginner or else supply a dictionary of reference for the more advanced student. The book would be benefited by careful revision, and especially by rewriting the parts on potential, thermo-electricity, and electro-chemistry. In make-up it is not satisfactory, as the binding cracks ominously, whereas a book full of problems should be strongly bound and should open flat.

It is interesting to observe that Prof. Charles Baskerville of the College of the City of New York makes no attempt, in his "General Organic Chemistry" (D. C. Heath & Co.), to preserve a formal logical development of the subject, either inductive or deductive. He simply takes up the topics in the order that seems to him most convenient, and there is no affectation of keeping the student in ignorance of anything he needs because the time has not yet come for him to have it. Molecules, atoms, electrons, symbols, and combining weights come into play in the course of the first two chapters without any flourish of trumpets. Nitrogen and ammonia are taken up after the alkali metals, and the nitrogen oxides do not appear until after most of the other metals and their salts are disposed of. This is an unconventional arrangement, but otherwise no serious objection can be brought against it, for any order is arbitrary, and has its embarrassments. This chemistry is much less bulky than most college text-books, still, if the student gets it all, he will know more than most of them. There are no cuts of any kind. It is true that many of the illustrations in the chemistries now on the market are superfluous or poorly drawn, but that is no reason for leaving them out altogether, for they are occasionally needed. Lantern-slides, briefly seen, cannot take their place. Most teachers, too, will want more exercises than are here given. On the whole, however, this is a useful book, practical, modern, and reliable.

We could not wish a more wisely balanced, better adapted introduction than Edwin A. Kirkpatrick's "Genetic Psychology" (Macmillan). Mr. Kirkpatrick begins with the lowest forms of organic life. He describes the parallel development of physiological build and mental capacity through each of the levels from amoeba to man. The classification and interpretation of instincts are doubtless somewhat more scholastic in their sharp distinctions than the facts allow; as, for instance, when Mr. Kirkpatrick defines the racial (parental) instinct as "a mode of behavior of no advantage to the individual." But in all such instances a contrast of great pedagogical value is secured without doing serious violence to truth. It is strange that Mr. Kirkpatrick, dwelling on the specialized instincts, should give less than a page to the æsthetic group; he is fully alive to its uniqueness as a curious, often dangerous, hypertrophy, but points out not a single illustration of its nature. The second half of the volume, dealing with the functions of human consciousness, takes toward these an attitude of complete philosophical indifference, which few who dip into biology have the self-control to assume. Thanks to this abstinence, Mr. Kirkpatrick's work is free from thin speculation; and perhaps it is for this same reason that he is always direct, matter-of-fact, and singularly prodigal with apt illustrations. A list of references for collateral reading follows each chapter.

The growth of psychology in recent years is reflected in Prof. E. B. Titchener's "A Text-Book of Psychology," the first volume of which the Macmillan Company has just published. This work is a rewriting, and in no sense a mere revision, of the author's thirteen-year-old "Outline of Psychology." From the latter little more has been taken over than the Wundtian point of view, straightforward exposition, and refreshing sanity on open questions. Every topic has been dealt with anew, and many paragraphs interpolated on aspects lately brought into the foreground. Part I, the first of two volumes, covers, besides a defence of the experimental method, only three subjects: sensation, affection, and attention. If any criticism is to be lodged against the increased size, it is that Professor Titchener has served affection and attention with short measure. Not only does he devote an unusual length to sensation, he says four times as much about it as about either of these other mental activities. The fifty-seven paragraphs on various sensation qualities are all the more extensive because, unlike corresponding passages in most other similar works, they eschew nervous physiology altogether. Particularly full is the treatment of the minor sensations; surely not too full in the case of the cutaneous and the kinæsthetic, but debatably so in that of the abdominal, alimentary, circulatory, respiratory, and genital. On the other hand, synæsthesia is rather curtly dismissed, and with it the question of imagery, which raises many fundamental issues clearly and attractively. One may agree with the writer as to the necessity of beginning over again with attention, and starting at the problem of sensory clearness; no less, too, may one assent to his prefatory remark that a discussion of the physiological theories of attention with beginners is wasted time: nevertheless, the tremendous importance of this whole subject on all the rest of psychology (not to mention Pragmatism, Humanism, and Bergsonism) would justify the marshalling of more facts than Professor Titchener has ventured. But if proportions are not altogether to taste, the substance of the book is. The author has sifted out from his book the merely amusing or weird aspects of mental life on which the psychological hack-writer feeds. He successfully presents psychology as a serious science full of hard work and rich in promise of useful achievements.

FLETCHER'S INTRODUCTORY HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

An Introductory History of England: From the earliest times till the year 1815. By C. R. L. Fletcher, M. A., formerly Fellow of All Souls and Magdalen Colleges, Oxford. In four volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net, per volume.

Mr. Fletcher's work, avowedly compiled for boys and young men, is now completed. For its purpose, the book has extraordinary merits, which are marred by but one fault: Mr. Fletcher is an historian rather than a critic. In common with Macaulay, he lacks something of the judicial faculty; complex natures perplex him. He lives so completely in the times of which he writes, he connects them—in this, too, resembling the school of Macaulay—so closely with the feeling of the century in which he, in fact, lives, that he cannot attain to the ideal impartiality prac-

tised almost without effort by such a writer as Gardiner. We note this defect for two reasons: We wish to deal quite fairly with a writer who has high claims to the admiration of all readers, and a special right to the gratitude of the young, for whom he has provided animated and excellent instruction. We know further that Mr. Fletcher's one fault will attract exaggerated attention among readers who turn immediately to his chapter on the Loss of America. Much that he says is true, but it is no more the whole truth about the conflict between England and her Colonies than are the statements of writers, of whom many are to be found on both sides the Atlantic, who imagine that the whole blame for a contest caused to a great extent by the nature of things may be attributed to the stupidity of George III and the weakness of Lord North. Happily, there is no need for dwelling on the details of a civil war which every man of English descent must now regret. The day has come when in London, as at Washington, the English people can be regarded as a whole. Writers, however, of merit must be judged, not by any quality which they may happen to lack, but by the gifts to which they owe their eminence. Our author's history of England proves his possession of more than one quality which fits him to be the chosen educator of youth.

The essential characteristic of his book is that it is alive—a very different thing, by the way, from being lively. Some of the statements it contains may excite discussion, but there is hardly a line which does not arouse interest. In no part of Mr. Fletcher's work is this quality of interestingness more visible than in his chapter on India. We have all of us admired rightly the boldness of Clive in fighting a huge Indian army of well-nigh twenty times the number of the small force, including only 700 British soldiers, at his disposal. We have many of us felt the victory of Plassey, as commonly described, to be little short of miraculous. Mr. Fletcher, however, gives us Orme's startling account of the military art as understood by Indian princes:

> Orme (he writes) had seen it in working, or rather in failure to work; "the Infantry a multitude of people assembled together without regard to rank and file, some with swords and targets, some with matchlocks of most uncertain fire, some with lances too long or too weak to be of any service." The cavalry is better, but "as each man provides his own horse, it is the interest of the rider to fight as little as possible, for if the horse is killed the owner is ruined. When a chief is killed his followers usually run away at once." As for the guns, we learn elsewhere that if they were fired once in half an hour it was reckoned a feat.

He thus reduces an incomprehensible miracle to the limits of historical fact. But he thereby takes nothing from the interest or glory of Clive's achievement; he rather proves that courage was with Clive, as with other great commanders, grounded on prudence. The English leader triumphed, like a great general before him, *ausus vana contemnere.*

Take, again, Mr. Fletcher's accounts of the Battle of Waterloo. They give us, in the first place, in plain and simple language, the main and essential facts of a conflict which distinctly brought to a close the era of Napoleonic ambition, and, as we now know, has already established well-nigh a hundred years of uninterrupted peace between France and England. But our author here forces the details of a most important transaction upon the attention of youthful readers by falling back with great advantage upon that kind of historical but imaginative narrative of which he has made such admirable use in describing some of the earlier phases of English history. He reintroduces us, we fear for the last time, to the inhabitants of Tubney Manor House, and gives us a picture of the fight at Waterloo as it presented itself to an English officer, and to a private by whom he was followed. The letters, which do not profess to be historical, are yet, we may be sure, grounded on a minute knowledge of facts. They certainly convey an intensely vivid impression, not only of actual events, but of the sentiment of the time in which the imaginary letters are dated.

Mr. Fletcher, in the next place, possesses an historical eye. He seizes at once the striking characteristics of eras and of men. Nothing can be more effective than his account of the true results of the Restoration. They may all be summed up in two statements: The Restoration brought back not only the monarchy, but the Parliament; the Restoration opens the annals of modern England. But these statements, though true, would convey little to a schoolboy. Our author develops and illustrates them so that an intelligent reader may for the first time understand, and will assuredly never forget, the true relation of the age of Charles II to the eighteenth century. One is, indeed, tempted to say that the eighteenth century in spirit began in 1660, and did not, in England at least, end till 1830. This hundred and seventy years is to a great extent governed by one and the same idea. With the fall of the Commonwealth, England passed away from the rule of theology to the reign of common sense.

Mr. Fletcher's personal preferences prevent him from being an absolutely safe guide on questions of character. Still, he hits off the noteworthy traits of great men with singular felicity. We have all, for instance, heard of Marlborough's transcendent military genius. Many readers are acquainted with his acts of treachery and treason, which show that he had yielded, like many other leading Englishmen, to the temptations of a revolutionary period, and, as has been well said, "apparently regarded a treasonable action as not less admissible than a stratagem in war." But few students have probably realized the love for their commander felt by Marlborough's soldiers, or the Duke's care for his troops which begot this loyal affection. This is an aspect of Marlborough's army and of his character to which Mr. Fletcher gives deserved prominence. Consider further our author's summing up of Nelson's character:

> Nelson was the very embodiment and vital force of the Sea Power of Great Britain. His private character was clouded by one insane infatuation for a worthless woman, but it was characteristic of him that he invested that woman with the halo of a saint. In everything but this no life more devoted to the performance of duty was ever lived.

Surely, to any one who accepts, as in the long run we are convinced impartial judges will do, Mahan's exculpation of his hero from the one charge of bad faith, Mr. Fletcher's words must seem an admirable characterization of "the greatest seaman since the world began." It puts the most lovable as well as the most original of England's captains in exactly the light in which one would wish him to be regarded by the generous and the young. His infatuation need not be concealed, but the heroic side of his nature and career should never be kept out of sight.

The "Introductory History of England" is written, as we have said, for boys. The more the book is studied the more clearly a judicious critic will perceive how admirably suited it is for the young. Its author loves the contemplation of striking events and striking characters. He can, indeed, make, and often does make, weighty reflections; in a most interesting chapter, for instance, entitled "Men, Machines, Morals, and Manners," he not only directs attention to illustrations of the so-called industrial revolution of the eighteenth century, but also suggests, what is often forgotten, that in the absence of minute information, and, above all, of trustworthy statistics, many of the bold assertions made about a social change, of which every one can perceive the general character, rest on imperfect knowledge, and are themselves therefore of dubious truth. But his true interest lies in actions and in persons. He is more at home in personalization—if the word may be allowed—than in generalization; and this is exactly as it should be with a writer who addresses himself to Mr. Fletcher's audience. Nor let any one suppose that to arouse the enthusiasm or the interest of youth is nothing more than the providing of a superior kind of amusement. As a matter of

fact, it is biographical history rather than scientific history which has influenced the opinions, the thoughts, the feelings, and therefore, in the long run, the conduct of the young. It would be idle to attribute to Plutarch anything like the insight into the laws of human nature and their effect on the progress of mankind, which any thoughtful reader may without difficulty discover in the pages of Thucydides. But Plutarch's Lives, just because they do not deal with the laws either of human nature or of history, but narrate the actions of celebrated men, have once and again exerted over the imagination and the conduct of the young an influence denied to the earliest and to the latest, whoever he may be, of scientific historians.

CURRENT FICTION.

Anne of Avonlea. By L. M. Montgomery. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Readers of "Anne of Green Gables" do not need to be told that the story of the next few years of Anne's life is a story of crystal clearness, of tenderness, humor, and fancy. If the fancy is sometimes exaggerated, it is not in the least morbid, but walks always in lock-step between fun and common sense. To an Anne who has reached the age of discretion and become a teacher in her old school at Avonlea, it is naturally not permitted to be so consistently impossible and so hilarously freakish as in her tender years; nor may she dream quite so recklessly. Accordingly the author, with happy respect to her own forte, provides an orphan boy who is all pranks and a half-orphan boy who is all aerial dreams, and the two supply what was earlier found in Anne.

Anne herself, meanwhile, has by no means wholly graduated from either her imaginings or her talent for predicament. When she is found telling the irrepressible Davy that it is "wrong for little boys to use slang," it seems that Anne must have been changed at rebirth. But again, there are reassuring scenes of catastrophe in respect to mistaken potions which link her joyously with the past. Interest in sentimental adventure naturally waxes, but it does not even yet carry the drama beyond the bounds of youth. As before, the atmosphere of Prince Edward Island prettily surrounds the story.

Drómina. By John Ayscough. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Ayscough appears to have yielded to an impulse to sit down and tell sad stories of the lives of kings. First, there is The McMorogh, who was, or thought he was, a King of Ireland, tracing his ancestry back through Irish kings to Charlemagne and Holy Roman emperors, with cardinals and popes for collaterals. Then there is the son of Louis XVI, who, it seems, was hidden from view among gypsies and presently reappeared in Ireland in a camp close to The McMorogh's Castle, Dromina. There is an Irish lady, widow of a French vicomte, who, having made a religion of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, now attaches herself to the service of the Dauphin. There is a Spanish gypsy king whose daughter is in contemplation as a wife for the Dauphin, the match diverting itself for good and pretty reasons, while the son of Marie Antoinette marries The McMorogh's daughter. There is a fine lady, lugged into the pages, but quite out of the story, who, it is darkly hinted, has been on intimate terms with Georgian royalty. Following the adventures of this uncrowned group comes the life history of one of the succeeding generation, a grandson of The McMorogh, who takes it into his head to proclaim himself Emperor of Hispaniola, where he has a short and tragic career.

The air of solemn consecration attaching to all these blighted majesties seems almost incompatible with a sense of humor. But there are conversations disclosing a charming Celtic grace and vivacity which make one think how pleasant and witty a book this might become by editing out the royalties. The author has the gift of drawing very winning characters, and allows it such free play that, while one begins by inquiring just why the book was written, one ends by asking why it should ever stop. Generations yet unborn, French, Spanish, Irish, gypsy, might well have gone on laying claim to thrones, Eastern and Western, and dying in martyrdom.

The grateful dedication of the volume to George Meredith, "by his generous permission," is not hard to explain on the common ground of Celtic bias. Merely as a piece of construction, the book might well have been dedicated to Mrs. Nickleby. But it is in essence a fine and high-minded work.

Homespun. By Lottie Blair Parker. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The author of those popular plays, "'Way Down East" and "Under Southern Skies," has not unnaturally undertaken a study of New England *genre* in the form of fiction. As a successful playwright she could hardly be expected to interpret her subject in the light of the latest observation. The most one could look for would be a respectable rehandling of the familiar types and situations. But the current novel has in some respects moved ahead of the current play. After Miss Wilkins, Miss Jewett, and Miss Brown, it behooves the delineator of New England life to go softly upon his way. "Homespun" makes a rather coarse and sketchy use of the well-worn materials. Its merits and defects are those of Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Folks," which was, after all, no more than an early experiment. Here are the village post office and grocery; the sewing society, the surprise party, and the tavern dance; the endless gossip, and the everlasting dialect. Here also are divers useful if familiar elements of melodrama: the innocent village maiden, the virtuous and ambitious village youth, the college-bred sot and villain, the hapless daughter of the publican—you see at once in what species of entanglements these persons are presently to be involved, and (roughly) by what means they are to be extricated. A family quarrel over a strip of land is important to the staging and general action of the piece. We may fancy a canvas and pasteboard "Lilac Lane" as the chief scene of the play which will no doubt be wrought out of the story. Its present dress is that of the utmost literary ingenuousness. Enough to say that of all the inhabitants of "Columbia Corners," few but the hero and the heroine (who appear to have had no special advantages) are permitted the use of respectable English. The speech of the rest is represented by an ingenious system of elision and misspellings: "The' ain't nothin' helps a doctor along like bein' in s'ciety." Even that local magnate and son of Belial, Judge Witherspoon ("Jedge Withersp'n"), speaks uniformly after the manner of Hosea Biglow, or thereabouts. In himself the judge is an interesting person, dialect or no; altogether the most real figure in a story which, with all its crudeness, has its engaging features.

The Cuckoo's Nest. By Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi. New York: Duffield & Co.

A novel the action of which takes place chiefly at Monte Carlo offers well in this hour of cosmopolitan fiction. England, America, France, Poland, and Germany share the honors in providing the principal persons of the tale. Unfortunately, none of these persons are intrinsically important; such interest as they have belongs to them as types. The American abroad, the gambler of noble birth, the courtesan, the brilliant and amorous amateur of the violin, the rude but sportsmanlike Englishwoman with a title, the all-conquering dragoon—these are the not unfamiliar human materials out of which the Countess Bianchi has constructed her plot. Nor is it surprising that we should find the sex-relation, whether in or out of marriage, the dominant theme. The noble French gambler has married an American for love, and we find them, after some years of marriage, still passionately devoted to each other. The wife has become virtually a Frenchwoman, and the feeling between her and her husband-lover is rather that of *l'amour*

than of connubial love as it is understood among English-speaking peoples. Paul breaks the bank at Monte Carlo, as must have been expected, and is subsequently driven to suicide by Vera's jealousy of his former mistress, Hélène. Several admirers stand ready to console her, but we leave her in a somewhat theatrical attitude of erotic grief, vowing eternal fidelity to the spiritual presence (which she images in terms of the flesh) of her dead husband. There are passages of somewhat too detailed description for the taste of Anglo-Saxondom; but the moral of the story is wholesome: that "the way to perfection lies through a series of disgusts." The variety of Continental society here portrayed is eminently qualified to hasten the seeker on his way.

THE KANTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

Kant's Theory of Knowledge. By H. A. Prichard, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. New York: Henry Frowde. $2.15.

Fifteen years ago, the great majority of our academic philosophers, in England and America, were wont, with whatever diversities of interpretation, to profess and call themselves idealists. The pendulum of dialectic now, as so often before, is moving to its other limit of oscillation; most of our rising young metaphysicians, as well as some eminent older ones, are making haste to number themselves among the realists; and idealism with them ranks as a passed mode—though by no means as an outworn theme. The "new realism" is second only to Pragmatism in providing the philosophical periodicals with matter. Unfortunately, the protagonists of this doctrine have been more prolific in controversial contributions to technical journals than in substantial books; so that the general public has hardly been informed of this tendency of speculative opinion. Mr. Prichard's volume is, therefore, more of a rarity as a vigorous manifesto in favor of this new realism than as an addition to that multitude, which no librarian can number, of books about Kant's philosophy. The desire to refute the idealism of the author of the "Refutation of Idealism" was plainly the ruling preoccupation of the writer's mind; it has led him to limit his analysis and criticism—as the title does not intimate—to the first two parts of the "Kritik der reinen Vernunft"—the "Transcendental Æsthetic" and the "Analytic." Even such important matters as the examination of rational theology and the antinomies are omitted, except for a superficial and too dogmatic note upon the first antinomy.

Yet, though Mr. Prichard is evidently more interested in realism than in Kant, his book, within the limits chosen, has some singular merits, even as a commentary on the "Kritik"; and in certain ways it should be more serviceable to students of that obscure classic than any existing English writing. It is impossible to conceive of a German's writing such a book on the subject. Mr. Prichard does not so much as mention Kant's personality and historic relations; he omits, without loss, a surprisingly large portion of the Kantian technical terminology; he attempts no general appreciation of the system; but he disarticulates it with an inexorable scalpel, and drags the dark, involved, hypertrophied mass into the light—often the withering light—of a sort of Humian lucidity. The "Kritik" is simply examined to see if it is what it purports to be, a piece of coherent and cogent connected reasoning. Mr. Prichard goes patiently over each point, seeking to determine by a careful scrutiny of the text what, in plain language, Kant may really be understood to mean, and then testing unsparingly the logic of that meaning; crying *distinguo* upon this argument, and *non patet* upon that, with the greatest possible persistency, patience, and cold blood.

Such a frankly non-historical and purely analytic method has its obvious inadequacies; but it has important advantages. For—in spite of the mass of Kant philology—a searching analytic treatment of Kant's argumentation, in a logically competent manner, has been too little in evidence in the Kant books, especially those available in English; the easy-going way in which Kant's actual arguments are ignored, in the interest of a "constructive" exposition, in some well-known writings on that philosopher, is astonishing. In dealing with Kant at close quarters, yet without involution or needless technicality, and in holding that chartered libertine among reasoners fast to the canons of ordinary logic, Mr. Prichard has done good service to Kant study and to philosophy; and his book is, into the bargain, worth reading merely as an example of tenacity and vigor in sequential reasoning.

This may be said without implying that the author's own arguments for realism are entirely unimpeachable. That, however, is a long story, and much ink is certain to be spilt from philosophic fountain-pens before it is all told. It is fair to observe, however, that the "new realism" is in part, though only in part, actually new; it is something more than a mere harking back to an old position. Though reflection, in its secular movement, often seems to swing back and forth from one end of its arc to the other, it does not, after all, do so without modification and enrichment from each of its oscillations.

The Rockies of Canada. By Walter Dwight Wilcox. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5 net.

It is not the least tribute to the charm of the Canadian Rockies, from the point of view of the hunter, the mountain-climber, the naturalist, or the mere lover of wild scenery, that Mr. Wilcox has found such a wealth of new material to crowd into each succeeding edition of his book as to make it virtually a new work. This is particularly noticeable if we compare one of the earlier editions, say that of 1897, published under the title "Camping in the Canadian Rockies," with the present book. In 1897 the exploration of the splendid peaks and beautiful valleys of this part of the Rocky Mountains was still in its infancy, and was confined to a comparatively small area within easy reach of the railway. Since then under the leadership of such famous mountain-climbers as Whymper, Outram, Collie, Stutfield, Woolley, Eggers, and Wilcox, each year has seen the exploration of new fields, north and south of the railway, until to-day a region more extensive than the Alps is opened to those less ambitious travellers who are content to follow in the footsteps of the pioneers. With all this, however, the explored area is trifling compared to what still remains to be discovered; and for many years to come those who have the necessary time and energy to spare may enjoy the unique charm of scaling peaks never before trod, and in many cases never even seen, by other mortals.

Apart from their interest to the mountain-climber, the Canadian Rockies offer handsome inducements to the hunter and fisherman. The former will find sport worthy of his skill in hunting the big-horn or the Rocky Mountain goat, among almost inaccessible peaks; and the latter may count on a mess of trout from almost any of the little lakes that lie like jewels in the heart of every valley. In some of these lakes the trout reach an extraordinary size. Mr. Wilcox mentions one caught in Lake Minnewanka in 1896, that tipped the scales at thirty-three pounds, but all previous records were eclipsed in 1899, when Dr. Seward Webb captured a fish weighing forty-seven pounds! To the naturalist, the exploration of these mountains and valleys offers an ample reward. From the bottom of the valleys to the snow-line spruce, pine, and larch may be studied in their own peculiar environment; and even the highest valleys harbor some little rodents, such as the pica or tailless hare, which Mr. Wilcox calls the "seven-thousand-foot rat," because it invariably appears at this altitude.

All this, and much more, one finds in Mr. Wilcox's text, but in the end one turns to the illustrations as in many respects the best part of the book. There are forty of these, and one does not need

to read of the endless patience and skill exercised upon each to know that it is almost perfect of its kind. For some of these pictures Mr. Wilcox waited days and weeks, sometimes even years, for the fleeting moment of perfect atmospheric conditions. In them one gets the clearest impression of the great and varied charm of this mountain paradise, from the awe-inspiring grandeur of Mount Assiniboine and the vast ruin of Pinnacle Mountain, to the gentle beauty of Lake Louise and the wonderful landscape of Paradise Valley.

Minnesota, the North Star State. By William Watts Folwell. (American Commonwealths.) Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Though the American Commonwealth Series has not yet completed its survey of the States on the eastern seaboard, it is already reaching out toward the younger States of the West whose membership in the Union is of comparatively recent date. Minnesota was admitted as a State in 1858, and its history covers a period of but sixty years. Originally under French dominion and occupied at varying times by French explorers and traders, it received during the two hundred years before 1762 no impress of institution, monument, or tradition that has left any trace affecting the life of the commonwealth. Bisected by the line which the Treaty of Paris drew in 1763, it had no territorial integrity until in 1803 it came entirely under English control. Even then the region attracted attention only because it contained the sources of the Mississippi, and not until 1819 did it arouse the concern of the United States government sufficiently to become the seat of a military post, a station not actually occupied until 1822. Twenty-seven years later the Territory of Minnesota was organized, but the events of those years are too slightly related to the subsequent history to be deserving of much recognition in the story of the State's development. For nearly nine years Minnesota remained a Territory, and it was only during this period that the land took on any regional unity.

Even after Minnesota became a State, its history is singularly wanting in events which have played any significant part in the larger history of the nation. Indian wars, so far as they led to conquest and the occupation of territory, are important, and the extension of railway lines and the promotion of educational institutions are essential factors in the opening of the Northwest, but the political struggles and incidents which occupy much space in this book are not constitutionally instructive except as they illustrate the political organization of the frontier. Minnesota has contributed but few men of national repute: Professor Winchell, Ignatius Donnelly, Secretary Windom, Senator Davis, and Govs. Pillsbury and Johnson very nearly complete the list. The share which the State had in the civil war is a noteworthy and creditable witness to the loyalty and bravery of its citizens, and the chapter devoted to this subject is the most readable in the book. The remainder of Professor Folwell's narrative is filled in with tales of grasshoppers, banks, flour mills, missionary work, corporation intrigues, and political jobbery. It is at best but a disconnected chronicle, made somewhat less interesting than might have been the case by the author's failure to discover any organic unity in the State's progress and by his inability to clothe his facts in attractive and graceful style.

Oxford Lectures on Poetry. By A. C. Bradley. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.

Dr. Bradley so modestly deprecates comparison with his predecessors in the chair of poetry, he is so deferential in taking exception, so apologetic whenever he is obscure or dogmatic, that one lays the book down at the end with a feeling that its author has already sufficiently performed the function of criticism. In the brief retrospect at the close of the volume he touches upon and justifies his special quality as a lecturer upon poetry—a certain bent toward philosophizing, a friendliness toward abstract ideas. This quality gives him as an expositor of Shelley's theory of poetry or Wordsworth's mysticism and paradoxes a distinct advantage over Matthew Arnold, for instance, to whom he is compensatingly inferior in pure poetical tact, in phrase-making, and in the judicial distinction of poetical values. As compared with Mr. Courthope, on the other hand, he appears quite indifferent to that modern type of literary scholarship which concerns itself almost exclusively with origins and influences. He occupies himself immediately with the poetic experience, with the study of the poet's mind through his work, and with the theory of poetry.

In his initial lecture, "Poetry for Poetry's Sake," he comes as near as possible to disposing forever of the interminable quarrel between the Philistine and the artist, the one holding that the subject is everything, the other, that the form is everything. The opposite of the form, Dr. Bradley contends, is not the subject, but the substance, of a poem, and in poetical experience form and substance are one and indivisible. In his little dissertation on "The Sublime" he is less suggestive and less conclusive. Taking issue with Burke, he maintains that terror is not an ingredient in *all* our perceptions of the sublime, instancing a rainbow, a valiant sparrow described by Turgénieff, etc. Here in the misty subjective cloudland of æsthetics one may maintain about what one pleases. We do not feel, perhaps, the sublimity of the sparrow or of the rainbow; we do feel, perhaps, the element of a certain æsthetic terror mingled, in every case, in the rapture of the sublime; and, if we do, we have at least Burke and De Quincey on our side. But all such discussion is at its best rather interesting than conclusive, and one thinks with relief of Pater's advice to the æsthetic critic not to attempt to define beauty, but to live ever in its visible presence. Of the general essays, that on "Hegel's Theory of Tragedy" is the most penetrating, the most perspicuous, and the most instructive. And yet even here, in the presence of the "ethical substance" absolute and its "particular powers," we feel irritated and a little baffled by outworn modes of thought. We could wish that the discussion had been translated into terms of the scientific age for the sake of readers to whom the ideal world is somewhat lacking in solidity.

In dealing with the letters of Keats, with Shelley's view of poetry, with Wordsworth, and with Shakespeare Dr. Bradley is on less disputable ground. He writes as a student and catholic lover of poetry for poetry's sake. Though one may differ from him in matters of detail, one is grateful to him for much stimulating interpretation, and one is kindled by the eloquent yet chastened ardor of his appreciation. His Shakespearian criticism is particularly robust and wholesome; no one has written with more breadth and illumination of Falstaff or with more wisdom and splendor of Antony and Cleopatra. He has no new gospel for the young generation of poets—he believes they must find that for themselves But he is old-fashioned enough to put some faith in the poetic madness, in the validity of the poetic vision, and in reading poetry to receive some indefinable intimations of a world unknown to sense perceptions. Such professors of poetry are becoming rare

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Benjamin Constant: Der Roman eines Lebens. By Josef Ettlinger. Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.

That no complete and trustworthy biography of Benjamin Constant has been hitherto attempted is in a great measure due to the inaccessibility of documents jealously guarded by the heirs of those with whom Constant was closely associated, and who were responsible for the suppression of parts of the *Journal intime*, and for the destruction of many letters. Contemporaries who might have had the courage to undertake a biography distinctly deviating from the biased portrait which Sainte-Beuve had drawn, were hampered by the lack of authentic knowledge. As with other men whose portrait has come to posterity distorted by personal or par-

tisan prejudice, a certain period had to elapse before the character of Constant could be seen in the right perspective. Now, the first biography written from the point of view of a later and juster generation is the work of a German scholar whose translation of "Adolphe" some years ago gave evidence of sympathy with his subject. Dr. Ettlinger's work was in press when Prof. Georges Rudler's work, "La Jeunesse de Benjamin Constant," appeared, covering the life of Constant up to the year 1794, when he made the acquaintance of Mme. de Staël. While both authors base the history of his early development upon hitherto unpublished documents, the book of the German biographer traces it through the critical and important period of his relations with Mme. de Staël to his death in the eventful year 1830.

Dr. Ettlinger emphasizes the German influences that entered into the complex individuality of the man who was called the first cosmopolite in French letters, but he hardly overrates them. Constant's *Fliegeljahre* at the university of Erlangen, his career at the court of Brunswick, his marriage to Wilhelmine von Cramm, his tour of Germany with Mme. de Staël, his marriage with his second wife, Charlotte von Mahrenholtz du Tertre, and the years spent in Göttingen after his rupture with Mme. de Staël, must have left a deep impression. They also brought him into close association with German contemporaries, whose testimony did him more justice than that of his compatriots of the same period, who, by their political creed, were either his fervent adherents or violent opponents. Family documents in the possession of Charlotte's grandson, Baron von Mahrenholtz, and the unpublished letters of Constant to Ludwig Ferdinand Huber, and his wife Thérèse, the daughter of the philologist Heyne and divorced wife of Georg Forster (now the property of Dr. Ludwig Geiger of Berlin), are among the sources that may have strengthened the author's sympathetic attitude towards his subject.

The unfortunate circumstances of Constant's youth were largely responsible for the extraordinary precocity and vanity of the boy. The mother had died at his birth and the father was temperamentally unequal to the task of bringing up the high-strung child. The lack of a home in the true sense of the word made the youth appreciative of the womanly—if not motherly—solicitude of Mme. de Charrière, at whose house in Colombier he was nursed through an illness of several months before he went to Brunswick. Dr. Ettlinger offers no specious apology for Constant and the extraordinary woman whose unselfish devotion to him was not disturbed by his marriage. He does not seem to think that either Constant's family or Sainte-Beuve had reason to be scandalized by the friendship which terminated only when Mme. de Staël appeared upon the scene, and at once became the power of his more mature life as Mme. de Charrière had been of his youth. From that time, the sphere of Constant's activities widened perceptibly. He was drawn into the whirlpool of political life, and the treatise written with her coöperation, "Sur la Force du gouvernement actuel de la France et de la necessité de s'y rallier," roused the antagonism of both Royalists and Jacobins. His direct political work began with his election to the Tribunate in December, 1799, and with few interruptions continued to his death. Apparently inconsistent, it was throughout determined by his adherence to the principles of representative and constitutional government. It was easy to brand Constant a renegade his return from Elba, Bonaparte persuaded his former opponent to become his counsellor. But as the choice was prompted by expediency, so the acceptance was a wise move in the interest of France, which needed at that time men capable of undertaking the task of constitutional reorganization, instead of spending their energies in unfruitful opposition. In a period of rapidly alternating governments and policies Constant showed, according to Dr. Ettlinger, soundness of judgment and firmness of attitude.

His literary work, too, gives evidence of steadfastness of purpose. It was an act of immaturity, no doubt, to conceive at the age of eighteen the plan of a history of the evolution of religion. But Constant returned to the project at various periods of his life, and read the proofs of the fifth and last volume on the morning of his death. Another significant trait of his character is emphasized in the chapter devoted to the autobiographical novel "Adolphe," in the heroine of which the biographer recognizes a Mme. Lindsay, though many incidents of the story are borrowed from his experiences with Mme. de Charrière, Julie Talma, Mme. Trevor, and the main plot is founded upon his relations with Mme. de Staël. Dr. Ettlinger points to the difference between this frank and unflattered self-portrayal and Strindberg's venomous and vindictive "Beichte eines Toren," or the *médisance* of "Elle et lui."

The book justly bears the sub-title "Roman eines Lebens." For although based upon thorough documentary research, it avoids the dry-as-dust manner of the conventional biographer and is as much a piece of psychological interpretation as a record of a most unusual life. The bibliography seems complete and among the illustrations are some that have not before been published.

Social Life at Rome in the Age of Cicero. By W. Warde Fowler. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25 net.

Dr. Fowler has attempted a difficult and somewhat novel task, and has admirably succeeded. Following in a way the plan of Dill's "Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius," he sketches in its various aspects the life that Cicero knew. It is impossible to restrict the treatment absolutely to the times of Cicero; the wealth of material for the following periods—for instance, on the order of the Roman day—tempts Mr. Fowler now and then out of his restricted field, but mainly for the purpose of contrast, and never in such wise as to distort his picture as a whole. Beginning with a brief tour of the city and following therein the order in which Virgil makes Æneas inspect the landmarks of primitive Rome, he treats in successive chapters of the lower population, the men of business, marriage, education, slaves, the house of the rich man, the daily life of the well-to-do, holidays and amusements, religion. Even this outline suggests that the book is not a manual of antiquities of the ordinary sort. The reader who would know the ingredients of the Roman wedding-cake will be disappointed. He will find instead a well-written and suggestive essay on matrimonial conditions in the times of Cicero; it includes a translation, the first in English, of the "Laudatio Turiæ," a record of marital devotion that one might imagine impossible in a Pagan age. This chapter is typical of the book.

The reader will doubtless find most novel the chapter on the Roman business man. Ancient Rome seems modern enough when we learn that Cicero was a corporation-lawyer (acting in behalf of the *socii scripturæ* in Bithynia), drew checks (*perscriptiones*), and took out letters of credit (*permutationes*). High finance, too, was not unknown, taking the form of enormous borrowings on one side, and speculation on the other, as to the value of that blessed security, the future appointment of the debtor as governor of a province; the age of Augustus was in these and other matters one of reform. Mr. Fowler finds the clue to many differences between modern and ancient business conditions in the problem of transportation; thus difficulty of transportation well-nigh necessitated municipal purchase of corn at Rome and other cities.

Interesting also is the treatment of the gradual infiltration of Greek philosophy into the Roman mind, and the compromise formed between the new doctrines and the old beliefs. The contrast between the skepticism of the Ciceronian period and the revival of faith under Augustus is well shown. It is acutely remarked, however, that, despite Virgil's great contribution to the religious

reform of his day, Jupiter never recovered from the treatment he received in the "Æneid," where he appears as a power beneath the *fatum Romanum*. It might be added that if he partly recovered, Ovid finished him in the comedy of his "Metamorphoses."

In one respect Dr. Fowler differs markedly from his predecessor, Dill. While the latter's books include rather elaborate treatments of personalities, in fact read now and then like histories of Roman literature, Mr. Fowler makes his characters parts of his larger plot. Not that he fails to do justice to the important personages of the period. We find brief but vivid sketches of such men as Cælius, Sulpicius Rufus, Varro, and the inevitable Posidonius. Cicero calls for characterization under more than one aspect; in opposition to the harsh school of Mommsen, Mr. Fowler rightly finds the secret of his importance in his ideal of *humanitas*. His estimate of Lucretius is admirable; part of it may be quoted as a specimen of the book:

So far Lucretius may be called a religious poet, in that with profound conviction and passionate utterance he denounced the wickedness of his age, and, like the Hebrew prophets, called on mankind to put away their false gods and degrading superstitions, and learn the true secret of guidance in this life. It is only when we come to ask what that secret was that we feel that this extraordinary man knew far too little of ordinary human nature to be either a religious reformer or an effective prophet. . . . His secret . . . was only a philosophical creed, which he had learnt from Epicurus and Democritus. His profound belief in it is one of the most singular facts in literary history; no man ever put such poetic passion into a dogma, and no such imperious dogma was ever built upon a scientific theory of the universe. He seems to have combined two Italian types of character, which never have been united before or since, that of the ecclesiastic, earnest and dogmatic, seeing human nature from a doctrinal platform, not working and thinking with it; and secondly the poetic type, of which Dante is the noblest example, perfectly clear and definite in inward and outward vision, and illuminating all that it touches with an indescribable glow of pure poetic imagination.

Dr. Fowler in his preface pays tribute to the inspiration of Boissier's "Cicéron et ses amis," and his own work deserves a place on the same shelf. It is a popular book in the best sense of that term.

Valuation: Its Nature and Laws. By Wilbur Marshall Urban. New York: The Macmillan Co. (In the Library of Philosophy, edited by J. H. Muirhead.)

Professor Urban's "introduction to the general theory of value" shows us how a genetic psychology approaches the question which has halted economist, moralist, and art critic. These three, seeking the foundation of all worth in their respective fields, have lost trace of it in the obscure impulses and feelings of the human mind. Professor Urban believes they must call upon the official guide of this labyrinth for assistance. Values, he tells us, can be understood only after we know out of what experiences they have grown and in what others they are felt. This proposition, from which nobody would dissent, leads Professor Urban squarely into introspective analysis. His book describes, with excessive refinement, those elusive shades of feeling and subtle movings of judgment that flit across the mind as it is engaged in setting a value upon something. Clumsy technical language obscures the descriptions (the term "axiology" had to be invented for them!), and they are diffuse beyond mercy. Nevertheless, they reach some decisive results.

Particularly useful to students of psychology are the discussions of Lipps's "sympathetic participation" (Einfühlung) and the "presuppositions of judgment" (Annahmen), which the Austrian school has written books and books about. These vexed topics, though met here only on the oblique, receive fuller attention than at the hands of any other American writer who has come to our notice. They seem, however, to cast but faint light on the theory of value. In the end, Professor Urban returns, after all his wearying microscopical work, to Lotze's familiar doctrine that value is identical with reality and prior to both truth and existence. "Worth experience . . . corresponds to a larger world of reality than the limited regions of existence and truth." These latter predicates "have meaning only when they add to the intrinsic value or reality of an impression or idea." In short, although we must always assume that every value is ultimately intelligible, it is not so for our minds; for the very tools with which we appraise, the logical connections and the sufficient reasons, are themselves valuations. So we fall into a psychological circle which only a "Beatific Vision" can break, "a higher experience in which both contemplation and thought are transcended." That vision must always be the goal of metaphysics. Be Professor Urban's demonstrations what he will—and here we shall not undertake to inspect them—we fear the economist, moralist, and art critic will not feel enriched. For instead of illuminating the criteria by which men estimate market prices, sunset glow, or cowardice, the genetic psychologist simply reads off the symptoms of that state of mind in which such estimates are made, and then springs to their metaphysical implications. If his procedure is worth all its pain, at least its profits do not accrue thus far to others than psychologists.

Science.

Our Insect Friends and Enemies. By John B. Smith. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.

Dr. Smith is so well known in the world of scientific and practical entomology that his last book is sure to meet a cordial welcome. It is not only his last work, but one may confidently say that it is his best work. It retains the features of thoroughness and accuracy that mark his former publications, and give them such technical scientific and economical value. But the plan upon which the contents have been conceived and are arranged is such as to commend the work to the general reading public, as well as to those particularly interested in the natural life-history of insects, and their economical relations to mankind. The scheme of the book may be outlined briefly as follows: The relations of insects (1) to the animal kingdom; (2) to plants as benefactors; (3) to plants as destroyers; (4) to one another; (5) to the animals that feed on them; (6) to weather and diseases that affect them; (7) to other animals; (8) to man, as benefactors; (9) to man, as carriers of disease; (10) to the household; (11) to the farmer and fruit grower; with, finally, (12) a chapter on the "War on Insects." The last theme is of high practical interest and value to those whose unhappy experience compels them to defend their orchards, vineyards, gardens, and grounds from the hordes of insect enemies. A considerable part of Dr. Smith's facts have been personally observed in the course of his long career as an entomologist, and all are based upon the observations or records of scientific investigators. Almost necessarily there is some overlapping of the various sections. But this point has been well guarded, and one is not conscious of repetitions or mere padding.

One often comes across statements that cause hesitation, and start one to thinking, and even to questioning. For instance, what a field of reflection opens before this remark:

Some species of insects do such incredibly stupid things occasionally, that it would be a libel on instinct to charge it with such actions. And often *specimens of the same species* will do things so differently that individuality and ratiocination must be accepted as accounting for the difference. To be sure, it is not a very high grade of intelligence that is manifested, using our own attainments as a standard; but it is such a grade as brings out the difference between individuals and species, and enables one to do well what the other fails in, habitually.

That there is a wide difference between insect orders, genera, and even species in the seeming intelligence with

which the various conditions of their life are met, will not be questioned by entomologists. But that like differences obtain between the *individuals of the same species*, as thus asserted by Dr. Smith, as in the case of man and higher animals, is something that gives one pause. Again, it doubtless goes against the widely popular opinion of the relations of birds to insects to read (p. 135) that, as against the common insect pests of the farm, the field, the orchard, and the garden, neither birds nor other vertebrate animals are of the least practical benefit, and that the farmer and fruit grower would be no worse off if every insectivorous bird and other animal were killed. Yet our author, nevertheless, is careful to encourage the belief that these vertebrates do constitute a useful and important check to many injurious insects that otherwise would be more abundant than they are. That theory, at least, breaks the arm of our dependence upon natural protectors against insect pests, and throws us more completely upon artificial defences, which is doubtless the safer way.

The injuries inflicted by insects upon man are fully exhibited in Dr. Smith's book, and everywhere he has an eye to the remedies therefor, as one would expect from his position as an economical entomologist. But he does the little creatures justice in showing their immense benefits to our race in fertilizing flowers, fruits, shrubs, and trees, many of which without such agency would not reproduce their kind; in disposing of waste and decaying matter, as universal scavengers; and in shifting the soil of the earth, and adding to its richness by reducing dead wood to powder and giving it back to the soil in available shape for use. It perhaps strikes the ordinary reader as unreasonable to believe that such little creatures should produce such great results. But if one considers that the number of known species of insects is over 200,000, and that there are probably as many more yet undescribed; and that most of these species continually produce countless hordes of individuals, their power for good or for evil will seem far from insignificant.

The publisher's work merits commendation. There are 121 cuts, most of which have several figures, making several hundred in all. A good many of these will be recognized by those who are familiar with Dr. Smith's "Economic Entomology," and with the publications of the Agricultural Department. But they are all good and appropriate.

"Sahara Soudanais" is the title of the second volume of the "Missions au Sahara," just published by Librairie Armand Colin. It treats of the region between the Niger and Lake Tchad, the life of the people and its relation to their physical conditions, the climate, plants, and animals and their dispersion, and the Saharaian commerce and its future. The observations show that, contrary to the general belief that the desert is extending into the Sudan, the great development of the vegetation on the fossil dunes is bringing into fertility regions recently absolutely desert.

D. Appleton & Co. announce for publication in the near future, "Aerial Navigation," by A. F. Zahm; "Periodic Law," by A. E. Garrett; "A History of Birds," by H. O. Forbes; "The Modern Science of Language," by H. C. Wyld; "Psychology and the Teachers," by Hugo Münsterberg; "Bird Hunting Through Wild Europe," by R. B. Lodge.

Germany has a new Academy of Sciences, the first one not founded by a government, but by private munificence. It has its headquarters in Heidelberg, and its establishment was made possible by a bequest of one million marks from Heinrich Lanz, the late manufacturer of Mannheim. The academy will consist of two classes, one devoted to research in the department of mathematics and natural sciences, and the other to philosophy and history.

A unique and very imperfectly explored corner of our country is described by Mr. W. C. Mendenhall, of the Geological Survey, in the *National Geographic Magazine* for August. It is the Colorado Desert in Southern California, and his graphic account, together with the remarkable photographic illustrations, give one a vivid impression of what was originally one of the most desolate spots on the globe, a veritable furnace in midsummer, but now destined through the agency of man to become an agricultural region in which products incapable of production elsewhere in the United States can be successfully grown. Among its peculiar features are mud volcanoes and gorges 200 feet deep and yet scarcely wide enough at the bottom for a man to pass. Mr. H. M. Smith, deputy commissioner of fisheries, contributes an instructive article on the sea herring—the world's most valuable fish—in which he gives the methods of fishing and the amount of the annual catch in the various countries, the industries it supports, and the part it has played in history. "Its spawning and feeding grounds have determined the location of cities," and it was a prime factor in the overthrow of Charles I, while the famous "Battle of the Herrings," fought at Orleans, immediately preceded the raising of the siege, her first chosen task, by Joan of Arc. The annual product is about two and a half billion pounds, valued at $60,000,000.

"Life's Day, Guide-Posts and Danger-Signals in Health" (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) is the outcome of a course of lectures delivered by Dr. W. S. Bainbridge at Chautauqua. He seeks to give general advice on the conduct of life according to periods designated as "Dawn," "Morning," "Midday," and "Twilight," some of which are rather vague in their limits. "Dawn" is perhaps the best chapter in the book, and treats of infancy rather than the strictly auroral or prenatal period of existence, which is partially and rather superficially provided for in an introductory section on heredity and environment. The advice is generally good and the book ought to help many of the class for which it was written.

From Vienna the death is announced, in his fifty-second year, of Alfons Edler von Rosthorn, professor of gynæcology in the university of that place. He wrote many treatises and articles on his specialty.

From Copenhagen comes the report of the death of Emile Christian Hansen, the botanist, in his sixty-seventh year. He had worked particularly in the field of fermentations, and one of his publications was on the "Morphology of Alcoholic Ferments."

Drama and Music.

To Mr. John S. Farmer, the general editor, and to T. C. & E. C. Jack, the publishers, we are indebted to two new issues of the superb Tudor Facsimile Texts, bringing the total number of volumes now in the hands of subscribers up to forty-nine. Of the new issues one, of four volumes, completes the Enterludes of John Heywood, giving us "A Play of Love" from the impression of 1533-4; "John John the Husband, Tyb his Wife, and Sir John the Priest," from the 1533 edition; "The Play of the Weather," 1533; and "The Pardoner and the Frere, the curate and neybour Pratte," 1533. All these are photographed from the originals in the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, and in the first of them is reproduced the portrait of Pepys pasted in the book no doubt by the genial owner himself. The other issue is of three volumes diverse in character. One gives "The Story of King Darius," from a copy of Colwell's edition of 1565, at Magdalene College. Another edition of this play, Hugh Jackson's of 1577, has already been reproduced in this series. The second volume contains "The World and the Child, otherwise Mundus & Infans," from a copy at Trinity College, Dublin, of Wynkyn de Worde's edition of 1522, the play itself probably dating from 1500-6. This is the first time it has been reproduced in facsimile, and indeed properly reproduced at all, for neither Hazlitt's nor the present editor's earlier reprint was accurate. The third volume contains "A Contract of Marriage between Wit and Wisdom," from the manuscript copy dating about 1579. The original is in the British Museum, and has never before been printed. As usual, all these reproductions have been collated with the originals, and assurance is given that in very few minute points is anything lost in the process, whereas in many points the photograph is actually the clearer of the two. As we have remarked before, the value of this series is enormously increased by its continuance. A single volume would be merely a curiosity; but as a considerable part of these early plays is brought out, opportunity is given to scholars all over the world to study the beginnings of the drama with the same certainty, so far as the series carries them, and with more convenience than in the great libraries of England.

Briefwechsel zwischen Franz Liszt und Carl Alexander Grossherzog von Sachsen. Herausgegeben von La Mara. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.

In 1841, Liszt appeared for the first

time at Weimar; he was thirty years old and aroused unbounded enthusiasm by his playing, both in public and at court. The following year, he was invited to participate in some aristocratic marriage festivities in the same town, and, on this occasion, tho leaves were turned for him by no less exalted a personage than the Grandduchess Maria Paulowna, sister of the Czar Nicholas I, and mother of Augusta, who subsequently became the Empress of Germany. It was nothing new for the petted pianist to be thus adored and honored, but this time the homage assumed the form of a request, the consequences of which affected the history of music seriously. Liszt was asked to accept the title of Grandducal Kappellmeister and to devote three months of his time every year to musical activity at Weimar; and he consented. Thus it came about that this city became for the musical world what it had been for the literary world in the days of Goethe, thanks partly to Liszt, partly to Carl Alexander, who became Grand Duke in 1853, and whose great ambition was to make Weimar once more the centre of German intellectual life. His ideals were liberal and progressive, and he loved to gather about him men like Häckel, Kuno Fischer, Georg Ebers, Hermann Grimm, Bodenstedt, Gustav Freytag, with foreigners of the same rank, beside all the great musicians of the time, who were attracted by Liszt.

Carl Alexander soon discovered that the greatness of Liszt as a musician was owing largely to his magnetic personality and to an intellect which had keen insight into many other things than his chosen art. He begged Liszt to correspond with him when away from Weimar: "Compensate by your letters for the privation your absence inflicts on me"; and when Liszt complies, he writes: "I cannot tell you how delighted I am to find you in your letters the same man I have learned to know and to love in conversation." Thus began a correspondence which lasted from 1845 to 1886, resulting in 203 letters, most of which are given to the world for the first time in this volume. They are printed as written, in French, but the footnotes and the introduction, by the indefatigable La Mara (Marie Lipsius), are in German.

In the earliest of these letters, we catch glimpses of Liszt on his triumphal tours. In the first of them, dated at Cadiz, he dwells on the difficulties encountered in a country which, up to that time, no pianist of high rank had ventured to visit. Already, however, he is beginning to think of other spheres of activity than the keyboard. In 1846, he refers to the rumors that he was to succeed Donizetti as conductor of the Imperial Opera in Vienna, and protests against the version that he had applied for that position: "All Vienna knows perfectly well that I do not apply for anything that could look like a position, but that quite naturally and simply Liszt must be a candidate spoken of in Austria provided that he has shown for such a post more ability and talent than others." In the same letter, he declares that thenceforth touring as a pianist is to be a subordinate part of his career: "Above all other things, my aim at present is to *conquer the theatre for my ideals*, just as I have during these last six years conquered with my personality as an artist." Weimar soon offered opportunities for this conquest of the theatre; under his direction, the opera in that city became a sort of preliminary Bayreuth; and more than Bayreuth from one point of view, for the operas of other struggling composers besides Wagner were there presented for the first time. Indeed, in 1859, he declared that as Wagner's operas had now taken their place in the regular repertory of the theatres they no longer needed his aid.

He had enemies who spoke sneeringly of the new works he was constantly staging as "experiments." The public did not always come to his rescue, notably in the case of Cornelius's "Barber of Bagdad," which was a complete failure. This fiasco, combined with the insufficiency of the means placed at his disposal in some cases, and the impediments to his marriage with the Princess Wittgenstein, induced him to give up his position at Weimar, without, however, causing a break in his friendship with Carl Alexander. Nine years later, when Liszt again lived at Weimar, the Grand Duke sent him one day a note beginning:

> To the devil with women, especially those that are beautiful in your eyes and amiable. They take you away from me.

In several of these letters Liszt talks freely about the heart wounds caused by the delay in the divorce proceedings of the Princess Wittgenstein, and the various difficulties placed in the way of his marriage to her after her husband's death. He finally accepted the inevitable and went to Rome in order to reform church music. But the Romans preferred their music as it was, and Liszt continued, as he had done all his life, to compose chiefly for his own satisfaction. Regarding his critics he writes to the Grand Duke:

> The unfavorable comments on my compositions would give me encouragement in case I needed any, for one does not, even in case of partisanship, attack unimportant works with such acrimonious violence.

Unfortunately, he does not often accede to his correspondent's request "parlez moi de vos traveaux." A quarter of a century after the Grand Duke had made this request he had to write: "I resign myself to seeing you always occupied more with others than with yourself, your character being made that way." Liszt has a good deal to say about Wagner and about his projects for the "Fondation-Goethe à Weimar," which was to assist unknown artists, as also about Saint-Saëns, and other composers. Of Rubinstein he gives this vivid sketch (1869):

> He needs at least two years of concert tours to amass a capital of two or three hundred thousand francs, which he deems requisite for his artistic independence. His successes as pianist no longer have any importance for him except in so far as they increase his receipts; apart from that he would snap his fingers at them, for his master passion is elsewhere. It is the ambition, ardent, obstinate, proud, almost exclusive, of attaining the rank of a great composer. He has the gifts for it, the *allure*, the means, the temperament, but perhaps also a little too much conscious purpose and haste. His fiery temperament urges him on to excessive productivity; he suffers from the incontinence of his musical genius, which would fain encompass Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn, even adding Beethoven, plus Rubinstein himself.

"Music, Its Laws and Evolution," by Jules Combarieu, is listed for publication by D. Appleton & Co.

"Old Irish Folk-Music and Songs" is the title of a collection of 842 Irish airs and songs not printed heretofore. They are edited, with annotations, for the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland by W. P. Joyce, and published by Longmans, Green & Co.

Dr. Hugo Riemann, the leading musical historian and theorist of our time—in fact, of all time—celebrated his sixtieth birthday on July 18. To musicians in general he is best known as the author of the admirable "Musik-Lexicon," of which seven editions have already appeared, and which is unique among encyclopædias, inasmuch as every article in its 1,500 pages bears the stamp of his individual judgment, style, and original research. Dr. Riemann is the reverse of a compiler; he accepts nothing on faith, but labors indefatigably to trace facts to their sources; and these sources, especially in the history of mediæval music, are often very obscure, requiring rare detective ingenuity to discover them. With the industrious habits of a German professor he unites the lucid, incisive style of a brilliant man of letters. He has thrown new light on every branch of musical theory (of which he has also written a history); has composed a considerable amount of chamber music, songs, and piano pieces; has written unsurpassed treatises on harmony, fugue, and counterpoint; has devised a system of phrasing which has aided thousands in their efforts to interpret music eloquently as well as correctly; has coined as a correlative of "dynamic," the useful new word, "agogic," relating to those slight modifications of pace which are usually stupidly called tempo rubato; in short, there is hardly an aspect of music which has not been touched and illuminated by his authority. On the younger generation of musicians he has exerted an incalculable, salutary influence, partly through his gift of elucidating obscure problems, partly

by his liberal, unbiassed views, as set forth particularly in his history of music since Beethoven, in which the composers are viewed in a new perspective, and for the first time deserved prominence is given to Schubert, Chopin, Wagner, and Liszt.

The death is reported, in his sixty-third year, of Sigismund Noskowski, director of the Music School of Warsaw. He was the inventor of a system of notation for the blind.

Art.

Greek Buildings Represented by Fragments in the British Museum. By W. R. Lethaby. London: B. T. Batsford; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.20 net.

From this title the reader is led to expect either a full account of the Greek buildings of which the British Museum owns fragments, with a clear exposition of our present knowledge, or a series of articles setting forth original theories and fresh information regarding these monuments. A book of the first kind might have been an invaluable companion to the classical student in London; one of the latter would have deserved the attention of all archæologists as a discussion of questions, the importance of which makes every new contribution of value. Mr. Lethaby's book satisfies neither of these expectations. In fact, it is difficult to see why the book was written, or rather published, at least in this form. There is no full treatment of any one of the buildings discussed. The information is presented more or less at random without any definite plan of selection. In some cases the author starts systematically, giving the date, plan, and construction of the building; in others he neglects to give any introductory notice whatever, beginning immedlately on the discussion of some special point. Well-known facts are advanced, as if for the first time; references to other publications are not frequent, and there is a general preference for out-of-date books. Together with this old material, some new theories are set forth, but these are not properly digested and little attempt is made to prove them in a scientific manner. The whole volume makes the impression of being in the form of rough notes on points that happen to have interested the writer, intended to be worked out properly later. If Mr. Lethaby had separated his original suggestions—such as his theories about Cecrops in the Western pediment of the Parthenon, the column of the chryselephantine Athena of Pheidias, the temple of Rhamnus, the plan of the Mausoleum—from the rest of his material, had worked them out carefully and published them in the form of an article in an archæological or architectural journal, his contribution to archæology might have been of more value.

As is natural in a book of this sort, misstatements are frequent, and the serious student must be warned against them. The following are only a few. On page 155 Mr. Lethaby says: "This kind of doorway [with a sunk band for a bronze-covered frame] may be taken as a general rule to show that a building is earlier than the Erechtheum," forgetting, apparently for the moment, that the Erechtheum itself had one of these very doors on the east side! On p. 164 the statement occurs that "we know from the building inscription that the east door [of the Erechtheum] had consoles." As a matter of fact, the building inscription gives us no such information. It merely says that a half-worked console, destined for the east wall, was on the ground near by. Now, since the windows on the east side had four applied consoles, the console mentioned may well have been one of these (see G. P. Stevens's article in the *American Journal of Archæology*, 1906). Special attention must be drawn to a curious slip on p. 202. Figure 210 on that page shows the well-known porphyry shaft, probably a portion of a lamp decorated with a leaf pattern which was found by Dr. Arthur Evans at Knossos, and is now in the Candia Museum, Crete. The British Museum owns a cast of this shaft; it used there to be placed, with other Cretan reproductions, in the Early Vase Room in a case containing Mycenæan finds from Enkomi, Cyprus. Mr. Lethaby, evidently little familiar with the Cretan material, has taken it for granted that this shaft also came from Cyprus, and publishes it as such here. These reproductions have now been placed with other Cretan material, so that such mistakes will be impossible in the future. Characteristic of Mr. Lethaby's method of disposing of archæological problems is his remark a little further down (p. 203) on the fresco of a shrine from Knossos, where he summarily refers to the famous "sacred horns" found in such numbers in Crete as "altars."

"Notes on the Science of Picture Making," by C. J. Holmes, and "Fresco Painting, Its Art and Technique, with Reference to the Buono and Spirit Fresco Methods," by James Ward, are among the publications to be issued by D. Appleton & Co.

The Liverpool committee for research in Wales and the Marches (founded 1907) have issued their first annual report. Though eager to put the spade in the ground, they are persuaded that discretion is the better part of valor, and their work for 1908 has been limited to the conduct of a preliminary survey of a few districts, which have not yet been explored by any local society, and to tentative excavations on sites which seem likely to deserve more thorough examination in the future. Professor Haverfield and Professor Bosanquet have devoted such time as they could spare to investigating the smaller Roman forts, of which twenty or more are known in Wales and the Marches. Mr. George Clinch has examined the region round Cader Idris bounded by the rivers Maroddach and Dovey, and Mr. Hugh S. Kingsford has done some good surface work along the coast of Carnarvonshire and in Anglesey. The two last have furnished illustrated descriptions of their work. Such excavation as has been carried on has been mainly confined to the graveyard at Caerleon, Monmouth, and has been supervised by Mr. Evelyn G. White and the Monmouthshire and Caerleon Antiquarian Association.

In that eternal struggle between the inner vision and the external fact which is the life of the artist there are many failures, who interest nobody. There are, also, three classes of men who succeed, partially or wholly. They are the men of little or no imagination, men of eye and hand, of whom the consummate type is Frans Hals; men of that type to which Laurence Housman has recently confessed that he belongs—artists who are put out by nature and can body forth their vision only by neglect of everything else—of whom Blake is the highest example; and the great masters, whose imagination is true enough and strong enough to be helped rather than hurt by the contact with nature, and who are able definitely to realize their ideal. It is the artist of the second class that is apt to be the favorite of the literary critic, and is labelled specifically "an imaginative artist" because he is so evidently nothing else. One of the weaker brothers of this sort was Simeon Solomon, a Burne-Jones without the pictorial ability, to whom Mrs. Julia Ellsworth Ford devotes a monograph published by Frederic Fairchild Sherman. The illustrations are, for the most part, reproductions of crayon drawings of heads, single or in groups, and there is nothing of that earlier work which we are assured was the artist's best. What we get is mildly interesting but feeble, possessing a certain intensity of expression, but nothing more.

Finance.

A FALL IN STOCK EXCHANGE PRICES.

A sudden break on the Stock Exchange, running so far, in the more active stocks, as 6½ points in shares of the Reading Railway, 7 in New York Central, 9 in Southern Pacific, and 13 in Union Pacific—all this within little more than a week—sets the wits of the financial community at work. It is characteristic of the Wall Street wing of that community that it should ignore the obvious explanation. Not to mention other speculative stocks, Reading had previously advanced 48 points from last spring's price, New York Central 27, Southern Pacific 24, and Union Pacific 46. This was a reasonably rapid enhancement of values, even with an improving industrial situation to "discount." When, furthermore, conservative observers had been warning the public that prices had risen unreason-

ably high, that they were kept up by borrowed money which must largely be surrendered in the autumn, that numerous predictions on which the rise was based had not been fulfilled, and that even a most brilliant future had been "overdiscounted," a fall in prices such as has been described was scarcely illogical. Perhaps, after all, the factor of "Harriman's health," which Wall Street prefers to assign as the single cause, did not play the part that Wall Street imagines.

The market's action suggests some other considerations. It may be safely said that very rarely has a sudden fall in values created so much uneasiness in Wall Street, and so little anywhere else. There are occasions when merchants and manufacturers shake their heads apprehensively when they see the row of large figures with the minus signs in the stock table of their evening paper; but no one encountered that sort of doubt and mistrust on this occasion. Nor, on the other hand, were the 10 and 12-point declines in active speculative stocks greeted by the wail of distress, from Wall Street's "outside public," which followed the similar declines of May, 1901, and December, 1904. Demands for summary vengeance on the evil men who had lured the virtuous outsider into speculations which went wrong, and grave moralizing on the abuses of Wall Street itself, made up much of the conversation, and much of the newspaper editorials, of the week or so following those episodes. No one heard them during the recent break in prices.

The natural inference would be, that the "outside public" was not caught on this occasion, and the inference happens to square with certain indications visible during the progress of the speculation itself. There can be no great doubt that the authors and managers of the extravagant "boom" in prices, this past summer, reckoned with confidence on a runaway market under the outside public's auspices, when the tariff bill should become a law. It is an old story now, to what extent all predictions of the future, earlier in the year, were based on and timed to that event. Shall we be prosperous? We certainly shall—as soon as the tariff bill is passed. Will stocks go up? There will be a memorable advance—when Congress is through with the debate. It is not in the least improbable that the authors of these curious prophecies, beginning with an effort to convince the general public, ended by convincing themselves. And it must be said that even logic and psychology went to confirm the inference that a financial public which went crazy over the election of last November ought to have been inspired to equal madness by the fulfilling of the condition precedent set by Wall Street authorities on the present occasion.

But the public is a curious being. Its action last November took High Finance completely by surprise. High Finance thereupon revised its expectations for the next occasion of the sort; but the fickle public contributed another surprise by doing exactly the opposite of what it did last autumn. This behavior, which was freely commented on when the tariff debate had ended, perhaps explains why, four or five weeks after the tariff bill's enactment, outsiders have been watching the heavy break in stocks as calmly as they might watch a melodrama, while the signs of discomfort and uneasiness appear in the Wall Street quarters which by the programme were to have been by this time in so very different a position.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Playgrounds. Edited by E. B. Mero. Second edition. Boston: The Dale Assn. $2.

Baldwin, C. S. Writing and Speaking. Longmans. $1.20.

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Blancard, T. Les Mavoryéni: Histoire D'Orient. (de 1700 à nos jours) 2 vols. Paris: Ernest Leroux.

Bowen, M. The Leopard and the Lily. Doubleday, Page.

Bronson, W. C. English Poems: Elizabethan Age and Puritan Period. University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

Caine, H. The White Prophet. Appleton. $1.50.

Clark, I. We Four and Two More. Crowell. $1.25.

Collodi, C. Pinocchio: the Adventures of a Little Wooden Boy. Translated by J. Walker. Crowell. $1.

Cory, C. B. The Birds of Illinois and Wisconsin. Zoölogical Series. Vol. IX. Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.

Dickinson, H. N. Sir Guy and Lady Rannard: Duffield. $1.50.

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Francis, A. Americans: An Impression. Appleton.

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Hill, H. A Traitor's Wooing. J. E. Kearney. $1.50.

Hunting, H. G. The Silver Canoe. Chicago: McClurg & Co. $1.25.

Jefferson, C. E. Christmas Builders. Crowell. 50 cents net.

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The Week.

We are glad to know that the personal-baggage law is now so rigidly enforced that decent American citizens of both sexes are being treated on our docks as if they were pickpockets, thieves, and smugglers. This is what the law calls for and Collector Loeb is to be thanked, not abused, for so enforcing it. Every American is a suspect in the eyes of his government on his return from abroad, without regard to color, creed, or previous condition of servitude. Privacy no one need ask; respect for modesty or decency is particularly forbidden by the law. Inspectors have the right to open one's pocketbook, feel the contents of a hip pocket, and kick the lining of a woman's skirt. There is no disrobing performance which they cannot order, if they see fit; it is only kindness on their part that they permit ladies to be examined in seclusion. This is America in 1909; some few years after civilization was supposed to have been established in this country. We hope sincerely that Collector Loeb's authorized ruffians will invent still other means of annoying travellers. The latter had their chance during the "revision downward," but the personal-baggage abomination remained unchanged. Nothing will satisfy us, except such rigorous humiliation of every American criminal enough to spend money abroad as to make him swear vengeance on the political party responsible for so great an outrage.

With a postal deficit of $20,000,000 for the last fiscal year, it is not strange that Postmaster-General Hitchcock is canvassing the possibilities of economy in his department. For the previous year, the deficit was $16,000,000, but that was explained as partly the result of the panic of 1907. Postal revenues fell off with all other. But that excuse no longer avails. Indeed, it was pretty flimsy all the time, since the real reason why our postal service comes so far from being self-supporting is perfectly well-known. It is the extension of the rural free-delivery service. Every year Congress votes for the establishment of new routes, scarcely one of which comes near paying for itself, and the total effect of which is a steady drain of millions upon the Treasury. Yet let the Postmaster-General say a word against this, or attempt to check the rural free-delivery expansion, and he will see what will happen to him! It is one of those political luxuries which cannot be cut off even in hard times. The country has set its expenditure on a lavish scale, and finds retrenchment hateful.

A Washington correspondent has discovered another conspiracy by "the money-power." He declares that Treasury officials are carefully inquiring whether "certain moneyed interests" are not in a plot to make the government pay higher interest on future issues of bonds. After having boasted of our ability to float a 2 per cent. bond at par, and duly pointing out that this made American credit "absolutely the best in the world," etc., it is, indeed, something of a come-down to find that our government-guaranteed 4 per cent. Philippine bonds are selling at only 102, while the Secretary of the Treasury has had to be empowered to pay as much as 3 per cent. on loans on certificates or on the new Panama bonds, if any are offered. But this excited correspondent has simply discovered, not a crime, but a fact, and a fact long known to everybody but those who live in a world of imagination. The 2 per cent. rate was purely artificial. It was wholly a matter of forcing, or inducing, banks to take bonds at that figure, as a basis for circulation, or as a security on the strength of which to obtain government deposits. But the Treasury is now withdrawing funds from banks, rather than depositing them. There is a glut of government bonds, and their price inevitably falls. With the indirect premiums that went with the 2 per cent. bonds no longer possible, we are waking up to the actual measure of our public credit. It is not a conspiracy which the Washington correspondent has discovered: merely a mare's nest.

The strike at McKee's Rocks, which only the other day seemed lost to the employees, in spite of the rallying of an active public sentiment to their side, appears now to be more than half won, largely through the operation of the same force of public sympathy. Enough has been made known concerning conditions in the Pressed Steel Car Company's plant to preclude any real defence by the officers of the company against the charge that, leaving aside the nominal wage scale, they have been guilty of gross unfairness towards their men. The company is reputed to have placed its case in the hands of a committee of citizens for mediation. It concedes every demand of the strikers except an increase in wages, which it submits its books to show it cannot grant at the present time. Since the abolition of the pooling system, which the company now concedes, was one of the principal causes of the strike, it should not be difficult for a settlement to be arranged on the basis of a future increase in wages if industrial conditions should warrant it. The case of the strikers has been helped by their success in winning over the men imported to take their places. In all disputes between employers and their men nowadays the right of the outside workman to take employment where he can find it becomes immediately involved. But the strike-breaker's right to work is seriously modified when his labor, as has been shown to be the case at McKee's Rocks, has been obtained by misrepresentation and not infrequently retained by force.

The latest Gompers resolution to be ignored by the International Trades Unions Congress at Paris reads like excellent nonsense. The man who was unable to deliver the labor vote last November proposed that labor organizations the world over should exert themselves to prevent the emigration of workingmen to countries suffering from industrial depression. The resolution squares beautifully with the exodus from this country which set in after the October panic of two years ago. Workingmen are so notoriously attracted by the prevalence of unemployment and the prospect of starvation that only an international movement can keep this country from being swamped by unmi-

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grants just when our factories are shutting down. What Mr. Gompers meant was that his foreign comrades in the international labor movement should pledge themselves to keep away from the United States until American workingmen had attained a degree of comfort and contentment where they were willing to let the alien have a look-in. Thus Mr. Gompers shares visibly in the beautiful spirit of unselfishness that animates our tariff-hoisters. When we have had all that we think we need and can stand, you may come in and see what you can pick up for yourself. This sentiment, to the protection high-priests, is quite compatible with the fact that America spells equal opportunity. This sentiment, to the labor unions, seems quite compatible with workingman internationalism and the brotherhood of man.

Is the American farmer over-educated for his calling? The new zeal for technical instruction goes too far when it raises a sneering voice against the "little red school-house" which teaches the American country lad how to become President, but not how to cultivate his father's acres as they should be. Only, those people who would reorganize our elementary school system so as to substitute soil-chemistry and dairying for geography and spelling, have still to show that the average farmer lad suffers from over-proficiency in the latter branches. If our schools were wholly engaged in training American Presidents, the change might seem to be called for. But it used to be supposed that the training of American citizens is a legitimate function of our public schools, and those acquainted with the ordinary standard of the rural elementary school will hesitate to believe that they teach more than the responsibilities of American citizenship call for. The average of culture is not so high in our country districts that we can afford voluntarily to reduce it—this aside from the common truth that a general education pays for itself by increased practical efficiency in any occupation. American agriculture, it is quite true, is in need of being placed on a higher scientific basis. But such higher knowledge must radiate from our agricultural colleges, our experiment stations, and our various government enterprises. Transforming the little red school-house into a farmers' institute for boys, would be to make the agriculturist's last condition worse than his first.

It is significant of our national tendency towards what is "practical" and "business," that an editor and publisher of an aeroplane magazine complains that America has been distanced by France and Germany and even England in the commercial use made of the recent flying machine inventions. "France has seen," he says, "that flying in the air will be quickly taken up as a sport. She has gone ahead (as she did with the automobile), to draw the attention of the world to the country as the centre of the sport of flying in the air and as a maker of flying machines." Eight or ten French firms, it is sadly pointed out, have already established factories for turning out these craft. They "are making more than twenty times as many as we are." And, alas, Germany is producing dirigibles with great speed, and even poor old England is trying to get going. The poor man fears that Americans will be compelled to buy their air machines in Europe, just as they did, at first, their automobiles. While the French are hailing the machine with joy as a new and inspiring addition to civilization, we have an American complaining that we may not reap sufficient material advantages therefrom. But, cheer up, it is not really so bad. There are already several factories in America manufacturing aeroplanes, with others in preparation here and in Canada. If French enthusiasm for general civilization has, as one of the results, a commercial advantage, that is something for our more "practical" genius to consider.

The recent aerial tournament at Rheims emphasized something more than the solution of certain problems in acronautics. It brought out sharply the change that has come into the very process of the inventor's art. We are pretty far now from the classic picture of the unappreciated genius toiling for a life-time over his machine until he broke his heart, or, successful, flung his invention into the face of an astonished world. There is very little secrecy now in the business of scientific discovery, because there is so much more co-operation. The modern genius for publicity directs ten thousand hearts and minds all over the world to the working out of a single problem. Coöperation, to some extent, of course, even the earlier inventors knew. Fulton's title is not an undisputed one. Neither is Morse's, nor Bell's. The history of invention and discovery is replete with men who have hit upon the same idea or borrowed from each other and gone their own way. But there is a vast difference between such accidental connection and the systematic way in which the modern army of discovery is organized. Let the basic idea be brought forward, the problem put, and, if there be anything in the idea to seize the popular imagination, the attack begins. Compared with the painful struggles of the early inventors, it is like the march of the Japanese army upon Mukden, compared with an Indian raid. Learned societies and individual students develop the theory of the problem. Rich men finance experiments and offer prizes for this or that partial success. Governments grow benevolent, and in the last extreme, nations go mad with enthusiasm and make the task their own, as Germany has done with Zeppelin.

The sale, for two million dollars and a half, of a portion of the Maurice Kann collection of paintings, which has formed one of the most valuable private galleries in Paris, to the art dealers Duveen Brothers, who have a branch house in New York, probably means that some, perhaps all, of these important works of art will come to America. The collection includes four Rembrandts, three portraits by Franz Hals, two works by Van Ruysdael, one by Cuyp, one by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and eight panels painted for Mme. Pompadour, by Boucher. It is thought that rich Americans are interested in this sale, as in the sale two years ago for five million dollars of the Rodolphe Kann collection; and that, perhaps, the reason why the sale did not take place earlier is connected with the removal of our tariff from old works of art. Now, these beautiful paintings may come to this country without duties. If it is true that they are to come here, it is a piece of rare good fortune, for the day when fine old pictures, especially collections of fine old pictures, can be obtained at any price, is well-nigh past. Italy, that great source of old art treasures, has put an end, by govern-

mental act, to the prodigality with which it formerly allowed its priceless works of art to be distributed, sometimes for a song, all over Europe. And throughout civilization these objects, the educational value of which has never been so widely and keenly realized, have now largely been collected in galleries and museums. Old Europe ought not to envy young America its opportunity to secure one of the most important means by which the best of Europe's culture may be sympathetically understood in the New World.

After a shock like the capture of the British golf championship by a Frenchman, or the defeat of Leander by a Belgian crew, English opinion is likely to recover complacency by the thought that such events are, after all, isolated performances which count very little in the comparison of the general athletic average among the nations. When all is said, the fact stands that the average Englishman is a devotee of sport, while the average Frenchman or German is not. Athletics on the Continent is the fad of the rich. The important thing that is apt to be overlooked by the open-air Englishman in pitting himself against the puny or flabby foreigner, is that the foreigner, in his two or three years of compulsory military training, really passes through a course of physical culture which shows up very favorably against the beneficent effects of English sport.

The Riff coast continues to absorb new levies of Spanish troops. According to a dispatch, Madrid has just ordered the embarkation of a picked division of 11,000 men for Africa. Spain has her hand in the hornet's nest and cannot let go. If her troops meet with reverses, reinforcements are imperative to save the army and the national honor. If her troops make an advance, reinforcements are needed to hold the new positions and guard the increased line of communications. Such is the nature of North African fighting, as France found out a short time ago under conditions more favorable than those that now confront the Spanish government. The Spanish taxpayer will soon feel the heavy cost of colonial adventure. An extraordinary appropriation by the Cortes is being considered and is perhaps inevitable. The Cabinet will have its doubts before it takes the risk of a new popular upheaval by calling for new taxes or a loan in the face of profound popular disapproval of the war. But though the Conservatives may have to make way for a Liberal Cabinet, the country is too deeply engaged in Africa for any party to bring the war to a halt. The Spanish nation will pay the penalty of foolish government in blood and treasure, but the government, in turn, will pay the penalty in an intensified public discontent and a sharp increase in the Republican and anti-clerical propaganda which will bode the monarchy no good.

A crisis has developed in Franco-German relations, and this country is in imminent danger of becoming an interested party. A Berlin professor asserts that grave mistakes have been made in the mounting of the Diplodocus Carnegii recently installed in the Museum of Natural History in Paris. German scholars love to shoot holes in the professional reputations of their colleagues across the Rhine. It was a German professor who brought out the truth about the tiara of Saitaphernes a few years ago. Now comes the charge that the Paris Diplodocus, in having his legs adjusted almost perpendicularly to his vertebral column, like those of an elephant, has been placed in a class intermediate between the mammals and the reptiles, whereas it is among the reptiles he belongs. Did Diplodocus use his legs to stand on? French experts reply with warmth that the attitude in which Diplodocus has been mounted was not necessarily his habitual one. "Does not the distinguished professor at Berlin sometimes fall into odd and unaccustomed attitudes?" Thus the war goes on. Inasmuch as Diplodocus was donated to the French by an American philanthropist, and mounted by an American palæontologist, it is hard to see how we can avoid taking sides with France.

At Seattle, last week, marked honors were paid to a delegation of Japanese business men, members of Parliament, educators, and journalists, whose mission is to promote friendly relations between this country and Japan. The confirmed believer in Dreadnoughts is inclined to sneer at such methods of fostering international peace. What are the visits of a handful of doddering college professors and clergymen as against the tempests of national sentiment that blow up whenever *he* gets busy? He will point out that a public demonstration such as yesterday's at Seattle may be preceded and followed by a sharp display of nasty racial temper. That, in a way, is a form of inconsistency with which the Pacific Coast has made us familiar. Yet the fact remains that missions of friendship and mutual instruction keep coming and going across the Pacific while jingo outbreaks pass away like a bad dream. When the temporary fury has cleared, the Pacific Coast perceives how utterly incompatible with its vast dreams of Asiatic development is the maintenance of a cat-and-dog policy towards Japan. Seattle, now in the midst of her exposition and of great expectations, recognizes this fact, and so does California whenever the demagogue and the wild-eyed journalist will let her alone.

A final adjustment between China and Japan with regard to Manchuria comes after protracted negotiation. The thing that stands out most clearly in the ten clauses of give and take is that none of the matters under dispute was of such a complicated nature that it could not have been disposed of in a few months, if the parties concerned so willed. For instance, four years after the treaty of Portsmouth ceded the Fushun mines to Japan, China consents that Japan shall work those mines—and if we are not mistaken, Japan has been working them—upon payment of just compensation to the owners. Such a conclusion might have been easily predicted. Equally obvious are the compromises dealing with railway construction in Manchuria, and Chinese authority in the disputed Chien-tao district. Evidently, neither party was in haste to conclude negotiations; China, by force of habit, we presume, and in the belief that delay always works in her behalf; Japan, because it is to the interest of an ambitious power in Manchuria always to have an unsettled quarrel or two under way with China. It holds open the door, and supplies the excuse, for an incursion into any little game of general international politics that may be going on at Peking. Even now for instance, Japan refuses to discuss the question of administration within her railway zones.

DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH POLE.

In an age of miracles, there have come within a week, with fairly stunning coincidence and unexpectedness, reports of the discovery of the North Pole, from Dr. Frederick A. Cook and Commander Peary. They have furnished an unparalleled scientific sensation which may continue for years to come. Few people were aware that Dr. Cook was in the Polar region, still fewer that he contemplated a dash toward the Pole. He now states that he reached the furthest North nearly three months before Peary set sail in 1908, or on April 21 of that year, while Peary arrived there on April 6, 1909. Thus, at last, the will-o'-the-wisp has been caught, which for centuries has lured men to destruction. An age which has beheld the successful employment of aeroplane, dirigible balloon, submarine, wireless telegraphy, and all the other marvels of the present epoch, now witnesses the final conquest of a fraction of the world which has challenged the imagination of men ever since it was finally established that this planet is round.

Dr. Cook tells us in his cablegram to the New York *Herald* that, with the aid of an Eskimo tribe of 250 people, he largely improvised his polar expedition, when only 700 miles from the North Pole. Pemmican and other supplies were furnished by the generosity of John R. Bradley from the yacht bearing his name. Dr. Cook set out, it appears, with eleven men, from Smith's Sound at sunrise of 1908; and crossing it marched over Ellesmere Land to Nansen Sound, following the latter until he reached the Polar Ocean at Land's Look, discovered in 1902. He was then well to the westward of Peary's usual tracks, and in good position to take advantage of the eastward drift of the ice. This portion of his journey consumed just a month, and thirty-four days later, after extraordinary hardships, with only two of the eleven companions with whom he set out, he arrived at the point of his desire, at the extraordinary average speed of nearly fifteen miles a day. The Duke of Abruzzi's wonderfully equipped party made, in 1900, 600 miles in ninety-five days. During the first stage, they covered only about five miles a day; on the return they accomplished ten. After two days' rest at the North Pole, Cook was able to turn back, he says, with enough food on his sledges to reach Nansen Sound, if he could average fifteen miles daily. He failed to do this, but, finding an underground cave on Cape Sparbo, he was able, with bow and arrow, lance, and knife, to kill musk-oxen, bears, and wolves enough, after his ammunition gave out, to survive the long winter of 1908-1909. He returned to his base this summer. No other explorer, we believe, has had similar good fortune in subsisting himself in the Arctic for so long a time. While his achievement, as thus far related, is not impossible, the scientific world maintains a proper attitude of skepticism until, by his observations, he shall be able to furnish satisfactory proof. Of this, Dr. Cook cannot complain; there is behind him no such record of service to science as supports Peary. But Peary should be able to help him make good his claim, if it is true.

The value of an established character was never more clearly shown than by the reception given to Commander Peary's cablegram announcing his having reached the Pole. A man of the highest professional standing in the navy, a dauntless searcher after knowledge of the unknown now no longer unknown, he has never failed to demonstrate to the satisfaction of the learned world that he went about his great task with scientific accuracy and truthfulness. No one has ever questioned a single statement of his in twenty-three years of persistent Arctic exploration. To him has been accorded every honor due one who is pioneer along arduous paths untried by man. He will everywhere be acclaimed without a suspicion of jealousy. Foreigners as well as Americans will, we are sure, rejoice unreservedly that such long and trying years of unrequited labor have at last been crowned with success. And we shall hear not at all of that "jealousy of savants" of which there has been so much idle talk in Cook's case.

This universal applause of Peary will not be dimmed even if it should appear that another reached the North Pole before him. The lustre of his achievement is not thereby tarnished. The man who went ahead could leave no trails behind to guide his successors any more than could Peary. The veteran had to overcome obstacles precisely as if he were the first to venture into the trackless wastes, and he conquered them because of years of careful study of Polar conditions, of patient effort, of iron-muscled endurance. Now that success has crowned his efforts, he will find as cordial a welcome from his countrymen as anybody could possibly expect. It will, we believe, be intensified by regret that the cablegrams announcing his discovery could not have reached the outer world a week earlier.

Henceforth, the Arctic explorer will give way to the scientist, who will be less desirous of making a record or a discovery than of adding to the world's scanty store of knowledge of things Polar. For while the scientist's spirit has always actuated Peary, of latter years everything has had to give way to the one great and honorable object of his life—the dash for the furthest North. We should now see more expeditions like Shackleton's, with its array of trained observers, experts in biology, geology, zoölogy, and meteorology, making their investigations in permanent stations, regularly relieved and covering an ever-increasing territory, until the whole of the Arctic shall have been mapped. Several governments united in such an undertaking at the time of the Greely and Ray expeditions from this country, and they might well do so again. But the future of Polar exploration will take care of itself; for the moment it is the present that concerns the world. That the honors belong to the United States is a cause for unfeigned national rejoicing. From the days of Kane onward, it has seemed, somehow, as if Yankee pluck and energy were entitled to this distinction. A nation of pioneers, home-makers for two centuries in the wilds of a continent, Americans were fitted by training and experience to continue these conquests of civilization. And Peary has typified in himself the best American tradition; simple, modest, unassuming, a gentleman and a scholar, he will wear his laurels with becoming grace, and will without hesitation share them freely and ungrudgingly as soon as Dr. Cook can produce his proofs.

CANADA AND OUR TARIFF.

Current dispatches from Montreal show that the Canadian press and Government are anxiously considering the effect of the new American tariff upon trade relations with the Dominion. The

question of what policy the Canadian authorities ought to pursue need not be decided immediately, since the retaliatory provisions of the Payne-Aldrich bill, if they are to be enforced against Canada at all, cannot come into play before March, 1910. Even so, the time is short. Canadians admit, too, that the issue has taken them somewhat by surprise. They did not follow our tariff debates with very great interest or close attention. The strong feeling of national self-sufficiency which the past decade has brought to the Dominion, along with the expansion of commerce and manufacture, had made our northern neighbors rather indifferent about American fiscal legislation. Canada, like Cavour's Italy, was to do it all by herself. The old desire for a reciprocity treaty with the United States had largely passed away. The Americans could do as they pleased. But now the question is suddenly thrust upon the Canadians whether they are to have with us, not trade arrangements, but a tariff war.

The *casus belli*, if there be one, has to do, of course, chiefly with the duties on paper, wood-pulp, and lumber. Subsidiary is the matter of Canada's preferential treatment of British imports, and her pending commercial treaty with France. These questions apart, Canada can find little to complain of in our new tariff. Indeed, on several of her leading exports to the United States, the Payne-Aldrich bill lowers the customs rates, so that Canadian exporters are, to that extent, favored. The cutting of the duty on coal from 67 to 45 cents a ton should tend to increase Canadian shipments to New England. Last year, the value of Canadian coal exported to this country was about $4,000,000. So, too, the placing of hides on the free list may stimulate their export from Canada, the value of that product sent to us in 1908 being some $1,300,000. It is thought, also, that the reduction of the tax on iron ore to 15 cents a ton may have the effect of developing iron-mining properties in Canada.

These mercies, however, cannot but seem minor to the Canadians, in view of the possibility that their wood-pulp and paper-manufacturing industries may be hard hit by the retaliatory clauses of the new American tariff, and that a sharp difference over these items may lead to the application to Canadian goods of the maximum duties all along the line. The difficulty will arise under Section 2 of our tariff, which defines the maximum and minimum tariff. The President is empowered to ascertain whether any foreign country lays a "prohibition upon the exportation of any article to the United States"; and this extends not simply to any government, dependency, or colony, but to any "political division thereof having authority to . . . impose restrictions or regulations upon the exportation of articles which are, or may be, imported into the United States." This strikes directly at the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, which prohibit the exportation of wood-pulp. In addition to the higher, or retaliatory, duties specifically laid down in the paper and wood-pulp clause of our new tariff, this prohibition, if unrepealed, might draw upon the offending provinces the levying of the maximum tariff upon all their exports to the United States. On the other hand, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, which do not forbid the exportation of wood-pulp, might be in a position to enter into highly favorable trade relations with this country. One sees how intricate is the problem thus forced upon both the provincial and the Federal authorities of the Dominion. As the Toronto correspondent of the London *Times* puts it, Canada is rudely awakened to "the craft, skill, and foresight," with which the American tariff has been drafted against her wood-pulp and paper industries.

The latest advices agree that the various provincial premiers are in active consultation with the authorities at Ottawa. A great difficulty in the way of any adjustment is the feeling of many Canadians that they have American paper-manufacturers at their mercy. By cutting off Canadian supplies of wood-pulp, it is only a question of time, they argue, when the transfer of the paper-making industry to Canada will be inevitable, in view of the rapidly vanishing spruce-forests this side of the border. Yet there is a sharp division of opinion between the two interests concerned. The wood-pulp men desire the continuance of the policy of prohibiting exports, to bring Americans the sooner to their knees. Canadian paper-manufacturers, on the other hand, would like a chance at the American market, under the lower paper duties of the Payne-Aldrich bill. They know that they will be the first to be hurt, if a tariff war breaks out and their product is heavily penalized in our custom-houses. Altogether, the resulting situation confronting the Dominion authorities is exceedingly difficult.

Canadians have been counting upon the reasonable and friendly attitude of President Taft. They have quoted with satisfaction the words which he uttered at the Champlain celebration, wherein he dwelt upon the fact that an increase of trade between the two countries would be profitable to both. And it is to be noted that the new tariff leaves the whole matter to the discretion of the President. It is he who has to be "satisfied" that undue discrimination against us exists; and in applying maximum duties he "may" extend them to the whole country, or "may" exclude any "political division" thereof. Thus it will be seen that on our side, too, the task is one of extreme delicacy. If both governments approach it with open minds and in a friendly spirit, we are confident that a fair and honorable agreement can be reached.

AWAKENING OF THE BREWERS.

The action of the New York State Liquor and Beer Dealers' Association last week is in one way a pointed, if a back-handed, compliment to the recent prohibition agitation. If the laws that have been put on the statute book against the sale of liquor are wholly inoperative, there is little reason for collective defensive action by those interested in the liquor business. But while such prohibitory laws undoubtedly are but laxly enforced outside of rural communities, where the law is backed by strong public sentiment, the recent expansion of "dry" territory has sensibly pinched the brewers. When the traffic is under the ban, consumption seeks the most highly concentrated form of spirits. The bulk of malt liquor makes it difficult to conceal. The brewer, therefore, is more vitally interested in arresting the new movement than is the distiller. For several years the trade has begun to realize that a change of tactics was necessary. The old extreme assertion of personal liberty, the denunciation of sumptuary legislation, and the allegation that the temperance crusade was merely an attack on private

property have been abandoned. As a prominent dealer said in the recent convention of the United States Brewers' Association at Atlantic City: "Gentlemen, there is only one way for a man to put his house in order. It is to do it himself. The common house in which we all live is in need of such putting in order, and no one individual among us occupants of the house can accomplish the task single-handed."

The opponents of the liquor traffic have fairly forced home upon the trade the acknowledgment of its responsibility for the "dive," the disreputable illegal den where liquor furnishes the fit nucleus for vice of all sorts. The chairman of the brewers' literary bureau told them last week that "the continuance of the 'dive' rested largely with the brewers themselves." In various States, the brewers have taken measures to cut off this excrescence, hoping by its elimination to stem the torrent of adverse public sentiment. In Texas and Ohio, and in various cities, especially Milwaukee, the fight against the "dive" is undertaken by the wholesale trade. Thus in Ohio, they have organized a Vigilance Bureau, and have employed a detective staff to secure evidence for effecting the forfeiture of licenses by retailers who do not obey the law. Either the toleration of gambling on the premises or the admission of women of doubtful reputation to the saloon is ground for the withdrawal of the license. The fact that evils of this kind gravitate to the spot where liquor is sold, however, will make such an effort at reform extremely precarious.

Moreover, it must not be forgotten that, from a business point of view, the trade is interested in the maximum sale and consumption of liquor. The opposition to the "dive" is primarily commercial and not moral. Indeed, a recent writer attributes much of the current animosity shown towards these places to the fact that, relatively, the "dive" is a poor customer. The dealers are willing to throw overboard a child or two to satisfy the wolves of public opinion, hoping to make their escape with the greater part of the family uninjured. How thoroughly competition rules in the business, moreover, is illustrated by the incident narrated at the meeting of the Liquor Association. When two years ago New York brewers decided that certain notorious resorts at Niagara Falls should no longer be supplied with liquor, the enterprising Chicago brewers came promptly to the rescue of the beleaguered sellers.

The movement to reform the trade "from within" involves difficulties similar to those which attach to the same process when applied to a corrupt political organization. Half-way morality or half-way legality is, of necessity, a condition of unstable equilibrium. In the resolutions adopted last week, the trade calls for the passage of a law permitting Sunday selling from one o'clock in the afternoon until eleven at night. Whatever be thought of the advisability of such a law for a city population largely of foreign antecedents, it is certain that the rural legislator is strongly against such a proposal. In the absence of such legal permission, the interests of the brewers directly clash with the law. How, under the circumstances, will they be able to pose as the champions of law and order against the abandoned dive-keeper, while they must consciously aid and abet the violation of the Sunday-closing law?

The resolution which the association adopted favoring the limitation of saloons to one for every 750 inhabitants looks to a more promising reform. At present, there is estimated to be one saloon for every three hundred persons living in our cities. The reform of the city liquor traffic must evidently for some time move along the line of decreasing the number of saloons. The gain to be derived from this innovation is not primarily to be found in the reduced per capita consumption. It is rather to be expected in a change in the character and responsibility of the retail dealer. Should the value of the license be artificially enhanced by a strict delimitation of the number of drinking places, its loss would become very serious financially.

It is estimated that something like $550,000,000 represents the capital invested in the American brewing industry. The direct ownership of saloon property by brewers is put as high as $25,000,000, and their advances and loans to retailers at $70,000,000 more. In other words, saloon property to the value of almost $100,000,000 is practically in the hands of a relatively small number of brewers. The responsible agent in the liquor-selling business is not the man behind the bar, but the man behind the brewery. He is going to sell the last drop that will yield a profit, so long as his business is not endangered. The direct responsibility of the brewer for the character of the liquor traffic is now well recognized. Reform evidently lies in making the brewer find that it is profitable to keep the law. If he can see it for himself, so much the better. But he can no longer deny the responsibility, and the community will increasingly put the onus of law observance on the man "higher up."

PRESIDENT LOWELL'S OPPORTUNITY.

Rather naïve press dispatches have appeared in the last day or two, informing the public that, in his coming inaugural address, President Lowell will have some reforms to announce. On this basis, one of our contemporaries has been moved to remark that Mr. Lowell would seem to have policies of his own in contradistinction to those of his predecessor. We violate no confidence in recording prevalent Cambridge belief that it was precisely because Mr. Lowell was known to have ideas of his own as to the future of Harvard University that the majority of the Fellows elected him to the position he now fills. Moreover, Mr. Lowell has on two or three occasions since his election so clearly indicated several reforms which he has in mind as to make it certain, months ago, that his inaugural will be an exceptionally interesting document, and that the college world will find the developments at Harvard during the next few years of absorbing interest.

What, for instance, is to be Mr. Lowell's attitude toward the elective system, to which Harvard owes so much of its prestige and so much of its extraordinary growth under President Eliot's guidance? It is already known that Mr. Lowell thinks that the honor degree should mean more than it does. He has placed himself on record as being of the opinion that men should come to college to work and not to play, and—strange man—he is even emphatic in his belief that scholarship should be at least as highly rated as athletic prowess. Mr. Lowell's mind is of the type that leans toward practical suggestions. That there is dissatisfaction among

hundreds of Harvard graduates with the education they received, he must fully understand. What modification of the elective system he will advise is, therefore, the question of pressing interest, and not whether he will make any recommendation. The story is told that President Dwight of Yale once assured President Eliot that the ideal curriculum was one making the freshman and sophomore studies compulsory, but the others wholly elective. Mr. Eliot was able to show his distinguished colleague that Harvard had held the same view some ten years previously only to abandon it. There are those who think that the Bryn Mawr group system of studies is the ideal one, and others who prefer still another arrangement.

What Mr. Lowell favors, he will make known in due course. Whether or not he is able to find some workable plan for better guidance of the Harvard undergraduate, and closer supervision of his work, no one can question that some such reform is necessary. In an educational pasture of surpassing richness, too often the Harvard student knows not where to nibble, and overlooks the most nutritive morsels. Such rare personalities and illuminating scholars as the lamented Professor Shaler or the late Prof. G. M. Lane have often been passed by because there was no one at hand to tell of the fruits to be gathered. Hence, also, too many students have browsed here and tasted there only to find when the four years were gone that they knew nothing well; that beneath the acquired polish and smattering there was no solid foundation of learning. Mr. Lowell's great opportunity is, therefore, to devise some plan by which freedom of choice shall become freedom of *intelligent* choice in consonance with a man's future career.

No part of his inaugural will be more eagerly awaited by teachers than that which deals with this elective question. There is, however, another undergraduate problem of even greater difficulty, with which, as Mr. Lowell announced at Commencement, to the satisfaction of every thoughtful alumnus, he proposes to deal—whether Harvard is to be a genuine democracy true to its ideals and the interests of the Republic or not. Every one knows that Harvard has suffered because it has been called the rich man's college; every Harvard man worthy of the name has deplored the appearance near the "Yard" of those palatial private dormitories called "Millionaires' Row," we believe, by the irreverent. The struggles of the Western alumni to obtain still further representation on the Board of Overseers have often been a protest against the domination of Harvard by narrow Boston influences. The apparent aristocracy of wealth and social position in the leading undergraduate clubs and the exclusiveness and luxury of the private dormitories have led more than one graduate to ask whether he should expose his son to such influences. Too often private protests at Cambridge have been met only by a shrugging of the shoulders and a question as to how the university could possibly control private capital.

When, therefore, President Lowell let it become public that he proposed to grapple with this problem at the very outset of his administration, he won immediately the confidence of the alumni. His idea, so far as it has been outlined, is to build a series of freshman dormitories, separate little entities, in which the first year men shall live, not in cliques, according to their means, or the schools from which they hail, or their peculiar athletic tastes, but as freshmen in Harvard College. It would be, of course, unjust to President Lowell to pass final judgment on a plan he has had neither time nor opportunity fully to outline; so far as it has been indicated, it has met with overwhelming approval. More important even than high scholarship, or than leisure for professors to do creative literary work, or many another issue which will sooner or later attract and hold the new president's attention, is this fundamental one, that the Harvard undergraduate shall stand on his own feet, and that he shall rank not according to what wealth his father possesses, but by what there is in him and what he can bring to the university life. The problem is not confined to Harvard alone; nor is it anything else than a reflection of changing social conditions, particularly in our cities. No other is more difficult; yet by solving it, even if only partially, Harvard's new president will win the gratitude, not only of his alumni, but of the whole country.

IN CATALOGUE-LAND.

Early September is a season of heavy reading in catalogue literature. In the consumption of descriptive price-lists, illustrated and plain, the beginning of autumn ranks only after the beginning of spring. September is a starting-point both for retrospect and for anticipation. The amateur gardener turns once more to his well-thumbed nurseryman's catalogue, to compare what he hoped and set out to do with what the summer has actually brought him. The fisherman and hunter is getting ready for his vacation. What elaborate research in sporting-goods catalogues and railroad time-tables that calls for, need not be dwelt upon. Modern hunting is like modern warfare, wherein victory on the battlefield has really been won months before in the studious quiet of a War Office. Nova Scotia's hunted moose would be both flattered and convinced of the futility of resistance, if he only knew how many varieties of hunting-boot, of sleeping-bag, of tent-peg, of folding cot, of alcohol-stove, of flour-mixer, and of frying-pan, dealers have devised for his destruction. There are authorities who maintain that the hunter's entire attention should be properly given to the literary preliminaries of his excursion. For whether he slay successfully or not is a matter of chance, but there is no reason why, if he fails, he should not fail according to the rules of the game. Not every one of us can boast the spoils of Nimrod, but every one can see to it that his shooting-jacket shall be the very best thing on the market.

Vacations in themselves are commonplace. Their best sensations come at the beginning and at the end. Country roads are country roads everywhere, a little more or less dusty, a little more or less hilly, giving more or less of a pleasing outlook on hill and water. The most beautiful mountain path is never so beautiful as when we plan to walk it or recall how we walked it. At the beginning of a vacation we derive from the study of distances and altitudes an amount of pleasure altogether disproportionate to the real difference between 1,250 feet elevation and 1,350 feet, or between four miles from the station and six. As a matter of fact, one accidental unpleasant neighbor at the table may take away a sheer 1,000

feet's worth of delight as we measured it in the catalogue, and an odd character or two may turn a little mountain farm-house into a most pleasurable habitation. But once in the city again, and away from the facts we have accepted with composure, we fall victims afresh to the spirit of the catalogue. Tracing out on a map the course of a day's tramp over the hills is to many of us more fun than the walk itself; so much are we the victims of signs and symbols, so accustomed have we grown to think of the printed word as the truth and of facts as only its approximation.

Book-prices or hook-prices, art-dealer's catalogue or the catalogue of the mail-order man, time-tables pored over by the armful and berth-prices weighed and trimmed—the pleasure of it all lies fundamentally in the shopping instinct of the human race. Only the light-minded will scoff at woman's predilection for the bargain counter. It is indulgence in a pleasurable exercise whose appeal we all really experience, however we deny it. There have been men who have put in weeks in choosing between Model 356 and Model 356B for hunting-boots, the difference between Model 356 and Model 356B consisting in one-sixteenth of an inch in the extension of the sole and in the width of the laces. More care than this a débutante could not give to the dancing-slippers for her first ball. In both cases any amount of attention would have been justifiable, but there is no ground for the historical sneer about women and the department store. The collector who searches catalogues for an eighteenth-century edition and the woman who goes to dry goods sales are alike indulging in the pleasurable occupation of reconciling what one would have with what one can have. To the extent of his ten-dollar bill, our collector is the master of the entire catalogue of treasures; to the extent of her ten-dollar bill, the woman shopper is at liberty to visualize herself the possessor of all that swims within her ken. This may seem self-hypnotism, but it is also a training for the imagination. With a complete catalogue before him, the gardener steeps himself in hyacinths and roses, the hunter towers mighty above the holocausts of the slain, and the book-worm rubs his cheek fondly against Caxtons and Elzevirs.

The tradesman's catalogue is a little world of perfect things, like Plato's world of ideal patterns. That is why we love to dwell in it. Bulbs never fail to thrive in catalogues, rifles never miss fire, sleeping-bags always keep dry, old volumes are always in good condition, old masters have never been retouched, old farm-houses are never insalubrious, hill and stream never fade in charm, and mountain-climbing brings exhilaration without effort, in catalogue-land.

A GREAT ACADEMIC PERSONALITY.

I.

Professor Shaler's autobiography* brings the story of his life almost precisely to the date of his marriage, and the rest is told by his wife; the volume being thus divided into two almost precisely equal parts. Such a division of labor in biography, in the case of a man well married, is ideal in at least one respect: each of the two parts of his life is treated by the person who knows it best. Not many wives, however, have made good biographers of their husbands—for reasons too obvious to recount; and Professor Shaler has so good a gift of narrative that the reader of the first half of this volume sincerely regrets that he did not live to write it all himself, as nearly as might be to the end. Nevertheless, if one goes on and reads the second half, the Memoir, one is moved to begin whatever one may say of the whole with a word of hearty admiration for the way in which Mrs. Shaler has met the demands, and resisted the temptations, of her task. Herself no stranger to the pen, she has had the good sense and the good taste to keep her account of her husband free from that too personal tone which renders unconvincing so many similar tributes of wives to husbands. Affection has not marred, but rather guided and controlled, this appreciation of one intelligence by another.

But this praise of the Memoir does not mean that it presents merely Shaler the naturalist, the teacher, the essayist and philosopher, the poet. Were that the case, it would deserve anything but praise. For, however effective Shaler may have been in any one of his many capacities, to those who knew him in the flesh his distinctly personal effect remains ten times as great. So strong, indeed, was his personality, and so remarkable in the *milieu* in which most of us knew him, that we do not merely find the memory and still vivid sense of it inseparable from his achievements; we would all, I think, agree that it was of itself his greatest achievement. It may well be that we are all unconsciously swayed in judging his contributions to the countless themes he wrote about, in assessing the value of his life to those who never saw his face or heard his voice; for we do see him and hear him in all he wrote. Quite probably, therefore, his wider fame and reputation is less and less distinctive than we have fancied it to be. It is not that, however, with which we are charged. The claims of the scientist must be referred to men of science, the poet's to readers and critics of poetry, the essayist's, publicist's, philosopher's, to such as are most interested in the various phases of life to which he successively addressed himself. That he could be all these things, could traverse and inhabit so many provinces of thought, fare forth so intrepidly on so many quests, was in itself entirely characteristic, and the most striking evidence of his extraordinary vitality. But we who knew him do not feel that our knowledge of him is circumscribed by the bounds within which we can companion him intellectually. The range of a personality may indicate, but does not measure, its force, and may not even indicate its quality. A peasant may know an intellectual giant and protagonist better than his peers. If a group of specialists in the fields Shaler invaded were to come together in a symposium of monographs on his life-work, they would probably leave the reader but slightly acquainted with the man. One who knew the man, on the other hand, though a specialist in none of his fields of inquiry, and to some of them an utter stranger, may yet write of him with a measure of assurance.

How many of us *did* know him, and how well! To make himself known, freely, democratically, to all manner of men—this was as great a part of his gift for human intercourse as his related ability to get quickly at the true quality of others. There are personalities potent through reserve, which attract by what is hidden no less than by what is revealed; but not of such was Shaler. Extraordinarily outspoken, and utterly free from snobbery, he made it his habit to go more than halfway—if necessary, to go the whole way—to thorough acquaintance with whomsoever he felt it right that he should know. That he could take the risks of such an intrepidity in friendliness and meet so few rebuffs was not merely or mainly because of the much he had to give, but rather because of the entire sincerity and genuineness of his concern about the other mortal. That concern was sympathetic, helpful, but never of the sort to give alarm to pride; for there was in it always, however benevolently directed, a kind of respectful, almost reverent, curiosity concerning the other nature that had an effect of compliment, particularly with the young. He was as free from

**Autobiography of Nathaniel S. Shaler.* With a Supplementary Memoir by his Wife. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4 net.

cant and patronizing as from snobbery; in his wide scrutiny and testing of his kind, no one, not even the youngest, felt himself pigeon-holed or dealt with as but a member of a class. I have known no other human being who carried quite so convincing a sense and assumption of fellowship, of brotherhood, into all manner of human dealings.

II.

But does this at all tell the story? Not, I fear, unless the *milieu* of this heartiness is understood; and it can hardly be understood unless it has been known. One does not encounter the phrase "Harvard indifference" very often nowadays, but it had much currency two or three decades ago; and whatever one finds at Cambridge now, one had no difficulty, two or three decades ago, in detecting the thing itself. The great Cambridge University stood then, much more distinctively than now, for an acceptance of universal standards, a throwing over of provincialisms, which seemed to find its fullest expression in an extraordinarily unenthusiastic attitude of individuals towards one another. It is doubtful if any community ever threw the burden of proof so completely, not on the newcomer merely, but on each and every one of its members who showed signs of harboring a lively interest in his neighbors. If one had unhappily acquired elsewhere a Western or Southern habit of miscellaneous likings and intimacies, and were so unfortunate as to crave them, this attitude proved particularly depressing. This, I say, was true two or three decades ago; but what was true then seems to have been only a little less true before that and may be only a little less true now. The pose of the moment heightened something already existent, and which did not pertain to Cambridge alone—a New England way or habit in human intercourse that is often disastrously effective in concealing and bringing to nought what warmth and friendliness there may be—and there is often much—behind it. They were lucky indeed, who, two or three decades ago, found their way through it to the finely shaded courtesy and appreciation of a Norton or to the fairly boyish naturalness and sweetness of a Child. Far greater was the number who got their first sense of welcome and recognition from Shaler; whom he first made to feel—as more than one has expressed it—as if there might not be anything unpardonable the matter with them after all.

Not, however, that Shaler himself ever felt quite at home in that atmosphere or ever breathed it quite freely. This he confesses more than once in the autobiography:

> At the outset New England was very foreign to me, and this though I could not discern in what the difference consisted. It was nowhere in the essentials, for at the firesides and the tables of those who were so good as to make me welcome I found always my own people, so like that I puzzled my wits to see what was the matter, and I hardly know to this day more of it than I did then; yet there is the intangible something which does not—did not then ,and even now does not—fit me, as does the social envelope I have found in England. I am inclined to think it is a secondary effect of Puritanism, which offsets the method of contact of man with man. Some slight, but yet important, peculiarity in the way people look at or greet you or pass you on the street with no sense of your existence—matters of no weight save for the fact that primitive-minded folk are as blindly sensitive as are dogs and other animals to the manners of folk about them.

But this, written after nearly half a century of life in New England and in the university, hardly reflects the chill of a first encounter with that unconcern—compact of the Puritanic, the academic, and the momentarily regnant cosmopolitan austerities—which one underwent a quarter of a century ago; the chill and gloom—no lighter word will serve—through which there nevertheless so often found his way to one's rescue this so unacademic professor with a craving for the frankly human so much stronger and braver than one's own. In that perpetual mission of recognitions, all that was salient, striking, amusing, picturesque, in Shaler's own personality, counted for quick understandings. Of the portraits in this volume, that on page 372 gives incomparably the best idea of his effect to the eye. This is the man one met in those days, slouch-hatted, bearded, cane in pocket, with something of Don Quixote's gravity in his mien, crossing the college yard with long, swift strides, but never too swiftly to stop short, if he knew your face, or thought he knew it, with suddenly outstretched hand and deep-voiced greeting, and a "Come and walk with me a bit!" and then a plunge forthwith into things that deeply concerned one's self or himself or the universe. Where one met him did not greatly matter, for one met him fully and squarely, and all of him, if one met him at all. But he was best met alone. A company, though it did not daunt or diminish him, did claim him collectively. Good as it was to be admitted to his home, one nearly always had to share him there with others, among whom his hospitality would not discriminate. A richer and, of course, rarer privilege was that the Memoir mentions: to go at night to the Agassiz Museum, and, if a light shone through the window of his office, toss a pebble against it, hear the bolts creak, and thus win an entrance, which was never permitted to seem an intrusion, to him and his long reed-stemmed pipe and an hour or two of the best man-to-man talk the Cambridge of that day afforded; at once the most intimate and the widest in range, the most freely personal, if need was, and yet the most highly charged with a frank and quick and sincere concern in all that pertains to the intellectual life. For this last quality, only Charles Eliot Norton could be compared with Shaler; if Norton's manner had the greater charm, and his taste and judgment concerning art and letters a finer sureness, his range was less, and he had far greater reserves.

III.

That Shaler gave of himself so freely, so prodigally—this undoubtedly put him sometimes at a certain disadvantage with stingier souls. It is not a pleasant commentary on human nature, but a true one, that mere withholding, or even the unresponsiveness that comes of having no response to make to one's fellows or to life, may in a certain way—a way too seldom scorned—profit a man more than the most generous casting of his bread upon the waters. Shaler did scorn such niggardliness and its rewards. There was in him something of kinship with Cyrano de Bergerac, content to answer the friend who remonstrated when he threw his purse to a beggar, "But what a gesture!" Nor was that all the Gascon there was in Shaler's nature; he undoubtedly shared with all great talkers a very human appetite for the effects of striking discourse, and as he grew older inclined more and more to emphasis and climax and the round statement that makes for marvelling. He had a kinship also with D'Artagnan and Benvenuto Cellini. If, like these, he held the listeners who marvelled, it was, of course, because his discourse, like theirs, had behind it always a big substance of achievement, experience, attainment. If, to those who knew him, it is impossible to detach these from his personality, it is equally true that without these his personality could not have been at all what it was. His uniqueness lay precisely in the union of candid humanness with far-ranging knowledge and speculation, high idealism, and the confident air of purpose that comes only from large handling of affairs.

His range was actually far wider than his books, various as they are in topic and manner, would indicate. There was one field into which even the Memoir fails to follow him far enough to give any idea of the extent of his activity. We read on page 397 that "the different State boards (the Highway, the Metropolitan Park, and the Gypsy Moth Commission) upon which he served, and the mining organizations with which he was connected, filled up most of the hours left over from his college duties," and that sentence, with the rather full account of his services as State Geologist of Kentucky, is all we have of him as a public servant. As a matter of

fact, the hours he managed to give to the three Massachusetts Commissions were far from few, and his work on them anything but perfunctory. Of the first, he was undoubtedly the ruling spirit, and he should have a great part of the credit for forcing the subject of good roads upon the attention not of Massachusetts only, but of the other States and of the nation. Besides his ceaseless energy, he had an uncommon skill in dealing with politicians—the last gift in the world one would expect to find in a professor. He was as successful with Republicans in Massachusetts as with Democrats in his native Kentucky.

Nor did he at all confine his interest in public affairs to these scientific and semi-scientific concerns of the State. He took his citizenly and even his party obligations with the utmost seriousness. He kept in touch with his party organization, attended caucuses and conventions, served as president of a Democratic club, and won a really potent popularity among his Democratic fellow-citizens of Cambridge. He himself said once that getting on with Irishmen proves a man's human quality as nothing else does; and the Irish of Cambridge liked him as they liked no other of his class. The day he was buried, there was an extraordinary departure from the old attitude of town to gown; the shopkeepers of Harvard Square and the neigaborhood closed their shops.

In "From Old Fields" he has told in verse some of his war-time memories, but it is a great pity that he did not tell them all in the vivid prose of tbe autobiography, which closes as he is going home to Kentucky to enlist. His military service, though in fact brief, was stirring, and it gave a sort of capping to his uniquely unacademic equipment of experience. All his life, however, he continued to have such dealings with unacademic men and affairs that he escaped altogether that effect of the academic life which usually puts those who live it at a disadvantage when they engage with men of business or of the professions over matters remote from scholarship. In such encounters he had not a trace of timidity or self-distrust, but invariably took the aggressive, and seldom failed to carry his point. He made good practical use of his geological knowledge in investments and in services to capitalists; and he rendered two practical services of the highest value to the university. Becoming dean of the Lawrence Scientific School in 1891, he brought it forward in numbers and equipment as I believe no other department of the university ever has been advanced; and, through his friendship with the late Gordon McKay, he secured and shaped the greatest single benefaction Harvard or any other of the Eastern universities has ever received. With these two achievements, the first of which involved an enormous expenditure of energy in administrative detail, join the fact that he did rather more than his share of the work of teaching and that his principal lecture course was the most popular in the university, so that he had to move from hall to hall to find room for it, ending in Sanders's Theatre; then add this other fact, that during all the years of his deanship, he never failed to visit a student who fell ill—and the dimensions of his service to the university are perhaps fairly indicated.

IV.

As to the scientific work and writing which he nevertheless contrived to get done, even a layman can perceive that the volume of it was great and that a keen intelligence characterizes it all. Of course, a layman cannot estimate its thoroughness. That it could not be so thorough, or so likely to last, as if he had put all his time and energy into it, must, of course, be taken for granted. The antagonism between men of the type of Shaler and Norton—for in this regard Norton's practice was as incorrigible as Shaler's; he would discuss American politics in lectures on Greek art—and men of the other and conquering type of unrounded specialists, is palpable, no doubt, in all our greater centres of learning. It had to do, I tbink, with a sort of questioning of Shaler's scholarship, his thinking, his entire value, in fact, which grew commoner as he grew older and his intellectual habits became more marked, and as the unlikeness of his ways to those of the younger men about him became more striking. I have no doubt that he felt the challenge to him and to the older school, the older tradition, and responded to it; and of all his responses the most remarkable, and in a way the most convincing, was that experiment of verse which he made so astonishingly late in life, and on the whole with such astonishing success. "Valour"—his Phi Beta Kappa poem—and "From Old Fields" were attempts of a striking sort, but still of an audacity not entirely unexpected. The five longish plays in blank verse which make up the series, "Elizabeth of England," came as a surprise even to his intimates. Outside of a very limited circle of readers, they do not even yet seem to have become known at all. He himself calls them an experiment of his unknown powers, and explains that he made it to disprove the saying, based perhaps on a remarkable confession of Darwin, that long devotion to science and long practice of scientific habits of thought will destroy a man's capacity for imaginative writing. If the disproof fails, it is because Shaler was always more than mere scientist; not because he does not show real imaginative power in his verse.

One looks into "Elizabeth of England" expecting to find it a waste of fine energy upon an old man's folly. One is more apt to find one's self very soon asking, "If this is not poetry, what is lacking?" Prepared, perhaps, for a brilliant imitation of good verse, one is puzzled to discover a line that divides such an imitation as this from the thing it imitates. As a matter of fact, it imitates nothing; it would be hard to name a more original work in English verse in recent years in America. One remains doubtful, but not in the least inclined to scoff. Like many of the other things Shaler did, though it lies very open to criticism, and though we can easily take towards it an attitude of superiority, to match it were another matter.

And so it was with all his intrepidities; if those who smiled at them had ventured upon the like, they would seldom have found it easy to carry the matter through as well as he did. The sum total of the achievements of his life was very great; and of the man's final sincerity and genuineness there is no doubt. An unstudious youth, who had sat under him, made once the astonishing observation that he was "a simple-minded man," and it was true, little as he himself would have liked it. The strongest force in his nature was the little boy in his breast, crying out for understanding, and for human sympathy and liking. He gave much to life and won much from it; but nothing he won was finer than the strong personal affection that stirred in so many men's hearts when it was known that his was still. There was not one of them all that did not deeply echo what he wrote at the end of his "Elizabeth":

> Ah, here we know
> That sorrow vast and vain for ages gone,
> For beauty turned to dust, for voices still
> That waked forgotten love to ecstasy,
> For all the souls we know kin to our own,
> With whom we never can exchange a cry
> Across the gulf that parts us. Give to time
> His fill of our dear store; let to his sea
> Go down our treasured earth, and sun, and stars,
> Until the all is void, if he but send
> Back to our hearts the hearts of other days:
> Then will the spaces glow as never yet
> For all their orbèd splendours.

W. G. Brown.

Asheville, N. C.

Correspondence.

THE POLIPHILUS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Professor Hart of Cornell University has taken up the question of the Poliphilus. (See the *Nation*, August 26). I think I shall add a few lines to the subject which may interest, and, I hope, must

interest, the readers or students of the art and literature of the Renaissance. Of course, I regret that my copies have been sold, not only for the reason of these words, but also because at long intervals this romantic volume—I mean romantic in the sense of a great personal meaning in the book; also romantic, because it is one of the most extraordinary books in the practical history of art—has been of great practical use to me.

How much its real influence at its date may have been exactly, I have not means of judging. Without an extremely full library of Italian books of the period, I could not tell in the direction of book information. I take it necessarily as granted that it must have had a great influence when one thinks of the French and English translations very close to the date, and that date the starting point of our settling into the formal lines derived from authentic or unauthentic old originals. Even the few words of Master Geofroy Tory imply the enormous importance of what Brother Francis Colonna did for the art and principles of decoration.

Therefore, I may draw attention to the French translation, which is more of an imitation than a translation, and whose value has been mostly that of the engravings, supposed to be "more correct than the original" and attributed many years ago to John Goujon, or else John Cousin. I do not know what the present correct notion is of their origin, but long ago they did not inspire full confidence in me.

I think the first edition is that of Kerver, 1546. There is another, also, by Zohory, and then another, much changed, by the abominable Béroalde de Verville. Certain French indecencies, which cannot be exaggerated, have both commended the book to collectors, and have turned away more scrupulous persons. Of course, as your correspondent mentions, there is the English translation, "The Strife of Louve in a Dreame," which is, as every one knows, the translation of the title of the Love Book. I have never seen the book or its pictures; it is of 1592, I think. I do not know Mr. Lang's reproduction, and am sorry for it. I know there have been unimportant translations, one from Didot's press, and it seems to me another which I used to have; not an early translation, a sort of account of the curious book.

Since my day of fifty years ago we must know, more or less, who did the drawings for the original Italian book. They were once attributed to John Bellini, as was the fashion of a certain moment. By this time, too, I suppose we must know all about Leon Crassus of Verona, who edited it. Your learned correspondent, Professor Hart, rightly draws attention to the fact that the original edition has in the colophon the date and place of issue as Treviso, 1467, while the last page gives us Venice, the month of December, 1499, in the modern offices of Aldus, *et cetera*. Perhaps, also, by this time that clue has been followed up. Italian catalogues of research are hard to find in ordinary New York life, so that I am writing to a learned scholar in Italy to get him to give me the last dates of information. But that is the line. We know that the Lady Polia was from Trevisa, and of the family of the Poli. Apart from everything else, the life story interests me; it should be impossible to cover up the history of life when we are learning, and I once sympathized in the story of another lost book of mine, in which the learned librarian, Charles Nodier, some seventy or eighty years ago, gave us along with the name of Trilby, a manner of describing our Poliphilus in an invented visit of the Lady Polia to Aldus after the date of her lover's death; she asked the famous printer to take charge of his memorial of their love. It was a pretty invention, and not so far out of the way as might seem.

I have sometimes amused myself by telling the first letters of each chapter of the book, which tell the secret. As we all know, the official name of the book translated is "Poliphilus, the Battle of Love with Sleep —Hypnerotomachia—wherein all human matters are taught as not being otherwise than dreams, and other things reasonably worth knowing, the book records (a work composed by Francis Columna)."

I have made a bungle at the translation, which is not easy, but which is mild compared to the text, written in the most extraordinary Italian, mingled with Greek, and even Hebrew and perhaps Arabic. There is nothing but singularity in the book; but of course, there is the secret. The secret is there in the capitals of each chapter. As I have said, it has been an amusement to me. I note the first letters of each chapter.

They go this way:

First Chapter,	P
Second Chapter,	O
Third Chapter,	L
Fourth Chapter,	I
Fifth Chapter,	A
Sixth Chapter,	M

etc., until you get "Poliam Frater Franciscus Columna Peramavit." "Brother Francis Columna loved Polia to distraction." That is the life story.

I have not referred to the French facsimiles published in the last twenty-five or thirty years. Popelin's volumes did not impress me. I might add that I used the book in the lessons which I gave in the years 1892 and 1893 for the Metropolitan Museum on the Lazarus Foundation. The museum wished to close its teachings in some manner of attracting attention. I taught to give a winner or winners of prize a chance of foreign travel and study on the foundation. The lessons had to be given at different places and intervals, the point of the teaching being to carry out the previous training of each pupil. I even had one in New Haven, whom I had to visit and give lessons to in the open air because he was a "plein airiste." Thereupon I was also asked to give lectures, which I did, and which were published by Macmillan & Co., under the title of "Considerations on Painting."

I learned last night that there are three wonderful copies of Poliphilus in Mr. Pierpont Morgan's library. I am offered one for $400.

JNO. LA FARGE.

New York, August 31.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems a little singular that the love of natural scenery should be almost coeval with the age of modern science. Has the fact been generally noticed? And is the reason hereafter assigned a sufficient explanation?

Josselyn, one of the earliest travellers who saw the White Mountains, speaks of their appearance as "daunting terrible." Father Hennepin, the first white man who saw Niagara Falls, thought the sight "hideous" and the roar "infernal." John Woolman, called by Henry Crabb Robinson "that beautiful soul" whose writings are "a perfect gem," makes special mention in his Journal of being preserved in safety in one of his missionary tours to the Alleghany region, "by the kindness of Him whose works in these mountainous deserts appeared awful." Jefferson, in his Notes on Virginia, applies the epithet "terrible" to the romantic pass of Harper's Ferry.

Washington Irving, in his tales of Rip Van Winkle and The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, was almost the first to transfer the beauties of American scenery, as on the Hudson and among the Kaatskills, to the printed page. In fact, memory does not recall one of the earlier explorers and travellers in our country down to the time of President Dwight, who speaks of its magnificent scenery with admiration. Barber's Historical Collections of Massachusetts and Connecticut, published early in the last century, have many woodcuts of villages and buildings, but natural scenery is represented on the most limited scale and in the rudest manner, and little allusion is made to it in the text.

The reason of this is, perhaps, not far to seek; it is small wonder if the early settlers along the narrow strip of Atlantic seaboard saw little to enchant them in the dark and pathless wilderness that stretched toward the setting sun, filled with real and fancied perils, with wild beasts and wilder men, and brooded over by everlasting mystery. But the same is true of England, with its much older civilization. Milton loved a gentle pastoral landscape, such as met his gaze at Horton:

> Meadows trim with daisies pied,
> Shallow brooks and rivers wide;

but when it comes to the Welsh border, in "Comus," he sees only

> . . . the drear wood,
> The nodding horror of whose shady brows

affrights the belated wanderer. The earliest guide book to the Lake country, in 1774, speaks of "the most horrid romantic mountains" about Borrowdale ("fantastic," is Coleridge's epithet). Not until Wordsworth came to interpret its beauty did the district attract pilgrims and admirers; and the Peak country in Derbyshire was regarded in the eighteenth century, that gilded and affected age, much in the way Johnson regarded the Highlands, as a rough and forbidding region, fit only for savages. Gibbon described Caledonia as a land of "gloomy hills and cold and lonely heaths." Goldsmith, alive as he was to the charms of Sweet Auburn, had a resentment against "hills and rocks that intercept every prospect." Scott first invested the region of Loch Katrine with beauty and opened up the heart of the Trosachs to the Sassenach, which had before been dreaded as enchanted land strewn with the wild ruins of primeval chaos. Cowper, gentle bard, writes in 1777 of the beauty of the Isle of Thanet, and at Eartham he glows at sight of "an inland valley, enclosed by magnificent hills, all crowned with wood";

but Cowper's taste was for the pretty rather than the sublime, and he never saw any but the softer features of England's scenery.

In a word, the old Virgilian conception of "shaggy," "bristling," and "horrid" woods, and crags, and mountains held its ground well until nature ceased to be a name for the mysterious and tragical; and men began to see in it something beside an object of terror, and to gain some control over forces which seemed ready to crush and overwhelm them with their vastness and their unknown powers. It is significant that the age of modern science and of the admiration of the great and sublime in nature almost exactly coincide.

D. F. L.

Newton, Mass., September 1.

HANGING A HORSE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following account of the private trial and execution of a horse by command of the fantastic Marquis de Briqueville may be of interest in connection with the discussion in these pages of the "Trial of Animals." The extract is taken from an article entitled "Biographie des Excentriques," originally published without signature in *La République du Peuple,* described as "Almanach Démocratique, Paris, chez Prost, 1850," and republished in "Œuvres Posthumes" of Baudelaire, Paris, Société du Mercure de France, 1908. The article is evidently one of Baudelaire's bits of hack work, but even here the master's touch is felt :

First of all let us mention the Marquis de Briqueville, a very rich person, popularly deemed crazy and probably slightly so; at least, he did all that was necessary to justify the opinion one had of him. One day, as he was rushing violently through the streets in his brilliant equipage, one of his horses fell; the carriage was upset, and the marquis received an ugly contusion. He is brought back to his mansion; he is in a rage; he wants to dismiss his coachman. The latter justifies himself; the accident was not caused by any fault of his; one of the horses is to blame. "If it is so," says the marquis, "the horse must be punished; every fault must have its penalty." He orders all his household to appear; steward, butler, valets, scullions, grooms, it is a veritable court of justice. They all take their places. The marquis presides. The accused is brought in; he preserves in his noble bearing the calmness of innocence. The coachman makes the accusation; the secretary of the marquis, filling the office of lawyer, presents the defence of the quadruped. He is long-winded, heavy, flat, exactly as if he was pleading before Parliament; he quotes the Digest, he spits Latin; he concludes by requesting that his client should be returned to the stable whose finest ornament he is. The case is heard. The marquis gives his opinion first; he considers the accusation as proved; he votes for the sentence of death. All his valets hurry to vote like him; the whole thing seemed to them a joke; they were mistaken. The marquis had a scaffold erected in his yard; he addressed to the condemned a prolix discourse, in which he made him feel the enormity of his crime. During this oratorical display the unfortunate victim looked upon the instrument of torture with a firm eye. No affectation of courage, no despondency.

As soon as the marquis had finished, a groom threw, with dexterity, a rope around the neck of the patient, and a few seconds later the poor animal was suspended in the air, the coachman was pulling his feet down, a valet was stamping on his shoulders; the hanging was as correct as those daily exhibited in the square of the Grève. The attendants were stupefied with astonishment.

To those who care for Baudelaire, the "Œuvres Posthumes" is a little treasure-house, filled with hits of broken beauty, tender tribute, acid and illuminating comment, and penetrating humor. W. E.

Washington, D. C., August 31.

ANCESTORS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The love of ancestors is said to be a peculiarly characteristic trait of the Chinese, but the question has been forced upon me whether the determination to have ancestors at any cost was not possibly becoming an American characteristic. Indeed, its rising tide has come so ominously near to me personally that I am forced to seek for protection. Since 1906, when my public relation to a memorial to James Wilson, the signer and constitutionalist, made it natural, and especially since I have been preparing his "Life and Works," I have been besieged by those who have varying degrees of this ominous characteristic. Some modestly wish to know whether they are descendants of the signer—a stage of progress that is not necessarily dangerous, and yet I would advise no one to dally even in that apparently harmless state. I am justified in this advice by the acute forms which have come under my own observation. In one instance a party was so determined to have James Wilson for an ancestor that appeal was made to several eminent Philadelphians and even to the Governor to prevent the loss of so distinguished an acquisition in ancestry! It was of no moment that the will of this ancestor, "James Wilson," did not tally in dates, children, or most other features—one would not be defrauded of an ancestor in silence! Another took no chances of such a wicked conspiracy, but just held on to the said ancestor and became a member of a national society on that basis. Another gravely had an eminent bishop write to me for a similar purpose, reasoning that a bishop's endorsement was a title deed to the "ancestor." I suppose I have been appealed to in these unfortunate cases on an average of about twenty-five times a year during the period mentioned. And one can imagine how heart-breaking it becomes when to each questioner one must reiterate: "I am sorry to say that James Wilson had but one child who married, and but one grandchild of that union, and she died unmarried, while, it need hardly be added, all descendants have passed away years ago." A letter of Wilson's oldest son, the Rev. Dr. Bird Wilson, who survived all the rest of Wilson's family excepting the granddaughter mention d, states the case. It can be seen at the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and the facts have been generally so well known by those who have been familiar with Wilson material that these claims have always been amusing—except to the one to whose lot it has fallen to write the above sad reiteration. I do not wish to assert that the determination to have ancestors at any cost is a national characteristic—not yet.

Burton Alva Konkle.

Swarthmore, Pa., September 6.

Notes.

It is interesting to hear that John Lane Company will bring out an edition of Dr. Johnson's Poems, with an introduction by William Watson. Mr. Lane has also the manuscript of a new volume of poems by Mr. Watson, to appear early this autumn.

From A. Wessels we are to have a life of Corot by Everard Meynell.

Harper & Bros. announce that a new book by Sir Gilbert Parker will come from their press early this autumn. The title of the novel is not yet given.

Sturgis & Walton will soon have ready "The Great Wall of China," by Dr. William Edgar Geil. The author is the first foreigner who has traversed the entire seventeen hundred miles of this wall, and his account of the journey ought to be interesting.

For travellers and others the Oxford University Press has issued a happy little anthology of verse under the title of "The Englishman in Italy." It includes not only poems about Italy, but the work of men who have loved the land. Thus space is made for such a poem as "Adonais," as much for the reason of Shelley's residence in Italy as because Keats was buried in Rome.

Three new volumes in E. P. Dutton & Co.'s "World's Story Tellers" bring us the work of Balzac, Chateaubriand, and The Essayists (*i. e.*, Overbury, Earle, Steele, Addison, Johnson, etc.). The editor, Arthur Ransome, furnishes introductions to these, as to the earlier volumes.

The Rev. P. W. Browne's "Where the Fishers Go: the Story of Labrador" (Cochrane Publishing Co.) may be described as an historical guide-book to Labrador with a personal note imparted by the fact that the author, in the course of his ministerial mission, was able to visit nearly all the settlements of the forbidding coast. These are well described: the historical notes are sufficiently detailed, and there are full chapters on the flora and fauna, the aborigines, trade statistics, and directions for sportsmen and tourists. In fact, it would be difficult to discover a single volume in which so much information is contained, and for this reason the book may be heartily recommended to travellers to the northlands. Mr. Browne, while straightforward and clear, makes no pretence to fine writing, and we can therefore the more easily forgive him the many slips which the book contains, such as *laurus* for *larus* (gull), the reference to Kipling's "*muddled* oafs" (!), and the lack of consistency in spelling the names of places, tribes, etc. The volume is poorly printed, and copiously, though badly, illustrated.

Prof. Paul S. Reinsch's "Readings on American Federal Government" (Ginn & Co.) is an interesting attempt to adapt the source method to the study of an important department of political science. The material, drawn chiefly from the much-abused *Congressional Record* and from departmental or official reports, has been chosen with admirable skill and covers a wide range, hardly any topic of present-day importance in the practical working of the Federal system being unrepresented. As compared with history or economics, the

difficulty of selection is peculiarly great, for the reason that, in matters of government and administration, change is often quite as important an element as accomplished fact, and discussions and events significant today are likely to seem of less moment five years from now. It may be doubted whether, for example, such illustrative extracts as President Roosevelt's summary of the work of the Department of Agriculture, in his annual message of 1904, or the reports of the Bureau of Corporations for 1904 and 1906, will continue very long to be the typical illustrations of the development of Federal power that they admittedly are now. For the present, however, the serviceableness of Professor Reinsch's book to the teacher and student, whatever the range of library facilities at command, can hardly be over-estimated, and we are glad to give the work hearty commendation.

The title of William F. Gephart's book, "Transportation and Industrial Development in the Middle West" (Columbia University Press), would have been more accurately descriptive if the State of Ohio had been used to indicate the geographical limits of the study. To be sure, in the eighteenth century and for a time in the nineteenth, Ohio was almost all the West there was, middle or otherwise, but, inasmuch as the history is traced far enough into modern times to include the interurban railway, the title is likely to be misleading. For attention is almost wholly given to this State, and wherever the discussion reaches beyond its limits, it invariably has its basis in this one locality. The book is an interesting and careful investigation, more exhaustive than has been published heretofore, of the evolution of industry in the State of Ohio and of the close relationship between this development and the progress of transportation. The unique position of Ohio in the growth of the West is attractively presented. First came the pioneer, who, after struggling to reach the headwaters of the Ohio, constructed his varied craft and quickly buried himself in the heart of the continent. With the coming of the steamboat, river navigation took on a commercial aspect, and southern Ohio became a region of industrial activity. The opening of the Erie Canal made close union with the lakes desirable, and canals were dug north and south across the State. Then came the railways, diverted southward by the lakes and northward by the mountains, finding here their most advantageous gateway to the West they were seeking. Finally, Ohio, not content with these facilities, has developed, as have few other sections of the world, the interurban railway, and is now leading the movement for the restoration of the waterways. The volume contains several helpful maps.

Prof. C. H. Grandgent of Harvard has published in Heath's Modern Language Series the first volume, the "Inferno," of the first annotated edition of the "Divine Comedy" in the Italian text ever undertaken in America (D. C. Heath & Co.). He states that his intention is to reach "the general literary public," but that he has also adapted his book "to academic use," and we cannot but hope, not only that reading of Dante will be encouraged in literary clubs and cultured circles generally, but that the study of Italian in our colleges will be stimulated and somewhat systematized and extended. A good text-book must make for the latter end, and a good text-book this volume ought to prove. The text is based, but by no means slavishly, upon the latest edition of the "Oxford Dante," and the annotation, while abundant, is discreet in its avoidance of encumbering erudition. Professor Grandgent has aimed to enable readers and students to dispense, for the comprehension of the poem, with every other book "save their dictionary." This doubtless means their Italian dictionary, but there are numerous untranslated Latin quotations which may puzzle some aspiring souls, while, on the other hand, many a note will save a lazy student from a visit to a classical dictionary. On the whole, we think it would be difficult to improve upon the annotations with respect either to their omissions or to their inclusions; and in their succinctness and, so far as our tests go, their accuracy, they are models of what notes should be. It should also be added that they furnish a large amount of carefully selected bibliographical information calculated to stimulate both reading and research. Perhaps, however, the notes yield in merit to the introductions prefixed to the cantos. These furnish comment, explanation, and discussion of special difficulties and show the learning and the balanced judgment of the editor to the best advantage. The general introduction gives a life of Dante and discusses his character and works in a sound and catholic fashion.

Charles Roessler discovered in 1901, in the vaults of Saint-Denis, a slab bearing an effigy of the famous armor dedicated "à monseigneur Sainct-Denis" by Jeanne d'Arc after the assault on Paris. He confesses that for some years he did not realize that it was *inédit*. In publishing it ("Jeanne d'Arc, Heroine and Healer," Williams and Norgate, London), he takes occasion to review the maid's career from the orthodox point of view, and to present a rather uncritical version of the most significant passages from the trial. Although the book bears the date of 1909, the reader must suppose that it was written some years earlier, or else that the author has lived a life of singular retirement. He presents the touching spectacle of a child picking daisies on a battlefield as he culls his favorite passages, unaware that he is between the terrific batteries of M. France and Mr. Andrew Lang. The publishers' advertisement describes M. Roessler as "one of the last universal archæologists." It should seem that a universal archæologist could not be too particular, yet his sweep has failed to acquaint him with the sly genius of Edward Gibbon. We can imagine the demure joy with which that historian would learn that M. Roessler, in support of the statement that for centuries the Christian church healed the sick and raised the dead, cites in good faith the famous sentence:

> But the miraculous cure of diseases of the most inveterate or even preternatural kind can no longer occasion any surprise, when we recollect that in the days of Irenæus, about the end of the second century, the resurrection of the dead was very far from being esteemed an uncommon event.

Nobody better fitted for the task of translating Cæsar's "Commentaries on the Gallic War" (The Macmillan Co.) could be named than Dr. T. Rice Holmes. His version was begun some years ago, and postponed until he had completed the investigations, since presented, to the delight of the scholarly world, in his "Cæsar's Conquest of Gaul" and "Ancient Britain and the Invasions of Julius Cæsar." The work before us, therefore, is more than a translation; it is a summary of elaborate research. Footnotes are added where the text needs elucidation in matters historical and military, or the manuscript readings require discussion. Dr. Holmes speaks of the occasional carelessness of Cæsar's style, and believes that he did not revise his histories. The remark needs qualification in the light of Dernoschek's studies, which show that while the "Civil Wars" and Book vii of the "Gallic Wars" were not revised, Books i-vi of the latter work were subjected to thorough reëditing on the basis of certain grammatical theories that Cæsar held. But whether Cæsar's carelessness be intentional or not, carelessness is not intentionally reproduced in Dr. Holmes's version. It is clear and straightforward, with no endeavor for effect of any kind, and with none of the vulgarity of an up-to-date phrasing. It has not that imperial quality which gives the prose of Julius Cæsar distinction, and it misses the slightly satiric flavor which appears now and then, as in the description of the Gallic hosts and their numerous commanders-in-chief before Alesia (vii, 76).

But not to speak of unattainable goals, Dr. Holmes's work is one to which the general reader may profitably turn and which every teacher of Cæsar should study with care. In his preface, Dr. Holmes urges the prescription of Cæsar's Commentaries in the entrance examinations for the English military institutions at Woolwich and Sandhurst, rightly thinking it better for students at these places to know a few great authors well than to cull from a handbook information about Latin literature at large. The remark might be pondered by those American teachers who would "diversify" the high-school programme of the second year by miscellaneous substitutes for the dull pages of Cæsar. Nothing can be made interesting if Cæsar is not, and to one who sees not why, the various publications of Dr. Holmes may be recommended. The present book gives perhaps the readiest clue to the results reached in his previous works. It is equipped with an index of proper names and important military and political topics.

Anyone who has given twenty minutes to travelling by the elevated railway over the short distance between Friedrich Strasse, Berlin, and the suburb Charlottenburg, or has bumped along parallel to the peasant and his drove of cattle in one of the hoasted *Schnellzüge* in Germany—all apologies to the two or three really fast trains in the Fatherland!—will see the need of some radical reorganization of the whole railway system such as August Scherl suggests in "Ein neues Schnellbahnsystem," a richly-illustrated portfolio just issued by the author at Berlin. Scherl, who is known for his great publishing enterprises and activity in reorganization of public undertakings in Germany, comes out unreservedly for a single-track railway, not

of the type here and there already introduced in Europe such as the famous Schwebebahn—but one placed on solid banks of masonry throughout the land, and elevated far above the houses in the cities, where the highest possible speed may be attained, and the largest number of people and districts served. There, with trains balanced automatically by appliances within the cars themselves, Scheri looks for a speed of quite 200 kilometres, or 140 miles an hour, and all compatible with absolute safety and the greatest comfort. He would have a central station in Berlin, and would lead the various lines of railway out like spokes radiating from a hub, extending the branches clear into Austria, Switzerland, and across the Rhine, so that Bremen, Cassel, Prague, Breslau might be reached in about two hours, Innsbruck in about four, Flushing in about six, and Geneva an hour later. Scheri believes in the importance in social life of quick intercommunication, and holds quick travelling to be, after all, the cheapest; and in his efforts to provide for all possible conditions and demands from a somewhat humored public, betrays his indebtedness for many ideas to American railways. Passing by the main feature of the new system—the single rail, which Scherl admits will require some new engineering—the points of superiority are the centralizing of the lines and stations, the facility of junction between one railway and another, and the removal of dust and noise, as disturbing factors, from the experience of the city resident. A good deal of cleverness is shown in the economic distribution of the space for passengers within the cars and the stations, the offices of administration, etc., and the volume contains numerous plates calculated to instruct the laity as well as assist the engineer. Now that Scherl, at one stroke, has thrown down the gauntlet to all the theorists of the old and "scientifically educated" school, a flood of heavy and threatening brochures from opposing Germans may be expected in return. The ultimate result will probably be some increase of speed in railway travel in Germany.

A noteworthy publication in numismatic literature is the recent work of Ferdinand Friedensburg, entitled "Die Münze in der Kulturgeschichte" (Berlin: Weidmann). This book does not offer any new coins or new interpretations of inscriptions; but takes the rich data already on hand and shows the importance of coins as expressions of culture and civilization, business and commerce, religion and thought.

The rapidly increasing number of students and investigators in the particular field of water transportation will welcome the second volume in a series of technical economic monographs, edited by Dr. Ludwig Sinzheimer, lecturer in political economy in the University of Munich. The author is Hermann Justus Haarmann, who, in "Die ökonomische Bedeutung der Technik in der Seeschiffahrt" (Leipzig: Werner Klinkhardt), discusses both the direct and indirect effects of the progress of technical knowledge upon the development of water transportation. After considering the recent history of the development of vessels with respect to such matters as the increase of their carrying capacity, safety, and speed, he gives particular attention to their equipment and to the changing function of the officers and crew due to modern methods and conditions. The series will include studies in a variety of subjects, particularly of such industries as milling, sugar, glass, brick, chemical, and others of interest to students of economics and the general public as well.

"Gl'Italiani negli Stati Uniti del Nord" (Milan: Libreria Editrice Milanese), by Dr. Giovanni Preziosi, ought to be widely read wherever Americans are concerned in the question of immigration. For various reasons, the rapid influx of the Italians during the last decade has forced this question to the front. The Italians are not, by any means, the lowest or the most undesirable of the foreigners who have been coming in: they were simply the first who came in great numbers and showed slight or no capacity for citizenship. Their language, their illiteracy, their racial traditions have proved thus far too stubborn. Through them, we have had thrust upon us the problem: Shall the United States of the future harbor various foreign elements, which have not been and cannot be assimilated? If it shall, what hope is there for American patriotism, and the perpetuation of American principles? Now it is because Dr. Preziosi shows us clearly just what sort of material the Italian immigrants offer, that his book is so interesting. He has thoroughly studied the Italian colonies over here. He writes without prejudice. He puts his material clearly, and is familiar with the literature on the subject in both English and Italian. He deplores the evil reputation of his countrymen, and proves by statistics how little it is deserved. In New York city, for instance, in 1904, the Irish, with a smaller population than the Italian, had 1,564 of their number in the Blackwell's Island almshouse to only sixteen Italians. In 1902, 7,281 Irish were arrested in New York for drunkenness, and only 513 Italians; and so of other crimes. Dr. Preziosi admits frankly the too free use of the dagger by his countrymen among themselves, but he scouts the idea that there is a large criminal organization like the Black Hand. Its supposed intimidations and violence, he attributes to unorganized criminals, who have discovered the money value of pretending to belong to the mysterious society.

But it is the normal life and labor of the Italian immigrants that Dr. Preziosi's report deals with most amply. Their industry, their sobriety, their thrift, their patience and long-suffering under cruel hardships, he paints without exaggeration. He describes the many ways by which they are exploited: the function of the *banchista* and *padrone;* the utterly inadequate efforts of the few humane persons in each centre to relieve or protect the victims. Massachusetts was the first State to pass a law, adequately regulating the exploiters, and it is evident that every State, in which great numbers of Italians congregate must, for self-interest, take steps in their behalf. We entirely concur in Dr. Preziosi's conclusions that the paramount remedy is education. If the immigrants had a proper public school training in Italy, they would either not leave home, or they would find it as easy as the Germans and Scandinavians have found it on coming here to make a comfortable living. Once in the United States, they should fit themselves as rapidly as possible—by learning English and by adopting our ways and political ideals—for American citizenship; because until they can read and write, they must remain at an economic level hardly above serfdom. Dr. Preziosi's book ought to be translated.

From Turin comes the report of the death, in his eighty-ninth year, of Carutti di Cantogno, an historian and member of the Accademia dei Lincei.

Dr. Adolf Kamphausen, professor of Protestant theology at the University of Bonn, has died at the age of eighty. He was for a time secretary to Bunsen, at Heidelberg, and after Bunsen's death, completed his "Volständiges Bibelwerk für die Gemeinden," with the assistance of Holtzhausen. He has also to his own credit a considerable list of books on the Old Testament and other religious topics.

PRINCIPLES OF TAXATION.

The Methods of Taxation, Compared with the Established Principles of Justice. By David MacGregor Means. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50 net.

"No one is satisfied," as Mr. Means remarks, "with the practical methods employed in assessing and collecting taxes"; but "there is little agreement concerning the reform of these practices," and we seem to be about as far removed from such agreement as people were a generation ago, when serious discussion of the subject began in the United States. A necessary preliminary to comprehensive reform is, undoubtedly, agreement upon underlying principles, and the present volume should contribute not a little to this end. If open to criticism at certain points, it is fundamentally sound at others; and is written in a clear and cogent style that must command admiration even where it does not carry instant or even ultimate conviction.

By "methods" of taxation, our author means principles of procedure, and his purpose is to compare the principles underlying present practices with the principles of social justice, in order to determine what taxes are just and therefore fit to be employed in an enlightened state. Of methods of taxation, he finds, there are three: the proportionate, according to which taxes "should be contrived with the purpose of taking from every subject the same proportionate part of his wealth"; the progressive, or "socialistic," by which "a part of the possessions of those who have greater wealth should be taken from them, and given to, or applied to the use of, those who have less"; and the economic, or fiscal, which aims "to procure the revenue of the Government with the least possible diminution of the revenue of its subjects." Before considering these, Mr. Means formulates the principles of social justice by which they are to be tested. Since every tax involves

some interference with property rights, this part of the inquiry necessarily concerns the institution of private property.

The occupancy theory of property he finds obviously unsatisfactory, and the labor theory is valid only for such an amount of property as is necessary to support life. Rights in property obtained by transfer must be recognized because of the evils that would follow uncertainty about titles. The institution of property, as we find it, is generally approved since it has conduced to progress and secured sufficient diffusion of wealth and comfort to give the average man a stake in its preservation. Property rights, however, are not absolute; in a progressive society they are subject to modification; and discontent with extreme inequalities of wealth leads to approval of certain changes. In a progressive society, therefore, "conflict between vested rights and the requirements of changed conditions is inevitable," the outcome being a "series of compromises between the forces of conservatism and progress." In taxation, then, as in other branches of legislation, we must give due consideration to the "reasonable expectations" of property owners, but without recognizing absolute rights of ownership. So-called "unearned property," whether acquired by prescription, inheritance, gift, or otherwise, is the form most likely to undergo modification; and "it does not seem to admit of question that most men think that a more equal distribution than now prevails would better accord with justice."

Admitting, however, that the present distribution of wealth is not ideal, it is not to be assumed forthwith that a better distribution can be produced by means of taxes. The proportionate method, even if capable of strict enforcement, would leave men relatively where they are to-day; and it is clear that if a redistribution is to be effected, resort must be had to the progressive method. To apply either the proportionate or the progressive methods requires "that the government should ascertain the amount of the wealth, or of the revenue, of every subject." The practicability of such a procedure is not to be assumed, but must be determined from experience.

Disclosure by property owners and inquisition by public officers are the two methods by which the amount of each citizen's wealth must be ascertained, and in taxing property or incomes governments have applied both methods and in as many forms as human ingenuity can suggest. From the history of the general property tax in the United States and the income tax in Great Britain, Mr. Means draws ample evidence of the difficulties attending either method; but the story is so familiar to American readers that it need not be considered here. The abuses arising under the general property tax have long been notorious, and the British income tax has always had its critics. Our author's conclusion is that, human nature remaining what it is, the attempt to levy either a proportionate or a progressive tax upon all property or income will always fail to attain justice between citizens, however the requirements of justice may be defined. He calls attention, also, to the further fact that so long as part of the public revenue is derived from taxes on consumption, the total contribution of each citizen can have no assignable relation to the amount of his property or income.

Taxes on consumption have sometimes been defended as just, on the ground that outgo is proportionate to income, and that by taxing the one, governments may tax proportionately the other, particularly, if care is taken to exempt absolutely necessary articles of consumption. But the arguments by which such views are supported are easily shown to be fallacious, and Mr. Means concludes that, while indirect taxes may be indispensable, "they can never be maintained to be just." Habitation taxes, which are merely taxes on one form of expenditure, receive a more favorable judgment; and our author concludes that, "with proper graduation and exemptions," a habitation tax "would seem more than any other to afford that equality of opportunity which justice is thought to demand." It "furnishes revenue to the government, it obtains much of it from the profusion of the extravagant, and at the same time enables the parsimony of the frugal to accumulate the wealth on which the prosperity of the society depends." Inheritance taxes are somewhat severely criticised by Mr. Means, who, in addition to the usual criticisms, suggests that the high rates now in favor may lead to evasion. He concedes, however, that "the death tax does not occasion the outrageous injustice of the general property tax," and that, "if it could be substituted for the latter, and graduated as the theory on which it rests requires, justice would be more nearly attained than at present."

Even if it were possible to ascertain the aggregate possessions or incomes of all citizens and then tax them at either proportional or progressive rates, the intention of the lawmakers would be frustrated by the process of tax shifting. Mr. Means holds in general to the diffusion theory of incidence. Taxes on property or income differ from taxes on production or transfers chiefly in that they are collected at regular times and at determinate rates. He recognizes, however, that this theory assumes "not only freedom of competition, but also an unlimited supply of materials at a constant price." This leads him to recognize important exceptions to his general principle that taxes tend to be diffused throughout the community. The first exception is a tax on ground rent, which falls upon the landlord; and another is a tax on the net receipts of a monopoly. In his opinion, the ultimate outcome is that "nearly all the charges levied on personal property and on trade fall eventually on land, and with enormously increased weight." Even the progressive inheritance and income taxes of recent times probably tend to check accumulation, raise the rate of interest, and so defeat the avowed object with which they are levied—the equalization of fortunes.

The proportionate and progressive methods of taxation being seen to be impracticable and utterly illusory, there remains only the economic method. Since it is useless to attempt to distribute the charges of government "with any approximation to justice," as defined by advocates of the proportional or progressive methods, the only thing that can be done is to "procure the revenue of the Government with the least possible diminution of the revenue of its subjects." From this point of view, general property and income taxes are to be rejected; and most indirect taxes are highly obnoxious on account of their tendency to hamper industry or commerce and because their cost of collection is excessive. Inheritance taxes are better than taxes on property or income, but hardly meet the requirements of an economic system. Taxes on real property, proportional to the rental value, "comply very perfectly" with these requirements; a habitation tax, if properly graduated, is also satisfactory. Further than this "the deponent saith not," and we are left with the conclusion that, while it may be necessary to make many compromises with popular ignorance or prejudice, only taxes on real estate and the so-called habitation tax square with the economic method of raising public revenue.

It would be interesting to follow Mr. Means into the detailed discussion of different forms of taxation from the standpoint of the economic method, but that must be left to the reader. His analyses and classifications are often out of the ordinary run, and are interesting even when they do not seem to improve on the usual methods of attacking the problems. The chapter on the "Cost of Collecting Taxes" is particularly valuable, and perhaps the best in the book. He should not have condemned income taxes so absolutely without making a careful study of the tax systems of the German States, and his proposal for a single direct Federal tax apportioned among the States of our Union in proportion to the aggregate local revenues or expenditures is highly fanciful. His discussion of discriminating taxes on corporations is valuable, but he is certainly mistaken when he

says that railways in opposing rate laws have always opposed particular rates and not the principle of regulation (p. 300). Study of the license taxes of various States would have led to a modification of the statement that the attempt to graduate liquor licenses has not been made in this country (p. 255). In his criticism of particular taxes, he has sometimes forgotten his own principle that "some inequality is inseparable from human life and from all taxation," upon which he has finally to fall back in his defence of the habitation tax (p. 271). But when these and other criticisms have been made, it must be recognized that Mr. Means has produced a stimulating, incisive, and valuable book.

CURRENT FICTION.

Anthony Cuthbert. By Richard Bagot. New York: Brentano's.

The matter of "Frank Danby" and the manner of the late Marion Crawford—so may be suggested roughly the quality of "Anthony Cuthbert." That is to say, it is a modern story of sex, told in a way at once simple and prolix. It makes no appeal to prurience, but it prides itself upon calling a spade a spade. Unfortunately, it is disagreeable without being impressive. Its chief episode, or situation, is by no means impossible, and the episodes which lead up to it are arranged with a good deal of ingenuity. But the whole thing strikes us rather as a clever study in an unpleasant type of fiction than as a wholesome and complete piece of art. It is a penalty of our story-madness that few novelists can afford to wait for a right inspiration; clever workmanship is all we demand of them. "Anthony Cuthbert" is distinctly below Mr. Bagot's previous performances. He has conceived an appalling thing; but his conception has appealed to him as striking possibility rather than overwhelming fact. He has fancied in it material for a narrative of the generous proportions still favored in England, and he has written such a novel, or what looks on the surface like such a novel. In reality, as he actually feels it, the theme is material for a *conte:* a Frenchman would have got the effect of pathetic irony with a tenth or a twentieth as many words. Tragic irony, an effect so sombre and profound as to justify his scale, Mr. Bagot certainly does not achieve.

The plot has the international (or, as it is usually called, cosmopolitan) element, which is just now, whether or not as a sign of our advance in civilization, so highly approved. England and Italy —Northumberland and Florence—supply the chief scenes with a sufficiently abrupt contrast. Anthony Cuthbert is a widower beyond middle age, rich, well-born, and childless. He has lived much abroad, and some years before the action of the present story begins, has wished to marry a Roman girl of noble family. A disgraceful intrigue prevents his success, and involves the girl in a shameful marriage, from which she virtually, though not legally, withdraws. Cuthbert has given up hope of winning her, and proposes to make a nephew his heir. Fate throws the nephew and the woman together in a brief moment of love-madness, neither being aware of the other's relation to Cuthbert. You see the rest: the brutal husband dies, the lady marries Cuthbert; the horror of the situation is brought home too late to "the guilty pair," who have not hitherto regarded themselves as guilty. The deaths of the nephew and the wife make easier Cuthbert's subsequent magnanimity, which remains, after all, a trifle unreal, a little too much like complaisance.

The Woman and the Sword. By Rupert Lorraine. Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Co.

This typical example of the swashbuckling school might have passed unnoticed a few years ago, but looms with some distinctness during the present vogue of introspective modernity. "Have at thee, caitiff!" will always touch a responsive chord in the more youthful register of one's emotional instrument, unless the chord be worn out by incessant thrumming. Mr. Lorraine has chosen his time well, but has somewhat rashly endeavoured to compress into one volume the bloody and violent deeds of a shelf-full; the pages reek crimson from the heroine's initial meeting with the hero, when she begins the bloodshed by biting him. After this, abduction, hair-breadth escape, and general carnage are the order of the day; subsidiary villains and such impedimenta are slaughtered right and left, and the book ends in a ruined tower, with a spectacular set-piece of gore, furnished mainly by the arch-villain, and a wedding at which the bride is most appropriately crowned with bandages, instead of the more conventional veil. The story as a whole, like so many of its school, is read with interest, and —perhaps ungratefully—ridiculed in the cold light of later judgment.

The Runaway Place. By Walter P. Eaton and Elsie M. Underhill. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The authors call this farrago of sentiment, nonsense, and city-weariness a "May Idyl of Manhattan." The runaway place is Central Park, New York city. The runaways are a young man with literary longings, out of work, and an ambiguous young woman on her vacation, who responds from a summer-house to his whistled air from Mozart. Feeling out of tune with the elevated, troubled by certain nostalgic reminiscences of fields of daisies, and believing that only children can be romantic in the metropolis, they contract to be ten years old for the time being. Though they indulge deeply enough in peanuts, donkeys, and swan-boats, it cannot be said that they sustain their parts with a very childlike grace or spontaneity. What is meant for fun verges on silliness; what is meant for romance verges on "softness." There is a manifest attempt in various passages to suggest the whimsical melancholy of Heine; but his fine-edged wit is wholly wanting, and the suggestion is rather of the melancholy whimsicality of the humorous weekly, not to say the Sunday supplement. Perhaps the most amusing thing in the book is an interpolated story based on a difference of opinion between New Englanders and Manhattanese on the subject of doughnuts and crullers. The most serious thing is something called a *causerie* on "How to Be Happy Though in New York." Neither of the authors apparently has solved the problem. For beneath this self-conscious, over-literary, and curiously inartistic medley there is a genuine note of discord and the half-articulate pathos of uprooted things.

The Full Glory of Diantha. By Mrs. Philip Verrill Mighels. Chicago: Forbes & Co.

Diantha was fond of poetry, and a line came to her mind from the book she had been reading:

'Tis great—'tis great to be alone.

The title of the masterpiece to which Diantha is able to turn with such enviable readiness is not given, and one's fancy is teased as to the mate of the vouchsafed line. Perhaps

'Tis dandy without any one

is as reasonable a surmise as may be. However, the poem evidently expresses only a mood of Diantha's, for the chief and avowed object of her life is to find, not solitude, but "the man of her heart." She is not, be it understood, a simple village maiden, but a very good business woman, a bookkeeper, in fact, in the considerable city of New York. She is half-inclined to see the man of her heart in the junior member of the firm which employs her, and he is willing to be that. But she is not quite sure that he will do; she inclines to some one a little taller, stronger, more "elemental," and with eyes of a deeper blue. She puts it frankly to the junior member. There are a good many men whom she has had no chance to consider, and she has the suspicion that the man of her heart may be among them. The junior member is a good fellow, and promptly assigns her to a position in the office of a logging camp in the far West. He gives her six months to find her "knight

of old," and to bring him to New York for inspection; promising a liberal check by way of reward if the exhibit proves satisfactory. If she does not find the knight, she is to marry him, the junior member. The narrative which follows is too delightfully absurd to be dismissed as inane by the catholic reader.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

My Memoirs. By Alexandre Dumas. Translated by E. M. Waller. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. Vol. VI. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

With the issue of the sixth and final volume, the Memoirs of Dumas, *père*, in Mrs. Waller's translation, reach the year 1833. Their author lived on until 1870; his most remarkable work in the novel was done in the years 1844-1850: we have, then, a memoir which devotes two hundred pages to the writer's father, without carrying us beyond the thirty-first year of the writer himself. But as the work aggregates some three thousand pages, we would not complain of its slightness. This bulky production is in no sense of the word "composed." It is simply the repository of numerous anecdotes, *mémoires pour servir*, and such cuttings from journals, plays, and poems (not always the original work of Dumas himself) as lay at hand. Had another than Dumas written his Memoirs with equal scorn of form and proportion, the work would have been unreadable. As it is, the dramatic sweep and the male vigor of Dumas dominate every page, giving the whole something of a factitious unity. Through these volumes march and countermarch legions of men of state—men of the barricades, men and women of stageland, men of letters, painters, journalists. We can only compare "My Memoirs" with the other works of the novelist; and if we place his story of himself below his avowed fiction, that must be because it is, here, not a single story, but a batch of unrelated romances—romances political and literary, romances real and romances ideal (*i. e.*, stories dressed up in cocked hats): all of them bound up together under a single title. "My Memoirs" is not one book, but many.

The man revealed in these Memoirs is generous to a fault: not in matters of money and hospitality alone, wherein he was a gull, but in sympathy no less. There is nothing grudging about his recognition of genius greater than his own. Dumas never failed to give Hugo all credit for his powers as lyric and dramatic poet. One reason why his Memoirs are, in their literary comment, indubitably thin, is the fact that he overrated almost all of his contemporaries. Speaking of an obscure collaborator, Dumas once remarked: "There is just something he lacks—I can't define what it is—to make him a man of talent." "Perhaps he lacks the talent," some one suggested. "*Tiens!*" said Dumas; "well, perhaps you are right. I never thought of that!" The novelist would have been far from resenting the imputation that he was weak in the critical faculty. "Criticism," he observes, "which does not produce children of its own, only picks up and fondles orphans which it can adopt; but it turns, angry and growling, on those children who are supported by a vigorous parentage." Even in his quarrels and duels, quite as in his literary controversies and opinions, Dumas was boyishly precipitate rather than captious or ungenerous. And though he was not given to introspection, it is one of his own pages that gives us the secret of his personality:

> With me gayety of heart is persistent, not the light-heartedness which shines through grief . . . but [that] which shines through the worries, material vexations, and even lesser dangers of life. One has a lively imagination because one is light-hearted; but this imagination often evaporates like the flame of spirits, or the foam of champagne. A merry man, spirited and animated of speech, is, at times, dull and morose when alone in front of his paper with pen in hand. Now work, on the contrary, excites me; directly I have a pen in my hand, reaction sets in; my most freakish fancies have often sprung out of my dullest days, like fiery lightnings out of a storm.

It is the author of twelve hundred volumes who speaks!

Although the translator of "My Memoirs" has rendered Dumas's unstudied prose into English that is always readable, she has not wholly escaped the marring solecism. She has been erratic, too, in sometimes translating, sometimes leaving in the French, phrases and passages. The texts quoted here at length cry out for more careful proof-reading: the errors are so glaring and so numerous in the final volume that it would be tiresome to enumerate the half. Yet the fact remains that, whereas we had, before, but two volumes of selections from the Memoirs, Englished by Mr. Davidson, we have now their whole disordered mass. They are, when all is said, as amusing—as spirited—as dramatic—as Mr. Lang has claimed in the entertaining essay with which they are prefaced.

Science.

The American Flower Garden. By Neltje Blanchan. With planting tables by Leonard Barron. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Edition limited to 1,050 copies. $12.50.

For many years there has been an opportunity for some one to write a book which should translate the spirit and practice of American gardens as William Robinson notably, and others less preeminently, have done it for English gardens. It was with this avowed purpose that the present work has been undertaken. The book is 8½ by 10 inches in size, is printed in a highly attractive and readable Caslon old-style type, on heavy, water-marked paper, and is illustrated with ninety-six full-size photographic plates and ten in color.

The demand for such a work is no doubt sentimental and æsthetic. Sensible, practical directions for gardening are contained in it, to be sure, but such as can be had much more quickly, fully, and scientifically by consulting Prof. Bailey's "Cyclopedia of Horticulture." However, as the sentimental and æsthetic side is nearly the whole game in amateur gardening, we may rejoice that such a book has come into existence. To the wealthy place-owner, into whose hands this *édition de luxe* will for the most part go, it will prove a welcome guide, interpreting the efforts of his landscape architect and his gardener. To the skilled amateur, *épris* of his art, it will come as the sympathetic and confirmatory outpourings of a fellow garden-lover; and to the person who merely loves flowers as the material of exquisite pictures, it will appeal by its charming and artistic illustrations.

Neltje Blanchan, to whom we owe the imaginative part of the writing, is already well known as the author of an excellent book for identifying wild flowers ("Nature's Garden"), and of other works on bird and plant life. The general plan of her chapters may be gathered from her treatment of "The Wild Garden": First, she touches on the abstract idea, and tells what an ideal wild garden might be and what such gardens have actually been in the past; then she describes some of the most useful materials for a wild garden, interspersing the story with the practical knowledge necessary to the making of one. After each chapter follow the planting tables, by Leonard Barron, which, though not by any means exhaustive, give all the best flowers, and fully as many as anybody but Crœsus has any business to try.

A great deal was predicted for the illustrations in the present work, and the untinted ones are all that could be asked. But the colored plates are a disappointment. Photographs of a high order they undoubtedly are; but color is strongly associated with idealism, and this quality is largely lacking. Perhaps if we did not have the wonderful crayon color sketches by Miss Margaret Waterfield in the English volumes of a similar sort ("Garden Color" and

"Flower Grouping in English, Scottish, and Irish Gardens") we should feel better satisfied. In some plates the colors do not register with exactitude. However, it must be admitted that the process used gives the correct values of the flowers, which is more than can be said of the seed catalogues or the hand-colored plates of the florists. On the whole, this is such a satisfactory book and fills such a unique place in the literature of American gardening that we cannot help hoping that it will be put out soon in a popular edition.

In the many divisions of engineering courses in the universities and colleges of this country, the course leading to the degree of sanitary engineer is the most recent, and it is likely to become one of the most important, dealing as it does with the preservation of human life. Books on the subject are few at present, but they are certain to be more common as the demand increases. Two recent publications, by W. P. Gerhard, are "Sanitation, Water Supply, and Sewage Disposal of Country Houses" (D. Van Nostrand Company), and "Sanitation and Sanitary Engineering" (published by the author). The former takes up the subject in the title in simple terms, gives the experiences of the leading sanitary experts, and describes fully and comprehensively the various methods adopted. The latter is an enlarged second edition, deals with the subject in general, and is intended to show the benefit of proper sanitation, by the experience of cities which have adopted modern methods. Both are valuable, but the hints to builders of country homes will probably be of greatest use to laymen.

The death is announced, in his sixty-seventh year, of Otto von Bollinger, rector of the University of Munich, and principal of the Pathological Instituto connected with it. His published works include "Die Kolik der Pferde," "Zur Pathologie des Milzbrandes," "Ueber animale Vaccination," and "Atlas und Grundriss der pathologischen Anatomie."

Drama and Music.

In "The Melting Pot," given for the first time in New York at the new Comedy Theatre Monday evening, Mr. Zangwill goes at a difficult subject with a light heart. The product of his dramatic melting pot was an unstable compound of melodrama, farce, burlesque, and rhetoric. That this country is the crucible in which the races of the world are destined to blend into the perfect human type, is the compliment which Mr. Zangwill lays at Columbia's feet. But he fails to demonstrate just how the future amalgamated American superman is to come about, or why, or when, or where. This play of the young Jewish musician, Quixano, who has experienced the horrors of Kishenev, but who is now ensconced with his uncle and his grandmother "in the Borough of Richmond," has neither progressive action nor development of character. And Mr. Zangwill has appropriately placed his unreal characters in improbable situations. Mr. Zangwill's conception of this country's function as a melting pot is literal. America is the crucible only, and contributes nothing. But it is plain that when a Russian youth and a Russian maiden meet in Staten Island and marry, we have not witnessed an example of true assimilation. Walker Whiteside plays the rôle of David Quixano well. The author has not given him a character to interpret but a large number of rhetorical selections to deliver. Mr. Whiteside has wisely taken the bull by the horns and goes through his part in a fine oratorical frenzy, though even his pleasing voice and physical restraint cannot save David from being a bore. Miss Crystal Herne as Vera Revendal succeeds in coming nearest to the natural. She is beautiful, and by voice and gesture gives expression to the spirit of poetic youth.

From Châlons-sur-Marne, France, comes news of the death of Clyde Fitch on September 4; his death having closely followed an operation for appendicitis. Clyde Fitch was born in New York city, May 2, 1865. As an undergraduate at Amherst College (where he received the bachelor's degree in 1886, and in 1902 the honorary degree of master of arts), he gave signs of literary aptitude. An apprenticeship as a writer of magazine stories for children, and as newspaper reporter, was followed by the scoring of an instantaneous (though anonymous) success as author of "Beau Brummel"—a play written for Richard Mansfield. Mr. Fitch wrote in all some fifty-four plays; all these in the course of less than twenty years. It is characteristic of the dramatist that, industrious as he must have been to establish such a record, austerity and aloofness were qualities that he never adopted. His secret lay, doubtless, in his ability to work under all circumstances and at all hours. A keen theatrical instinct found no small part of its expression at rehearsal, and in a tireless surveillance of "properties" and "business." The dramatist's mastery of the minutiæ of stagecraft, and his ease in giving to his work the note of "timeliness" dear to his public, conspired with his larger efficiency to make many of his plays uncommonly successful. Among the original plays by Clyde Fitch are to be numbered, besides "Brummel" and the one-act comedy "Frederic Lemaitre," "Betty's Finish," "A Modern Match," "April Weather," "His Grace de Grammont," "The Career of Betty Singleton" "The Moth and the Flame," "Nathan Hale," "Barbara Frietchie," "The Cowboy and the Lady," "The Climbers," "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," "Lovers' Lane," "The Girl and the Judge," "The Way of the World," "The Last of the Dandies," "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," "The Girl with the Green Eyes," "Her Own Way," "Major André," "Glad of It," "The Coronet of the Duchess," "The Woman in the Case," "The Truth," "The Straight Road," and "The Girl Who Has Everything." Among his adaptations were "The Masked Ball," "The Head of the Family," "Cousin Billy," "The House of Mirth," and "The Blue Mouse."

A work of peculiar attractiveness for lovers of music is Leopold Schmidt's "Aus dem Musikleben der Gegenwart: Beiträge zur zeitgenössischen Kunstkritik. Mit einer Einleitung von Richard Strauss" (Berlin: Hofmann & Co.). The author is a well-known musical critic in Berlin, and the first volume is devoted exclusively to music in the Prussian capital. The second volume describes musical compositions and performances in other German and European cities. Even those who may not agree with some of Leopold Schmidt's views will derive pleasure and advantage from his clear and comprehensive survey of the development and distinctive qualities of contemporary musical productivity. The introduction by Strauss, the celebrated conductor, adds greatly to the value of the work, which he warmly commends, although differing from the author on several important points.

Art.

Old Lace: A Handbook for Collectors. By M. Jourdain. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.50 net.

Its technical as well as its historical interest gives this book a claim upon lovers of old lace. As Miss Jourdain points out, the lace collector has the especial advantage in the pursuit of his art that he need not be ever on guard against imposture. A piece of modern enamel or silver may be treated to simulate old age in a manner that will deceive the very elect, but the methods of production of real and machine-made laces differ so essentially that imitation lace has small deceptive quality. The needle-point laces are entirely built up from a foundation of threads worked over by buttonhole stitch and other loopings, and the bobbin laces in many of their varieties introduce plaits to connect different portions of the ornament. As yet no machine has been able to duplicate these stitches successfully and cheaply. Moreover, in machine-work the operating force is uniform and the tension on the thread is constantly the same, producing a perfectly regular, flat tissue, whereas the slight irregularities caused by the unequal tension in hand-work are like a succession of minute ripples, lending to the work a peculiar individuality. It is just this treatment of the technical aspects of the subject, always a vital matter to collectors, which will give the present book a special place in the English literature of the subject. Much space is given to detailed accounts of the characteristics of the different varieties, and the thoroughness with which the work is done is exemplified on page 25, where a note describes eight kinds of brides, or connections, found in three square inches of fine rose point.

Having reëdited Mrs. Bury Palliser's classic "History of Lace" in 1902, the author's knowledge of that branch of the subject also is well grounded, and the historical material presented is judiciously chosen. An occasional echo of Mrs. Palliser may be heard in the de-

velopment of the text, as well as in the arrangement which devotes a chapter to the product of each lace-making country or municipality. The laces of Germany, Sweden, Russia, Spain, Denmark, Switzerland, and Austria are not treated because they "did not result in work of any high artistic quality or importance." Austria and Russia can scarcely be said to have produced old lace, and Miss Jourdain thinks that the far-famed point laces which came out of Spain after the dissolution of the monasteries in 1830 were not native products, but had been brought there earlier from Flanders or Italy. Yet it is to be regretted that a little space has not been given to the other four countries, for, according to good authorities, they were all making lace in the seventeenth century, and the products of Germany and Denmark at least seem to have been well enough known outside their own boundaries to make their acquisition of some interest to collectors. The author believes that it is impossible to trace the actual origin of lace to Oriental sources, as has sometimes been attempted, but that the design of the early geometric laces, like that of metal work, was affected by the East, a fact hitherto unrecognized. Lace appears to have been born in Italy, and Venice, by her position as the great buyer and distributor of Eastern handiwork, was peculiarly fitted to transmit Oriental influences. In Venice the embroidery and rimming of white linen first came into fashion in Europe, and in Venice motives of Oriental design were first applied to the ornamentation of linen. The principles of design used were, "interlaced, repeating, star-shaped, and polygonal ornament, purely geometrical," and "these forms are exclusively used in early Italian reticella and *punto in aria* at a date when flowing scrolls and conventionalized flower ornament was freely used in the designs for embroidery." This is an interesting subject for discussion but it seems possible that technical difficulties which would never be encountered in embroidery might occur in the manufacture of flowing scrolls in lace, and so might limit the development of the design. The early lace was called *punto in aria*, or "stitch in the air," because it was made without any foundation of net or linen, and it is easy to see that at first beautiful curves would be an ideal difficult of achievement.

The illustrations are numerous and are excellent for their size (8½x6½). Particularly worthy of attention are plates xxiv, xxvi, and xxvii, which show specimens of rose point, of rose point pieced, the design being ruined in the process, and of imitation rose point, with cut linen foundation. An index of plates would be a convenience, although this lack is somewhat atoned for by a full general index. The contents of the book are not altogether new, for many of the chapters and illustrations originally appeared in the *Connoisseur*, having been revised and rearranged for their present purpose.

The frontispiece of the *Burlington Magazine* for August is a photogravure after a new Rembrandt, tentatively dated 1646 by Claude Phillips, representing either Diana or one of her nymphs reposing in a wood, her dogs by her side. The tiny naked figure has all Rembrandt's incredible ugliness, but one can fancy the flesh very gleaming in its dusky surroundings. The picture is, however, essentially a landscape. It is not so interesting in form or composition as some other of the master's works in this kind, but is said to be superb in color. A. M. Hind writes interestingly again on engravings and their states, and gives, in reproduction, a number of notable instances of the strange transformations a given plate may undergo in the course of its existence. In a sense, however, the most notable article is that on "The Training of the Memory in Art," which deals with Le Coeq de Boisbaudran's methods of teaching and their excellent results. The drawings by his pupils reproduced are certainly extraordinary—one wishes that the exact conditions under which they were made had been more clearly specified. It has long been the conviction of the present writer that the lack of proper training of the memory is the greatest defect of our modern manner of studying drawing, and one would like to know just how De Boisbaudran supplied this want. Apparently he depended on a sort of secondary memory—the memory of a drawing executed from nature or from the original to be copied—instead of on a direct memory of the object itself. He seems to have been troubled when Legros, sent to the Louvre to make a study of Holbein's Erasmus, came back with nothing in his portfolio, only to realize that the pupil was more radical than the master, and had brought his drawing in his head. It is this direct memory that we should like to see trained in our art-schools. The question is, how far it is possible to avoid the substitution of habit and formula for real observation and recollection. In the work of most artists who rely upon memory there is a vast amount of *chic*—of details supplied by tricks of manipulation or by a system of arbitrary symbols. Just where and how to draw the line between such work and the necessary and proper supplementing of special observation by the accumulated result of former observations—between *chic* and knowledge—is the great difficulty.

John Bunyan Bristol, landscape and portrait painter, has died at the age of eighty-three. He was a regular exhibitor at the National Academy of Design and the Century Club.

Finance.

THE ONE SHORT CROP.

That the country's cotton crop, whose condition was well below the average a month ago, had been badly hurt by the drought of August, was conceded before the government estimate of last Thursday was given out. That estimate, nevertheless, was something of a shock. Out of five trade estimates, earlier in the week, none put the crop's condition as low as 64 per cent., and the figures ran as high as 68. The Department of Agriculture gave out 63.7. This is the lowest September estimate in the twenty-seven years of the monthly government reports. It follows an estimate of planted acreage, in June, smaller than any such estimate since 1905. The cotton

Financial.

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trade on Thursday figured out an "indicated yield" of 11,000,000 bales; yet the price of cotton hardly stirred. One may reasonably ask, how this should be possible.

Partly because the poor report was foreshadowed by a rise of 1½ cent per pound since early summer; partly for other causes. For one thing, September "indicated yields" are treacherous, last year, the trade's forecast at this time was remarkably correct, but it over-estimated the crop by a million bales in 1907, and under-estimated it by a million and a half in 1904. The planter is notoriously apt to exaggerate bad conditions in his statements to outside estimators; in so far as he can influence them in their compilations for the cotton market, they may usually reckon on influencing prices in the producer's favor.

It is true that any American crop of less than 12,000,000 bales would be small, and that 11,000,000 bales would be notably deficient. Such a crop would run far short of meeting the normal "world's requirements" of American cotton for the season. Last year, the Liverpool "Ellison estimate" figured out, as the sum of such requirements, 12,438,000 bales; it is at least as large this season. Still, there are ways of making up even so large a deficiency. In Egypt, for instance, where annual cotton production runs to nearly a million and a half of bales, the prospects of this season have been extremely favorable; India's crop, which is second in magnitude to our own, is figured out to be 5 per cent. larger than last year's. Furthermore, an unusually large surplus has been left over from the world's crop of 1908. Europe, whose storehouses held 291,000 bales at this time in the famous "short year," 1903, and only 723,000 even a year ago, reported 1,225,000 bales last Saturday.

These circumstances would doubtless serve to relieve the strain on the world's cotton-spinning trade; but the fact is equally obvious that, just so far as large foreign crops and large foreign storehouse reserves would mitigate the ill effects of a deficient yield in the United States, exactly to that extent would they handicap such familiar compensations to our own markets as a high price for producers and a valuable cotton export trade. However, the cotton season is still young. In 1903, the year of the 10,000,000-bale crop and the "Sully corner," foreign consumers did not show their hand until December. Cotton's highest October price at New York city was 10⅝ cents a pound; the highest November figure, 11⅝. Not until January did the market pass sixteen cents.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, F. F. Society and Politics in Ancient Rome. Scribner.
American Jewish Year-Book, 5670. (Sept. 16, 1909, to Oct. 3, 1910.) Edited by H. Friedenwald. Philadelphia: Jewish Pub. Society of America.
Ball, R. S. Natural Sources of Power. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Becquer, G. Romantic Legends of Spain. Translated by C. F. and K. L. Bates. Crowell, $1.50 net.
Benson, R. Melchisedec. Holt & Co. $1.50.
Bierce, A. Collected Works. Vol. I. Neale Pub. Co.
Bindloss, H. The Greater Power. Stokes.
Coolidge, M. R. Chinese Immigration. Holt & Co. $1.75 net.
Drake: An English Epic. With special prologue by A. Noyes. Stokes. $1.50 net.
Dunton, L. School-Children the World Over. Stokes.
Ellis, M. Marcus Whitman, Pathfinder and Patriot. Seattle: Alice Harriman Co.
Elshemus, L. M. Companionship. The Dreamers Press.
Eucken, R. The Problem of Human Life. Scribner. $3 net.
Faris, J. T. Winning Their Way. Stokes.
Fleckenstein, N. T. Widow's Wisdom. H. M. Caldwell Co.
Hardie, J. K. India. B. W. Huebsch.
Hewlett, M. Open Country. Scribner. $1.50.
Houghton, C. E. The Elements of Mechanics of Materials. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Land Reformers' Handbook for 1909. Edited and published by Joseph Edwards. London, S. E.
Long, W. J. English Literature. Ginn & Co.
Loveman, R. The Blushful South and Hippocrene: Being Songs. Philadelphia: Lippincott Co.
Lowndes, Mrs. B. The Uttermost Farthing. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25.
McCants, E. C. One of the Grayjackets and Other Stories. Columbia, S. C.: The State Co. $1.
McComb, S. The Making of the English Bible. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.
MacKeracher, W. M. Sonnets and Other Verse. Toronto: William Briggs.
McSpadden, J. W. Waverley Synopses. Crowell, 50 cents.
Marks, G. C. Inventions, Patents, and Designs: With Notes and the Full Text of the New British Patents and Designs Act, 1907. Van Nostrand. $1 net.
Morris, C. Home Life in All Lands. Book II. Manners and Customs of Uncivilized Peoples. Philadelphia. Lippincott Co. 80 cents net.
Payne, R. D. College Years. Scribner.
Plunkett, I. L. The Fall of the Old Order: a Text-book of European History, 1763-1815. Frowde. $1.10.
Raymond, G. L. Dante and Collected Verse. Putnam, $1.25 net.
Report of the State Commission in Lunacy. Oct. 1, 1907, to Sept. 30, 1908.
Rice, C. Y. David. Doubleday, Page.
Sage, A. C. The Boys and Girls of the White House. Stokes.
Schofield, A. T. With Christ in Palestine. Fenno & Co. $1.25.
Schuyler, R. L. The Transition in Illinois from British to American Government. Macmillan. $1 net.
Service, R. W. Ballads of a Cheechako. Philadelphia: E. Stern & Co.
Sharp, W. Songs and Poems. Duffield.
Sonnichsen, A. Confessions of a Macedonian Bandit. Duffield. $1.50 net.
Spemann's Kunst-Kalender, 1910. Lemcke & Buechner.
Stretton, H. The Christmas Child. Crowell. 50 cents net.
Swinburne's Dramas. With introduction and notes by Arthur Beatty. Crowell. $1.50 net.
Syntax of High School Latin. Edited by Lee Byrne. Univ. of Chicago Press. 75 cents net.
Vay Dyke, J. C. The New New York. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. Macmillan $3.50 net.
Wagner's Walküre. Retold in English Verse by Oliver Huckel. Crowell. $1.50 net.
Walter, F. M. Physiology and Hygiene. Heath & Co.
White, K. Poems, Letters, and Prose Fragments. Edited by John Drinkwater. Dutton. 50 cents.
Wright, H. B. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Chicago: The Book Supply Co.
Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture, 1908. Washington: Gov. Printing Office.

Ready this week.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1909.

The Week.

"Controversy" is altogether too dignified a term to describe the miserable war of words that now rages about the Pole. The situation is deplorable. The most dramatic achievement in the scientific annals of the age is being written down in Billingsgate. The nation's disaccustomed ears ring again with the once familiar epithet, "liar." The goal which was striven for during three hundred years of self-sacrifice and heroic devotion, once attained, seems to have let loose the baser passions of men, and the interests of truth are made secondary to the consideration of newspaper scoops, Chautauqua profits, and book royalties. For this unhappy result we cannot hold Commander Peary entirely blameless. The provocation, from his point of view, must have been great. If the painfully-won crown of his life's work were really in danger of being snatched from him by an impostor, the temper of his challenge to Dr. Cook might be excused. But faith in his own cause and in the ultimate triumph of truth should have lent him patience. If Dr. Cook's story is a fabrication, Commander Peary must know that it could not stand the light of serious investigation for three months. Its improbabilities had struck against the world's suspicion even before the message from Peary came. That message has only given the signal for a mud-slinging contest. Both explorers may be reminded of the moral verse:

> Were I so tall to reach the Pole,
> Or grasp the ocean with my span,
> I must be measured by my soul,
> The mind's the standard of the man.

Happy Panama Canal Zone! Its status changes in a way to make the leopard's spots envious. One day it is the possession of the United States, and if any one else should undertake to plant a flag there, let him beware. The next day there is doubt about the permanence of our suzerainty, and to-day, behold! it is not a possession of the United States at all; that is, so far as the tariff law is concerned. This is the startling opinion of the eminent Trust-buster, Wade H. Ellis, now acting-Attorney-General in Mr. Wickersham's absence. According to this remarkable brand of law, the canal zone, though owned, controlled, and operated by the United States, is merely a "place subject to the use, occupation, and control of the United States," and, therefore, the Payne-Aldrich tariff does not apply. Those cynical persons who believe that lawyers will give any opinion desired, will find this decision the occasion for much ribald laughter. The government wants to get its canal supplies cheap, so it avoids the tariff by denying that the zone is a possession. There is no escaping the tariff swindle for the private citizen. He cannot declare himself a resident one day and a non-resident the next, and, therefore, he is bound to look on the government as a dodger.

A highly interesting turn will be given to the investigation of the railway rebate abuse, by the government's inquiry into the charges that certain railways secretly and illegally cut the rates offered by them to certain transatlantic steamship lines on export and import freight. The evidence of such rebating, published by the *World*, appears to be conclusive; it is, in fact, admitted by the assistant general agent of one steamship company, the Holland-America Line. This agent alleges that the offence has not been committed by or in behalf of his own line during the past eighteen months or two years; but the fact of violation of the law remains. The correspondence of the steamship company in the matter, which has in some way been obtained and published, is explicit on this point. It mentions in one letter an inland freight rate agreed upon, which is "5 cents below the tariff inland rate"; in another, that "the rebate to outports will be refunded monthly on your side"; in still another, "a private rebate of 2 cents on the barrel" of imported fish, and so on in a great number of cases. In this same remarkable correspondence there is constantly displayed full knowledge of the illegality of the act and the penalties incurred. If evidence of what was going on should fall into the Interstate Commerce Commission's hands, one letter carefully points out, "we should be liable to a fine of $20,000 in each case." Clearly the result of such railway rebating must be to give some shipper or importer, at the western end of the railway line, a secret advantage over all competitors. The fact that the rebate was granted, not to an individual, but to an ocean steamship company, hardly disguises the transaction in the popular view, and does not alter it at all in the eye of law. Both the anti-Trust Law of 1890 and the Elkins Law of 1903 were particularly careful in providing against the very operations now under review. The whole matter calls for investigation in the courts, from top to bottom.

The address by the new chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, to the Pennsylvania bankers, was interesting because of its positive declaration for a central bank as the solution of our currency situation. People in touch with the Monetary Commission have for some time been aware that the judgment of the Commission's leading members was veering in that direction, and that the visit of a sub-committee to the European banking centres, a year ago, had emphasized that drift of opinion. No formal conclusion has been reached on the matter by the Commission as a whole, and Mr. Vreeland's opinion must for the present be regarded as purely individual. His official position necessarily gives it weight, however, and there is reason to suppose that Senator Aldrich, occupying a similar place at the head of the Senate Finance Committee, concurs in it. Mr. Vreeland does not go very far into details. His idea is for a central bank with monopoly of note circulation, with dividends limited to 4 per cent.—so as not to encourage excursions for the sake of profit into the field of competitive banking—and with what he describes as "some measure of government control."

It is no final condemnation of the new primary law in Ohio that it failed to draw out a heavy vote at the first trial. With nothing but local offices at stake, the number of voters participating was, to say the least, far larger than ever known in the old caucus method. At Columbus, the Republican machine candidate for the Mayoralty was defeat-

ed by a young man with nothing behind him except an admirable record, as City Solicitor, for hunting down grafters. In Cincinnati, an adherent of the Cox machine took the Republican nomination without opposition, but the Democrats shattered the Bernard slate from top to bottom, giving a large majority to John W. Peck, a young attorney of apparently good promise. With Gov. Harmon giving an unusually popular administration, and the Democrats of Cincinnati seemingly awake to their opportunity, the disgraceful submission to Cox may yet go far to put the Democratic party within reach of a general victory. In Cleveland, the primary showed that Tom Johnson is still the chosen leader of his party. The refusal of some citizens to take part in the primaries because of the necessity of stating their party affiliation, was only to have been expected. The Ohio law has its defects, for no State has yet brought forth a Legislature at heart devoted to the discrediting of the party boss. The predictions of repeal, however, will hardly be verified. The voters of Ohio will not permit a backward step without a fair trial of the new system.

There can be no question that the Census Bureau is in earnest about keeping partisan politics out of its work. The Director is executing the President's instructions in that matter with vigor and intelligence. He has sent a letter to each supervisor commanding him to resign from any political committee of which he may be a member. Another point carefully considered by Director Durand is the question whether any supervisor may possibly hold a State office which might debar him from accepting a Federal position. A similar difficulty, it will be remembered, arose when Mr. Heney was at once a special employee of the Attorney-General's office, and assistant prosecuting attorney in San Francisco. It is, of course, undoubted that most of the appointments as supervisors and enumerators are political. Their names are "submitted" by Congressmen and local chairmen, either as a reward for past party services, or in the hope of benefits to come. But the authorities are making it clear that one benefit which will *not* come is the taking of the census as an adjunct to party machines.

A question of no little interest in the South is discussed in a pamphlet entitled "Public Taxation and Negro Schools," by Charles L. Coon, white superintendent of schools at Wilson, North Carolina. It embodies a paper read before the Twelfth Annual Conference for Education in the South, some of the conclusions of which, when reported at that time, were received with incredulity by several of the Southern newspapers. In view of repeated threats to divide school funds according to races, and the insistence in many quarters that the negro gets more for his schools than he pays in taxes, it is highly important that the actual facts shall become known. These Mr. Coon now lays before us as a result of a careful study of the statistics of eleven States, with a population, in 1900, of 11,776,391 whites, and 7,199,374 negroes. These same States now spend $32,068,851 annually for elementary and secondary public education. Of this sum, if it were distributed among the races according to their respective numbers, the negroes would receive as their share $12,800,000, or 40 per cent. As a matter of fact, they received only $4,736,375 in all, or 14 per cent. The question follows whether this is largely a burden upon the white taxpayer.

It is impossible, Mr. Coon says, to obtain complete data bearing on this matter, but he has secured figures for Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia which enable him to settle it for those States with some degree of accuracy. Taking Virginia first, he finds, from the State Superintendent's report, there was raised in 1907 for schools by taxation $3,305,871, of which $489,228 went to negro schools. Analysis of the taxes shows that the negroes paid $120,000 for poll taxes, $22,500 for State tax levies on property, and $68,895 in local assessments. Setting aside from the library fund, the State and local taxes on corporations and direct State appropriations, the percentage to which the colored people are numerically clearly entitled, Mr. Coon is certain that they should be credited with $507,305 of taxes, or $18,077 *more* than they actually receive from the State for their schools. In North Carolina the colored people should receive $429,197, whereas they now obtain only $402,658. In Georgia the figures are even more amazing, for there the excess in favor of the negro is no less than $141,682. That is, the white schools profit by that sum from negro taxation.

The victory of the strikers at the Pressed Steel Car Company's works at McKee's Rocks is really a triumph of common sense. The company has surrendered on nearly every point; the final wage question is left for arbitration, but an advance is already given. Thus ends in deserved disaster the stupid policy of President Hoffstot and the other officials of the company. Now, after fifty-seven days, the strikers have all gone back to work, the company is said to have lost $1,000,000 and, what is worse, has achieved the reputation of being inefficiently managed and behind the times in dealing with its labor. As for the strikers, unorganized but with righteous demands, they brought a great company to its knees and have, we confidently believe, taught a salutary lesson to corporation managers everywhere.

George Bernard Shaw continues to devote himself to his task of manufacturing paradoxes. What the world, especially the world of culture and science, holds to, is necessarily wrong. Just turn upside down what good people believe, and you have the truth, is Shaw's simple formula. Among other things of which Shakespeare was artistically guilty was using blank verse—and bad blank verse—because he was not able to write good prose. To show us how Shakespeare should have done it, and how easy it is, Shaw wrote a play in the Shakespearean style. It is so good that no one will ever mistake it for Shakespeare's; and, perversely, they will continue to prefer the Bard of Avon, for they know no better. And now Mr. Shaw comes out with a denunciation of vivisection; not in the spirit of controlling it, so as to combine humaneness and the progress of science, but as a fling in the face of the scientists whose cock-sureness is a splendid target for a Shavian paradox. To succeed along his present line, Mr. Shaw would need a long and painful campaign of propaganda, the object of which would be to explain to the people the eloquence and beauty of the paradox as such—and then he might be able to

cram his particular absurdities down their throats.

The return of the amateur golf championship to the West was generally expected, though the Eastern representatives in the tournament fell by the way somewhat earlier and easier than was looked for. If Jerome Travers had been in form and had contested, the result might have been different. It is only fair to admit, however, that the young Western players have developed a very high quality of golf. Their medal scores are astonishingly low. When Gardner, who never before competed, can play two successive days in 146 and 147 for 36 holes, the pace is confessedly terrific. In previous championship struggles, Travis has been put out now and then in matches at 18 holes; but this was usually thought a "fluke," and it was said that no amateur could defeat him at 36 holes. But this year the test matches have beeen at 36 holes, and the youthful Gardner beat the veteran Travis rather easily. These dashing youngsters of the Western links seem able to combine brilliancy with great steadiness. When they can do that, there can be no doubt that golf is preeminently a game in which youth will be served.

Americans back from Piccadilly report the Briton to be in unwontedly humble state. He feels his insular security vanishing before the aeroplane—in his case, a real "scareoplane." The result of all this is a state of things that only a Carlyle could describe, in his familiar French Revolution style, with apostrophes to budgets and balloons, conscription and suffragettes, tortured wealth and gleeful Radicals. In his article on Jean Paul in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1827, he said:

> Except by name, Jean Paul Friedrich Richter is little known out of Germany. The only thing connected with him, we think, which has reached this country is his saying, imported by Madam De Staël, and thankfully pocketed by most newspaper critics, that "Providence has given to the French the empire of the land; to the English, that of the sea; to the Germans, that of the air."

But the threatened German empire of the air is, of course, of a kind not dreamed of in Jean Paul's philosophy.

Lord Rosebery's attack upon the Liberal budget, in his recent speech at Glasgow, had been pretty thoroughly discounted, yet its political effect must be considered. The orator disclaimed any title to speak for the Liberal party; he was again in his favorite "lonely furrow"; but his antagonism will count mainly as that of a former Liberal Prime Minister. Merely as from a rich man, and a member of the House of Lords, his assault upon a "popular" scheme of taxation might tend to make it even more poular, and so aid its Ministerial supporters. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is booked to follow Lord Rosebery in Glasgow at an early day. Mr. Lloyd-George will doubtless be tempted to turn to some of Rosebery's published writings and discourses in the spirit of the latter's own statement, that the chief use of old speeches is to be "explored for untimely quotation." In that way, the Chancellor might adopt for himself the words which Rosebery applied to Sir Robert Peel, that he "preferred the fruitful task of administration to the spent candor of criticism." But on the crucial point of the right of the Lords to modify a finance bill, Lloyd-George could draw a deadly citation from a speech of Lord Rosebery's in the Gilded Chamber itself. When the budget of 1894—denounced as socialistic almost as fiercely as that of this year—came before the Lords, Rosebery deprecated even discussion of the measure. His words were:

> I do not think it is necessary for the purpose of passing the bill that they [the peers] should make themselves master of it, because I deprecate altogether the idea that the House of Lords has anything to do with money bills. Any discussion of it must obviously be academic, and therefore I should have thought the least said soonest mended with regard to this measure.

This, of course, is no denial of the right of the Lords to reject a money-bill *in toto*, if they see fit, and so bring on a conflict with the House of Commons. That is not a question of power, but of political tactics, or of courage.

Paul Leroy-Beaulieu points out in *L'Economiste Français* the danger of a tariff war between France and the United States. This arises primarily from the fact, that, in our commercial agreement with France, there was no clause calling for notice of its abrogation. Consequently, under our new tariff law, the French agreement can be and is terminated on October 31. At that date, unless some other commercial treaty is first negotiated, the exports of France will be subject in our custom houses to the maximum tariff rates. Meanwhile, England and Germany, under the terms of their agreements with this country, are entitled to six months' notice, so that for more than three months they would enjoy a tariff advantage in our markets over France. This is what makes the situation so critical for the French authorities, as also for the Government at Washington. If we clap on the maximum tariff upon French goods, France may make reprisals by applying her own maximum rates to American exports. The result could not fail to be disastrous to both sides, precisely as was the case in the tariff war between France and Switzerland. M. Leroy-Beaulieu strongly argues against any such policy.

Prime Minister Stolypin continues to demonstrate his title to real statesmanship. Not only by comparison with the average run of Russian bureaucrat, but with the best statecraft that Europe can show, he looms up large. It is no mean achievement to have steered a disorganized Empire through anarchy to peace. The revolutionary movement, by common admission, has been checked for years to come. The transformation of the Russian system of land-tenure to which he has set himself, is undoubtedly the most impressive economic scheme that any government is at present concerned with. Finally, there is the development and colonization of Siberia, a movement which is attracting much attention even outside of Russia. From 1906 to the beginning of the present year, 150,000 peasant families were colonized in western Siberia. In view of the large size of the Russian peasant family, this means the transplantation of close to a million souls from overcrowded European Russia to a region of very high fertility. Statistics indicate that within three years the Steppes region alone may be in a position to export 50,000,000 bushels of wheat annually. Railway construction is being actively carried on. The development of the country's mineral resources proceeds more slowly, but geological surveys are going on all the time, and the future has almost limitless possibilities.

THE NEW POLITICAL EUROPE.

Announcement of the issuing of a Turkish loan of $30,000,000, draws attention afresh to the extraordinary changes which the past year has wrought in the historic idea of the European equilibrium. The intention of this putting of the Turkish Treasury in funds is to enable the new régime to consolidate its power. Old debts are to be paid off, indemnities taken care of, the current budget made to balance, and the various departments of government reorganized. This of itself is sufficiently novel, but the really striking aspect of the matter is the emergence of financial Turkey from her old tutelage. We are told no more of a Concert of Powers dictating the terms of the loan and presiding over the details of its administration. There is not even the rush of different nations to force money upon Turkey, as upon China, in order to obtain an equitable lien upon the national property. It is but one sign more of the break-up of the century-long theory of the balance of power in Europe—what Kinglake called the "Usage."

Bismarck once said that the problem of the Near East had an awkward habit of becoming acute at intervals of about twenty-one years. The Crimean war in the 50s was followed by the great Balkan explosion which ended in the Berlin Congress of 1878. But since then the unsettled question has disturbed the repose of nations at shorter periods. There has been no violent outbreak of hostilities, except the abortive war between Greece and Turkey, but the unrest in the Balkan states has been chronic, massacres in Armenia and Macedonia have not permitted European diplomacy to sleep, one "programme" after another has been adopted, like that of Mürzsteg in 1903, only to fail of enforcement, and then came the events of 1908 to make a complete finish of the old *status quo*. The doctrine to which the statesmen of Europe have outwardly subscribed for two generations is now an empty form. A moral revolution has swept its substance away. No radical change in territorial alignment has been brought about, except the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina by the Austrian Empire—and that was little more than the recognition of an accomplished fact—but the entire atmosphere is different. The Chancellors and Foreign Secretaries of an earlier day would not know how to breathe in the new air which envelops European diplomacy, to-day, in the presence of the questions of the Near East.

The man to whom the historians will doubtless give the credit, or discredit, of precipitating the new order of things is the Austrian Minister, Baron von Achrenthal. His cool announcement last October, that Austria would thereafter regard Bosnia and Herzegovina as her own territory, really sounded the death-knell of the Concert of Europe, as formerly understood and observed. Preceded, as this was, only two days before, by Bulgaria's declaration of independence, it gave a shock to the old arrangements from which recovery has since been impossible. All the king's horses and all the king's men cannot put Humpty Dumpty back again. Baron von Aehrenthal's audacity has been crowned by the event. The outbursts of protest which it at once provoked have died away. England took firm ground, and held a high tone. There had been a breach of the Treaty of Berlin, and the guardians of the public law of Europe could not allow it to be sanctioned. Sir Edward Grey put this before Parliament and before the Cabinets of the Powers in the most emphatic way. At the very least, there must be another international conference to pass upon the bold initiative of Austria, and, if her act was not repudiated and disallowed, to make the usual "compensation" to the other Powers. There were the most confident predictions of a Congress of Europe to be held this past summer. Plans had gone so far that place and time and agenda had been discussed. But nothing has come of it all. The talk of a congress has faded out. Germany's firm backing of Austria, together with what was practically her ultimatum to Russia, made it certain that Austria's position at any meeting of the Powers would be unassailable. So the whole scheme appears to have been dropped indefinitely. But the work had been done. Old things had passed away in Europe, even if all things had not become new. As a well-informed writer in the London *Times* puts it:

> The restoration of the Turkish Constitution, the proclamation of Bulgarian independence, the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, the dethronement of Abdul Hamid, and the withdrawal of the international contingents from Crete, mark the close of the period that began with the Berlin treaty, and state in altered terms the problem of the Near East.

The necessary readjustments will take time and patience. Baron von Aehrenthal has been acclaimed as the new Bismarck. He is at least like that statesman in displaying moderation after a great triumph. Holding fast to what he has won, the Austrian Minister has been prudent and conciliatory in meeting the new situation. From anything like a war policy, he has shrunk, being confirmed in that course, doubtless, by the aged Emperor Francis Joseph, who has had bitter experience of the truth that any war may easily prove a blunder and calamity, both politically and financially. But there is no denying that Germany and Austria have become the centre of diplomatic interest in all that relates to the Eastern question. That again is proof of the remarkable change which has come over the face of European politics. It may not be necessary to speak of rolling up the map of Europe, but though territorial possessions and names may long remain unchanged, the moral dislocation of the great Usage is undoubted.

A NOTABLE QUINQUENNIUM.

Five years, almost to a day, before Peary came out of the Arctic wilderness and began the now famous Battle of the Explorers, another battle was fought and finished on the other side of the world. It was actual conflict. Japan had just beaten the Russian army at Liao-Yang in the first pitched battle of a war whose vast historical consequences we have not yet fully realized. Between two such surprisingly dramatic events as the triumph of Asia over Europe and the discovery of the North Pole, lies a short stretch of years packed close with notable achievements. The balancing of age against age and century against century, is rather a profitless occupation, recalling the favorite topic of debate on backwoods platforms, "Resolved, that Greece did more for civilization than Rome." There are some who, like Professor Walsh, believe that the age of faith, which many of us call the Dark Ages, marked the apex of human attainment. The thirteenth century is to that authority the "greatest of centuries," and he has written a book to prove it. Others have plumped for the eighteenth century because it contained in itself the seed of which the nineteenth witnessed the fruition. But this

doctrine of the seed may lead one too far away. It has led Dr. Walsh back into the Middle Ages; it might take us to the time of all beginnings.

But reduce the comparison to five-year periods, and the game grows more absorbing. A half-decade largely excludes movements, tendencies, and seeds, and deals with a certain number of concrete facts, which are easy enough to compare. Or, if origins and causes are eligible for the contest, these cannot be so many in number or so badly intertangled as not to be amenable to comparative treatment. There are not many five-year periods that begin sharply and yet yield transcendent historical events. The first that suggests itself is the five years of French history from 1789 to 1794. This calls up immediately the five years of American history from 1776 to 1781. And so we may go on pushing back our quinquennial indicator like the slide on a vernier, till it covers a significant period or single significant event—1688 in England, 1588 in England, 1492, Charlemagne's crowning in 800, the five years after the battle of Actium, the five years from the crossing of the Rubicon to the tragedy at the base of Pompey's statue, or the five years after Salamis. The present is at heart usually a humble age. For all its loud complacencies, the passing day is always deferential to the past, and awed before the future. Even the most hardened of spread-eagle orators will hesitate to assert that the years 1904-1909 will mean more in the history of civilization than the age of the discovery of America, or the age of American liberation, or the age that witnessed the death of feudal Europe.

And yet what a magnificent record of progress is included between the February day of five years ago, when the Japanese torpedo-boats threw themselves at the Port Arthur fleet, and the February day when Peary set out on his final dash for the Pole. The political and social results of the great war in the East have not yet been fully reaped. But already we can enumerate the admission of Japan into the family of great Powers, the establishment of constitutional government in Russia, a Constitution in Persia, a Constitution in Turkey, the promise of a Constitution in China, and the beginnings of self-government for India. In other words, within five years nine hundred million souls have taken a highly critical step forward in their political evolution. The complacency of Christendom received a setback when, after pagan Japan, Mohammedan Turkey and Persia demonstrated the compatibility between a non-Christian faith and political progress. On a somewhat lower plane of importance, we have the introduction of universal suffrage in Austria and in Sweden; the dissolution of a partnership nearly a century old between Sweden and Norway, and of a still older partnership, between the Church and the State, in France; the appearance of the British Labor party in Parliament, with important consequent changes in the British government system; the introduction of woman's suffrage in Finland. In the birth of a great British commonwealth in South Africa we touch once more on a matter of capital importance.

And then, of course, there is Science's record. The discovery of the North Pole may be of no prime scientific value, but simply as the successful conclusion of a three hundred years' effort, the event is enough to signalize its age. It is only two years since land first spoke to land across the Atlantic without visible medium, but already we are habituated to the miracle of the wireless. The "conquest of the air" is still fresh to us, but how much longer it will remain so we dare not predict. If it comes to balancing results, who shall say that the beginning of human flight will bring less important consequences to civilization than the establishment of the American republic, or the birth of European democracy? At bottom, we repeat, the present is always humble towards the past and the future. But who shall begrudge a little outburst of vanity now and then to an age that can count, within the space of an infant's life, conquests so great and changes so immeasurable?

THE TARIFF COMMISSION.

The appointments to the new tariff commission, made public on Saturday, are of a sort to argue that President Taft and Secretary MacVeagh mean business. They would not have sought the services of such men, unless they had intended the work to be worth while; nor could they have secured them for a merely ornamental or dead-and-alive function. Prof. H. C. Emery of Yale, named as chairman, is an economist of recognized training and acuteness. He has kept his scientific knowledge closely in touch with actual affairs. With him will be associated Mr. Reynolds—not the great Reynolds, but an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury—and Mr. Sanders of Chicago, who represents the practical agricultural interests of the West. Thus we have a board, or commission, or whatever it is to be called, which has at once a good balance and promise of efficiency.

There has been a vast amount of words regarding the scope of this commission's activities. It is well known that the full plan for a scientific tariff commission did not find favor with Congress. Speaker Cannon would have none of it. To his lofty mind, it was abhorrent to think of a body of experts inquiring into the exact facts regarding cost of production in this country, and discovering the needlessness of given tariff rates, except to make profits inordinate. Even the truncated form of a provision for a tariff commission, reported in the Aldrich bill, was further cut down in conference between the two houses. As the President's authority stands in the law enacted, it reads thus:

> To secure information to assist the President in the discharge of the duties imposed upon him by this section, and the officers of the government in the administration of the customs laws, the President is hereby authorized to employ such persons as may be required.

Now, "this section," of course, was section 2 of the Payne-Aldrich bill, dealing with the maximum and minimum tariff, and with reprisals against foreign countries. Senator Hale openly contended in the Senate that it tied the President's hands, and prevented him from investigating, in an independent and thorough way, the domestic workings of any tariff schedule. On the other hand, Senator Aldrich maintained that the clause, as accepted at last, gave the President ample power. Mr. Taft himself declared, at the time, that he was satisfied with the outcome, since the language of the law, when "properly construed," would admit of all the inquiries that were contemplated under the original scheme of a tariff commission. That the President is still of that mind, was shown on Saturday at Beverly, when he said that he did not care what the new body was called, so long

as it was fitted to do the desired work. Moreover, the official statement proves that the Administration does not feel itself bound by Senator Hale's narrow interpretation. It runs:

> The President and the Secretary of the Treasury have agreed upon the plan that these three gentlemen are to constitute the board, and are to be given authority to employ such special experts as may be needed in the investigation of the foreign and *domestic* tariff.

In the nature of the case, it could not be otherwise. The whole tenor of section 2 is to the effect that the President must be "satisfied" that foreign countries are discriminating against us in the matter of customs duties, or that the operation of their tariff laws is not "reciprocal and equivalent," as compared with our own. This opens the whole question. No construction of the law can be so strict as to debar the President from trying to ascertain the full facts. The information he gets may not all of it be relevant exclusively to the subject of the maximum and minimum tariff, but is there any way of keeping him from making such use of it as he sees fit? It is his Constitutional duty to make recommendations to Congress from time to time. The more knowledge he has upon which to base such recommendations, the better; and also, we may add, the more imperative his obligation to press upon Congress the measures he believes to be for the good of the country.

We shall doubtless very soon get an earnest of President Taft's intentions, or hopes. At least when he comes to address the people of the West, so dissatisfied with the outcome of his efforts to get the tariff revised, he will take us into his confidence. Two things are certain: one is that in his tariff commission the President has a potent instrument for influencing public opinion and Congress; the other is that if Mr. Taft, having put his hand to the plough, should now look back, he not only would seriously damage his own reputation, but would blight the hopes of his friends and of the great majority of the people.

HARRIMAN AND HIS TIME.

Upon the personal side of the late E. H. Harriman, the tragic nature of his end would alone forbid us to dwell. Pale death knocking with equal foot at the door of his unfinished palace, and turning what was to be a resting-place for his old age into a scene of eternal rest, sufficiently presses home the moral of the vanity of human wishes. Even enmity would be silent before such a stroke of fate. Nor shall we stop to discuss the nature of that undoubted ability which made Mr. Harriman the great power he was in the railway and financial world. Such impressive results as he wrought do not come without adequate cause. Suffice it to say that all the evidence points to his having had a remarkable genius for combining forces and for associating vast accumulations of capital. He is admitted to have been as able a railway man as he was stock manipulator, giving as keen and far-sighted attention to physical properties as he did to the securities representing them. All this stands written on his career. What remains to be asked, however, is the question how he fitted into the time in which he lived, and what is the larger significance, both social and political, of such a course as that he ran.

He came rather late in life to his extraordinary prominence, but he had been for some years under that fierce light which, in modern democracies, beats upon men of great wealth. How did Mr. Harriman meet the peculiar demands which the organized life of the world to-day makes upon men in positions like his? That there has been a change in the attitude of democracies towards citizens possessing large fortunes, and the power growing out of them, cannot be doubted. It is visible to all of us everywhere. The art of being a very rich man successfully, is nowadays highly difficult. As well might a modern king think to get on by means of the autocratic and calloused methods of a mediæval ancestor, as that the owner of millions to-day should fancy that he could safely imitate the ways of the Fuggers or the Medici. Latter-day democracy has changed all that. It puts the very rich in a class by themselves, and exacts from them a bearing and a discharge of certain public duties curiously like what the people of decadent Rome expected, as Mr. Dill has shown us in a fascinating chapter of his "Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius," from the great proprietors of their day.

It will not do to say that a deep popular interest in rich men, and a kind of awed hanging upon their movements and their style of life, are absolutely new things in this country. When Talleyrand was in our young republic in 1794—the "good old days" of our pristine simplicity and purity—he found a worthy citizen of Machias, Maine, very anxious to go to Philadelphia to see not Gen. Washington, who was well enough in his way, but a Mr. Bingham, "who they say is so rich." Talleyrand added: "J'ai trouvé dans toute l'Amérique cette même admiration pour l'argent, et souvent aussi grossièrement exprimée." There was, therefore, no great novelty in the concentrated public interest with which Mr. Harriman was followed in recent years. His downsitting and uprising were compassed about with reporters. News about him and inventions about him were read with absorbed attention by millions of his fellow-countrymen. He stood as one of the chief symbols of his class—a name freely bandied about, abused more than he was admired, yet always a synonym of power, possibly of danger, but unquestionably of social and political importance.

The new thing in the conditions which Mr. Harriman had to face was not the observation, fawning or envious or merely curious, which has so long been fixed upon those having great possessions, but the kind of angry scrutiny with which the public has come to watch men of his sort. A changed community-consciousness in regard to the ownership of enormous wealth, is one of the things which not even boundless riches can afford to ignore. The people quietly assume a certain sort of right to dictate to the very rich. From them are demanded, or at least expected, large gifts for public charities. Their wealth is their own if they use part of it in accordance with public opinion; otherwise there is a tacit sense of injustice and oppression in the mere control of such vast resources. Moreover, and this is worth more notice, there is a pervasive demand that the magnate be magnanimous; that he cherish neither enmities nor revenges; that his business methods be of a live-and-let-live sort; that he seek no undue power, for the further piling up of gold, through the secret purchase of politicians to do his bidding.

Judged by these exacting tests, Mr. Harriman's career cannot be accounted either happy or successful. He was born

a generation too late. The imperious and ruthless methods which he too often adopted, used to be endured in a Commodore Vanderbilt, in a Fisk or Gould, but they were obsolete even while Mr. Harriman was employing them. We say nothing of his charities, for they may have been much larger than the public knows; but in his remorseless march to power over the wreck of other men; in his cold disregard of the human element in finance; in his impatience of criticism; in his clutching after and use of political influence to further his business ambitions, he was really out of joint with his day.

ART AND RAILWAY STATIONS.

A few years ago it was the fashion to indulge in artistic sneers at the sky-scraper. Our Pharisaical painters passed it by on the other side of the street. They turned, instead, to the barren reaches and rocks of Brittany or to the ruined castles of the Rhineland, as fitter subjects for their art. To-day it is a different tale. The office buildings of Manhattan, clothed in their wreaths of smoke and steam, our avenues, glistening in rain-wetness, reflective of lights from arc lamps and shop windows, have become an almost banal feature of current magazines and contemporary exhibitions. They are, at last, recognized themes for the painter and the etcher, as for the artist in words. Nowadays, Ruskin to the contrary notwithstanding, there is also a moving beauty in our railways.

The railway carriage has found its way into verse. Baudelaire, taken with a great horror of towns, cried out:

Emporte-moi, wagon! enlève-moi, frégate!

Even so, the poet thought it well to import a ship into his verse, to make it more conventional. There is Verlaine, to be sure; poor Verlaine, who, in his poem of the "Belle Chanson," invites us to admire

Le paysage dans le cadre des portières,

but that is rather a different matter. Even Henry James has felt something of the unexploited poetry of the railway. His confession of the kindness that he feels for stations is just what one had a right to expect: half whimsical, half serious. He likes them æsthetically, he tells us; he views them with complacency, even when he would neither come nor go. "They remind me," he says, in one of his essays, "of all our reciprocities and activities, our energies and curiosities." And the spectacle of Paddington or Euston offers an exhibition of variety in type which compensates him for having to live a part of his year in London.

Time was when the railway station was called a "deepo" and was an architectural horror. In those days there was indeed much need to philosophize and transcendentalize if one was in the least to enjoy its "spectacle." As we have watched the construction of the newest of the New York stations, we have, however, felt that the building of the past and that of the present are two very different matters. Just as the mystical imagination and aspiration of the Middle Ages found their ultimate expression in cathedrals which remain to-day, centuries after, the noblest monuments of Christian faith and of European civilization, so is the modern railway station a kind of memorial and evidence of the vast energy and insistent utilitarianism of this twentieth century. We live in the age of the machine; what more proper than that we should express ourselves in brick and stone dedicated, not to a Saint, but to the heroes of our Dusk of the Gods, the twin dæmons Steam and Electricity. And the greatest temple to these demigods thus far erected is the building that fills four blocks in this city, and that will soon be sending its trains out to east and to west, to north and to south, through tunnels that burrow under great rivers. We are proud, in our way, of our demigods, and of their celebrants.

Sometimes, in viewing the pictures of our office-buildings, with their noses pricking the clouds, we have thought the artist's work too cleverly managed for anything except effectiveness. The veils of smoke and of steam have been adjusted almost too coquettishly. There is at least no need to idealize these new railway stations, for which we hope some Monet will in time emerge. Monet has found Charing Cross and Montparnasse subjects worthy of the brush that renders the flower-gardens and the mists of his exquisite Giverny. Who will prove to be the Monet of Eighth Avenue? "I would give anything," Lafcadio Hearn once wrote, with London roaring in his ears, and his heart full of the bitterness of things, "to be a literary Columbus, to discover a romantic America." As to the matter of an America romantic for the man of letters, we dare not answer very positively. If, however, Laurence Sterne could discover the poetry of a *désobligeante*, why should not his literary heirs find it in a Pullman coach? And certain it is that for the painter a romantic America stands very close at hand.

THOUGHTS OCCASIONED BY THE BI-CENTENARY OF DR. JOHNSON.

I.

I suppose that I ought to begin this brief paper with Lichfield and the 18th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and nine, where and when the subject of what some persons regard as the greatest of all biographies was born into a world not soon likely to forget him. For reasons of my own, I wish to begin it at Oxford, and at a much later period.

It is almost superfluous to say that there is scarcely another town of its size that calls up before the mind of a sojourner such a host of distinguished names as Oxford can summon from out the past. Keble, Pusey, Newman, with Shelley for a counterpoise; Burne-Jones and Morris and Swinburne and Arnold and Pater, Freeman and Froude and Stubbs—these are names that come to me almost at random, and they are all comparatively modern. Probably a true latter-day Oxfordian could not have written the preceding sentence without inserting the name of Jowett. I am not myself enough even of an adopted Oxfordian, despite many profitable hours I have been permitted to spend in the Bodleian, to venture to make a list, however short, of typical Oxford men whom every true son of the university should honor. All I am competent to do is to say that, whenever I go to Oxford, one great personality emerges from the unending file of its notable sons, and stands apart for my imagination with a peculiar and extraordinary impressiveness.

II.

Why is it that my thoughts and my feet always turn first to Pembroke College? Johnson said that in his day it was a nest of singing birds, but I am afraid that the good Doctor knew very little about singing. With Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Gray, Wordsworth, Byron, and Tennyson enrolled among the sons of Cambridge, it seems to be as plain as anything can be in the realms of taste that the university on the Cam has a decided advantage over Oxford as a nursery of songsters. If I were in a pessimistic mood with regard to the present and future of British poetry and wanted to walk among bare ruined

cholrs where late the sweet birds sang, I should certainly desert the banks of the Isis for those of the rival river, and I should not need to reëxamine the contentious poems of Thomas Warton and William Mason before making my choice. But Oxford has enough great poets of its own to render so invidious a comparison unnecessary, and, as the seat of poetic charm, the nursery of poetic idealism, has this home of lost causes any real rival among institutions of learning?

Dr. Johnson, however, was not a poetic or a charming personality, and he was far from being a representative idealist. The spell of the Middle Ages hangs about Oxford; Johnson is usually considered to have been a typical product of the eighteenth century. Oxford has been the *alma mater* of some of the greatest writers and scholars England has produced; it is open to doubt whether Johnson was a great writer at all, and the quality of his scholarship was hardly commensurate with its wide range. Even in those features of his character in which the stamp of his university is most clearly seen—his devotion to lost causes and his reverence for the Established Church—Johnson seems less memorable than many another Oxford man. We naturally associate the great lexicographer either with Cranford or with the metropolis he so dearly loved, and probably many a modern reader who has a fairly clear idea of his personality would be puzzled to tell offhand which university he attended, or whether he received any sort of formal academic education. Why in the name of all that is reasonable should Dr. Johnson dominate the mind of any sojourner in Oxford?

III.

That he does dominate other minds than mine was proved for me a few years ago by a chance encounter with a fellow American in the smoking room of a small Oxford hotel. The source of my agreeable compatriot's income, if I recollect aright, was that useful metal, copper; the source of his chief delights was Boswell's "Life of Johnson." He carried about with him a handy edition, but he also carried enough of his favorite book in his head to astonish such reticent Britons as he could manage to engage in conversations having his hero for theme. I am inclined, however, to think that the average American visiting Oxford does not pack Boswell alongside of Baedeker. Doubtless Johnson's uncouth, portly form recedes from the imaginations of most visitors, native or foreign, a few moments after they have lost sight of the memorials of him preserved at Pembroke College. For one person who in his mind's eye sees him haranguing his fellow-students in a thread-bare gown or tossing away the new shoes put in charity at his door, there are probably dozens, who, as they move along the narrow streets or make excursions into the adjoining country, repeat to themselves phrases from Arnold's preface or lines from "Thyrsis" and "The Scholar-Gypsy." Any person likely to wonder whether Johnson ever returned to the library of Pembroke the copy of Lobo he trudged so many miles to borrow is still likelier to know the obvious facts in the case from Birkbeck Hill and to refrain from making inquiries. Scores or hundreds of people go to Oxford yearly in order to manifest their veneration for Newman or Pusey; how many really venerate Johnson's memory there or anywhere else? Certainly in no place connected with that memory will one see three spinsters standing in such dense awe as enveloped, one September afternoon, three mute worshippers at the Shelley shrine attached to University College. Those ladies—my countrywomen, I think—bent their eyes, now on the recumbent marble form, now on the star-spangled vault, now on their note-books, and I could not help wondering what use there would be in erecting memorials of questionable taste if there were not a fairly constant number of sentimental persons ever eager for a chance to wreak their emotions. It would be as easy, however, to sit comfortably on a barbed-wire fence as to wreak one's sentimentality over Dr. Johnson or anything connected with him.

IV.

But sentimentalists are not my game, and it is scarcely necessary to add that my reference to those three spinsters I once encountered casts no reflection upon intelligent admirers of a poet whose genius in the sphere of essential lyric poetry is almost unrivalled. What I am bent upon is to determine the reasons why, whenever nowadays I stand upon or approach a spot connected with him, the burly doctor's form fills up, if I may so phrase it, the landscape of my imagination. I have never been to Uttoxeter, but, save St. Giles, Cripplegate, where Milton lies buried, there is scarcely a spot in England that could make more impression upon me than the market-place in the little Staffordshire town where Johnson, by standing in the rain on the site of his father's book-stall, expiated a youthful act of disobedience. That was surely not an heroic feat; from some points of view it was rather a foolish one. If the late Earl of Beaconsfield, or one or two American politicians who shall be nameless, had performed it, I should have been among the first to call it theatrical. In Dr. Johnson, it seems to be a pathetically impressive act of true filial piety, with the elements of sentimentalism and self-display eliminated.

Why do I dissociate from Johnson whatever is merely spectacular, and why does the epithet "impressive" present itself spontaneously whenever I think or write about him? Loyal Johnsonian though I hope I am, I cannot but admit that he was little of a poet; that as a biographer he was surpassed by his follower, Boswell; that he was not the greatest of British scholars; that, although the soundest and sturdiest critic of his day and still unrivalled in his common sense and probity save possibly by Dryden, he was not a very philosophical and acute judge of literature; that as an essayist in the strict sense of the word he fell far short of his predecessor, Addison; that as a writer of fiction, despite the solid merits of 'Rasselas," he is not to be compared with Defoe, or Fielding, or Richardson, or even with Goldsmith; that as a moralist he could well have afforded to exchange some of his wholesome sententiousness for a little genial persuasiveness; that as an editor of Shakespeare he was lazy and somewhat slovenly; that, finally, even as a lexicographer he was not entirely above reproach. Undoubtedly, the Dictionary was a great achievement, and so was the "Lives of the Poets," but, when he endeavored to tread the higher walks of literature, his gait was, to say the least, unsteady. The author of the "Life of Richard Savage" was also the author of "Irene," a tragedy which I have not ventured to re-read within the past twenty years. I doubt if I ever shall re-read it, unless—to borrow an amusing remark of Longfellow's with regard to some forgotten or never-known poem—a special act of Congress is passed making such reperusal compulsory upon me. We may smile approvingly at Garrick's epigram to the effect that Johnson had beat forty Frenchmen and would beat forty more—we may add that he browbeat a much larger number of Englishmen; but we must admit that, when every allowance is made for his writings, they bulk small indeed in comparison, for example, with those of his great French contemporary Voltaire.

I value personally "Rasselas" and the "Lives," "The Vanity of Human Wishes," "London," the stanzas on Levett, and some of the impromptu verses, many of the essays in "The Rambler" and "The Idler," the preface to the Shakespeare, numerous letters besides the famous one to Chesterfield, and, last but not least, the prayers and meditations. I value these, and I have reason to believe that in over twenty years of teaching I have helped to make others value them. But with all my admiration for Johnson, I must admit that he left behind him after a long life a very small amount, perhaps too small an amount, of excellent literature to serve as the basis of an imposing and enduring fame. His concrete achievements are neither numerous nor of an exceptionally high or-

der of merit. Even in his own club he was surpassed as a writer by Goldsmith, Gibbon, and Burke—perhaps by Boswell, too—and he obtained in no single line save as a talker the preëminence of Garrick and Sir Joshua. Can it be that, after all, those persons are right who maintain that Johnson was not truly great save in his capacity as the Ursa Major of Gray—Gray the true poet, sensitive, lover of nature, charming letter-writer, and splendid scholar, to whom Johnson devoted the very worst of all the "Lives"? Can it be that they are right in asserting that the Cham of Literature would not live in our memories to-day, had he not, most inconsistently, allowed a little Scotch sot to toady him?

V.

That these hostile critics of Johnson are partly justified in their contentions cannot well be denied. If Hawkins's biography had remained the standard, if the literary dictator had overawed into silence or nervous prostration Mrs. Thrale and Miss Burney, if he had used on Boswell's obsequious head the club he bought for Macpherson's, it is scarcely open to doubt that not one educated person out of a hundred would be greatly interested in Johnson in this, his bi-centennial year, or would be familiar with his peculiarities and not ignorant of his works.

On the other hand, it may be argued that, while it is Boswell who has really made Johnson known in detail, it is Boswell and the infirmities of human nature that have obscured for many readers the essential greatness of Samuel Johnson's character. Is our ability to quote a man readily and to see in imagination the veins swelling on his forehead as he gulps his tea any proof that we really comprehend his personality? Is not our interest in biographical gossip often satisfied at the expense of our appreciation of a life and character in their totality? In the case of the famous doctor, do we sufficiently realize the fact that in the years before Boswell's narrative becomes copious, Johnson through sheer mental and moral force and through solid acquirements rose from obscurity to comparative eminence, overcame poverty and physical defects that would have daunted most other men, maintained a stanch independence even in Grub Street itself, cherished his old mother and his scarecrow wife, made himself, as his means permitted, the almoner of the distressed, and finally became the commanding central figure of a group of exceptionally able men? Did Johnson dominate such men as Burke and Goldsmith and Reynolds and Garrick and Gibbon merely because he was a very gifted talker of exceedingly bad manners? Were his pension and the interview with George III, that so flattered his loyal soul, due in the main to his political recalcitrance and his ecclesiastical obfuscation? Could Boswell's biography, as I have more than once had occasion to ask, possibly have been such a great book, had not its subject been a very great man? Has the English race in its entire history produced many personalities as robustly and wholesomely impressive as that which emerges when Boswell's biography and Johnson's own works are thoroughly read and not merely skimmed?

No one who will take the trouble to answer these questions—not hastily, but after some reflection and perhaps some refreshing of his memory—will be likely to be seriously indignant with me when I confess that, with John Milton set aside, I can think of no Englishman for whom I have a greater real veneration than I have for Samuel Johnson. Whatever he was or was not, one thing at least he was—a man!

W. P. Trent.

New York.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The bibliography of Pope's "Essay on Man" has never been properly worked out by any of his editors and commentators. Indeed, the whole bibliography of Pope's writings is a half-explored field. Yet he was the greatest English poet of his century and his books are rare enough and show variations enough to interest collectors.

Marshall C. Lefferts has for a number of years lost no opportunity to add editions or variations to his collection of Pope's works, and had planned a Pope bibliography, the publication of which he has, however, now definitely abandoned. The following notes as to the editions and variations of the "Essay on Man" have been, with his permission, made from his books.

The poem was published in four parts or "Epistles," from February, 1733, to January, 1734. Each, it is said, was issued simultaneously in folio, quarto, and octavo, but it is the folio which is usually considered the first edition, though the quartos and octavos seem to be even rarer. Mr. Lefferts has three of the octavos, but has never seen one of the quartos. The first edition of the first Epistle appears in two forms, both having the title "An Essay on Man. Address'd to a Friend. Part I. London: Printed for J. Wilford, at the Three Flower-de-Luces, behind the Chapter-house, St. Pauls." The form that appears to be the earlier has been heretofore undescribed. It consists of nine leaves, being signatures A, two leaves; B, one leaf; and B (repeated), C, and D, each two leaves. The title (verso blank) and "To the Reader" (two pages) make up the first signature. The text is paged [5], 6 and 9-20, 7 and 8 being omitted from the pagination. Each page of text (except p. 5) has a headline "Epistles," and the page number is in the outer corner. Only the first two pages have the couplets spaced apart. Only three copies are known to Mr. Lefferts besides his own, two being in collections in England (one lacking the title-page) and one in Chicago. The second form (heretofore considered the first edition) consists of ten leaves, signatures A to E, each two leaves. The title and "To the Reader" are identical with the first edition, and were doubtless printed from the same forms. The text is correctly numbered [5]-19. There are no headlines, and the page numbers are in the centre, as is the case with later editions of this Epistle, and with all the editions of the other Epistles. The couplets are all spaced apart, giving the book one more page than the first edition. It was printed on larger sheets than the other, with wider margins.

The first octavo edition has a title with the same wording, but the imprint contains the date, 1733. It was printed, evidently, from the second form described above, as it contains the same error in line numbers, 245-249 being repeated. Though in a smaller type, it is page for page with No. 2, except that pages 17 and 18 each contain two lines less and page 19 four more lines. Elwin is mistaken in saying that the "Address to the Reader" is not in the octavo edition. It is certainly found in Part i.

Another small octavo edition was printed in Dublin, with title as the preceding, but styled "Second Edition," with different publishers, and dated 1734. It was evidently printed from one or the other of the two preceding, though the error in the numbering of the lines has been corrected. These four editions all designate the book as "Part I."

In the third folio edition the title is altered to "An Essay on Man. In Epistles to a Friend. Epistle I. Corrected by the Author," with imprint same as No. 1. The two-page address "To the Reader" of the earlier editions has been suppressed and a new one of seven lines only substituted. "Contents" of Epistles i, ii. and iii fill pp. [4-6], giving the book eleven leaves. A number of changes were made in the text This was probably issued late in 1733, before Epistle iv was published, but after the publication of Epistles ii and iii.

Another folio edition (actually the fourth) has the words "The Second Edition" added below the line "Corrected by the Author," and has the date 1735 in the imprint. It is page for page with the preceding, but is reset and has different printer's ornaments.

The first edition of the second Epistle has the title "An Essay on Man. In Epistles to a Friend, Epistle II, London: Printed for J. Wilford, at the Three Flower-de-Luces, behind the Chapter-House, St. Paul's." It consists of ten leaves, signatures A, B, C, and D, each two leaves, and E, one leaf, made up of half-title, title, and "To the Reader," each one leaf and text, pp. [5]-18.

The second edition has the same collation, but is reset throughout with different ornaments. The most notable variation is that in this second edition the lines are not numbered.

Wilford's octavo edition of this part has title dated 1733, but is paged continuously from Part i, pp. 23-26. There is also a corresponding Dublin reprint called "Second Edition" with title dated 1734.

The first edition of the third Epistle has the same title as the second except for the substitution of "Epistle III." It also consists of ten leaves made up of half-title, title, and text, pp. [5]-20. At the end is this notice in two lines: "N. B. The Rest of this Work will be published the next Winter."

The second edition of the third Epistle, though entirely reset, differs very slightly. The vignette on the title of the first edition

has in the centre an open book, in this edition a spread eagle. The page numbers are in a larger type, errors in line numbers are corrected, and the notice at the end is in a single line.

Wilford's octavo edition is paged 37-55 The lines are correctly numbered. The Dublin edition, with title dated 1734, has separate pagination, and, as it contains the same errors in line numbers as the first folio edition, we may presume that it was printed therefrom.

There was apparently but one folio edition of Epistle iv. This, which has a title corresponding to the other parts, has twelve leaves, signatures A to F, each two leaves, made up of title and "Contents," each one leaf, text pp. [1]-18, and advertisement "Lately Published the three former Parts," etc., one leaf.

Mr. Lefferts has not been able to secure Wilford's octavo edition of this part. In the little Dublin reprint called on the title the "Second Edition," the errors in line numbering are corrected.

The four Epistles were collected in 1734, in one volume, quarto, with continuous pagination, with title-page: "An Essay on Man, Being the First Book of Ethic Epistles. To Henry St. John, L. Bolingbroke. London: Printed by John Wright for Lawton Gilliver, MDCCXXXIV."

This book has the appearance of having been extracted from another volume, but no edition of the works agreeing precisely with it can be traced. It is the only copy seen by Mr. Lefferts. It seems to be from the same forms as the "Work of Mr. Alexander Pope, Containing his Epistles and Satires," 1737, on thick paper, but, while having the same title, it differs from the "Essay on Man" as included in "Works." vol. II, 1735.

The first edition with Warburton's commentary and notes appeared in 1743, and later editions in 1745, 1746, 1748, and 1763.

Correspondence.

SQUARE MEASURE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Among all the tables of "compound numbers," which vexed our infancy and still resist the rational simplicity of the metric system, by far the worst is that one absurdly miscalled "square measure." Even in its lineal base, the intrusion of a fraction, 16½ or 5½, between foot or yard and rod, must always arouse suspicion, as well as resentment, even in the childish mind. In truth our table looks like an attempt to reconcile four discordant systems. Certainly as to the square mile, acre, rod, and foot, each larger unit utterly refuses to contain the next smaller one, in square form, an integral number of times. The acre is the frankest alien, for it cannot be laid out square at all, save with a length of side incommensurable with any unit of length known to us.

Certain other peculiarities of this table are so interesting, and to the present inquirer at least so novel and puzzling, that he hopes some specialist can throw more light on its origin.

The mile, in all its variations, both of extent and of name, from the late Greek μίλιον down, must no doubt descend from the *mille passuum* of the Roman legionary, counted with the left foot only. The German *meile*, used for a league or hour's walk, is most in need of explanation. But even there the word, at least, is a perfectly normal "guna" formation (m-a-ïle), exactly like the English, from *mile*.

The square mile is most simply and naturally divided by successive quarterings. The first produces our quarter-section, or normal homestead; the second seems to have no important history, while the third is recorded in the old word "fur-long," *i. e.*, furrow-length; a real furrow, presupposing of course not length alone, but area.

The phrase "ten-acre lot" has a certain familiar and traditional sound in all ears. To the average mind it calls up a goodly expanse of turf or ploughed land, with an associated feeling of its natural or duly unified extent. Its normal shape is presumably square.

Now, I have yet to chance upon the farmer, or citizen, who will give offhand, when first questioned, the exact side-length of that same familiar square ten-acre lot. Yet it is precisely the furlong, or normal length for a straightaway furrow. The most familiar type of field, then, is the square furlong.

Certainly that is no accident. And yet, the method of division is here violently changed. The square ten-acre lot cannot be cut up into square acres. Our decimal system cannot express the side of the square acre at all, in feet or inches, furlongs or miles!

However, the square furlong or normal lot can be cut up into two rows of five equal oblong rectangular strips, measurable in integral feet, each 330x132 feet. That is the acre.

Yet the acre, though not obtainable by any quartering process, is itself promptly quartered, into *roods*. The Century Dictionary, which as to etymology was inspired by William D. Whitney, most competent of linguistic scholars, does not clearly differentiate the word "rood," in origin, from rod. Yet there is at least a strong temptation to connect it with the special use of the form "rood" for cross (*cf.* Holy rood), and to call attention to the *cross* formed in the attempt to quarter the (oblong) acre.

Yet again we descend to the rod, which is obtainable from the rood, after three bisections, only by cutting sets of five oblong slices, much the same shape as is the acre when derived from the furlong.

Of course, the rod can also be laid out in many other shapes, including the familiar square, 16½x16½ feet. But a square rood or square acre cannot be completely cut up into patches of a square rod each. So here again "square measure" is a glaring misnomer. But the question asked is:

How came it so? Whence, in particular, the "acre"?

A few remarks on kindred topics may be added.

The furlong is far more familiar to youthful ears to-day as the "220 yards dash." One is tempted to imagine for our ancestors a communal system of agriculture, in which every able-bodied man was given the use of a square furlong or ten-acre field, and so could race, on his own side the hedge, with plough or seed-basket, harrow or hoe, against any one of four conterminous rivals, to his heart's content. Is that a purely imaginative sketch?

The coincidence of this distance, the furlong or 220 yards, with the Greek stadion is not, after all, remarkably close, but yet is hardly a mere chance. The stadion is exactly 600 times a Greek foot, and that unit differed only by 1-100 from our English foot. It is probable that the Greeks had ascertained by experiment that 600 feet is about the distance for which a maximum speed can be secured without a flying start. A hundred yards is too short to make up the initial loss in gathering speed; on the other hand, the limitations of breath and muscular strain forbid the continuance of the full sprinting pace for, e. g., a quarter mile.

The Greeks did, indeed, also run races of several laps, but only up to a mile or so. The atrocities of the miscalled Marathon race, or grilling long distance run, as a form of "sport," they left to Hesperian barbarism.

In closing, a mention of one more exact Hellenic parallel may be ventured. If accidental, it is indeed remarkable. The all but perfect coincidence between the Greek and the English "foot" has been already mentioned. Another unit in wide usage, with no less clear physiological basis, is the cubit (Lat. *cubitus*), or πῆχυς. The Greek, like the Latin word, is the ordinary one for "elbow." Our "ell" has the same origin, but in "ell," as in "yard," the measure usually appears doubled. The πῆχυς, as a measure of of wood or stone, at least, long remained just about 1½ feet, 18 inches, *i. e.*, the distance from the elbow to the extended fingertip of a normal man.

Now, our "rod" is just eleven cubits, 16½ feet. The name rod, or pole, pretty clearly intimates that it is the length at which a man can conveniently handle a wooden staff or measuring stick. Since Homer is our fountainhead for all Hellenic usage, in his works a parallel passage is naturally to be sought. As a matter of fact, he ascribes precisely the same length, eleven cubits, to the noblest ash-wood rod wielded by human hands. Hector's spear is twice mentioned as just "eleven cubits long." Evidently this was the "handy" length, in war or peace. The rod, then, is explicable. But—whence the acre? Wm. C. Lawton.

Scranton, Pa., September 7.

CHANGED MEANINGS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I observed in a bookdealer's window a few days ago a set of school readers bearing the general title of "Stepping Stones to Literature." Though Tennyson once wrote about rising on stepping stones, the use has a queer look to one who, for more than half a century, has considered the only function of stepping stones to be that of assisting the foot traveller to cross a stream dry shod.

I don't know whether any writer has treated the subject of such alterations in the meanings of words as are brought about by ignorant usage in the first instance; but from my observation of certain changes of this sort which are still in process, it seems to me that there is good reason for noting that written speech is subject to this sort of modification. Take, for instance, the

words "lurid" and "livid." I am unable to recall any example before the civil war of the use of these words in the sense respectively red and pale, as the daily newspapers seem to have decided shall be their meanings hereafter. We now read of the "lurid" flames of a devouring fire, and of the "livid" face of a corpse. Some dictionaries have already gone so far as to sanction these usages.

In the list of proper names in the "Standard Dictionary" I note the word "Frankenstein," with the following definition: "Hero of the story; a man monster." In Mrs. Shelley's story of that name, poor Frankenstein is the victim of the monster, instead of being himself the monster; but if our dictionaries approve of the transfer of qualities as above, it will probably have to be accepted. That was what happened to "incarnadine," which was used as an adjective in the following description of the phœnix in Sylvester's version of the "Divine Weeks" (Week 1, Day 5), several years before Shakespeare used it in "Macbeth" as a verb:

Two sparkling eyes; upon her crown a crest
Of starry sprigs more splendent than the rest;
A golden down about her dainty neck;
Her breast deep purple; and a scarlet back;
Her wings and train, of feathers mixed fine,
Of Orient azure and incarnadine.

Sylvester was intimately acquainted with the French language, and undoubtedly expected readers to understand that the wings and tail of his phœnix were blue and light red, such as may be seen in the eastern sky a little before sunrise. In turning the adjective to a verb, Shakespeare also consciously or unconsciously deepened the indicated color to the hue of blood. To satisfy my curiosity as to the original, I turned in the 1578 edition of Du Bartas to the corresponding lines and found that they had been much expanded in the translation. They are there as follows:

Il fit briller ses yeus: il lui planta pour créte
Un astre flamboiant au somet de sa tête:
Il couurit son col d'or, d'écarlate son dos,
Et sa queuë d'azur.

Sylvester not only changed the sex of the bird, but also gave it new "points": as the incarnadine tint. The word "flamboiant," occurring in the original lines, however, leads one to reflect that great modifications have been made in the signification of this word also. In a magazine just opened I find a notice of a contemporary swaggering romancer, in which he is characterized as flamboyant. In the French text, the word is pretty nearly if not quite synonymous with the English "twinkling."

"Stalwart," we are informed by certain etymologists, is a modification of the Anglo-Saxon "staelwyrdhe," meaning worth stealing. If this view is correct, a great change has come over the face of the expression.

In the *North American Review* for this month Senator Clapp talks of a "recrudescence of interest" in a political question. Twenty-five years ago this would have been an incorrect use, but on turning to the "Standard" I find "revival" given as one of the definitions of "recrudescence." Although it is not yet so given in other dictionaries it may be hereafter, and the user is probably excusable at this time.

I am not forgetting ignorant transformations of foreign words, like "el lagarto" into alligator; "purgatoire" into picketwire; "chassez" (in calling figures of dances) into sashay, and the like—but that kind of error has been often written about. My object at this time is to call the attention of some investigator to a source of change in language that is likely to be more and more productive as our already immense vocabulary grows still larger.

THERON W. HAIGHT.

Waukesha, Wis., Sept. 1.

DANTE IN AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A recent number of the *Nation* (August 19) contains a review of Toynbee's "Dante in English Literature," and the reviewer notes that no allusion occurs to the influence of Dante upon American writers. Oelsner, in "The Influence of Dante Upon Modern Thought," refers to American devotees of the Tuscan bard only in a footnote, mentioning Longfellow, Lowell, Parsons, Norton; and your reviewer gives us the same names. Permit me to say there are other names not to be overlooked in connection with early Dantean study. George Ticknor is probably the pioneer in this field. Ticknor, while studying at Göttingen, 1815, bribed Balhorn, a lawyer and Italian scholar, with fine Havana cigars, to instruct him in Dante. Prof. Karl Förster described Ticknor as an excellent Italian scholar, who had translated from Dante as early as 1807. Ticknor's journal refers to weekly meetings for the study of the Divine Comedy, held at the house of Dr. de Crollis, in Rome, in the early thirties. About 1831 the American historian expounded Dante to special classes at Cambridge, Mass. In presenting King John of Saxony, himself a profound Dantist, with Longfellow's translation, Ticknor recalls the enthusiastic meetings of the Accademia Dantesca (1835-36) held in the Royal Palace, Dresden. The *lampada vitæ Dantescæ*, so to say, was handed on by the historian of Spanish literature to the historian of the Conquest of Mexico and Peru, and in the letters of Prescott are found some fine appreciations of the genius of the divine poet.

Just now discussion is warm upon the subject of priority in Polar exploits. The discovery of Dante is an interesting item in the annals of American scholarship; let us do due honor to those who first blazed out the path. WILLIAM KINGSTON VANCE.

Fresno, Cal., September 8.

JOHN BUT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As a foot-note to the correspondence in the *Nation* (March 25, April 29, and May 13), concerning "Piers Plowman," it may be added that the extraordinary "John But" (who, according to Professor Manly, wrote ll. 56-99 of Passus xii, A-version), may have been something more than a mere scribe or minstrel, as Professor Manly says (Cambridge Hist. of Eng. Literature," II, 35), since the very name occurs in the "Paston Letters," attached to a person well above that rank:

Ryth Wyrchypful hwsbond, I recomawnd me to zw, desyryng hertyly to heryn of zour welfare, praying zw to wete that I was with my lady Morley on the satyrday next after that ze departyd from hens, and told her qhat answer that ze had of *Jon Butt*, and sche teke it ryth strawngely. (Margaret Paston to John Paston, April. 1448.)

John Butt was evidently, as the context shows, a tenant or agent of Paston or Lady Morley. In any case, he lived in East Anglia, where the Morleys and Pastons fought their feuds out. It is not impossible that he was the son or godson of the man who helped "Will" with his vision.

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN.

New Haven, Conn., September 9.

Literature.

HANOTAUX'S HISTORY OF CONTEMPORARY FRANCE.

Contemporary France. By Gabriel Hanotaux. Translated from the French by E. Sparvel-Bayly. With portraits. Vol. IV (1877-1882). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75, net.

With this fourth volume, M. Hanotaux brings to a conclusion his remarkable narrative of French history since the war of 1870-71. It has, with the advantages which belong to the work of one who has lived through the events and can recollect the impression which they produced at the time when they occurred, some of the disadvantages inevitably incident to the writing of history before there has been time for the full result of events to be perceived, before the smoke of conflict has cleared away, before the personal feelings of predilection or antagonism which naturally attach to the leading personages in the mind of the spectator have had time to subside. Only a Frenchman, and perhaps only an exceptionally well informed and impartial Frenchman, could determine how far these feelings have warped the judgment of M. Hanotaux, who has himself been a party man and a minister and been brought into close touch with some of the men most prominent in the political conflicts of the time he describes. To us, such feelings are discernible, but M. Hanotaux seems to have tried to keep them within bounds. There are few traces of personal or party hostility in his portraits, or in the anecdotes by which they are set off; and the partiality he shows for Gambetta is pardonable when one considers how much there was in that statesman's character to attract admiration, how much in his fate to awaken sympathy.

The period covered in this volume is six years, whereas the preceding three volumes, taken together, covered only seven. This gives it the character of being hurried, as compared with the leisurely march and copious details which belonged to its predecessors. A large part of it, moreover, is occupied by foreign affairs, although in most of these the part of France was a secondary one.

The historical student will not regret the comparatively full treatment given to these general European questions, for they are matters of extreme magnitude, and M. Hanotaux, from the knowledge he acquired while in the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, is able to throw some fresh light upon them. They all relate to the Nearer East. They include the troubles in southeastern Europe, which began with the Herzegovinian insurrection in 1875, which developed into the Servian war of 1876 and the abortive Bulgarian rising of the same year. They cover, but do not sufficiently emphasize, the terrible massacres perpetrated on the Bulgarians by the Turks that summer, massacres which, after futile negotiations between the Great Powers, brought on the war of 1877-78 between Russia and Turkey, and wound up with the Treaty of Berlin in 1878. They also note the occupation of Tunis by France in 1871, and just touch, with a disappointing brevity, the earlier stages of the process by which England was led to take sole authority in Egypt in 1882, France retiring from the so-called Dual Control.

The chapters which deal with the Eastern Question from 1875 to 1878 are full of interest. They present the view of a well-informed diplomatist belonging to that one among the great Powers which took the least active part in the negotiations and controversies, and was in so far best qualified to judge the conduct of the others. They also quote from two unpublished sources: the "Recollections" of Count Peter Schouvaloff, who represented Russia at the English Court in these difficult years, and was one of the Russian plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Berlin, and the also unpublished "Memoirs" of Karatheodori Pasha, who was the senior representative of Turkey at the same Congress. These two sources supply less than one might have expected, but some of the details given by Count Schouvaloff, who was a man of note in his day, and possessed of plenty of talent, have a certain interest, throwing a personal light on the attitude of the leading personages to one another.

M. Hanotaux does not succeed in making his account of the course of events during these three momentous years so clear as might be desired by a reader who does not carry the main facts in his own mind. The chapters are rather a running commentary than a narrative. His appreciation of the situations and the action is always intelligent, but not always correct, and he omits or slurs over some material factors. For instance, although the outburst of feeling in Russia in the middle of 1876 is referred to, the pressure of Russian public opinion on the Czar to go forward against Turkey, and the commanding rôle of Katkoff and his newspaper, are not duly brought out. This is still more the case as regards England. It has often been said the Americans are the only people outside England who can understand the English. It is especially hard for the French to do so. M. Hanotaux has not got to the bottom of the movements of opinion which swayed England during 1876, and the two following years. He has not quite realized that Disraeli, then Prime Minister, was inclined to fight Russia and would have liked to bluff his own Cabinet into war, but that the Cabinet, partly through their own better judgment of the real sentiment of the nation, partly because Gladstone had roused the nation against the Turks after the Bulgarian atrocities and was always ready to fall upon the Ministry with his overwhelming personal force, contrived to hold the Prime Minister back and succeeded in preventing that complete breach with Russia which seemed several times imminent. It was, perhaps, not necessary for our author, in mentioning the Cyprus Convention, made by the British with Turkey, and the secret arrangements made by them with Russia about Batum, to point out the results (eminently disappointing for England) of these two acts, for they did not directly affect France. But they illustrated so well the policy which Disraeli followed that a mention of them would have set his character and capacity for a great foreign policy in a truer light than they bear in the pages of this history. The account of the Congress of Berlin is well done, yet it is odd not to find, among the dicta which M. Hanotaux records, Bismarck's appreciative remark on Disraeli, "The old Jew, that is the man," and the well-known characterization, attributed to De Launay, of Lord Salisbury as "a lath painted to look like iron." As a patriotic Frenchman, M. Hanotaux regrets that France kept herself so much in the background during these struggles. Others may think that she exercised a judicious prudence. Her interests were not really affected. She had nothing to lose by the advance of Russia, and little, if anything, to gain by claiming a share of such booty as was going. It remains to be seen whether the acquisition of Bosnia will turn out to the real profit of Austria. Assuredly the acquisition of Cyprus has brought no profit to Great Britain. Without much effort, France did, in fact, secure one important acquisition, viz., Tunis, for it was at the time of the Congress of Berlin that the British Government intimated that they would give her a free hand there; and as Bismarck subsequently did the like, wishing (as is supposed) to turn her ambitions outside Europe, and perhaps also to heap on her fresh liabilities which she might find embarrassing, she presently went ahead, and, in 1881, made herself virtual mistress of Tunis, much to the annoyance and disappointment of Italy.

In the chapters which contain the French part of this story of six years, the most striking and dramatic scenes are those which preceded and accompanied the last struggle of the monarchical parties in the general elections of October, 1877. "Monarchical" one may call them, because, though the form of government was not openly and avowedly in question, the Ministry of the Duke de Broglie and M. de Fourtou, which conducted the campaign under Marshal MacMahon, were virtually fighting for a monarchical restoration, and their defeat proved to be the *coup de grâce* to every monarchical section, Legitimist, Orleanist, Bonapartist. It is true that the chances of Bonapartism were not deemed to have wholly vanished till the death of the Prince Imperial, Louis Napoleon's only son, in a skirmish in Zululand during the war of the British with the Zulus in 1879; nor those of the House of Bourbon till after the death, long afterwards, of the Count of Paris, to whom the rights of the Count of Chambord descended. Representatives of Napoleon the First and of Henry the Fourth do, indeed, remain: but the pretensions of both have melted hopelessly away. The danger from a dictatorship which subsequently threatened France, in a year which lies later than the period covered by this history, did not proceed from any member of either line, and did not spring from any sentimental or traditional attachment to the monarchical principle.

In M. Hanotaux's pages, the hero of the combat and the victory which has established the Republic in France is Gambetta. Our author dwells with enjoyment upon all his oratorical achievements, and brings the tale to a close when the short lease of power which the great popular chief had at last obtained comes to its sudden end. He faintly indicates, rather than ventures to describe, the causes which began to rob him of real authority as soon as he had officially secured it. This is a pity. Gambetta's career was brilliant enough and will be long enough remembered to permit even his admirers to disclose and explain the causes which weakened his influence. Incidentally, we have an account of the singular series of communications which passed between him and Bismarck. Not long ago there was a lively controversy in Europe over the matter. Some one alleged that Gambetta had actually gone to Berlin and seen his mighty antagonist. Others showed the improbabilities of the case. M. Hanotaux tells us that the meeting had been arranged for in 1878, and that Gambetta suddenly, almost at the last moment, changed his mind, thinking apparently that in the turn things were then taking the possibilities of gain through an adjust-

ment of French and German policy were not sufficient to justify the risks of injury to himself, which the interview, if it became known, might bring.

There are in this volume some other portrait-sketches of an interest only second to that which Gambetta's excites. President Grévy is painted with a keen and distinctly unfriendly hand. His gifts could not be denied, but the less attractive features of his character, his coldness and dryness, and that want of dignity and loftiness, which the head of a great state ought to possess, are dwelt upon. M. Hanotaux thinks his election to the Presidency was a mistake and that Gambetta ought to have been chosen. He does not convince us. The qualities which evoke enthusiasm are not always those which call forth the sort of confidence and sense of stability which were needed, at the moment when MacMahon resigned, in the person who should succeed him and hold all Republicans together. Grévy excited less affection, or admiration, than Gambetta, but also less jealousy and suspicion.

The comparatively brief sketches of Bismarck, Gortchakoff, and Schouvaloff do not add much to what students of the time already know. Those of Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury present a picture which is neither complete nor correct. But where M. Hanotaux is on his own soil and has ample materials, his delineations can be delicate and instructive. Such is that of Freycinet, the capable and resourceful man who never did anything brilliant, never made a mark, either as speaker or thinker, or as leader, yet constantly came to the front, because he had so many gifts as an administrator and so much adaptability for Cabinet and Parliamentary purposes. Two other men who figured largely in those days, Jules Simon and Jules Ferry, are also touched in with a careful brush. No recent historian has realized better than M. Hanotaux how much difference in the evolution of events the personality of men makes. Whatever be the case in America, personality seems in the Old World to count for just as much in a democracy as it used to do in the despotic monarchies, though the persons who make the difference are, no doubt, more numerous. Strong as is now the sweep of what are called the "secular forces and tendencies," there has not been a moment during the last forty years in the chief European countries when the removal of two or three men in each country would not have powerfully affected the form and direction those forces were taking. Specially important for the peaceful triumph of the republican principle in France was the character of Marshal MacMahon. He was himself in principle a monarchist, and in religion a Roman Catholic. His wife was more fervent than he in both these respects. His personal friends were nearly all of the same color. A less upright and loyal man, a more personally ambitious man, would have played the rôle, if not of Oliver Cromwell, at least of Gen. Monk, and would have carried through a *coup d'état* in favor of monarchy, for which it would have been perfectly easy to find pretexts. But MacMahon's honorable instincts repelled all such suggestions. He accepted ministries most distasteful to his own feelings, and when the action they proposed for his guidance became too repellent, he quietly resigned.

In this last volume, M. Hanotaux's style retains all its vivacity and its finish. One propensity, visible in the earlier volumes, becomes more pronounced, and, indeed, too pronounced, in this one: the love of epigrammatic phrasing. In some of his epigrams, though the words sparkle, the sense is dark; in others, the glitter scarcely conceals a platitude. Although the translation is well executed, it may be that, in some of these instances, the expression has suffered a little in passing into English from a language which, like French, seems to invite epigram. Nevertheless, the tendency to state obvious things in a highly wrought way has in this volume come near to becoming a mannerism. Some critics may complain that in the sketches of men and the dramatic treatment of situations, the graver underlying elements of politics receive too little attention. In such a criticism there would be truth, but it may be suggested that the time has scarcely yet arrived for a philosophic investigation of underlying causes.

It is with regret that we part from this animated narrative of events fateful for France and for Europe, which so intelligent and well-informed an observer has given us. It is all the more valuable because the events are so near our own time that all but the best memories, outside France, have forgotten the details. M. Hanotaux has probably done well to close at a time so far distant that the vehemence of party feeling regarding the chief actors has subsided. Of those actors hardly any are still upon the stage. But we cannot but hope that he is even now composing a sequel, bringing the story down to the beginning of the present century, which may, in another ten or fifteen years, be given to the world. The historian who comes fifty years hence to this subject will be grateful for the light which this contemporary observer, who knew the men and remembers the impressions of the moment, gives here, and will (we hope) give again, with so much grace and vigor.

CURRENT FICTION.

The White Prophet. By Hall Caine. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

An "author's note" prefixed to this volume states that, contrary to opinions drawn forth by its serial publication, the narrative "is intended to be read as a work of fiction only." The allegation has been that real persons and events in recent Egyptian history are here shadowed forth: a supposition not likely to be disposed of by Mr. Caine's rather elusive disclaimer. However the story may be intended "to be read," few readers will doubt that it was intended to be in some sense a portrait of the thing as it is. The phrase recalls a couplet aimed at Mr. Caine some years ago by a witty rhymester:

He sits in a sea-green grotto with a bucket of lurid paint,
And paints the thing as it isn't for the God of things as they ain't.

This enthusiastic novelist's verisimilitude could hardly be conceived as of actionable quality. In fact, he is a moralist, not a story-teller. He is not of those who present and interpret human life and character in the concrete. He deals in problems and situations; and his fictions are a series of elaborate parables. But a parable should not be elaborate; to clothe itself in the trappings of realistic fiction is to deny its birthright. However sound the moral of the present fable, the persons and incidents of it are preposterous. Great events and heroic emotions are understood to be involved. Not only the fate of Egypt and of England in the East, but the fate of Christian civilization is supposed to hang in the balance.

The chief figure is Lord Nuneham, British Consul-General at Cairo, and virtual despot of Egypt. After many years of power, he has become purely arbitrary in the expression of his authority. He has only contempt and distrust for the native character. His son, a brilliant young soldier who has grown up in Egypt, has a very different point of view. He loves the Egyptians and their land, and has faith in her possible future as an independent nation. He is a colonel, second in command of the British army of occupation, and betrothed to the daughter of his superior officer. News comes of a later Mahdi among the Mohammedans, who is said to be stirring up sedition. Nuneham has dismissed the Khedive from Egypt as a suspicious character, and now makes up his mind that this ranting Arab, Ishmael Ameer, is a new danger to be put down. The son, Col. Lord, is ordered to Alexandria to attend to the matter —that is, to apprehend the new popular leader, and bring him, practically a prisoner, to Cairo. But Lord does not find the Arab a mischief-maker or political aspirant. He is a prophet of spiritual truth, quite as bitter against the

degeneracy of Islam as against the corrupt European civilization which the English have imposed upon Egypt. He is bent upon the regeneration of the modern world, not upon the triumph of any creed or faction. His doctrine, his spirit, are strikingly like those of the Christ whom Western nations profess and fail to follow. The young soldier returns to Cairo not only without the expected captive, but as his expressed admirer. The Consul-General and the commanding officer are furious. Lord is given a command which his conscience forbids him to obey. Degraded and threatened with a court-martial, he leaves Cairo. From this point on the incidents of the plot are fantastic and melodramatic. The account of them is drawn out to the point of tedium: Mr. Caine has a habit of dwelling interminably upon his facts without really illuminating them.

A Charming Humbug. By Imogen Clark. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

It is extraordinary that wealthy heroines who go as substitutes for governesses in fiction continue to assume the names of the parties of the first part, instead of taking fresh ones. It is, of course, a practice helpful to the intricacies of a plot, and one that contributes heavily to its improbabilities; but as a device it grows nearly as shopworn as the gun that isn't loaded. For better or worse, we are in for it in the story of "A Charming Humbug." Then we go on to meet that ancient foster-child of fiction, the little-boy-in-love-with-his-governess who intends to marry her "when he is a man"—who at the first interview decides that her name, her purloined name, is "stiffish," and is made happy by her confiding to him for his use "a little heart-name the people who love me call me." This is the sort of boy who, for the most part wallowing properly in slang, has moments when he likes "verses with a run-up-and-down-your-back feeling in 'em"; and who in the early morning drive expresses his love of nature thus:

> It kinder chokes a fellow, don't it? Chokes him up till he finds out how ripping it all is. Ain't you glad to be alive in this bully old world, Gay?

In continuation there must be found room for the gentleman guest who devises ways of being with the governess and the boy, and so on to the predestined end. There is little to separate the story from its kind, excepting in the episode of the true governess's clerical fiancé coming upon the scene and precipitating disclosure. For the sugary and the pert that go to make such tales, this one fully equals the average; and for elaborated conversation addressed to an unseen gallery, it is perhaps beyond the required standard. In its case, as in theirs, it all results in a harmless and reasonably amusing little novel.

The Patience of John Morland. By Mary Dillon. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Muse of History will some day arise and demand an accounting from the novel writers. That day draws near, one must think, when with Andrew Jackson's administration for background and with the cabals of his Cabinet for accompanying fife and drum, the affair of Peg O'Neal and Major Eaton is spun out into a checkered love story, as full of blushes, rogueries, curled eyelashes, woman's wiles and man's misgivings as any mushy "storiette" of the periodical. Mrs. Dillon avowedly stirs fiction-stuff into the making of her hero and heroine, easing her own attitude in the matter by giving them new names. Peg O'Neal becomes Kitty McCabe. Her first husband is changed from Timberlake to Sutherland; and her second, Major Eaton, Senator from Tennessee and Secretary of War, figures as John Morland. He it is who has the patience; he who saves Kitty from an elopement, endures her whims, befriends her and her drunken husband, and is at last rewarded by her hand, only to be plunged into the social embarrassments which helped to make the history of Jackson's first Cabinet. The disguise of names does not extend to the other characters and thus we walk in and out on terms of affable familiarity with Jackson, Calhoun, Adams, Van Buren, Webster, and Clay. The result is as to fiction a readable but rather commonplace showing of girlish caprice and long-suffering chivalry; as to history, a group of names, a list of policies, a mirror of costumes, and a few scenes. Almost desirable, if the historic novel is to persist, is Miss Mühlbach's candid habit of indicating each fact by an asterisk. The chief merit of the type after all, and by no means a small one, lies in its sending an occasional reader to the real thing.

A Slight Indiscretion. By N. Y. Homer. New York: Cochrane Publishing Co.

"N. Y. Homer" is a prophet of vivacious and cynical humor who speaks with the tongues of drummers, and has an honest ambition to record things as they are. American novelists as a rule (says he) blink the facts. They are afraid to concern themselves with the divorce and murder, which, as every newspaper reader knows, are the staples of modern life. Not so our Jeremiah: he has kept his eyes open, and his utterance has no uncertain sound. His story is, he declares, to be "a story of to-day, as we all see it among the high and low, the rich and the poor, the virtuous and the vicious; a story of life as it really is in this, the grandest country the sun ever shone on." Its hero (and martyr) is introduced as the proprietor of a rural variety store. "He was liked by all with whom he came in contact; and his lady, well, she was hardly to be mentioned the same day with other women." But the lady in course of time proved frail; acquired a lover, who murdered her husband, married her, and played the villain in the stock market to his own eventual undoing. Justice is visited upon the murderer and his wrongly acquired "lady." She takes poison and he, not long after, is shot. Observation less biased by the testimony of the newspapers affords, it may be, a more trustworthy basis for the interpretation of American life; but the present attempt is not without its instructive and even engaging aspects.

POETRY AND LIFE.

Fleet Street and other Poems. By John Davidson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1 net.

John Davidson's unhappy end gives this last book of his a special interest, and, indeed, it is in this case his death which offers criticism the better text of the two. For while there are poets whose poetry is something substantive and substantial in itself, there are others whose work is rather the complement of their sufferings and misfortunes, acquiring significance largely from their immanence in it, as a lake takes its light and color from the sky. While one creates of his superfluity and leaves his creation alone to take its chances; the other labors to eke out his own existence and to repair in imagination the short comings of reality. It is to this latter class that John Davidson belongs. In spite of much good, though curious, verse, without which we should be the poorer by a thing unique, the appeal of his poetry draws very much upon the humanity of its author—one, as he says with evident reference to himself,

> Who could rehearse
> Unheard-of things; whose thoughts were gray
> With travail, and whose reason scarce
> Escaped the onslaught of the universe:
>
> Yet one who waged an equal strife,
> And, unsubdued, beyond the sad
> Horizon of terrestrial life
> In noisome cloud and thunder clad,
> And death-cries of the past that bade
> Repent, above the galaxy
> Enthroned himself; and, sane or mad,
> Magnanimously claimed to be
> The soul and substance of eternity.

Such is the *Dichtung*, the poetic spell he tried to throw around his life. In respect to the origin of his inspiration, it recalls the words of Browning's Caliban:

> Thinketh it came of being ill at ease;
> He hateth that he cannot change his cold
> Nor cure its ache.

But for all its perversity—and that there is a kind of artistic and moral perversity about it, cannot be denied—it is by no means commonplace or ignoble. The difficulty is that such a vision is impossible nowadays even as a literary convention. The contrast with *Wahrheit* and reality as it appears in moments of depression is too irksome to be endured. Hence it is, perhaps, that the sardonic spectres of actuality, dissolvent of illusion, in its crudest and most typical aspects—the mob and the complacent vulgarian, together with their favorite places of repair, the railway station and Crystal Palace, and the like—come more and more to haunt his consciousness and at once revolt and fascinate him. In particular, the intent of his ironic exhortation to the bricks of Fleet Street is unmistakable—

> Such an enviable fate
> As that of any single solid brick
> In Fleet Street, London, well and truly laid,
> A moulded, tempered, necessary brick
> In that most famous faubourg of the world,
> Exceeds our merits! Could we but attain
> The crude integrity of commonplace
> Cohesion even in the most exhausted, most
> Decrepit, ruinous, forgotten orb
> In some back alley of the Milky Way,
> How happy we should be!

It is the same story of the two worlds of dream and reality and the chill awakening as is told in the melancholy words of his advertisement, spoken in his own person:

> The time has come to make an end. . . . I find my pension is not enough; I have therefore still to turn aside and attempt things for which people will pay.

There is, no doubt, much human stuff of superior quality which refuses to lie in regular courses; but alas for its happiness in a world of four-square—"the hell of the unfit"! And when sickness and misfortune are added to these moral irregularities, the problem is insoluble.

But this is not all. There are compensations for him who is willing to pay the price—and compensations, we may judge, of no mean order. There may be an exaltation even in defeat which raises such a nature to an outlook above that of ordinary vision:

> When, naked, I wrestled with Fate,
> The Destinies trampled me down;
> I fought in the van and was great,
> And I won though I wore no crown,
> In the lists of the world; for Fate
> And the Destinies trampled me down—
> The myrmidons trampled me down.

This is the better Davidson—not the mutineer, the *révolté* of "Cain," with its wanton reversal of accepted values and its vicious confusion of achieved distinctions, but the remote and disinterested observer of men, the satirist ironic and yet not wholly ungenial, the seeker of the picturesque in unlikely places, the riddler of cosmic riddles. It is for this singular combination of authorship that we should rather thank the poet's thwarted sensibility—the sort of thing that finds expression imperfectly in "Two Dogs" and with characteristic fulness in the fifty and five gutter-merchants of "Liverpool Street"—

> Their eyes were fire, their wrinkles changed
> To shadowed sculpture in the brute
> Effulgence of the windows, ranged
> Together closely, foot by foot,
> Like giant marionettes, as mute,
> As quick and as mechanical,
> Fronting the shops, they made their suit
> By signs alone; and each and all
> Unhuman seemed, austere, asexual.

Life of Fricdrich List, and Selections from His Writings. By Margaret E. Hirst, with an Introduction by F. W. Hirst. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

List is an economist whose literary reputation has lagged far behind the immense practical influence he exerted. The prophet of the German Zollverein and the German railway system, his works are not infrequently rated with those of second-class economists, when indeed his works are not forgotten altogether. Such an anomaly is largely righted by this vivacious story of his life, and sane appraisal of his writings. Peculiarly incisive is the verdict upon the American influences which mirrored themselves in his crowning work, the National System of Political Economy.

List was a striking type of the fiery political refugee whose race has seemingly become extinct. Advanced early in life by the favor of the Würtemberg minister Wangenheim to a professorship at Tübingen, he was elected a member of the Representative Assembly, and flung himself boldly into the struggle for internal freedom of trade. Prussia alone at the time had sixty-seven different internal customs barriers, imposed duties on over twenty-seven hundred articles, and supported a customs force of eight thousand officials. List's activity in this project brought him into disfavor, and, being condemned in a judicial action, he suffered imprisonment, and eventually, with his family, went into exile. In 1825, he reached America, led to our shores partly through his acquaintance with Lafayette. He settled in central Pennsylvania, experimented at farming, and, failing therein, began the promotion of coal mines, railways, and canals.

It was while in this country that he first clearly elaborated his distinction between national and cosmopolitan economics. He afterwards developed the idea in his National System. For a primitive community, he taught, free exchange is dictated by the necessity of awaking the torpor of the inhabitants. Next a dose of protection is to be accorded to develop infant manufactures. Finally when these industries are mature, they are to be exposed to world-wide competition under free trade in order to maintain their virility and excellence. What List wholly left out of his reckoning was the emergence of industrial monopoly on the one hand, and the dogged selfishness of industrial interests which have once tasted the blood of consumers exposed by a tariff. As Mr. Hirst says in his introduction:

> Had he lived another half-century to see the American tariff on worsteds and woolens raised higher and higher . . . he might have begun to question the working value of his theory. Instead of tariffs falling as industries grow, colonial, American, and European experience tells us that the reverse is usually the case.

List's lasting influence for good was in securing internal free trade and the German network of railways.

List was "an inveterate visionary," a "born journalist and agitator." His style was vivid, pugnacious, direct, and sometimes slanderous (p. 124). With all its faults his work has a singular charm. He was impetuous to the last degree. Wolfgang Menzel's description is cited —"his short, squat body . . . crowned by a disproportionately large and lion-like head. His eyes sparkled, thunder played round his fine brows, and his mouth was as fiery as the crater of Vesuvius." His was a romantic figure, and his violent end was almost an inevitable climax to his career. The author's presentation is well executed. We have discovered but a single error, where 1787 is given (p. 38) for 1789, as the date of the first Tariff act.

Introduction to Early Welsh. By John Strachan. London: Sherratt & Hughes.

Welsh Medieval Law. By A. W. Wade-Evans. New York: Henry Frowde. $2.90 net.

The early Irish language and literature have received in general more attention from scholars than the early Welsh, but several important works of the past few months may be said to restore for the time being the balance between the two branches of Celtic philology. In the current *Heft* of the *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie*, Prof. Ludwig Christian Stern has published what must be reckoned the best critical study yet made of the works of the great fourteenth century bard, Dafydd ap Gwilym; and almost simultaneously with his important article there have appeared in England two works devoted to the Welsh language and law.

There is especial cause for satisfaction in the fact that Professor Strachan's work had been carried far enough, before his lamented early death, to be saved to scholarship. The author, in keeping with what we have already suggested is a common practice of Celtic

specialists, devoted his earlier studies chiefly to Irish, and was recognized as one of the foremost authorities on Irish historical grammar before he undertook the extensive treatment of Welsh linguistics. The present volume was put together with great rapidity during the last months of his life, and bears here and there marks of incompleteness. But it presents a systematic survey of early Welsh grammar, the first to be published since the "Grammatica Celtica" of Zeuss; and Celtic scholars are fortunate in receiving so important a work from the hands of an acknowledged master. The texts which accompany the grammar were selected chiefly to give practice in reading, but they include some hitherto unprinted manuscript material, and they are admirably edited. The glossary is a welcome addition to the scanty lexicographical resources of students of mediæval Welsh. The whole work has been brought out under the supervision of Prof. Kuno Meyer, who has discharged his part, it need hardly be said, with the competence of a scholar and the fidelity of a friend.

Mr. Wade-Evans's book is chiefly of value as supplying students of Welsh literature and institutions with a scrupulously careful text and translation of one of the law-books of the code ascribed to Howel Dda. In the older edition of the "Ancient Laws," by Aneurin Owen, the text was an amalgamation derived from several versions. But the present editor has adhered to a single manuscript tradition, that of MS. Harl, 4533, which is, according to the excellent authority of Mr. Gwenogfryn Evans, the oldest and most important representative of the so-called "Book of Cyfnerth," or Gwentian Code. It is to be hoped that the other books, or local codes, may be made similarly accessible. Mr. Wade-Evans's translation, as he himself says, is necessarily tentative in many places. His introduction contains a careful account of the various manuscripts of the different law-books and a brief sketch of Welsh history from the departure of the Romans down to the reign of Howell the Good. The historical doctrines presented are, some of them, to say the least, heterodox, and should be received with caution. For fuller arguments in defence of views which depart from received opinion, and which are rather dogmatically set forth in the present volume, readers should consult Mr. Wade-Evans's articles in the *Celtic Review* (Edinburgh) for 1905.

The Christian Doctrine of God. By William Newton Clarke, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Something over twenty years ago, after a period of long barrenness in the field of systematic theology in both Great Britain and America, there was discovered a privately printed volume of outlines of Christian doctrine, which surprised and delighted by its originality and force, its discerning insight and gentle persuasiveness. The author was found to be a Baptist clergyman, then past middle life, who had been impressed into the service of a theological school as temporary instructor in dogmatic theology during the illness of the regular incumbent. These outlines were seized upon by teachers who felt that Hodge, Shedd, and Strong were wofully out of touch with the times, and yet who had no comprehensive treatise, alive to modern difficulties, to put in their place. Here at last was a systematic theologian capable of doing thorough justice to every phase of orthodox doctrine, yet a man of the present age, aware of the necessity of reconstructing nearly every chapter of the church's working creed.

Of course, such a book could not be hid. Expanded and revised for general use, it was published under the title "Outlines of Christian Theology," and immediately fell into high favor among moderate men of all communions, both at home and in Great Britain. One who chanced to be travelling in Wales the summer after it was published found it even in the bookstores of remote villages. It is safe to say that no work concerning Christian doctrine of the last twenty years has had a wider or more wholesome influence. There is no book which can be put into the hands of one inquiring about any phase of Christian belief with better prospect that he will find his difficulties met, in the form in which he sees them, with a spirit of honest candor, and with no small portion of clear, resolute thinking.

Dr. Clarke was not released from his *pro tempore* professorship. Until the last year or two he has taught continuously at Colgate, and lectured both in England and America. His best work, however, is done by the pen, and his occasional lesser volumes, such as "The Use of the Scriptures in Theology," "Can We Believe in God the Father?" have performed useful service. It has long been known that he was engaged in the preparation of a work on "The Christian Doctrine of God" for the International Theological Library, and high expectations have been held as to the character and value of the work. These hopes are now justified. The book in hand is easily Dr. Clarke's *magnum opus*. The theme gave him a great opportunity, suited to his temperament and to the particular quality of his personal faith. The time is ripe, as many have been saying, for constructive work in theology. The religious life, of which doctrine is the outgrowth, is notably richer, sweeter, and saner than that out of which the older theologies had their rise. Criticism has exposed a thousand errors, and made it easier to avoid unfounded presuppositions. Sensitive to the good in both the old and the new, and responsive to the needs of the present, avoiding haste in preparation, Dr. Clarke has contributed to Christian thought an eminently reverent, thorough, and wise presentation of the best Christianity has to offer as conviction concerning God and His relations to the universe and to men.

The book is not an essay in theism. It is not a philosophical discourse on the grounds of theistic belief and defence of its reasonableness. It is not a summary of biblical teaching concerning God, nor a criticism of the classical Christian symbols in so far as they attempt to define the divine attributes. One is struck by the absence of reference to other writers in a work of such large compass, which handles the favorite theme of numberless theologians and philosophers. After a careful reading Paley is the only author whose name one remembers to have seen in the entire discussion. It is evident that the work is not controversial—the spirit as well as the form is irenic, and one would as soon think of quarrelling with the first Epistle of St. John as with Dr. Clarke's essay. "We shall encounter views of God that we cannot accept," he declares; "we may leave them, but we need not stay to slay them. The views of him that we accept should be borne in upon our souls by the tide of a mighty peace, and received in a calmness that has small place for controversy. The doctrine of God will fight its own battles, and the best that we can do for it is to set it forth."

It is a fair review of Dr. Clarke's volume to say that he sets forth the Christian doctrine of God in this devout and gracious spirit. By that doctrine he means the conception of God for which Christianity now stands, that view of Him which "Christian faith and thought propose for the present time, in view of the Bible, and of the history, and of all sound knowledge and experience, interpreted in the light of Christ the revealer." He sets forth the sources of this idea of the divine being, in the ancient ethical conception of the Hebrew prophets, in the life and teaching of Jesus, and in the growth of Christian thought and experience. He is bold enough to maintain that much that is truly Christian has come to light and full force since the Galilean life and the days of the Apostles. He sets aside, without rancor but with firmness, much that has maintained itself as Christian with high authority. He does not argue, he is at no great pains to defend: he declares with the beauty of simplicity the sublime faith in the beneficent ruler of the universe to which heroic souls have been led under the mastery of him who taught the world to pray "Our Father."

The Hand-Book of Alaska: Its Resources, Products, and Attractions. By Major-Gen. A. W. Greely, U. S. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

Alaska has been so remote, and in many parts so inaccessible, that to the present day trustworthy data as to what it really is and contains have been hard to obtain. At the time of its acquisition it was generally believed to be an ice-bound uninhabitable waste. Some enthusiastic writers now paint it as a veritable Garden of Eden in its beauty and productiveness. Between these extremes have come representations of the most varied character as to its availability for human uses. To the too often untrustworthy Alaskan literature Gen. Greely's book is a welcome contribution. One of the most accomplished and experienced officers of the army, he has had extraordinary opportunities for becoming acquainted with far Northern conditions. He has been head of the signal service, twice military commander in Alaska, a frequent visitor almost since the date of its cession by the Russians, not only a most intelligent observer, but an efficient agent in the country's development.

The book presents usually only facts and statistics, devoid of glamour. What wealth has been amassed by miners, farmers, fur-hunters, fishermen, and traders, is stated in figures taken from official documents. "Moderately successful" is a frequent phrase applied to enterprises in all the various fields. Though millions have been gained, much of the effort hitherto put forth in Alaska has ended in disappointment. But while Alaska, as compared with many other areas of the United States, has a heavy handicap, it possesses unmistakably vast resources. As to one thing only does Gen. Greely allow himself superlatives—the magnificence of the scenery: for this he holds that the world elsewhere has no parallel. Modestly disclaiming for himself the power to describe, he quotes many glowing passages from others, endorsing as simply correct portrayals what the world has been disposed to think extravagant.

We have read with especial interest Gen. Greely's account of the native population, among whom the Eskimos and the Aleutian Islanders are rude races unusually endowed with capacity and attractive qualities. It is painful to know that up to the present, white men have sought them mainly "for exploitation and debauchery"—a contact under which their numbers have dwindled and their character deteriorated. The land and sea animals upon which they depended for subsistence have been pursued by the newcomers almost to extermination, while liquor and licentiousness have done among them the usual devil's work. Gen. Greely speaks cordially, however, of the work of the missionaries, of the educational work of some of the commercial companies, and gives a consoling picture of how the government, by successfully introducing the reindeer, is to some extent making good the destruction of the whale, walrus, and the seal.

Notes.

"The Short Story in English," by Prof. Henry Seidal Canby of Yale, now in press, is intended to be a critical guide and an historical account. The publishers, Henry Holt & Co., also announce for publication this autumn "Masters of the English Novel," by Richard Burton, professor of English literature at the University of Minnesota.

John Davis's "Travels of Four Years and a Half in the United States of America (1798-1802)," which will be published next month by Henry Holt & Co., has been described as the only book of the period written by a traveller in the United States, the object of which is not so much statistics as pure narrative. This is not so remarkable when we remember that Davis was a novelist and a friend of Brockden Brown. The travels described extend from New York to South Carolina. This is the narrative of which Trevelyan wrote in his "American Revolution": "An exquisitely absurd book, which the world, to the diminution of its gayety, has forgotten."

Prof. W. J. Ashley as editor, the Messrs. Longman, Green & Co. as publishers, promise a new edition of Mill's "Principles of Political Economy" in which will be indicated, with their dates, all changes in the text reflective of variation or development in Mill's opinions.

The Putnams announce a new study of "Fernando Cortes and His Conquest of Mexico," by Francis A. MacNutt. The same publishers are preparing, under the editorship of Katharine N. Birdsall, "The Young People's Book Shelf," which is to contain some twenty volumes of verse and prose adapted to the understanding of the young, and intended to stimulate as well as to entertain.

B. W. Huebsch announces for publication this autumn a number of works dealing with the question of socialism. Thus, we are promised John Spargo's "The Substance of Socialism" and "Karl Marx," as well as Edward Bernstein's "Evolutionary Socialism: A Criticism and Affirmation," translated by Edith C. Harvey.

The issue of a second edition of Dr. George Burman Foster's "The Finality of the Christian Religion" (University of Chicago Press) gives the publishers the opportunity to announce that the second part of this work will be ready before the end of the year, and it has enabled the writer to correct typographical errors, and to restate, in a brief preface, his belief in a "free religion."

On September 18 Houghton Mifflin Company will issue the following list of books: "Robinson Crusoe," illustrated by E. Boyd Smith; "The Oath of Allegiance, and Other Stories," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "The New Golfer's Almanac," by W. L. Stoddard; "Oliver Wendell Holmes," by Samuel M. Crothers; De Cesare's "Last Days of Papal Rome," translated by Helen Zimmern, and with an introductory chapter by G. M. Trevelyan; "The Elements of Military Hygiene," by Major Percy M. Ashburn.

The publishers of *Las Novedades*, a weekly newspaper of some years' standing, announce that on October 1 they will begin publication of the first Spanish daily newspaper to be issued in New York city. The name of the new newspaper will be the *Diario de las Novedades*.

Among the books to be published this month by Charles Scribner's Sons are: "The Narratives of New Netherland, 1609-1664," a new volume in the series of Original Narratives of Early American History, edited by Dr. J. F. Jameson, general editor of the series; "The First George in Hanover and in England," by Lewis Melville; "Famous Women of Florence," by Edgecumbe Staley; "Society and Politics in Ancient Rome," by Frank F. Abbott; "Universities of Ancient Greece," by J. W. H. Walden; "The Problem of Human Life," by Rudolph Eucken; "Church Unity," by Dr. C. A. Briggs; "The Mystery of Education," by Barrett Wendell; "The American of the Future," by Brander Matthews. Some of the illustrated books to be published by Scribners are an edition of "The Arabian Nights: Their Best Tales," illustrated by Maxfield Parrish; W. H. Wright's "The Grizzly Bear"; C. W. Murlong's "The Gateway to the Sahara"; and, for younger readers, "The Story of Rustem, and Other Persian Hero Tales," by Elizabeth Renninger; "The Boys' Catlin," and Dan Beard's "The Boy Pioneers."

Students of Swift will appreciate "The Battle of the Books," edited by A. Guthkelch (London: Chatto & Windus; in the King's Classics). In the introduction the editor ranges over the battlefield of the quarrel between the ancients and the moderns, from Perrault and Fontenelle to Swift's "Apology," 1710. The appendix gives selections from Sir William Temple's "Essay," from Wotton's "Reflections" (both editions), from Boyle's "Phalaris," Bentley's "First Dissertation," Boyle's "Examination," and Bentley's "Second Dissertation." The notes are copious, and the bibliography seems to us exhaustive. In brief, we do not remember another English prose classic furnished with so generous an outfit. The reader has before him everything likely to throw light upon one of the most genial, yet at the same time most puzzling, of literary satires. Only at one point have we found the editor lacking. He has overlooked the interesting discovery, made twenty years ago by Feyerbrand, *Englische Studien*, XI, 487-491, that the end of the "Battle," the Bentley-Wotton episode, though printed by Swift as prose, is really for the most part in blank verse. One has only to read aloud to catch the rhythm. This metrical structure accounts for the ironical grandiloquence of the diction. The "Battle" thus anticipates Pope's "Rape of the Lock."

In condensing the narratives of Henry Hudson's biographers, Thomas A. Janvier ("Henry Hudson," Harper & Bros.) draws the conclusion that every important move in the explorer's life "of which we have record seems to have been a forced move, sometimes with a look of chance about it."

To his mind, the element of fatalism is always apparent, particularly in Hudson's third voyage, "that evidently had its origin in a series of curious mischances, and that ended in his doing precisely what those who sent him on it resolved that he should not do." This was the voyage that led to the exploration of the river that bears Hudson's name. The fourth voyage, too, suggests predestination. Hudson, detained in England, and forced to serve only under her flag, was sent out to his death in Hudson's Bay. In connection with this voyage, Mr. Janvier produces for the first time contemporary documents, which had remained hidden for three centuries in the Record Office in London. These are a valuable addition to Hudson memorabilia. Heretofore, the sole source of information concerning the mutiny which resulted in his death has been the "Larger Discourse" of Prickett, member of the Discovery's crew; now we have not only the sworn testimony of Prickett, but that of five of his mates, and the fact is definitely established that the mutineers were brought to trial, although there is no clue as to whether they were punished. From the way in which the testimony hangs together, Mr. Janvier thinks it probable that the Discovery's crew had more than a colorable grievance against Hudson, although it is apparent that the mutineers were interested in making out a favorable case for themselves.

The "Addresses and Reprints" of Moncure Daniel Conway (Houghton Mifflin Co.) form, as it were, a documentary appendix to his interesting autobiography, published some years ago. The earliest was written in 1850, when the author, a lad of eighteen, was an unquestioning participant in slavery and Methodism. His whole polemic against slavery and against dogmatic religion gives favorable evidence of his early acquaintance with what he strove to abolish; for while in each case it enabled him to speak with authority of the evils he detected, it secured for him a sympathetic understanding of his foes which bred not only amenity in debate but a sounder position than was attained by some of his fellow-crusaders. The question of dogma could not be settled like that of slavery by resort to arms, nor would Mr. Conway have had it so settled. It remained one of the great interests of his life, for he was one of the joyful, aggressive agnostics of the mid-Victorian type, and the resort to arms was indeed the point at which his attacks on injustice and inhumanity converged. All his other interests, and they were many, were congruous with this, and if some of his quarrels with folly were composed, and others grew old-fashioned, this one sufficed to keep him abreast of the generations. It was a good idea to publish these selections from a body of work that reflected so many phases of the great period of change through which he lived, and to give the public a quickened memory of a courageous and warm-hearted personality.

As a tribute to the memory of Gen. Herkheimer of Oriskany, and in honor of the two hundredth anniversary of the great outpouring in 1709, an instructor at Heidelberg has published a history of the emigration from the Palatinate ("Auswanderung und Koloniegründung der Pfälzer im 18. Jahrhundert," von Daniel Häberle). The emigration begun in 1709, and, renewed with increasing force in 1717, steadily continued; in 1757 from Würtemberg alone 1,000 emigrants came to America, and others went to Russia, Galicia, and Spain. All southwest Germany was being depopulated, and the authorities tried in vain to stop the emigration. The Palatinate, once the Paradise of Germany, gave its name to all German emigrants, so largely did it supply them. While Joseph the Second, at the request of the Rhenish princes, in 1768 forbade further emigration, Prussia, Austria, and Russia were secretly seeking to establish colonies of Palatines, and the rising tide carried many well-to-do peasants to America. In 1785 over 3,500 went into Austrian provinces, many of them *Leibeigenen, i. e.*, serfs, without leave or license, and in all over 29,000, not counting children, left the German empire. In 1749 the records show that 2,785 came to America, and year after year the number increased, carrying with them money, household effects, and such valuables as they could. Hard as was the journey down the Rhine or across France, to the seaports for the trying voyage to America, it was less severe than the long and weary land routes to Eastern Europe. The advertisements in Frankfort a. M. of Dutch emigration agents pictured in glowing terms the attractions of America, where friends and neighbors and relatives had made successful homes. Help was at last provided by the German Society of Pennsylvania, founded in 1764, by that of New York, in 1784, and that of Maryland, in Baltimore, in 1817, but much misery and suffering must have been the lot of the German emigrant. Dr. Häberle gives all of the recent American literature on this subject, and much material hitherto unused, from local archives. His account of the recent Palatine emigration to eastern Europe is of interest. A number of maps, full bibliographical references, and a good index add to the value of his book as a source of information for the growing number of students of German-American history.

The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Italian war has been impressive in northern Italy, where monuments have been dedicated on several battlefields, and Italian and French veterans have reassembled. The Italian journals have printed many articles, historical or reminiscent, some of which possess more than passing value. One book, at least, deserves to be mentioned, because it gives the best popular account of the diplomacy which led to the French alliance and a vivid narrative of the brief, brilliant campaign. This is "Il 1859, da Plombières a Villafranca" (Milan: Fratelli Treves), by Alfredo Panzini. Signor Panzini draws from the most authoritative sources, French and Italian, and has the art of telling a story without vitiating its value as history. For an introduction, he presents two impressionist studies of Cavour and of Napoleon III, and a sketch of Italy's condition before 1859. Several welcome announcements also come as an aftermath of the celebration; the Italian War Department is to publish in full the official report of the war; the journal of an aide-de-camp, hitherto printed anonymously in fragments, by Chiala, is to appear uncensored; and Signor Alessandro Luzio has ready a new volume of essays. The aide-de-camp's diary, usually attributed to Robilant, is of great interest and has been much used by historians for the intimate reports it gives of many significant episodes. It is to be hoped that now it will be printed without the suppression of any names or statements.

An ambitious and successful book for the purpose of instruction in the French language appears in two volumes belonging to the Oxford Modern French Series, under the general authorship of Lèon Delbos (Henry Frowde). Michelet's "Jeanne d'Arc," edited by H. Sacret, is provided with a scholarly introduction, certain to stimulate the reader's interest in the text; and with notes, mostly historical, which serve to correct Michelet's inaccuracies and Anglophobia. Two maps illustrate the politics and the campaigns of Jeanne's time. Intended for students who read French with some facility, the volume will appeal especially to those who in preparation for college or otherwise have studied De Quincey's "Joan of Arc," which attacks this very book of Michelet's. In the same series, Sismondi's "Pavie et le sac de Rome" (part forty of his "Histoire des Républiques Italiennes") is edited by Arthur Wilson-Green. Both introduction and notes, otherwise commendable, are marred by the employment of French forms for proper names in an English context, and by the awkward use of French English.

The literary remains of Detlev von Liliencron are to be edited by Richard Dehruel. The first volume to come out will be a collection of short stories, a number of which appeared on special festival occasions in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* during the past three years. The several volumes will appear under the title "Gute Nacht."

No. 5107 of the Reclam'sche Universal-Bibliothek consists of a beautiful translation of six short Armenian stories by Arvetis Aharonean, done into excellent German by Agnes Finck-Gjandschezian. These stories all deal with the sufferings of the Armenian people under the oppression of the Kurds and the Turks. The Armenian author, born in 1866 in Igdir, is the literary editor of the Armenian monthly *Mudtsh*, published in Tiflis, and has in recent years become popular through his numerous Armenian stories.

Henry B. Blackwell, who died in Boston September 7, at the age of eighty-four, had been for many years a prominent advocate of woman's suffrage, as he was likewise one of the few surviving militant abolitionists. Born in England, but brought to this country by his parents when only six years of age, and soon left an orphan in a family of nine, Mr. Blackwell was early thrown upon his own resources, as were, in some degree, his sisters, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell and Dr. Emily Blackwell, who were among the first women to enter the professional life. When one adds that in 1855 Mr. Blackwell married Lucy Stone, one of the earliest as also one of the bravest of woman-suffragists, it is evident how close were the ties which bound him to the movement; and how natural it was that he should succeed, after his wife's death, to the editorship of the *Woman's Journal*, founded in Boston in 1870. In his editorship of the *Journal* Mr. Blackwell has been assisted by his daughter, Alice Stone Blackwell. Mr. Blackwell will be remembered also for the

active part which he took in the Free Soil movement.

William Lloyd Garrison, son of the great anti-slavery leader, and elder brother of Wendell Phillips Garrison, a founder and so long editor of the *Nation*, and widely known as a publicist, died at his home, in Lexington, Mass., on September 12, at the age of seventy-one years. Mr. Garrison engaged in business of one kind or another until 1901, but was by nature and inheritance a reformer rather than a merchant. He was, furthermore, revealed in his multitudinous addresses in behalf of free trade, peace, woman suffrage, and the single tax, as a writer of clear English, vigorous in style and cogent in statement. True to the family traditions, he was a man of unlimited moral courage with an abiding interest in every humanitarian movement the world over.

Martin Ferdinand Morris, whose death at Washington occurred on September 12, was born in that city December 3, 1834. Four years ago he retired as Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia, having been appointed justice of the court by President Cleveland twelve years earlier. Judge Morris was the author of "Lectures on the History of the Development of Constitutional and Civil Liberty," and of numerous monographs and addresses.

Mayo Williamson Hazeltine, book reviewer and editorial writer for the New York *Sun* since 1878, and a frequent contributor to the periodical press, died at Atlantic City, N. J., on September 14. He was born in Boston in 1841, was graduated from Harvard College in 1865, and subsequently studied at Oxford, and in the Harvard graduate school. Later, he read law and was admitted to the bar. His books include "Chats About Books," "British and American Education," and "The American Woman in Europe."

Prof. Heinrich Bassermann is the fourth professor of the University of Heidelberg whose loss has been recorded last month. The distinguished professor of pastoral theology, who was in his sixty-first year, was the author of a "Handbuch der badischen Gottesdienstordnung," "Ueber Reform des Abendmahls," and of other works.

Science.

Mendel's Principles of Heredity. By W. Bateson. Cambridge University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

This is the second of Professor Bateson's works with this title, the first having been published seven years ago as a defence against certain attacks which had been made by the late Professor Weldon on Mendel's methods. In that earlier book the author presented some of his views in rather a tentative manner, and a few of these he now gracefully relinquishes. The whole subject has expanded so rapidly of late that it was quite time for a restatement of the essential factors by one who has done good service as a pioneer. In 1907 Professor Bateson delivered a course of lectures at Yale University on the general subject of genetics, the new term which covers all matters relating to the origin of living beings. In the volume before us, the Yale lectures are not presented, since they will form, with enlargement, a separate treatise. But the present work gives in a concise manner the so-called Mendelian principles, with an admirable biographical sketch of Mendel and a few hints as to the wide and numerous applications of Mendelism.

The history of Mendel's work is in itself almost incredible. Johann Mendel was born in Austrian Silesia in 1822. After a good training in the gymnasium, he was admitted to the Augustinian monastery at Brünn, under the name of Gregor Mendel. Later he studied at the University of Vienna, devoting himself to mathematics and physics. On his return to the monastery, he began the remarkable series of researches on the impregnation of plants, with which his name is now associated. His investigations covered a period of more than eight years, and the results were faithfully reported to a scientific society and published in their journal. The publication bears the date of 1866. But the memoir attracted no notice whatsoever. It remained without any recognition (except one bibliographical note in a treatise on hybrids) for more than thirty years; nor did he ever in his lifetime realize that his researches would later be regarded as epoch-making.

Now it happened in 1900 that at least three investigators came simultaneously upon Mendel's buried treatise, and found that its results harmonized in a striking manner with their own. They had thought themselves to be pioneers, but they saw that Mendel had preceded them. From that date Mendel's name has taken its place in the ranks of original investigators of the first order, where it is likely to remain. Professor Bateson, like others who have examined the total neglect of Mendel's treatise for more than thirty years, is at a loss to account for it. The reparation has been tardy, but it is complete. Professor Bateson presents a capital account of the course of events which led up to the discovery of Mendel's work. It may be worth while briefly to trace these steps, especially as the sketch discloses a fact which general readers and many special students are apt to lose sight of, and which is too often overlooked by amateur naturalists. In the first place, it must be distinctly understood that the idea of evolution is very old, and that even some of the early philosophers dreamed that existing plants and animals had sprung in some way from simpler forms. Such notions are to be met with (as Professor Osborne has well shown in his "From the Greeks to Darwin"), in a more or less pronounced form, down to the time of Wallace and Darwin.

But from the middle of the eighteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century, the scientific world was so completely under the influence of the idea of fixity of species as definitively formulated by Linnæus, that all naturalists who held a different view found it difficult to command a hearing. Some were even laughed out of court. But in the years from 1825 to 1855, there were many engaged practically in the study of horticultural varieties of plants and their improvement by crossing or hybridizing. It was natural that some of these experimenters should become extremely skeptical as to the limits and permanence of species. But there was as yet no satisfactory explanation of the origination of new species. It was at this period that the strong leading clue was given by Wallace and Darwin. As soon as the naturalists realized fully the efficiency of this clue in leading out from obscure places, it was seen that many had barely anticipated the same suggestion, and had fallen just short of it. Professor Bateson says that a number of the practical breeders, who had been working assiduously up to the time of the publication of "The Origin of Species" in 1859, continued their researches for a decade longer, and then abandoned the field. He remarks:

> In all that concerns the problem of species the next thirty years are marked by the apathy characteristic of an age of faith. Evolution became the exercising ground of essayists. The number indeed of naturalists increased tenfold, but their activities were directed elsewhere. Darwin's achievement so far exceeded anything that was thought possible before, that what should have been hailed as a long-expected beginning was taken for the completed work. I well remember receiving from one of the most earnest of my seniors the friendly warning that it was waste of time to study variation, for Darwin had swept the field.

Yet a few began to reëxamine the degrees of variation and to see whether it might not be possible to express the grades with mathematical precision. By the beginning of the present century this work in exact measurement was fully under way, and the twin sciences of biometry and genetics were attracting to their service some of the most earnest biologists. It was at the outset of this new activity that Mendel's forgotten work came, by a mere accident, to its own.

A brief account of one of Mendel's classical series of experiments will indicate the nature of his work and show why so much importance is attached to his methods and results. The word "methods" is better than "principles" in describing Mendel's contribution to science.

The genus Pisum comprises about six species, of Mediterranean and West

Asian origin. But some authors recognize only two species instead of six, a fact which shows the ambiguous character of the marks by which the species are distinguished. One of the species, by far the most common, is *Pisum sativum*, or common garden-pea, which is so extremely variable that horticulturists have long since ceased to keep count of the commercial varieties, except those which are in present use. Every seedman's catalogue contains a memorandum of some of the well-established sorts, together with the newest aspirants to favor. Mendel recognized the suitability of this common pea, and its nearest relatives, for a study of inherited characters. In the first place he says:

> The experimental plants must necessarily (1) possess constant differentiating characters, and (2) the hybrids of such plants must, during the flowering period, be protected from the influence of all foreign pollen, or be easily capable of such protection.

Pisum plants answer these two conditions: they have a few characters which serve to separate the different forms, and they are practically self-fertilized. Plainly, then, we have in Pisum a blossom which can be studied from two points of view, namely, under conditions of self-pollination or self-fertilization, and of cross-fertilization, since we can let it alone or we can transfer the pollen artificially from one plant to another. And this is what Mendel did. For two years he "tried out his plants,' so to speak, until he had procured some which "yielded perfectly constant and similar offspring: at any rate, no essential difference was observed during two trial years." Upon, different specimens of this comparatively constant material, he experimented by all sorts of crossing and hybridizing.

How did Mendel's work differ from that undertaken by many before and at his time, so that it has taken such a commanding position? Perhaps it is in this chiefly: (1) He selected the parent-plants with great definiteness; (2) he carried on his studies on a large scale and over a long period of time; (3) he kept most careful records of the pedigree from start to finish; and (4) he compared his results with the design of seeing whether such precise figures in regard to form, color, and so on, might not exhibit definite relations. He was so fortunate as to detect certain ratios. To illustrate these ratios, a simple case described by a recent writer may be cited:

> Rose Bantams are of two kinds, blacks and whites, and pure strains of either kind breed true. Now cross the black with the white. Instead of being of an intermediate color, the offspring are all black like the black parent. For this reason, black is said to be dominant to white, which is spoken of as recessive. When the hybrid blacks are bred together, they produce blacks and whites in the proportion of three of the former to one of the latter. The whites so formed, thenceforward breed true, and produce no blacks, in spite of their black ancestry. The blacks, however, are of two kinds—(1.) pure dominants, which give only blacks when mated with a white bird, and impure dominants, which behave like the original hybrids when mated together, giving blacks and whites in the ratio of three to one. Moreover, such birds when crossed with whites may be shown experimentally to produce equal numbers of blacks and whites.

This simple case taken from the zoölogical side, stands as a type of the innumerable instances studied by Mendel, in the garden at Brünn. Repetition after repetition has only confirmed the discovery by Mendel and thrown light upon this the most obscure of biological processes. The Mendelian ratios occasionally fail in practice, but serve nevertheless as the basis of a provisional principle, upon which one may select new material for the obtaining of definite results. Such suggestive work is a distinct contribution to science, and its general results are likely to be wide and very useful. Professor Bateson has indicated some of the lines on which the new suggestions can develop, and he has presented the subject in a clear manner. We must wait for his Yale Lectures in a published form for a further amplication of these useful suggestions.

One thing will strike every reader of Bateson's work, namely, the indifference of Mendel to the limitations of species. Mendel's expression, as translated by Bateson, is:

> It has, so far, been found just as impossible to draw a sharp line between the hybrids of species and varieties as between species and varieties themselves.

Since Prof. Carl Zehden of the Handels-Akademie of Vienna published the first extensive treatise on commercial geography in 1871, nearly forty text-books have appeared in this comparatively new field. Of these, twelve were published in the United States, an equal number in Great Britain, seven in Germany, while the remainder may be assigned to France and Italy. In view of the recent extension of the study of commercial or economic geography in the colleges and universities here and abroad, the recent revision and enlargement of "A Handbook of Commercial Geography," by George G. Chisholm (Longmans, Green & Co.), the only text-book in the English language adapted to the needs of the college student, is a matter of small importance. This is the seventh edition that has appeared since the work was first published in 1889. Many changes are merely matters of small detail; the really important one being the substitution of the latest available statistics for those which had become out of date in the elaborate tables in the appendix. The present enlargement consists in the insertion of an entirely new and exceedingly valuable chapter on Trade Routes, with maps showing the leading express and transcontinental railway routes in Europe, Eurasia, and North America. Besides, there is a large pocket map of the world, bearing the trunk line ocean routes, shaded so as to show their relative importance. The latter was prepared by Prof. Max Eckert, who is the author of the leading work in German on Commercial Geography.

Dr. Henry Cadwalader Chapman, professor emeritus of physiology and biology at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, died suddenly at Bar Harbor, Me., on September 7. Dr. Chapman was born in Philadelphia in 1845, and was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and of the Jefferson Medical College. Three years of study were also spent in Europe. From 1875 he held a curatorship in the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, of which he was for forty-one years a member. He was a contributor to the medical journals, and author of "The Evolution of Life," "History of the Discovery of the Circulation of the Blood," "Treatise upon Human Physiology," and "Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology."

Heidelberg has lost in the death of its professor of surgery, Hermann Lossen, a lecturer of distinction and the author of several valuable books—notably "Die Verletzungen der Unteren Extremitäten," "Grundriss der speziellen Chirurgie," and "Lehrbuch der allgemeinen Chirurgie."

Drama and Music.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce for early publication four one-act plays by Sudermann, which will appear under the general title of "Roses."

Announcement is made of the plans for the first season of the New Theatre, which will open on November 8 with "Antony and Cleopatra," and will last about thirty weeks. Among the plays announced are "The Cottage in the Air," adapted from "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," by Edward Knoblauch; "The Nigger," by Edward Sheldon; "Strife," by John Galsworthy, and Sheridan's "School for Scandal." The company, when fully organized, will comprise about forty players. Among others this number will include Edward H. Sothern, Charles Cartwright, A. E. Anson, Albert Bruning, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Jacob Wendell, jr., Pedro de Cordoba, Julia Marlowe, Rose Coghlan, Olive Wyndham, Jessie Busley, Mrs. Sol. Smith, Beatrice Forbes-Robertson, and Thais Lawton. Louis Calvert, who was brought from London to produce the standard dramas, is an actor of great ability, as well as a stage director of long experience, and will appear in several important rôles. Of equal eminence in their fields are George Foster Platt, producer of modern dramas; Wilfred North and Frederick Stanhope, assistant producers; Elliott Schenck, musical director, and Edward Hamilton Bell, art director.

The production of "Macbeth" in France, not according to the artificial traditions of the stage, but amid the ruins of the abbey of Saint Wandrille, has been widely commented on by the French press. It was given before about fifty persons, the admission price was $40, and the scenes of the great tragedy shifted from room to room in the castle, or in the "deserted heath" of the grounds, following the natural order of

the events. It was that feature—the rather "precious" attempt at an art novelty—which seems to have attracted the attention of the critics. Mme. Maeterlinck, as the originator of the idea, receives high praise for tickling the taste of the æsthetic groundlings. Little, comparatively, is said about the French translation of the play, by Maurice Maeterlinck, which, to judge from some extracts given in the London *Times*, has unusual merit. He evidently has caught, at least in spots, the poetry of the original. That he realized the difficulty of his task is shown by his statement:

> The humble translators face to face with Shakespeare are like painters seated in front of the same forest, the same seas, on the same mountain. Each of them will make a different picture. And a translation is almost as much an *état d'âme* as is a landscape.

Frederick A. Stokes Company have announced for early publication a new book for children, by John Prendergast—"Great Operas for Young People." The writer has put into simple language the stories of "Faust," "Aïda," and "Lohengrin." Written to be acted by children, as the "Great Operas" have been written to be read, are Constance D'Arcy Mackay's ten short plays in verse, "The House of the Heart."

The new operas announced for production during the coming season, either at the Metropolitan Opera House or at the New Theatre, are: Blech's one-act German opera, "Versiegelt," Bruneau's "L'Attaque du Moulin," Converse's "The Pipe of Desire," Franchetti's "Germania," Goetzel's "Les Précieuses Ridicules," Goldmark's "The Cricket on the Hearth," Humperdinck's "Children of the King," which will be sung in English and produced for the first time on any stage at the Metropolitan, Laparra's "La Habanera," Lehar's "Gypsy Love," Leroux's "Le Chemineau," Paer's "Il Maestro di Cappella," Tchaikowsky's "Pique Dame," and Wolf-Ferrari's "Le Donne Curiose." Further announcement is made that exclusive producing rights for America have been bought in the case of several new operas, some of which are not yet completed. Among these are Debussy's "La Chute de la maison Usher," "Le Diable dans le Beffroi," and "La Légende de Tristan"; Dukas's "Ariane et Barbe-Bleu," founded on the Maeterlinck play; Kienzl's "Der Evangelimann," Leroux's "La Reine Fiamette," Gustave Charpentier's "La Vie du Poète," Nougues's "Quo Vadis," Ravel's "L'Heure Espagnole," and Salvayre's "Solange."

The Boston Symphony Orchestra announces its usual series of ten concerts in Carnegie Hall, New York. The dates are as follows: Thursday evenings, November 11, December 9, January 13, February 24, and March 24, and Saturday afternoons, November 13, December 11, January 15, February 26, and March 26. As stated last spring, Max Fiedler will again be at the head of the orchestra. The soloists that can be announced at this time are: Gilibert, baritone; Samaroff, pianist; Elman, violinist; Sembrich, soprano; Rachmaninoff, pianist; Schumann-Heink, contralto, and Hess, violinist. Two others will be named in due time.

Sir Francis Brady, whose death is announced from Dublin, devoted himself for the greater part of his life of eighty-five years to the encouragement of Irish music. The Royal Irish Academy of Music, founded in 1856, owed its existence to his efforts, and had his keenest interest to the last. He was the author of several songs and collaborated with Dr. Esposito and others in the arrangement of Irish melodies.

Art.

A COMING ART EXHIBITION.

On the 20th of September, as a part of the Hudson-Fulton celebration, there will begin a month's exhibition of paintings at the Metropoltan Museum of Art, which as a symptom of taste and a precedent for the future is of great importance. It is a collection of fine paintings of the Dutch school, for the most part loaned by the private owners; and comprises about thirty of the best Rembrandts, four or five beautiful Ver Meers, and several of Franz Hals's, Ruysdaal's, and Cuyp's. In addition, there are good paintings by the lesser men of the Dutch school, giving to the collection a representative character and enabling the amateur of taste to see and feel adequately the eloquence of one of the great periods of art.

The acquisition of beautiful European works of art by Americans has been too often taken as a mere manifestation of the power of money. Without money, indeed, they could not have been bought. But there are plenty of rich collectors in England, Germany, and France, who would not have grudged the money any more than have the Americans. Much greater credit is due to the American's energy and growing taste than to his pocketbook. His energy is proverbial, and perhaps some day his taste will be. The existence of a beautiful collection such as that about to be exhibited indicates that this energy and desire for the acquisition of art knowledge are extending beyond the artists to the people.

And such an exhibition is not only a symptom of the rising taste and knowledge of the community, but is a condition without which modern art cannot lift its head. Creative art is an intensely traditional thing. It connects itself at every stage with what has gone before it. Raphael would have been impossible without Perugino, and, in general, the Renaissance of Italy could not have existed without ancient models. Art is an application of known forms and traditions to the new life of the time. We often hear complaints from our artists to the effect that modern work is neglected and misunderstood, that living American artists are not sufficiently encouraged—a wail natural enough, but thoughtless, for the public cannot be expected to desire or appreciate painting, of the traditional basis of which it has no knowledge. The beauty cannot be felt, in other words, without the atmosphere. So that the bringing to America of old and new European art, far from harming our artists, is rapidly forming a *milieu* in which they may connect their creative ideas with traditional forms understood, and therefore appreciated, by the public. The new art cannot come except on the basis of the old; and first, of course, what is old and classic must be known and felt by the people.

The *International Studio* (John Lane Co.) brings out "The Master Painters of Britain," edited by Gleason White, late editor of the *Studio*. It is a picture-book, pure and simple, the text being entirely insignificant, and its interest is that of a review of two centuries of British painting. In spite of the inclusion of a few Americans, like Whistler and Sargent, the faults and virtues of the works shown are typically British. Some of these painters are artists and some of the artists are painters, but almost all of them are picture-makers, not producers of studies—that is the best and the worst of them.

We may call attention to the large amount of useful information to be found in "The Photographic Annual," which comes to us in a fifth edition, from Tennant & Ward. It has been revised and extended by the editor, H. Snowden Ward.

Gertrude Burford Rawlings's "Coins and How to Know Them" (Stokes), as a handbook for the study of numismatics, will be found useful. In dealing in one volume of 374 pages with the coinage of ancient Greece and Rome, of mediæval Europe, of the British Islands and their dependencies, and of the United States, the author had of necessity to forego all detailed descriptions. But the history of coins in these various countries affords interesting comparisons between their various products and shows in how far they influenced one other. In treating the Greek coinage Miss Rawlings has revised the geographical arrangement adopted in the standard books, such as Head's "Historia Numorum," and instead of beginning with Spain and working her way eastward, she begins with Asia Minor, then takes up European Greece and Italy, working back by way of Africa to Syria, Persia, and India. This arrangement undoubtedly corresponds more closely to the chronological sequence; but it is somewhat disturbing not to have the same order as that adopted in the standard books and museum collections, because this handbook is in no wise independent of them; it has very few illustrations, and the short descriptions of the various types are of course insufficient to give the student a clear idea of the appearance of the coins, unless he has a coin collection or well-illustrated work to refer to.

In adapting the interior of the Pantheon to its recent uses as a royal tomb, the late Giuseppe Sacconi, in 1904, removed from one of the chapels a fresco, which he attributed to that rather commonplace artist, Antonizzo Romano. Neglected for years, this fresco has recently been "pieced together" and cleaned, and now, Venturi, Corrado Ricci, and other Italian crit-

ics, attributo it to tho hand of Melozzo da Forli, and describo it as a rare and magnificent work of art. It is not yet accessible to the public, hut an authorized reproduction shows a lunette, representing the Dove descendlng in rays from God the Father, and, helow, a large Annunciation of the Virgin, in which the Archangel appears in the moment of checking his advance and half falling in reverence hefore the Virgin. His figure, rather than the Virgin's, seems to show the combination of vivacity and religious feeling characteristic of Melozzo. The next number of the *Bollettino d'Arte* will discuss, in detail, this later attrihution, and will contain several pertinent illustrations. Art lovers can hardly fail to comment upon this evidence that such treatment of an important work of art is possible in a national monument under the very shadow of the Ministry of Education, at Rome.

Profs. Georges Nicole and Gaston Darier, of Geneva, have published an account of their discoveries in an illustrated monograph entitled "Le Sanctuaire des dieux Orientaux au Janicule" (Rome, Imprimerie Cuggiani). Their excavations of last winter hrought to light the remains of two temples, one huilt ahout the beginning of the fourth century ahove that erected, as an inscription proved, at the end of the reign of Marcus Aurelius In spite of diligent research, the statuette of a goddess found in the triangular altar, or consecration stone, of the inner, octagonal cell, still remains unidentified. Professor Nicole compares it with a statuette of Gnossus, whose tiara is surrounded with serpents and recalls coins on which the Ephesian Diana is represented, like this statuette, hound in swathing clothes. The other statues are identified as Dionysus, Hades, and (that in hlack basalt) an Egyptian king, represented as a god. Attention is called to the frequent allusions in late Latin, and especially in satirical writers to the introduction of strange Oriental forms of worship at Rome; to the unusual arrangement of the cells and their entrances, and its hearing upon the secrecy of the rites; and to the evidences of persecution, which resulted in preserving intact the gilded statue of Dionysus.

Charles Follen McKim, founder of the firm of architects of McKim, Mead & White, president of the American Institute of Architects, and member of the Architectural League, the National Academy of Design, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Accademia di San Lucca of Rome, and of other organizations, died on September 14 at St. James, L. I. He was born in Chester County, Pa., August 24, 1847, and was the son of the well-known aboiitionist, James Miller McKim. After a year of study at the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University, Mr. McKim spent three years in Paris as a pupil of Daumet, at the Beaux-Arts, and two more years in foreign travel. As an architect, he played a great part in the American revival of Italian models, and received generous recognition at home and abroad. The name of Mr. McKim's firm is especially associated with the Boston Public Library, the Columhia University Library, Robinson Hall at Harvard College, the Century and numerous other New York clubhouses, J. Pierpont Morgan's library, the War College at Washington, and the new Pennsylvania Railroad station in New York city.

Jean Paul Selinger, portrait and figure-painter, died in Boston on Septemher 13 at the age of fifty-nine years. The son of a woodcarver of repute who was also one of the founders of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, he was educated in the Boston schools, and at Stuttgart and Munich In this last city he was a pupil of Wilhelm Leibl, the master of Munkaczy.

Léon Martineau, a mural painter and maker of decorative windows, died in New York city on Septemher 7, at the age of forty-six. M. Martineau was a pupil of Luc-Olivier Merson, and was President of the Société de Peintres-Verriers, of Paris.

Finance.

CONTROL OF GREAT CORPORATIONS.

Monday's action of the Union Pacific directors, in electing Robert S. Lovett, Harriman's close associate, to succeed Mr. Harriman as chairman of the board, and in choosing as new members of the executive committee two other financiers intimately affiliated with Harriman, puts at rest for the time, at any rate, rumors of a struggle of rivai factions for control. In these reports, indeed, there was all along something of indecency; had they been correct, they would inevitably have suggested a fight over the sick-bed of a dying man for the property he was leaving. Even gossip would scarcely have busied itself with such assertions but for the curious statement, given out the day before Mr. Harriman's death by a man whom the Associated Press described as an intimate friend of Harriman, and who flatly declared that Wall Street interests, taking advantage of Harriman's absence and illness in Europe, had "assumed his career was over," "raided his property," "struggled to unhorse him," and "even announced the name of his successor."

Of the facts behind these somewhat sensational allegations, it is not easy to obtain certain knowledge. But it is at least reassuring to find that the episode, whatever its real character, has not been followed by any such open conflict of opposing interests as would nave confirmed the worst interpretations. The situation as a whole, however, suggests some reflections on the present posture of affairs in our great corporations.

It will doubtless be remarked, in the first place, that the era in which great railway systems were passed along by will to the family of the controlling financier is definitely past. Jay Gould and the Vanderbilts of the earlier generation literally owned the railways most closely associated with their names. Each selected his successor in office, reserving, indeed, the right of establishing a kind of order of succession, whereby the oldest son should succeed to personal control of the railway property, the rest of the family being commonly provided for in a trust fund. There are two reasons why this sort of family ownership and family succession is not likely ever to be repeated. One arises from the fact that, although railway properties were in these cases inherited, capacity for administering them did not always descend along with the properties. This, together with the increasing difficulty and complexity of such administration, and the necessity for dependence on large financial interests to procure the funds required for development and extension, made necessary the sharing of responsibility with outsiders. This could usually not be obtained without similar sharing of actual control and ownership.

The second reason for the disappearance of family ownership arose from the same conditions as the first. If our great private fortunes have increased rapidly since the days of such ownership, the capitalization of the railways themselves has increased even faster. Such present-day stock capitalizations as the $248,000,000 of the Northern Pacific, the $299,000,000 of the Union Pacific, the $314,000,000 of the Pennsylvania, and the $178,000,000 and $112,000,000, respectively, even of such smaller enterprises as the New York Central and the Erie, made virtually impossible continued exclusive ownership, even of a majority interest.

This rapid and great increase of capital stock, which really began with the business revival after 1898, was followed, therefore, by the era of ownership by groups of financiers. The contests between great railways in the seventies and the eighties were mainly contests between individuals, who regarded the several properties as their personal possessions. The contests of the decade past have been conducted between powerful factions. The Union Pacific-Northern Pacific struggle of 1901 was avowedly a battle between a group of wealthy capitalists known as the "Standard Oil party" and a second group known as the "Morgan party," and the prodigious sums of money raised on credit and flung into the Stock Exchange arena would have been inconceivable but for the accumulations of financial power banded together behind the two great properties.

It is this fact which lends particular interest to the situation created by the death of Mr. Harriman. It is wholly improbable that Harriman's personal ownership of Union Pacific shares was ever large enough to have carried an election. Actual ownership of the property could not be determined by his personal bequests; it depends to-day, as it did before his death, on the grouping of separate capitalists, each of whom undoubtedly owns as much of the stock as Harriman did, or more. And this,

in turn, explains why interest has converged so actively on the present attitude of this group of financiers toward the property and toward one another. That Harriman's death has removed the will and personality which dominated all the others is conceded on all hands; the question of his successor, then, is less a question of what men will be formally elected to the offices which he held, than of what man will be able to manage as he did the group of capitalists behind him.

It is quite conceivable that no one will repeat the achievement, and that the railway property over which he exercised so vital and personal a control will become an investment enterprise which no individual and no group of individuals actually owns. The Pennsylvania Railroad is a property which already occupies such a position. Itself the great prize of the American railway industry, its ownership is so widely distributed that no man or group of men can be said to possess an actual control. A very large individual investment in the shares is apt to be recognized by the admission of the owner to the directing board; the property is managed by the largest owners of its stock and by such experienced colleagues as they select. Mismanagement would undoubtedly displace an existing board, both by dissension among these larger owners and by transfer of proxies by the great mass of outside and unrepresented shareholders, who would then be driven to united action to protect their personal interests. It is probable that a status of this sort will become more common as the history of American railway finance goes on, and that we have possibly seen the last of such excesses, arising from group or faction domination, as marked the later years of Mr. Harriman's career in Union Pacific.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, E. H. What They Did With Themselves. Crowell. 30 cents net.

A Century of Population Growth: From the First Census of the U. S. to the Twelfth, 1790-1900. Washington: Dept. of Commerce and Labor.

Benson, A. C. Until the Evening. Crowell. 30 cents net.

Betham-Edwards, M. French Vignettes: a Series of Dramatic Episodes 1787-1871. Brentano.

Boys on the Railroad. By M. E. Seawell J. Barnes, E. D. Deland, J. R. Coryell, E. Carruth, and others. Harper. 60 cents

Bradley, A. G. Worcestershire. Painted by Thomas Tyndale. Macmillan. $3 net.

Brandes, G. Anatole France. Doubleday Page.

Burton-Fanning, F. W. The Open-Air Treatment of Pulmonary Tuberculosis. Second Edition. B. P. Hoeber. $1.50 net.

Calderon de la Barca, P. La Vida es Sueño. Vol. I. Edited by M. A. Buchanan. University of Toronto Library.

Carr, S. P. Billy To-morrow. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25.

Cooke, E. V. Little Songs for Two. Dodge. $1.

Couch, S. B. In the Shadow of the Peaks. Cochrane. $1.50.

Darton, F. J. H. Pilgrims' Tales: from "Tales of the Canterbury Pilgrims." Dodge. 60 cents.

Darwin, C. The Foundations of the Origin of Species: Two Essays Written in 1842 and 1844. Edited by his son, F. Darwin Putnam. $2.50.

Dawson, E. R. The Secret of Sex. Cochrane Pub. Co. 50 cents.

Del Mar, Wm. A. Electric Power Conductors. Van Nostrand. $2 net.

Depreciated Currency and Diminished Railway Rates. Philadelphia: Railway World.

Dudeney, Mrs. H. Trespass. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.25.

Ellis, K. R. The Wide Awake Girls in Winsted. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Faris, R. L. Terrestrial Magnetism. Appendix No. 3—Report for 1908. Dept. of Commerce and Labor. Washington.

Fewkes, J. W. Antiquities of the Mesa Verde National Park. Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 41, Smithsonian Institution, Washington.

Fowle, F. F. The Protection of Railroads from Overhead Transmission Line Crossings. Van Nostrand. $1.50 net.

Franklin Papers. Appendix to the Calendar of the Papers of Benjamin Franklin. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania.

Garland, H. The Moccasin Ranch: a Story of Dakota. Harper. $1.

Garnett, L. M. J. Home Life in Turkey. Macmillan. $1.75.

Gildersleeve, B. L. Hellas and Hesperia. Holt & Co. $1 net.

Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics. Selected by F. T. Palgrave. Revised and enlarged, two volumes in one. Macmillan. $1.50.

Greenwood, A. D. Lives of the Hanoverian Queens of England. Vol. I. Macmillan. $3.50 net.

Hichhorn, L. Story of the Session of the California Legislature of 1909. Santa Clara, Cal.: F. Hichborn. $1.25.

Higley, E. E. Homespun Religion. Crowell. 30 cents net.

Howells, W. D. Boy Life. Arr. for supplementary reading in the Elementary School by P. Chubb. Harper. 50 cents.

Humphreys, A. L. Salt and Sincerity. Dodge Pub. Co. $1.

Hungary of To-day. By Members of the Hungarian Government. Edited by P. Alden. Brentano.

Inrig, A. The Spirit of God in the Universe. Toronto: William Briggs.

Irwin, W. Warrior the Untamed. Doubleday, Page. 50 cents.

Jacomb, A. E. The Faith of His Fathers. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.

Jenks, T. When America Won Liberty. Crowell. $1.25.

Jones, D. The Pronunciation of English. Putnam. 90 cents.

Kelly, M. The Golden Season. Doubleday, Page. $1. 20.

Laird & Lee's Webster's New Standard Dictionary. Adapted for Grammar and School Grades. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 75 cents.

Lindsay, N. V. The Tramp's Excuse, and Other Poems. Springfield, Ill.: N. V. Lindsay.

McAulay, A. The Eagle's Nest. Lane. $1.50.

McCutcheon, G. B. Truxton King: a Story of Graustark. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.

McDonald, E. B., and Dalrymple, J. Kathleen in Ireland, Rafael in Italy, Manuel in Mexico, Umé San in Japan. 4 vols., Boston; Little, Brown. 60 cents each.

Mack, A. C. The Palisades of the Hudson. Edgewater, N. J.: Palisade Press. 75 cents net.

Marden, O. S. Why Grow Old? Crowell. 30 cents net.

Mikkelsen, E. Conquering the Arctic Ice. Philadelphia: Jacobs & Co.

Miller, J. R. The Gate Beautiful. Crowell. 85 cents net.

Miller, J. R. The Master's Friendships. Crowell. 30 cents net.

Murray, C. Story Land. Boston: Little, Brown. 50 cents.

Noguchi, H. Snake Venoms. Washington, D. C.: Carnegie Institute.

O'Shea, M. V. Social Development and Education. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

Oxford Plain Texts. Spenser: The Faerie Queene. Book I. Frowde.

Parkinson, J. A Reformer by Proxy. Lane. $1.50.

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Patmore, K. A. The Court of Louis XIII. Brentano.
Potamian, B., and Walsh, J. J. Makers of Electricity. New York: Fordham University Press.
Ragg, L. The Church of the Apostles. Macmillan. $1.40 net.
Rawnsley, H. D. Round the Lake Country. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Ray, A. C. Janet at Odds. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Recent Christian Progress. By Professors and Alumni of Hartford Theological Seminary. Edited by L. B. Paton. Macmillan. $3 net.
Report of the American Relief Committee, Rome, for the earthquake sufferers. Rome: Coöperativa Tipografica Manuzio.
Richards, M. E. Zandrie. Century Co. $1.50.
Rickaby, J. Scholasticism. Dodge. 50 cents net.
Rogers, J. E. The American Newspaper. University of Chicago Press. $1 net.
Santley, C. Reminiscences of My Life. Brentano.
Seipt, A. A. Schwenkfelder Hymnology. Worcester, Pa.: George A. Seipt. $2.
Sélincourt, H. de. The Way Things Happen. Lane. $1.50.
Singleton, E. Dutch New York. Dodd, Mead. $3.50 net.
Smith, M. P. W. Boys and Girls of Seventy-seven. Little, Brown. $1.25.
Spence, W. Tennyson's Idylls of the King: A Spiritual Interpretation. Cochran. $1
Stevens, E. S. The Veil: a Romance of Tunis. Stokes. $1.50.
Stewart, J. D. The Sheaf Catalogue: A Handbook on the Compilation of Manuscript Catalogues. London: Library Limited.
Stories Children Love. Edited by Charles Welsh. Dodge. $1.25.
Sutcliffe, A. C. Robert Fulton and the Clermont. Century Co. $1.20 net.
Taylor, A. E. Plato. Dodge. 50 cents net.
The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898. Analytical Index. Vol. LIV, A-I, Vol. LV, J-Z. Edited and annotated by E. H. Blair and J. A. Robertson. Cleveland, O.: A. H. Clark Co.
Thoughts of Comfort from the Writings of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Dodge. 50 cents.
Thurston, E. T. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Ward, Mrs. J. C. Under the Northern Lights. New York: A. Wessels.
Warren, T. H. The Centenary of Tennyson, 1809-1909: a Lecture. Frowde.
Warren, W. F. The Earliest Cosmologies. Eaton & Mains. $1.50 net.
Wells, C. Patty's Pleasure Trip. Dodd, Mead. $1.25.
Whitham, G. I. Basil, the Page: a Story of the Days of Queen Elizabeth. Dodge. $1.25.
Wilde, O. De Profundis. Second edition. Putnam.
Wood, M. B. Just Boys. Revell. 75 cents net.
Yates, K. M. "Chet." Chicago: McClurg. $1.25.
Younger American Humorists. Compiled by W. Rice. Dodge. 50 cents.
Zangwill, I. The Melting-Pot: Drama in Four Acts. Macmillan. $1.25.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1909.

The Week.

In his speech at Des Moines in regard to the regulation of railway rates, President Taft began with a frank declaration that the Interstate Commerce Commission's powers, as enlarged by the Hepburn Railway Rate law of 1906, had not furnished the expected relief against discriminating rates. This has resulted chiefly, in the President's view, from the delays incident to the appeal from the Commission's decisions, to courts with an already overcrowded docket. Mr. Taft proposes a new court of five judges, whose jurisdiction shall extend primarily and specifically to appeal cases in interstate commerce. A further obstacle has been the present restriction of the Commission's own supervision of rates to cases where formal complaint was made by an aggrieved shipper. This situation the President would remedy by so extending the Commission's powers that it may institute complaints by itself. Noticing, also, a fact familiar to all railway and commercial people during the three past years—that, without a formal advance in rates for given commodities, the change has been made in a left-handed way through transferring such commodities to a different "classification," bearing a different rate—Mr. Taft urges extension of the Commission's authority so that it may entertain complaints, not only against unjust rates, but against unjust classification.

The general public will probably be more widely stirred by the President's recommendation that the Commission be hereafter empowered to regulate the issue of railway securities. What the law, in Mr. Taft's judgment, ought definitely to contain is this:

> Prohibition against an interstate railroad company acquiring stock in any competing railroad in the future, and a further provision that no railroad engaged in interstate commerce shall, after a certain date, hold stock in a competing railroad, and the further amendment that after the passage of the amending act no railroad company engaged in interstate commerce shall issue any additional stock or bonds or other obligations, except with the approval of the commission, based upon a finding by the commission that the same are issued, first, for purposes authorized by law, and, second, for a price not less than par for stock, and not less than the reasonable market value for bonds, such price being paid either in cash or in property or services, and if in property or services, then at the fair value thereof as determined by the commission.

It is scarcely necessary, with the reviews of Mr. Harriman's career in Union Pacific so fresh in the public mind, to point out the highly important bearing which a provision of this nature would have on current railway finance. The powers proposed are large, and it is not to be denied that occasions may arise when their employment will involve a delicate situation—something which happened very recently, in the use of the same authority by the Public Service Commission of this State, in the matter of the Erie Railroad's bond issue. Yet, on the other hand, it cannot be questioned that a grave danger has existed in the field of railway finance, under latter-day methods, and that no practicable way of averting it appears to exist, short of public supervision under a plainly restrictive law.

The romance of the polar seas is strikingly illustrated by the narratives from the Roosevelt of Peary's assistants. Nothing has so fascinated the imagination of those who read of the Arctic as its ability to preserve the relics of the past. Elsewhere the dead wither and decay, and houses and their fittings return to dust, but the icy grip of the Polar regions preserves with wonderful tenacity. The relics of Sir John Franklin's expedition, found twelve years after by Capt. McClintock, told the story of its melancholy end. But even this discovery could have been little more impressive than Mr. McMillan's entering the home of the ill-fated Greely expedition, and finding everything intact, even the food eatable a quarter of a century after it had been abandoned by the men who left it, some to perish, some to rise to military distinction. The relics of the Polaris expedition recall vividly the story of that ill-fated undertaking, while those belonging to the venture of Sir George Nares bring to mind an even earlier period of Arctic exploration. Incidentally, it must be noted that these reports from Peary show that his sledging and hunting parties covered a surprising amount of ground with amazing thoroughness and success.

The defeat of all the Constitutional amendments submitted to the voters of New Jersey is the more to be regretted in that it was effected by so small a poll. Less than 20 per cent. of the electors took the trouble to cast a ballot. Yet here was at least one matter of the highest importance—the reform and reorganization of the courts—which had been forcibly pressed upon the attention of the people of the State. The Governor had made speeches upon the subject; the leading members of the bar had organized and worked to secure the desirable change in the judicial system; eminent and impartial members of the judiciary itself had recommended it; newspapers had kept it before their readers. But all these efforts could not break through the general indifference, which permitted the secret agreements of party politicians to defeat the salutary reform by a handful of votes. This unhappy result is one which the advocates of the referendum are bound to weigh. The New Jersey experience is in line with many other lamentable failures to induce American voters to take interest in Constitutional amendments, or general proposals of legislation. Local and municipal elections, as in Cleveland, have sometimes been of the nature of a referendum, and have been hotly contested; but, in general, the method seems to be badly fitted to the habits and desires of the American democracy.

It is a true national loss which we suffer in the death of Gov. Johnson of Minnesota. He had long since risen above the stature of a State Executive, and was seen afar by the whole country. Death has again stricken down a rising hope of the Democratic party. As in the case of Gov. W. E. Russell of Massachusetts, a born leader has been cut off in his prime; and men look at each other and ask why misfortune pursues a party that never had so great need of its best men as at the moment when they are forever lost to it. One reason why Gov. Johnson drew the hearts of the people after him, was that his career was of a sort that we like to think

typically American. He began life in the most humble circumstances, and had to fight his way against obstacles that would have daunted a man of less firm fibre. Moreover, like Lincoln, the long and hard struggle to get himself clear of the rock upon which Nature had cast him as a bantling, left him full of human sympathies and kindliness, and able to enter understandingly into the lot of every toiler. The pang of sorrow at his untimely death will be widespread, because men in all the land will feel, as Lowell said they did when Lincoln was taken, that "their manhood had lost a kinsman."

The motor car, and what it represents, is doing its deadly work in idealistic Kansas. Chancellor Strong of the University of the State sounds a note of alarm and warning against the growing degeneracy of the scholastic youth. "Overflowing granaries and bulging banks" are beginning to have their insidious influence on the rugged Western stock. The boys in the university, who, in former times, studied with an eagerness which put to shame the lackadaisical "dudes" of the Eastern colleges, now are beginning to give themselves up to the soft dalliance of the automobile and the kindred things which work destruction. Our hopeful poets still sing about the West. William Allen White, for instance, is shocked by the effeminacy of old Europe, and heralds, in letters and in interviews on his return, the sterling virtues of Emporia, Kansas. Gov. Johnson called the West to arms against the tyranny of the East. But this very intensity is a symptom of unacknowledged decay. William Allen White is more extreme than he would be if the virtues he proclaims were an unconscious part of the being of his State. Westerners are now so conscious of their ruggedness that it has become, perhaps, already a tradition, rather than a reality. We passionately praise what is about to pass away. We cling in our minds to the fine old virtues, as we sadly yield ourselves in reality to demoralizing luxury. This seems to be the feeling of Chancellor Strong of the University of Kansas.

Blue Sunday is not the proper color term to describe the American idea of the Sabbath as opposed to the so-called "Continental" day of rest. The American Sunday is now become a blue, red, green, yellow, and purple day, testifying, by the litter of comic-supplement lithography which overflows from the sitting room to the sidewalk and from the porch to the lawn, how a great Christian nation spends its Sabbath. Fortunately, there are signs of growing opposition to the pictorial vulgarities on which our children have been fed. The Boston *Herald*, which last year abolished its Sunday comic supplement, has found no reason to repent its action; far from it. At the recent national convention of the Catholic Educational Association, the Parish School Department entered heartily into the campaign against the Yellow Kid art, and called upon Catholic parents "to cooperate by word and example in the extermination of the evil." The diocese of Philadelphia is preparing to take up the fight against the "scandalous evil which corrupts manners, language, filial respect, and the sense of reverence for age and suffering." To us the æsthetic implications of the comic supplement have been as poignant as the ethical. That a nation exceptionally gifted with the sense of humor should be brutalized down to the level of the horse laugh, is a sad thing indeed.

John Bigelow's protest against the Hudson-Fulton celebration will undoubtedly find considerable echo. There have been those from the beginning who have felt aggrieved that so great an expenditure of money was to be lavished upon a passing show, leaving nothing behind in the way of a permanent memorial, save one monument. Had not there been a revival of prosperity, these grumblings would have been louder, even though the money is to be largely expended in New York city and is making work for many hands for a few days or weeks. But while one may heartily sympathize with Mr. Bigelow's wish that instead of by pageants, the explorer and the inventor should be honored by the purification of the Hudson River, there is much to be said in behalf of an occasional holiday of the kind now planned. If it is, after all, a Roman holiday, *panem et circenses* for the crowd, it can be maintained that an occasional outing for the people in a land singularly destitute of fiestas, sadly lacking in gayety, and taking its limited amusements with the strenuousness of baseball competitions, is not without its genuine value. Recreation and relaxation have their worth, even from the industrial point of view. The wages some may lose in the turmoil may be made up in the increased efficiency which comes from a break in routine, an escape from the treadmill of the worker who never leaves the city's streets and toils, year in, year out.

A weakness in Lord Rosebery is pointed out by the London *Nation*. Lord Rosebery's virtual secession from Liberalism to Conservatism, in connection with his recent speech on the Budget, is an event, it maintains, of no special importance. It is merely interesting, "like Blériot's capture of a momentary 'record,'" but it has little real weight of influence. "It was so with Lord Rosebery's Premiership. It was so with his Chesterfield speech. Nothing happens as a result of his innumerable excursions, alarums, appeals, perorations, and protests. . . . With him all is pose. . . . An epigram or two, an emotional triumph, a plausible representation of a national mood, a storm of applause, and the accomplished artist disappears, as the *diva* retreats to the wings, bowing and pressing to her bosom the tributes of an enraptured 'house.'" The article presents Lord Rosebery as a mere orator, who with grace and charm expresses thoughts without coherence or progressive effect. He is not a definite influence either by his faults or his virtues. Removed from the need of making personal profit of any kind from politics, there is no lofty substitute, such as serious public service, which takes its place. Lack of seriousness all around brings in the note of civilized frivolity. Few of our politicians can be accused of this. If they are kept serious by no higher purpose than to "serve" some interest, they have, at any rate, that anchor.

A German writer in the London *Daily Mail* expresses the amazement which observant Germans and Americans invariably feel on reaching London and viewing the sickening squalor of the poor. Poor there are in New York and Berlin, as well as elsewhere; but in no city is poverty so repulsive as in the English capital. The *Mail's* contributor, Dr. Oscar Schwerner, saw in Hoxton Market what he had never beheld before—wo-

men and children so filthy that he was afraid to touch them. Yet he, like other residents of the Continent, had always believed the English to be personally the cleanliest people in the world. The reason, he thinks, is that Germans are taught cleanliness in schools and in the army, and that dirty, ill-kept tramps are not permitted to wander abroad for long without being put to work. The dirty school child is sent home, and the police see to it, if the parents do not heed the first warning, that repeated offences are made impossible. Dr. Schwermer feels, too, that much British unemployment is not due to lack of work, but to lack of a desire to work. "We have no unemployed question [in Berlin]," writes Dr. Schwermer, "and no poorhouses. I do believe that this latter fact is one of the reasons why we have no unemployed to deal with." England's liberal policy of poor relief has long been held to be a method of creating poverty, and her universal old-age pensions just established make in the same direction by destroying one of the chief incentives to saving and industry. Yet it would be idle to deny that there are heartrending cases of genuine lack of employment in all the British cities.

The adequate way in which some German municipalities take care of their citizens is shown by the city of Ulm. That town has so well solved the question of homes for workingmen and clerks that social-political students, not only from other parts of Germany, but from England, Japan, Italy, Norway, Austria, Russia, and Switzerland, have gone there for light on the "home" problem. During a period of some twenty years, the city has acquired ownership of large tracts of land for the purpose of securing for the poorer class of the population cheap, good, and healthy homes; an object already realized to a surprising degree of completeness. The experiment was tried first on a small scale. Land in an outlying part of the city was bought, small but good houses, each with a garden, were built upon it, and then sold to persons of moderate means in the most reasonable way, so that a workingman could, after a number of years, own his own home. The aim has been achieved to the extent that now the workingmen and clerks of Ulm are in large measure provided with well-built, healthy, and cheap homes. "Order, cleanliness, and happiness" are the rule in Ulm. The death-rate is noticeably lower than in other cities of Germany, while mortality among small babies has fallen very low. Many other public improvements have, of course, contributed to this general well-being. The city neglects no matter touching the good of the citizens. This naturally involved great public expenditures, and yet Ulm's tax-rate is lower than any other city of Würtemberg. There is in Ulm, therefore, not the slightest murmur when further measures are taken to acquire more municipally-owned land and to increase building by the city. If we had only one city in the United States which to this degree should combine light taxation with effective city government, we might trust municipalities with more widely extended functions than we are to-day inclined to do.

The instinct for ornamentation of Paris goes on unchecked. The Rond-Point of the Champs Elysées is to have four colossal statues, by as many sculptors, answering to the labels of Summer and Winter, Day and Night. Early next month, Rodin's statue of Victor Hugo will be unveiled. A monument to Oscar Wilde, designed for Père Lachaise, is under way. A statue to the revolutionist Marat is also projected. An equally subversive man, in another field, Catulle Mendès, is to be celebrated in external form, and Baron Haussmann, who modernized the external old Paris, is to have a monument. It is said that a new association, which certainly sounds Parisian enough, is to be formed, called "The Association Commemorative of the Great Forgotten Ones." Among other great unknowns, the inventor of the corkscrew is contemplated as a subject for plastic notice. Imagine the enthusiasm that such a statue would cause among the habitués of the "Art" cafés in Montmartre and Montparnasse! At last, the favorite source of inspiration for the minor poet and the soul-analyzing artist would be officially recognized.

If anything were needed to prove the innate depravity of the Japanese, the recent speech of Premier Katsura should suffice. He actually informed the Bankers' Club in Tokio that his government would continue to avoid unproductive expenditure so far as possible. Not only is he going to devote $26,500,000 towards the redemption of bonds next year, but he actually hopes to lower the rate of taxation. If final proof of his duplicity were needed, it is surely to be found in his statement that there is to be no increase in army and navy burdens. We think that every one will see that this is merely an Oriental ruse to lull foreign nations, and particularly the United States, into security, while he constructs, in the interior of Japan, a large number of battleships for that sudden raid which our naval officers still expect may take place next week or next month, they are not certain which. Last year the Japanese government actually made a serious effort to retrench. If Katsura continues this policy, it may be that after a while he will convince some people against their will that the nation's eyes are bent not on conquest but on internal growth.

The progress of the anti-opium campaign in China, down to November, 1908, is treated in a parliamentary paper embodying the report of the British commercial attaché at Peking. The report contains good news and bad, with the former decidedly predominant. Like every other movement in that bulky and limping empire, the fight against opium is a real fight in some provinces and a delusion in other provinces, according to the character of the local officials. In the metropolitan province of Chihli, the reform is prosecuted with "earnestness and vigor." In Shansi, "official professions are excellent," but not very much has been done. Shensi, Kansu, and Manchuria show apathy, but in Yunnan, second in importance of the opium-growing provinces, the governor-general predicts the wiping out of all traces of opium "in a few months." Not the least encouraging feature of the report, however, is the indicated growth of a strong public sentiment against the use of the drug. In Shanghai and Canton, where the opium-houses were the gathering places of the fashionable youth, the resorts are now shunned. "It is doubtful," says the report, "whether any question has ever stirred the Chinese Empire so profoundly as that of opium suppression; and public opinion, backed by a young but growing patriotism, is gradually but surely branding opium smoking as an evil that must be eradicated."

PINCHOT VS. BALLINGER.

The long and bitter dispute which has raged about the acts and the policy of the Secretary of the Interior, has now been judicially reviewed by the President. His letter, published on Thursday of last week, reads exactly as if it were headed: "Pinchot vs. Ballinger. Opinion by Mr. Justice Taft." It is the calm and complete decision of a judge. All the rumors, all the excited charges, all the recriminations have been brought to the test of law and fact. The judgment rendered is impersonal and dispassionate. It is not too much to say that it disposes of the whole case. The President could have given no better proof, on the eve of his Western journey, of his desire and his ability to do exact justice, than he has furnished in this remarkable and conclusive review of a heated controversy.

He puts it beyond a peradventure that the accusations levelled at Secretary Ballinger, and, by inference, against the Administration, were made in ignorance of the facts. One of the minor charges against Mr. Ballinger was that he had, before becoming a member of the Cabinet, acted as counsel for the so-called "Cunningham claimants" to coal lands in Alaska. The Guggenheims and other monopolistic interests were supposed to be behind these dubious claims, and the Secretary was pictured as their tool in office. But now the facts are set forth, and show that Mr. Ballinger appeared for a single claimant, found and so advised him that his patent could not be confirmed, and charged him for this service and travelling expenses $250. Since then, the Secretary has had nothing to do in any way with these claims.

The great reverberation, however, has been over the revocation of the Roosevelt withdrawal of public land that might be used for water-sites. In this we were asked to see the sinister influence of the "Water-Power Trust." The story went that thousands of acres which were withdrawn by executive order last January, and many valuable sites for water-power, had been greedily snapped up, when that order was revoked. But what are the facts? The Roosevelt order was issued with characteristic impetuosity and sloppiness. It covered 1,200,000 acres which could not possibly be used for water power, and which ought to be open to settlement. Moreover, it was so hastily and carelessly drawn that it "*failed to include many valuable water-power sites in the immediate vicinity.*" These have since been withdrawn from entry by this negligent Administration. And what shall be thought of the main charge, that the public domain had been turned over to the Water-Power Trust, when we read the cold fact that "not one single filing on any of the water-power sites has been attempted since the original order"? The angry assertions made at the Irrigation Congress and elsewhere, and echoed through a portion of the press, are thus seen to be wholly without foundation. What the new Administration has done is to seek to proceed legally and surely, where its predecessor dashed ahead without looking up either the statutes or the facts. The water-power question is now attacked in a scientific way. From the Geological Survey accurate knowledge has been obtained as a basis for executive action, and the result has been—and this is the coldest douche for the inflamed Rooseveltians in all Mr. Taft's letter—

> There are now withheld from settlement, awaiting the action of Congress, *fifty per cent. more* water-power sites than under previous withdrawals, and this has been effected by a withdrawal from settlement of *only one-fifth* of the amount of land.

Having knocked the underpinning of fact from beneath the feet of his assailants—for, of course, they were striking at him through Secretary Ballinger—the President proceeds to read them a lesson in law. He points out that the holding up of certain contracts made by the Reclamation Service was due to an opinion of the Attorney-General that they had been made, not only without warrant of law, but in defiance of an explicit provision of the reclamation act. Furthermore, the refusal to carry out a "contract made in the last Administration," by which the work of conserving forests on Indian reservations was to be turned over to the Forestry Bureau, was a necessary consequence of the decision of the Comptroller that there was no authority for it in law. This brings out clearly the new point of view. The old way was as Secretary Garfield wrote, to take the ground that "if there be no power" conferred by statute, "it is the duty of the Executive" to make a law temporarily, "until Congress may have the opportunity to adopt the appropriate legislation." Mr. Willard French, who, in confessed ignorance of the facts, writes in this week's *Independent* on "The Seizure of the People's Water Power," puts it in this way: "The central question is whether he is the better lawyer who acts only under specific legal provision, or he who acts without specific provision, provided his action is . . . in sympathy with the spirit of existing laws." Against such loose doctrines, easily running into the grossest forms of Executive usurpation and tyranny, President Taft asserts himself in language that is really an end of controversy:

> In my judgment, he is the best friend of the policy of conservation of natural resources who insists that every step taken in that direction should be within the law and buttressed by legal authority. Insistence on this is not inconsistent with a whole-hearted and bona fide interest and enthusiasm in favor of the conservation policy.

We do not imagine, and probably Mr. Taft does not, that his letter will still the raging of the heathen. As their clamor was essentially irrational, they cannot be quieted by mere reason. So soon as these gentlemen have recovered their breath, after Mr. Taft's body-blow, they will doubtless begin again to cry out and to cut themselves with knives, lamenting once more that the glorious work of the Roosevelt Administration is to be undone. That hysteria bids fair to persist and to have important political consequences. The mania will undoubtedly break out in an acute form next year, on the return of a distinguished traveller from Africa. By that time the veiled attacks upon Mr. Taft may become open. He can do nothing to prevent that. But he can prevent it from being anything but silly and futile, if he perseveres in his quiet purpose to decide honestly as a judge, and not as a politician, every large question that comes before him.

THE PLAN FOR A CENTRAL BANK.

Three speeches from responsible quarters have dealt with the possible reform of our banking and currency system through the establishment of a central bank. President Taft touched upon the project in his address to the Boston Chamber of Commerce. President George M. Reynolds of the Continental National Bank of Chicago, to whom Mr. Taft

originally offered the Treasury Department, canvassed the proposition in great detail, in his presidential address to the bankers' national convention. Speaker Cannon, in some remarks to the same assembled bankers, set forth his personal views upon the subject.

Of the three, Mr. Cannon's remarks alone may be described as negligible. They merely reiterated the opinions of a narrow-minded and ill-informed public man, whose judgment on matters of the sort is usually the outcome of prejudice and ignorance. In his belief, the absurd Aldrich-Vreeland "emergency currency bill" of 1908 is a perfect measure which ought to be permanently incorporated in our statutes, and the conclusive argument for perpetuation of the existing banknote system is the fact that nobody ever lost any money through it. We shall waste no time in discussing Mr. Cannon's opinions.

Mr. Taft's speech is important, less for any light it throws on the problems surrounding the central bank than for the inference that the Administration is seriously considering that remedy. Advocacy of the central bank alternative, in Presidential messages and in Treasury reports, would ensure wide popular discussion of the plan. Secretary MacVeagh, however, has since then made it clear, in a statement through the *Evening Post*, that the Administration is not committed to the plan and is not likely to take any official position on it until the Monetary Commission shall have reported, which may be many months from now. Mr. Taft quoted Senator Aldrich—and the citation is certainly interesting—as submitting the two "indispensable requirements" in a central bank, "that control of the monetary system shall be kept free from Wall Street influences, and that it shall not be manipulated for political purposes." This is indeed a *sine qua non* in any such proposal, to a degree which people not conversant with recent banking and Wall Street history probably do not realize.

Mr. Reynolds's Chicago speech is a contribution of great value to the discussion; it is in fact the first detailed examination of the subject in the light of practical banking experience. The central bank is frankly advocated by Mr. Reynolds, but he recognizes the difficulties which would surround its practical organization and the restraints which judicious lawmakers would necessarily impose upon the scheme. Briefly summarized, his highly interesting stipulations, as to the scope and character of such an institution, are these: Its subscribed capital must be large enough to command confidence—not less than $100,000,000. Its shares may be offered either to other banks or to the general public; preferably the latter, with a government guarantee of a low dividend, profits above that dividend to go into the public treasury. The bank should be the sole depository of government funds, but should not be charged with individual responsibility for preserving the public credit. It should hold on deposit the reserves of national banks which perform the same function for the smaller national institutions.

Its discount business should be limited to credits of ninety days or less, based on real commercial transactions and with a sound endorsement, paper of a speculative character being rigidly and by law excluded. It should discount for the general public, but not take deposits from it. Notes issued by the central bank should be in part secured by a coin reserve, and the balance of security should be, not railway bonds or real estate mortgages, but the short-term commercial notes above described. The bank should be supervised by a board named by the President of the United States and the Treasury Department, and confirmed by the Senate. Shareholders should elect the regular board of directors, but the supervising board should have the power of naming the president and active managers.

Opinions will differ whether Mr. Reynolds's safeguards against intrusion of politics are sufficient to achieve that end; and it will also be observed that he does not deal with three important considerations—how the existing banknote currency is to be retired, how far the central bank, through branches or otherwise, shall compete with other institutions, and what shall be the ratio of coin reserve to note circulation. As it stands, his outline of the scheme provides an excellent basis for further expert discussion of the matter. The *Nation* is not prepared to adopt the project, however, until these and certain other considerations have been more fully debated. In particular, it is necessary to be always on one's guard against hasty analogies between the needs of the American banking and commercial organism, and those of other nations where the central bank is now in successful operation.

Prof. O. M. W. Sprague of Harvard University, in a recent number of the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, has summed up certain salient difficulties in the way of the plan proposed, which would run against even Mr. Reynolds's scheme of operation. We have not space to discuss them here at length; in general, they have to do with the inevitable and possibly very awkward concentration of reserves, in a country of such magnificent distances as ours; with the sectional protests which would certainly be aroused by concentrating in one place deposits of surplus public moneys, drawn by taxation from a thousand separate localties, and with the difficulty of earning even a moderate profit under the severe restrictions laid down for its banking business. We may suggest another weighty consideration—namely, would such a central bank, even under Mr. Reynolds's precautions for administration, serve the purpose of restraining excited trade and speculation through arbitrary raising of the prevalent discount rate, or would the tendency be to ease the path of banks whose own operations were helping financial and industrial inflation?

TAFT ON THE TARIFF.

If President Taft hoped by his long speech on the tariff to soften the heart of the Western cow, it is already obvious that he failed of his object. Instead of conciliating the low-tariff Republicans of the West, he has further enraged them. In place of an answering genial smile, he has got a howl. Even the incomplete collections made of Western newspaper opinion show that the President did not accurately gauge the sentiment of the West, or, if he did, trampled upon it. The political consequences of his speech, unless something be done to retrieve them, bid fair to be considerable. Predictions of the election of a Democratic House next year will be offered more confidently than before. Incidentally, the movement to unite the Democratic party in this State, and to make it fight squarely on the platform of a tariff for revenue

only, cannot fail to get new impetus from this speech of the President's. Politically, it looks like a blunder.

Personally, President Taft again appears in it as a man striving to be entirely frank and judicial. Only, he has to confess that a protective tariff is a subject upon which it is terribly difficult to form an unbiassed opinion. There is something almost pathetic in the way in which this former judge, accustomed to having all the relevant facts given him before being asked to pronounce judgment, cries out at the impossibility of ascertaining the truth about the real effects of protective duties. "I have never known," said Mr. Taft, "a subject that will evoke so much contradictory evidence as the question of tariff rates." He added: "There ought to be other methods of obtaining the evidence and reaching the conclusion." That is honest, but it does not go very deep. It would have been more instructive if the President had proceeded to show why, in the nature of the case, protected manufacturers will not give truthful evidence, and why, in the bargaining and log-rolling and bribing which always attend the passage of a high-tariff bill, it is almost impossible to put your finger on the liars. No principle is involved except that of greed and grab. At the bottom of that well, truth is, indeed, apt to be invisible. If a definite test could be made of each duty—if the simple question were asked what rate would produce the most revenue—then we should know where we stood. But with all the personal bias and selfish scheming and political deception on a grand scale that go to the making of a protective tariff, it is no wonder that the President should confess, despairingly, that he is unable to separate the truth from the falsehood.

This being so, it is a pity that he should have allowed himself to be misled by prejudiced information. It is true that he spoke out manfully about the iniquities of the woollen schedules. In his opinion, the duties on woollen goods ought to have been lowered. Their retention, practically unchanged, he frankly admits to be one great blot upon the new tariff. But of the cotton schedules, he enters upon a labored and inconclusive defence. It is evident that he is not accurately informed on this subject. He can hardly have read Senator Dolliver's speech, made on the final passage of the bill, in which it was conclusively shown that the duties on cotton goods had been not only enormously and deceptively raised, but made much higher than the rates with which the cotton manufacturers assured the Ways and Means Committee they should be entirely content. If the President had looked carefully into the accessible facts, and ascertained who it was that, in conjunction with Senator Aldrich, grafted (the word has two meanings) these needless and artfully concealed cotton duties upon the bill, he must have classified the cotton schedule as a twin injustice with the woollen duties.

When President Taft declares the Payne bill to be the best tariff ever enacted by the Republican party, there is a sense in which his words are true. It does not turn upon a nice balance of increases and reductions in the bill. Nor is it merely a question whether there was sufficient revision downwards to constitute a fulfilment of the pledges made in the party platform and by the President. The critical thing is the undoubted fact that the President dragged a reluctant high-tariff party into admitting that tariff rates ought to be lowered, and then induced it to set about at least a certain degree of lowering. This is the large and significant fact which will stand out when the history of tariff changes in this country comes finally to be written. President Taft forced a new attitude upon Republicans. Even if grudgingly and angrily and inadequately, yet they began to face the other way and to abandon their old position that no protective duties could be too high. For this, Mr. Taft deserves all recognition; but the chiefly disappointing thing in his speech is his apparent willingness to let his work stop at this point. It is not simply that he discourages the idea of another general tariff revision during his Administration—nobody would urge that—but that he seems not disposed to get the full profit of the Tariff Commission. True, he speaks of his purpose to have full investigation made into the actual working of the tariff, at home as well as abroad, but he intimates that no legislative use will be made of the results thus reached. That may come later, he explains, but he himself contemplates sending no further tariff recommendations to Congress.

Now, that attitude, it seems to us, is virtually for the President to deny his own child. The very purpose of the Tariff Commission was to furnish a basis for legislation, from time to time. If given duties are found to work injustice, or hamper trade, why should they not be changed? Why is it not the duty of the President to act upon the information which his subordinates furnish him at his own request? This is no question of a disturbing general overhauling of the tariff. The point is purely whether a demonstrated wrong or harm should be left in the law, when a Presidential recommendation and an act of Congress could take it out. It is Mr. Taft's seeming unwillingness to press home his advantage which is most discouraging to those who have sought to hold up his hands in his fight with the high-tariff Bourbons.

THE MAKING OF BOOKS.

It happens to be a book on French architecture that raises in us an old query: How and why certain books are written. The general presumption is that every author looks into his own heart and writes, but many writers evidently do nothing of the cort. Impelled by lack of occupation, of money, or of both, to write a book, he, or more commonly she, prudently consults the publishers' lists and an unfocussed intellectual curiosity. Shall it be "Spanish Cathedrals" or "Family Life in Morocco"? No book on either subject has recently been written, and the latter topic would be timely. But the "Troubadours" is also an engaging theme. Would not "Wisdom of the East" be better worth reading up? More salable, perhaps, might be "How to Know the Oriental Rugs," or a "Bride's Breviary," culled from all literature. So the eminently impartial mind of the born bookmaker travails in the first pangs of authorship.

It is the first step that costs, for the subject once chosen, the book as infallibly writes itself as a snowball started down a slope becomes of monumental size. To seek to define these creative mysteries were perhaps indiscreet. Yet one may imagine the first visit to a public library, an dthe joyous consultation of the subject-catalogue. Here, perhaps, is one of those revulsions of spirit to which genius is prone, for a man or a woman with only one book to write certainly cannot read a hundred books by other people. A brief chat with a friendly sub-librarian smooths the way.

He hints at German monographs, cursed in style but containing treasures of fact, latest discoveries in the field, or what not. But the bookmaker reads no German. The adviser takes another tack—suggests the encyclopædias. Bridling, the bookmaker explains that she is making a book, that she possesses the Britannica, and finds it inadequate; would the sub-librarian kindly recommend an authority not encyclopædically brief and not in German? Taking her measure, he recalls and recommends the book of one who consulted him in a similar spirit fifteen years ago, and turns to the routine task of persuading the young gentleman who asks for a lively novel that he really wants Thackeray.

Meanwhile, the contented bookmaker has commenced the reduction of the work of his or her predecessor into that raw material of manuscript notes wherefrom a new book may be framed. Besides the steady task of distilling the essence of the easiest book on the subject, there will be excursions and alarums into the general field. Bookmakers almost inevitably read the wrong things, but read a good deal they do. The notes take on a singularly readable quality. Having but half-knowledge or none, the zest of discovery, unchilled by considerations of mere accuracy, sustains the worker. Prince Kropotkin has noted the joys of reading a language that one barely understands. All the words and phrases are unstaled by familiarity. It is in this spirit that the bookmaker files commonplace upon commonplace until there is a sufficient mass to fill a book.

Here we seem to approach the solemn moment of literary creation itself—that moment in which inchoate materials are fused into a new and lovely form. But the case is really simpler than that. The bookmaker indulges none of the prodigalities of authorship. The plan, always the most obvious, usually that of the last bookmaker in the field, has been determined already. The notes, naturally, have not been made with pains, in order that some may be considered and thrown away. There is no nonsense about your bookmaker. All the material must go in, and when there is enough of it, from that day, like Francesca, she reads no more—except for copying off, the book is ready.

This at least is the end of it, you will say. Having given pleasure to its creator, its office is accomplished, oblivion awaits it. There could be no greater mistake. This ought to be the fate of such a book, but, as a matter of fact, no nautilus ever swam more proudly the sea than do these feather-headed books ride into popularity. It is such works that a regiment of agents impose blandly upon the unwilling, yet fascinated, farmer's wife. This provender is duly fed to thousands of women's clubs. The bookmaker is not without honor among publishers, and is mentioned respectfully by literary editors. And the book itself—even it does not die. After a fitting season, it is resolved into notes by a new bookmaker, recompacted into a book, re-eulogized, re-advertised, re-read. The phenomenon partakes of the cyclic character of cosmic processes.

Some impatient and cynical philosopher will ask, Why isn't the bookmaker found out? In a world where value persists, what keeps this literary comedy going at the public expense? Here we find something more than the universal love of illusion. The bookmaker has a very definite quality—that of being or simulating the average reader, and the product usually has the undeniable merit of readableness. The bookmaker has the plain man's cardinal virtue of not knowing much about the subject, but knowing what he likes. What he has happened to like in the desultory process of uncritical note-taking, Tom, Dick, and Harry are pretty sure to like in the equally casual process of reading. They trust the bookmaker, who is, or seems to be, their own kind. So the plumber of Rochester will buy a balm for lumbago more readily on the testimonial of the baker of Buffalo than on that of a banker from Chicago.

Yes, the bookmaker, if a most imperfect, is also a necessary institution. The problem is not how to abolish, but how to amend him. If one could add to his diffused curiosity a zeal for reasonably exact information, reinforce his industry with a modicum of scholarship, eliminate his trivialities without impairing his popular appeal, one might then hail him as a veritable apostle of education. Such bookmakers there have been. The ever-delightful Mrs. Jameson is, perhaps, the best instance. And, happily, such bookmakers there still are, though few.

FRENCH BOOKS OF HISTORY

Paris, September 10.

The author's name alone is sufficient to accredit "Les Premières civilisations" (Leroux), by J. de Morgan, former director-general of the antiquities of Egypt and of late charged with the excavations at Susa, the capital of Darius and Xerxes. The book (600 pages, with 77 maps and 50 figures in the text, sold at 15 francs) is a continuous series of studies on pre-history and history to the end of the Macedonian Empire. This span of time reaches from the first signs of man's appearance on the globe to the end of Alexander's conquest, that is, to the beginning of Greco-Latin civilization. M. de Morgan long since published his researches on the Stone Age in Egypt. His present volume gives the views, and the reasons of them, of a scholar who, to special knowledge of several parts of his subject, joins the general culture needed to appreciate the results of the labor of others.

It is a long run down the ages of humanity to the subject of the posthumous volume of Achille Luchaire, "La Société française au temps de Philippe Auguste" (Hachette, 10 francs). This trained historian served his apprenticeship in episcopal and communal archives of mediæval France, and was at his best in a world still judged from the religious controversies of three hundred years later. Not that the present volume weaves any counter-legend of ideal Ages of Faith—rather the contrary. Court prelates who were comrades of warriors one hand's-breadth removed from brigands; country priests like the half-serfs from whom they sprang and whose life they shared; townsmen whose fearful commerce was slowly steering the community toward settled order, could scarcely compose a society productive of an English Sabbath. Yet those who care for this personal knowledge of bygone times will feel that the book, with all its completeness of documentary detail concerning civil and military society, does not take up so thoroughly the moral, religious, and mystical side of the times.

Ten of the twelve volumes devoted to "Paris: les anciens quartiers" (Michalon) have now appeared under the artistic direction of Georges Cain, with whose own writings they must not be confounded. The text is by various students, each of the quarter which he handles; it includes outlying places like Versailles and Saint Denis (each volume, with atlas of 40 plates, 8.50 francs). Although the interest is primarily attached to what still remains, underneath these Stones of Paris lie all the centuries of changing history.

While Philippe Auguste was building new walls round his enlarged Paris, a man who took his name from some obscure love of France began upsetting

the world by turning his back on it. "Saint François d'Assise: sa vie et son œuvre" (Perrin), by Johannes Joergensen, a Danish convert to the religious faith of the Franciscans, is written after much study of all that relates to the saint, with natural enthusiasm, and not without side reference to the Protestant work of Paul Sabatier.

Those who care for the by-tracks of historical science will find interest in "Leibniz historien" (Alcan), by Louis Davillé, a new doctor of letters. It is an essay on the historian's activity and method, which are known to the general student only from the somewhat unfavorable correspondence with Bossuet.

"Les Aventures du Cardinal de Richelieu et de la Duchesse d'Elbœuf" (Sansot) is an anonymous account from the archives of the Château of Acy, such as must have made up the underground of recent French history when Leibnitz was young. What it says concerning the daughter of Henry IV and his Gabrielle, whose husband the terrible minister of Henry's son exiled from court, is of little interest to the veracity of history, for which we have to go to writers of our own day like Hanotaux, less open to the gossip of contemporary passion. The book has an introduction and notes by Baron A. de Maricourt.

In the quite serious, but very personal, series of the History of France *racontée à tous*, Casimir Stryienski of the French University publishes "Le Dix-huitième Siècle" (Hachette). It covers the period from the death of Louis XIV to the eve of the Revolution, years fertile in Mémoires, on which the author has drawn freely. He winds up with a chapter on the artistic and intellectual movement of this century of Voltaire and Madame Geoffrin. With this may be joined a book which belongs rather to the history of literature than to that of men, "Idées et doctrines littéraires du XVIIIe siècle" (Delagrave), by Prof. Francisque Vial and Louis Denise of the Bibliothèque Nationale. It gives the literary theories of a writing century from its prefaces and treatises—a work which has been already carried out for the preceding century.

Étienne Dejean, director at the Archives, in "Un Prélat indépendant au XVIIe siècle" (Plon), gives a first complete biography of Nicolas Pavillon, bishop of Alet (1637-1677). Even the managing courtiers at Versailles, whom he worried from his distant mountain perch among rudimentary populations, would have stared at his interesting France more than two hundred years later to the extent of such a volume. This, as might easily be divined, is due to the picturesque religious legend which has been built up, among Freethinkers as well as Protestants, around Jansenism, for which Pavillon is claimed. In reality, he signed his act of intellectual obedience to the Pope in a matter where the act of faith was not directly in question; and this true Jansenists refused to do. Confusion is also made between the episcopal pretentions of this bishop who was determined to manage his own diocese in his own way, whether for or against the Pope and King who had named him to it, and the theological assumptions of Jansenists and Gallicans (who are also confused together by most literary and historical writers on this subject, so foreign to their special knowledge). Many a living bishop, who perhaps voted Papal infallibility, has also had controversies with religious orders evangelizing on their own account in his preserves. This is not enough to make the austere bishop a Jansenist saint instead of a Roman Catholic, the more so as he, like the Jansenists themselves, had no tolerance of Huguenots. The real value of such a book is not in church history, in which it does not illustrate even our own Modernism, but in the history of the rude people whom he evangelized; just as the Jesuit Saint Francis Régis had done a generation before with the same faith and sacraments, prayers and commandments. That these people belonged to the Grand Monarch at Versailles—two extremes of a social scale difficult to understand amid the clouds of party and religious prejudice—greatly heightens the value of this history at first hand.

A study of Jansenism proper, from the Roman Catholic point of view, but with the erudition in Catholic theology and canon law which is so wanting to Sainte-Beuve and his followers, is contained in a substantial book by J. Paquier, doctor of letters, "Le Jansénisme" (Bloud), a study both in history and doctrine.

"Belles du Vieux Temps" (Émile-Paul), by the Vicomte de Reiset, who has specialized himself in the history of the later Bourbons, before and after the Revolution, is a lucid and authentic picture of the careers of certain *grandes dames, tragédiennes*, and other court adventuresses. "Souvenirs de Mademoiselle Duthé de l'Opéra—1748-1830" (Louis-Michaud), is a study in the *mœurs légères* of the eighteenth century, by Paul Ginisty, a writer of the personal side of history. Rose Duthé, whose career as a professional beauty brought her into close contact with most of the personages of the dying old régime, lived to cultivate the correctness of the Restoration, and she regaled her nineteenth-century acquaintances with piquant anecdotes of the perished grace and elegance of her youth.

The love letters of "Roland et Marie Phlipon—1777-1780" (A. Picard et fils) are real documents from a world in sentimental gestation, which was soon to sweep away forever the old-time elegance. Claude Perroud, who must now have published nearly every scrap of manuscript or contemporary record concerning Madame Roland, edits these 113 letters with introduction, explanatory commentary, and notes, with facsimiles of the handwriting and a plan. This young girl, who wrote like Rousseau's Héloïse, and her elderly admirer passed through all the regulation sentiments, although she, at least, was well settled in her mind from the beginning. The tragic fate which befell them in the revolutionary storm they and others like them had brought on warrants the sentimental interest of readers, while their public career throws light on much troublous history. With the abundance of documents published in order and commented by M. Perroud, there should surely be room for a definite life of Madame Roland. It would be very different from those hitherto published and would be immensely valuable.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The latest writer on the bibliography of Molière, Jules Le Petit in his "Bibliographie des principales éditions originales d'escrivains Français du XVe au XVIIIe siècle," Paris, 1888, says of the first edition of "Le Tartuffe," 1669: "On trouve indifféremment des exemplaires soit avec le titre ci-dessus 'le Tartuffe ou l'Imposteur,' soit avec le titre 'l'Imposteur ou le Tartuffe,' sans autre différence." He gives a reproduction of the "Tartuffe" title-page, but not of the other. It seems presumptuous for an American to be making comments upon the bibliography of Molière, but an examination of several copies of this play leads us to the conclusion that the "Imposteur" title is the earlier form, and that the other title was printed later and substituted for it.

The play was written in 1664, and the first three acts were given before Louis XIV on May 12 of that year. Some friends of the King felt themselves hurt by the satire and its public presentation was interdicted, but it was played a few times more in 1664 and 1665. These early references describe the play as "Tartuffe." The interdiction was removed in 1667 on condition that (in the words of Le Petit) "le nom de Tartuffe serait rayé du titre et de la liste des personnages et qu'un certain nombre de passages seraient adoucis." The comedy was then called "L'Imposteur," and the principal character was called Panuiphe. It was first played in public on February 5, 1669. The diary of La Grange (one of the actors in Molière's troupe), the manuscript of which is preserved in the Archives of the Comédie Française, records under February "Piece Nolle de Mr de Molière Mardy 5me—Imposteur ou Tartuffe."

In the Rowfant copy with the "Imposteur" title-page there are two preliminary leaves only, the first the title, verso blank, the second the "Privilège" with the list of "Acteurs" on verso. This list contains eleven names only, one "Elmire" being omitted, and supplied in ink. In the copy with the "Tartuffe" title there are twelve preliminary leaves ā and ē, each six leaves, consisting of a blank leaf, title with verso blank, nine leaves of "Preface" and a leaf of "Privilège" with

"Acteurs" on verso. The "Privilège" does not differ in the least from that in the other variety, but the list of "Acteurs" contains twelve names, the missing one "Elmire, Femme d'Orgon" being printed in. The preface is, according to Brunet, lacking in some copies. The body of the book, signatures A, B, C, and D, each 12 leaves, pp. 1-96, is absolutely the identical sheets in both.

The "Privilège," which is dated March 15, 1669, grants permission to Molière himself "de faire imprimer, vendre & debiter par tel Libraire ou Imprimeur qu'il voudra choisir, une Piece de Theatre de sa composition intitulée l'Imposteur." At the bottom is "Achevé d'imprimer pour la premiere fois, le 23. Mars 1669."

The headline throughout is "L'Imposteur" on the left hand pages and "Comedie" on the right hand pages, except the last, p. 96, where the headline is "L'Imposteur, Com."

There is a counterfeit edition with an "Imposteur" title-page, with different imprint and different printers' ornaments throughout. It has eleven names only in the list of "Acteurs."

The second authorized edition, the printing of which was finished June 6, 1669, always has the "Tartuffe" title-page. It contains additional preliminary matter.

There was published in 1667, and again in 1668, before the printing of the Comedy was authorized, a "Lettre sur la comedie de l'Imposteur," the authorship of which has been attributed to Molière himself.

Putting these facts together it seems probable that the book was first printed with the "Imposteur" title and without the Preface, and that the new title was printed with the Preface. This at least seems to be certain, the genuine first edition with the "Imposteur" title is much rarer than with the "Tartuffe" title.

Correspondence.

AN INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF PEACE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Although man has been obliged to fight his way from the beginning, yet through the development of ages he has risen in a large measure above the necessity of fighting. Formerly the lord had his castle upon a spur of the mountain for defence against the lawless and against his enemies. This custom was extended, and they would signal each to the other when danger threatened. Later it was found to be cheaper and better to settle in a town and to build around it high walls which could not be scaled. But the walled-town stage has long since passed, and we have now reached a stage of development where physical force within each nation is applied only as a police force to restrain the vicious and turbulent.

But as between nations the earlier conditions still prevail, and they continue to act toward each other as barbarians. They are suffering from fear and distrust of each other, almost wholly unwarranted. In fact, each individual nation wishes to be undisturbed in the peaceful development of its own resources. Rarely does one nation desire a conflict with another nation or to encroach upon the territory of another. Each wishes to live in harmony with the others. Yet our boundary lines are bristling with cannon, the seas are alive with battleships, and the tramp of the soldier is heard the world over. And for what purpose? Is it to curb the turbulent and vicious? No. It is because of a groundless fear of attack from sister nations. Such attacks are not really contemplated, and ought not to be expected.

This enormous expense for armies, this taxation that is draining every year billions from the treasuries of the people and bringing want, sickness, suffering, and death to multitudes, is wholly unnecessary; and the problem of international peace is how to set in motion forces which will end this frightful waste and destruction. I believe that this result can best be accomplished by appealing to the enlightened self-interest of mankind and setting in motion educational forces which will show the folly of the present status, and will also remove the fear and suspicion which are the main causes of our present wasteful expenditures for armies and navies.

But no substantial progress can be made if the effort runs directly counter to the present trend of thought and action. The idea of force cannot at once be eradicated. It is useless to believe that the nations can be persuaded to disband their present armies and dismantle their present navies, trusting in each other or in the Hague Tribunal to settle any possible differences between them, unless, first, some substitute for the existing forces is provided and demonstrated by experience to be adequate to protect the rights, dignity, and territory of the respective nations. My own belief is that the idea which underlies the movement for the Hague Court can be developed so that the nations can be persuaded each to contribute a small percentage of their military forces at sea and on land to form an *International Guard* or *Police Force*. Five per cent. of the present armaments would probably be found sufficient. If this is too small, certainly 10 per cent. would be fully adequate to protect all the nations in their rights, and to prevent any disorder or turbulence. This plan involves no marked or revolutionary change in the present methods; puts no additional burdens of taxation upon the people; but if tried, it will make the futility and waste of the present method so obvious that disarmament will naturally and inevitably follow, just as disarmament among individuals follows upon the institution and maintenance of an adequate police force. When the nations see that this international police force is ample to insure them all their rights, they will be unwilling to bear the present excessive burdens for armament; and disarmament, or at least nine-tenths of it, will come as a natural and inevitable result of a perception of the obvious uselessness of armament.

The plan which I would establish is somewhat as follows:

(1.) There should be founded, I think in corporate form, an International School of Peace. Such a corporation would be a permanent legal machinery for receiving and disbursing contributions and bequests; for it is an important part of my purpose and hope that the fund which I have provided for should be but the nucleus and beginning of a great endowment, contributed by others and perhaps by the governments themselves, to forward this great cause.

(2.) This International School of Peace, whether incorporated or not incorporated, should have a president, secretary, treasurer, and board of managers or directors, making up an executive committee, constituted of men who are known for their soundness of judgment as well as for their devotion to the public welfare. An advisory council, consisting of men prominent in the peace movement, might well be constituted.

(3.) There should be a Bureau of Education which should attempt to modify the courses of study in our schools, colleges, and universities, by eliminating the use of such literature and history as tend to inculcate unduly the military spirit and to exaggerate the achievements of war. Too much of our history is now devoted to accounts of battles and to the exploits of war heroes; too little respect and attention are directed to the unselfish and self-sacrificing lives of thousands of noble men and women who have striven and achieved mightily for the benefit of the race in the fields of peace.

International exchange of teachers and students, in accordance with the ideas which underlie the Rhodes scholarships and the recent exchange of professors between Germany and America, should be further extended, even among the teachers of our public schools.

Social intercourse among the educators of different nations should be extended in every possible way. "Stranger" and "enemy" always have been nearly, if not quite, synonymous terms.

The circulation of such books as have already been published under the name of "The International Library" should be advanced in every possible way, and the publication and circulation of other books having an analogous tendency should be encouraged.

The coöperation of the clergy should also be obtained. They should be interested in the peace movement and induced to preach upon its various aspects and to work among their parishioners, so that they may make their pulpits and lives a real power for "peace on earth and good will towards men." Theological seminaries and other institutions for training preachers and clergymen should be brought to see the importance of this movement.

Either separately, or as a part of this Educational Bureau, there should be an organized attempt to influence the press of the world. Facts and arguments tending to show the advantages of peace from an historical and economic standpoint should be gathered and distributed to newspapers and magazines everywhere. An editorial corps, thoroughly trained, should furnish constantly to the press of the world material which would make for peace. One of the present great dangers of war is to be found in false, misleading, and inflammatory statements about international relations, written by irresponsible persons and circulated by sensational newspapers.

Again, why should not the government appropriate money for the proper training of its civil servants, ten thousand in number? We have the amplest schools at West

Point and Annapolis for the training of our young men for warlike duties. If carefully educated, able men were employed in each of the capitals of the nations, to smooth out the various difficulties that might arise at the very beginning, who can estimate the beneficent effects upon our international relations? Is it not worth while for the governments of the world seriously to consider the establishment of a school for the education of their servants and a bureau, under the control of a Cabinet officer, whose duty it should be to study broadly international relations, looking toward the peaceful development of each nation? The time may come, and I hope speedily, when the minister of peace will be regarded as important to the human race as the minister of war.

Our business organizations—chambers of commerce and other similar associations—should be addressed and interested in this question of the burdens of war and of the threat and fear of war. These various organizations listen with intense interest to discussions on the effect of the tariff upon business, and spend a great amount of time and thought upon all such matters, yet entirely overlook the fact that almost, if not quite, the greatest single burden that business is now bearing is the war burden.

(4.) A political bureau should be instituted, which should employ men of statesmanlike grasp and power in all the main capitals of the world, to watch over the course of legislation and to work for the reduction of armaments. Such men should scrutinize all matters of international concern and strive in every way to prevent trifling causes from exciting international disputes and the war spirit. Many wars should and would be prevented if able, discreet, and statesmanlike men were in the capitals of the world, watching and working for good understanding and peace.

To such a school I am myself planning to give $50,000 a year, and to endow it after my death; and it is my hope that other men will be ready to increase the fund to an efficient amount. But however carefully we may plan for this great work, its success must depend finally upon the *kind* of men and women employed. It is my belief that this organization should first aim to secure the most talented persons in their line, men and women who desire to devote their lives to the cause, making sure that we have a fund sufficiently large to guarantee them a salary adequate to enable them to do their work effectively and at the same time provide themselves with the ordinary comforts of life. Above all, every one who enters the ranks should do so because of an all-absorbing interest in the cause. I would rather have one, thus equipped, than a hundred of equal ability who were influenced largely by the salary to be obtained. The success of this organization will depend upon the amount of enthusiasm we put into the work, and it must be the enthusiasm of a reformer—a Godfrey, a Savonarola, a Garrison, a Phillips—the kind of white heat that burns when it touches a community. With such a spirit great things can be accomplished.

EDWIN GINN.

Boston, Mass., September 7.

"DANT IN ENGLISH"; A SOLUTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR. The writer of the review of Paget Toynbee's "Dante in English Literature" (the *Nation*, August 19) censures the author because considering Chaucer's debt to Dante he makes nothing of Lydgate's curious "Dante in English," which, according to Professor Skeat, Mr. Toynbee, and many others, Lydgate gives as a work of Chaucer's. May I offer a solution of this literary crux?

The problem is briefly as follows: in the prologue to his "Fall of Princes" (not "Falls," as Mr. Toynbee miscalls it) Lydgate eulogizes the writer's profession, and in particular, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Chaucer. Of the last he gives a somewhat random list of works. After mentioning the "Troilus" and other poems, he says:

> He wrote also full many a day agoon
> *Dant in English himself doth so expresse*
> The piteous story of Ceix and Alcion
> And the dethe also of Blaunche the Duchesse
> And notably he did his busiuesse
> By great avis his wittes to dispose
> To translate the Romaunt of the Rose.

(I omit punctuation for reasons which will appear. Concerning the phrase "Dant in English," I will only say that this reading is universal among the twenty MSS. of the "Fall," which I consulted last year at the British Museum and at Oxford.)

Professor Skeat's argument rests on three points. He takes it for granted that the works named in the stanza are "Dant in English," "Ceix and Alcion," "The Dethe of the Duchesse," etc.

(1.) In the Prologue to the "Legend of Good Women," Chaucer says he wrote (it is by the mouth of the God of Love, to be sure) the "Hous of Fame," "The Dethe of the Duchesse," and the "Parlement of Foules." Lydgate recollects this list of Chaucer's obviously, and uses it for other details (too long to insert here), and it is therefore only natural to expect mention of the "Hous of Fame," where "Dant in English" occurs. Mention of the "Parlement of Foules" occurs in the next stanza of Lydgate.

(2.) The "Hous of Fame" is so obviously the only poem greatly influenced by Dante, that it must be the one mentioned.

(3.) The "Hous of Fame" is not elsewhere mentioned in Lydgate's list. It is too important to have been entirely passed over.

Professor Skeat interprets the italicized line as follows: "(I give it that name for) he, i. e., Chaucer, expresses himself like Dante (therein)."

I answer these arguments *seriatim:*

(1.) Professor Skeat totally neglects the fact that "Ceix and Alcion" intervenes between the phrase "Dant in English" and the "Dethe of the Duchesse." "Ceix and Alcion" is not mentioned at all in the list in Chaucer's "Legend," and it is, therefore, obvious that Lydgate used that list pretty freely and from memory, or he would have copied it more exactly. Two other items in the "Legend" list Lydgate omitted entire.

Moreover, the professor also neglects the fact that "many a day agoon," in the first line, is certainly a recollection of the line from the "Man of Law,"

> In youthe he made of Ceys and Alcion.

It is "many a day agoon," because it was in Chaucer's youth. But the "Hous of Fame" was not written in Chaucer's youth.

(2.) Professor Skeat, as his interpretation above shows, implies that Lydgate was so good a Dante scholar as to recognize at once the likeness to Dante's work in the "Hous of Fame." Now, Mr. Paget Toynbee, the best of Dante scholars, can find very little likeness to Dante in Chaucer's poem, so little, in fact, that, while he offers no other solution, he does not believe the "Hous of Fame" is meant by "Dant in English." Would Lydgate, who was not a thesis hunter, have seen the resemblance?

But Lydgate knew Dante, as he himself says, only "by a report, verray celestiall." There is no evidence that he could read a line of Italian. All he knew was the general knowledge that Dante's book treated of heaven, purgatory, and hell, plus what he could glean about Dante in his one *thesaurus*, Chaucer's works. At least, his mentions of Dante, printed by Mr. Paget Toynbee, give us no right to claim more for him; and no scholar has ever dug out a single translated line of Italian from his works.

Now, the only hints Chaucer throws out as to the nature of Dante's compositions are two. In the "Hous of Fame" he says, if you want to read about torments in hell, go to Virgil, Claudian,

> Or Daunte that hit telle can.

At the end of the piteous tale of Ugolino of Pisa, in the "Monkes Tale," he says:

> Who so wol here it in a lenger wyse
> Redeth the grete poete of Itaille
> That highte Dante, for he can al devyse
> Fro point to point, not o word wol he faille.

All that Lydgate could learn of Chaucer about Dante, then, was that the Italian poet told piteous tales of folks in pain and anguish. If Chaucer was like Dante, then it must have been in telling piteous tales. Now the "Hous of Fame" is not piteous; it is a light-hearted *jeu d'esprit*. The piteous stories are, obviously, "Ceix and Alcion" and "The Dethe of the Duchesse." The second line of the stanza is simply a parenthesis. The sense of the stanza is: "Chaucer wrote a long while ago, like an English Dante as he was, the piteous story of 'Ceix and Alcion,' and 'The Dethe of the Duchesse'; and he also occupied himself with the translation of 'Le Roman de la Rose.'"

Such an interpretation accords, and it is the only one which accords, with Lydgate's well-known habit of inserting parenthetical lines to fill out the necessary rhymes in his stanza. In this very *ballade* before us, the next to the last line is such a one. It could be stricken out without loss. The second line is of the same class, though it conveys a parenthesis of more thought-value.

(3.) If the "Hous of Fame" is not elsewhere mentioned in this list of Lydgate, neither is "St. Cecile" or "The Wretched Engendring of Mankind," both (the latter in the A-version only) mentioned in the "Legend" list which Skeat supposes Lydgate to be using. The plain truth is, that Lydgate did not have a reference library at his disposal—it is doubtful whether the "Legend of Good Women" could have been permitted to enter the "smal librarie" of Bury St. Edmunds—and he forgot, as other good people do, some items of his youthful reading, among them the "Hous of Fame." Instances of Lydgate's careless habits in quoting from Chaucer and others could be multiplied *ad nauseam*. Like Wal-

ter Scott, when he could not remember, he made up his quotations. He would have been the last, however, to mystify his readers with an unfamiliar title for a famous poem.

If Mr. Paget Toynbee had printed the whole stanza, instead of the first two lines only, this explanation must, I think, have occurred to him.

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN.

New Haven, Conn., September 14

A QUOTATION FOR THOSE WHO DASH TO THE POLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A picturesque incident in Cook's account of his visit to the North Pole is given where he describes his "cultured" Eskimos as dancing with delight beneath the "Big Nail." It should seem as if the imagination of that people had conceived an elongation of the earth's axis as still projecting from the skies like a sort of "boreal" icicle, or mammoth ethereal stalactite, pointing toward that same pole to which Peary has nailed the Stars and Stripes. Now, it but remains for some hardy "aviator" to affix the same symbol of perseverance to the remaining and pendent remnant of this somewhat attrited axle-tree.

In our admiration for the "grit" of these Arctic and Antarctic explorers, let it not be lost from sight that their exploits are of value chiefly as tests of human endurance; nor let us lose from consideration one hateful trait of this sort of human activity. Polar exploration in the north is accomplished only by the use of picked specimens of dogs, the best attainable in strength and courage, who strain every nerve to aid their masters in dragging their loads over the interminable ice-floes, and for this their only reward is to be knocked on the head and devoured by the remaining members of the party. Every report shows them intelligent and faithful, eager to do their master's bidding, his "poor earth-born companions and fellow mortals." In maintaining decencies in our relations with the domestic animals, the world does not seem to have progressed far from the time when the Jews felt it unbecoming to seethe a kid in his mother's milk, or muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn.

In Antarctic exploration Lieut. Shackleton made use of Mongolian ponies, which came to the same end as the dogs on similar journeys; and the loss of one of these down a crevasse in the ice prevented that explorer from proceeding nearer than a hundred miles from the South Pole.

In Prior's "Alma" is an appropriate quotation for an expedition thus equipped:

> I say, whatever you maintain
> Of Alma [mind] in the heart or brain:
> The plainest man alive may tell ye,
> Her seat of empire is the belly;
> From hence she sends out those supplies,
> Which make us either stout or wise;
> The strength of every other member
> Is founded on your belly-timber.
> . . . . . .
> Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
> Upon the strength of water-gruel?
> But who shall stand his rage and force,
> If first he rides, then eats, his horse?

ALDEN SAMPSON.

New York, September 14.

Literature.

EARLY SATIRE.

Verse Satire in England before the Renaissance. By Samuel Marion Tucker, Ph.D. New York: The Columbia University Press. $1 net.

This title is to be construed literally. The work deals with verse, not with prose, and it stops just on the threshold of our modern period. Still more significant, it deals with satire in England, not with satire in English. Thus the reader is reminded, more systematically and persistently than in ordinary histories, of the fact that England was for upwards of three centuries, from the Conquest to the death of Gower, tri-lingual. We get satire in Latin, in French, in English. On the other hand, with theoretical inconsistency, but with practical good sense, the author has included verse satire written in the English of Scotland.

The present work is largely of the nature of pioneering. For, though the bibliography at the end bulks somewhat large, not one of the books cited, not even Alden's "Rise of Formal Satire," could have yielded any very direct guidance. It would be grossly unjust, therefore, to give undue prominence to occasional faults of commission or omission. If we call attention to a few, it is with the intent rather of helping the reader than of troubling the writer.

To the list of mock-epics considered in the general introductory chapter, pp. 20 seq., we should add the Bentley-Wotton episode in Swift's "Battle of the Books." Though printed by Swift as prose, its blank-verse grandiloquence is a delightful parody of the heroic style. To the satire on literary themes, p. 33, we should add Byron's "Vision of Judgment," or rather substitute it for his tyronic and incoherent "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." And to the "Parnassian" poems we should certainly add, for dramatic satire, "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," the three Cambridge "Parnassus" plays, and "The Rehearsal." At p. 202, we read that "Testaments [*i. e.*, Wills] galore had appeared through the preceding two centuries," but that Lyndsay seems to be the first to use the form as a vehicle for satire. In the first place, "galore" is not a fit term in sober writing. Further, we would remind both author and reader of Piers Plowman's "Testament," in Passus vi. When, p. 214, Bale's "The Three Laws" is described as "not an easily accessible play," we are puzzled. Surely the *Anglia* ought not to be out of reach of any one, who undertakes to handle the history of English literature; besides, Schröer's *Anglia* edition can be had in separate form. Again, p. 192, the phrasing used in the text to describe the "Image of Hypocrisy" is unfortunate: "This ballad exists only in manuscript." Yet the footnote enables the trained reader to discover that the ballad was published (by Furnivall) in volume one of the Ballad Society. Even worse is the sentence, p. 53:

> It [the literature of Visions of Hell and Heaven] begins in English literature with the frequent references in the Anglo-Saxon prose of Aelfric and of Wulfstan; takes more formal shape in Bede's "Vision of Furseus" and "Vision of Drihthelm" in the "Ecclesiastical History"; and appears in the "Cynewulfian Poems."

Such an utterance leads one to suspect that the author's ideas of Old English are of the haziest. To begin with the end, the "Cynewulfian" poems do not present the literature of Visions. True, they touch upon the pains of the damned and the joys of heaven; that, however, is very far from constituting a Vision. In the next place, the references in Aelfric and Wulfstan do not begin this form of literature in England. Aelfric and Wulfstan are only feeble reflexes of Bede.

In general, pp. 53-55 give much occasion for shaking of the head. One perceives that the author has not gone to the bottom of his subject. Without entering into any argument, we would submit to him the absolute necessity of setting up several distinct categories for mediæval literature. There is the literature of Visions of Hell and Heaven, purely Christian in substance, but influenced by well-known passages in the "Odyssey" and the "Æneid." Then there are the Allegorical Pilgrimages, of which the best known representative is Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"; also purely Christian. Further, there are the Wanderings and Voyages, mythological and non-Christian; for example, Brandan and Maeldune. Finally, there are the stories of an Earthly Paradise, or Land of Cockaigne. To suggest, p. 55, that the French and English *fabliaux* of this last genre may be parodies of the Visions of Hell, is to misapprehend the data of mediæval literature.

Our chief quarrel with the author concerns his attitude towards satire in general; in particular, towards Chaucer and Langland. What is satire: can it be strictly defined? In some places our author seems to admit the possibility of strict definition; in others, to evade the attempt. Again, is it possible to draw any sharp and fast line between satire and humor? Or to admit, with the author, p. 5, that satirical poetry is *destructive* in its criticism, while all other forms of poetry are *constructive*? "This peculiar and individual tone sets satirical poetry apart." Or to admit, pp. 13-14, that prose-satire offers "a wider field to the imagination through its freedom from metrical restrictions"? On these and many similar points we can not enter into a detailed discussion, but must rather content ourselves with lay-

ing down a single general principle. What we call wit, humor, satire, is merely a varying manifestation of the realistic spirit which dwells upon the incongruities of human life. These incongruities are always present. There is always the contrast between the real man and the man as he appears to himself; always the contrast between what the man seeks to accomplish and what he does accomplish. According as we present the incongruity in a spirit of friendliness, of compassion, of superiority, of opposition, we are humorous or witty or ironical or satirical. At bottom our realistic spirit is essentially the same. It is seldom a truly destructive spirit, any more than the spirit of lyric or ballad poetry is always truly constructive. Nor is it essentially a reformatory spirit. We doubt whether even Swift, in his "Tale of a Tub," or in "Gulliver," was really bent upon reforming people and things. At any rate, we devoutly hope that no one will accept the high-school doctrine that metre is a restriction upon the imagination. It was a great poet who taught "Das Gesetz nur kann uns Freiheit geben." And it was the same Goethe who confessed that certain utterances are possible only in poetry, because it is poetry; prose were too brutal.

Urging our broader interpretation of the realistic spirit, we must contend that our author's estimate of Chaucer and Langland is painfully inadequate. We refuse to accept a treatment of Chaucer's satire which restricts itself practically to the "Canterbury Tales" and ignores "Troilus and Cressida." Granted that the portrait of the Wife of Bath is magnificent, the standing delight of all true Chaucerians, must we also admit that "No other such portrait exists in English satire; and other mere 'satires against women' compared with this immortal picture become colorless and feeble"? The Wife of Bath is clear-cut because obvious; Cressida, indubitably the satirical portrait of the woman who, whispering I'll ne'er consent, consented, and then cheerily slipped out of a troublesome entanglement, is developed on subtler lines, with a wealth of psychological analysis which is equaled only by Shakespeare, and surpassed not even by him. Then there is Pandarus, most immoral of immortals, as fertile in expedients as the wily Ulysses. There is also the delicate perfume of court life suggested in Helen and Deiphobus. In brief, Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressida" is not only his most finished and most genial work, but the shrewdest satire ever penned in English.

Of "Piers Plowman" we need only say that Langland's satire is scarcely inferior to Chaucer's. The language, true, is cruder, the metre compares unfavorably with Chaucer's limpid verse-flow. But the portraiture of the incongruities of political, judicial, ecclesiastical life, of all classes from king to beggar, is genial in conception and handling. The one poet satirizes in the spirit of the courtier, the other in the spirit of a man in close touch with humanity at large.

Again, "The Owl and the Nightingale," the most remarkable product of the thirteenth century, receives scant courtesy at p. 57. Had our author utilized Wells's edition, instead of merely citing it in a footnote, he would not have followed the "great authority" of Professor Courthope by characterizing the poem as a scolding-match between the strictly monastic party and the latitudinarian. Owl and nightingale are much more than advocates of contending parties in the Church; they are symbols of the eternal contention between the life which scorns delight and leads laborious days, and the other life which sports with Amaryllis in the shade. Milton does not leave his readers in doubt concerning his attitude towards this burning question. But the author of "The Owl and the Nightingale," with delicate self-irony, makes us feel that somehow he cannot help sympathizing with both sides.

The faults of this history of Satire in England are thus not inconsiderable. Yet, in the main, the work has decided merit. It is scholarly and is accurate in details. The general student and reader will find it helpful. Its wealth of illustrative quotations makes the perusal stimulating.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Half Moon. By Ford Madox Hueffer. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The introductory dedication to this story is better than the story itself: a very accomplished little essay, rather in the Stevensonian manner, on the historical setting of Hudson's exploit. It is inscribed to Mr. W. A. Bradley, who, says Mr. Hueffer, suggested to him that he should write a story about the voyage of the Half Moon. The resulting narrative is a creditable exercise in its kind—better than might have been expected of a novel written, in a sense, to order. It has not the mark of spontaneity, but is the product of a carefully considered and tolerably successful artifice. Mr. Hueffer has evidently little nautical knowledge or enthusiasm, or he would not say to begin with, "a voyage is not a very inspiring thing to write about," and he would not make such vague fantastic work of the actual experiences of the Half Moon at sea. But the study of mankind, he observes, is man. His object is to throw light upon the kind of people who made the voyage in question, and the kind of conditions in the old country which made that voyage possible. What he offers in his dedication upon these heads is, we say, so good as to tempt the wish that he might have gone on, expanded, written a history instead of a romance. For the human persons of the tale are, it must be confessed, mere shadows. Hudson is a rather grotesque figure, neither admirable nor imposing. The centre of the stage belongs, not to him, but to one Edward Colman of Rye Royal, in whom the story-teller is interested partly because he comes from Rye, and partly because he was the first European to lose his life upon the waters of the Hudson. Colman, though a merchant, is a Baron of the Cinque Ports. His chief profits come from "owling" or smuggling wool, which is against the King's laws, but not against the traditions of the bumptious little town of Rye. However, he is betrayed and his life set in danger through the hatred of a woman scorned. He flees to Holland, and presently becomes one of Hudson's companions in the Half Moon. The woman's hatred pursues him; she is a witch, and finally destroys him by her spells, while the width of the Atlantic separates them. The motive has appositeness as bearing testimony to the superstitions of Hudson's day, but it is overdeveloped. There is too much in the narrative as a whole of the convention of "historical romance," from the importance of its feminine machinations to the affectations of its archaic dialogue.

Poppea of the Post-Office. By Mabel Osgood Wright. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"Barbara," author of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife," is possessor of a pretty vein of sentiment, and has here written a story of American village life, which is decidedly more engaging than is common with stories of the type. It has no special novelty of theme or structure. Poppea is a foundling whose foster-father is the postmaster of the village of "Harley's Mills." She grows to womanhood in ignorance of her true parentage, the eventual revelation of which casts an apparent obstacle in the way of her happy marriage. It is all made to come right in the end by means which are likely to be quite as satisfying to the reader as if they were novel.

But the idyllic quality of the narrative renders the matter of plot of little account. The really central figure is not Poppea, but the old postmaster, Oliver Gilbert. He is an ardent patriot, but a crooked leg has prevented his enlistment at the beginning of the civil war. Lincoln is his idol, and he has letters written by the great man in response to ingenuous missives of his own. The little Poppea is left on the doorstep of the post office on the night when the great news of the Monitor's success against the Merrimac had been receiv-

ed. Gilbert accepts the responsibility for the child as a fulfilment of Lincoln's prophecy—that if he were unable to go to the front, God would find some other wrong for him to right, by his own door. He brings her up faithfully as his daughter, teaching her to think of the two whom he has loved and lost as her own mother and sister. Her discovery of the truth alienates her from him for a time, but she presently comes to see that there has been nothing selfish in his motive. The worse possibility of her parentage is disproved, and she eventually (after, as it seems, some unnecessary misunderstandings) marries the nice boy of her choice. The villain of the piece is, according to current fashion, the rich man of the community. He bears the unmitigated malice of the stage Crœsus, and, like that worthy, dies repentant.

Sir Guy and Lady Rannard. By H. N. Dickinson. New York: Duffield & Co.

A wealthy young baronet with political ambitions is the no unparalleled hero of this narrative. For her promise of serviceableness, social and political, he marries the daughter of a West Kensington vicar. She is a handsome and capable girl, and, for her part, marries him for his wealth and position. It very soon appears that he does not care for intelligent aid from her, and they are estranged. He wins a seat in Parliament by an elaborate system of bribery, which, as he is devoid of moral sense, he considers a mere application of business methods to politics. It is unfortunate, however, even from his point of view, that the secret of his success should leak out. The cold shoulder is given him by the leaders of his party. His passion of self-aggrandizement becomes a mania, and his mind is gradually unhinged. Meanwhile, the wife, recognizing his moral and mental instability, has come to feel for him a passionate devotion; and it remains for her to guard the wreck of him from the harsh scrutiny of the world. He is presently released by the knife thrust of a mad socialist.

These are familiar enough materials; but the present treatment of them is not without originality. The vitiating consideration lies in the mental rather than in the moral irresponsibility of Sir Guy. He is too obviously unbalanced at the outset greatly to arouse one's interest, unless as a pathological study. But it is, after all, the figure of Lady Rannard upon which the attention is focussed; here is a figure of pathetic—almost of tragic—moment. Nowhere more movingly in recent fiction has been depicted that magical transformation of the mature and self-centred virgin into the devoted wife. What seems at first to have been a travesty of marriage eventually discovers itself as a true and unbreakable union—a miracle as stupendous, if not quite as common, as the miracle of birth or of dawn.

Joan of the Hills. By T. B. Clegg. New York: John Lane Co.

It is a thankworthy thing that there still live—mainly in England—writers of a now rare type of novel from which are absent machinery, the stock market, politics, king-making. Here is a story of Australian life led up to by admirably rendered London scenes. Here are the good old motives—a chivalrous and miserable marriage, a crisis, and a new start for father and son in Australia. Here is a love story with its rough course; here are scenes in a country store and on a cattle-station; journeys in bullock carts and on horseback; a fire in the bush; a cave of safety. Here are figures, too, that belong to the good old realm of story: a hero, conscientious but a postponer of painful duty, a fine, open-air heroine, and the heroine's father, a skinflint Scot, whose hidden vein of goodness is unexpected enough to provide many of the surprises of the tale. The secondary characters are uncommonly well drawn, from the hero's Lincoln's Inn brethren to the little Irish sergeant in Australia, and even to the "soft-goods" clerk. Though it deals with topics pleasantly far from modern clatter, this novel lacks, in its swing and briskness, nothing either of originality or modernity.

A GREAT PHILANTHROPIST.

Letters and Journals of Samuel Gridley Howe. Edited by His Daughter, Laura E. Richards, with Notes by F. B. Sanborn. Vol. II. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $3 net.

The second volume of Samuel Howe's Memoirs is of more general interest than the first; it carries on the history of his life from 1832 to its close in 1876. During that period he resided in Boston and its vicinity, took a prominent part in the stirring intellectual and political movements of the time, and carried through a great work of practical philanthropy. A physician, a man of acute perception, of strong sense, and of altruistic and humanitarian instincts, he set to work to smooth a way for the helpless and crippled. He was one of the pioneers and most effective workers in teaching the blind, the deaf, the dumb, and the idiots—and all this without false sentiment, without fuss. His personal appeal was irresistible not only to those whom he was leading to light, but to those whose support he demanded in the cause of charity and justice. This was due in part to personal magnetism, in part to the confidence inspired by the practical and effective administration of the institutions he managed. No man was ever more ready with compassion and help, and yet so free from illusions—witness his refusal to join the Peace Society, notwithstanding the pressing solicitations of one of his most valued friends, Charles Sumner. He did not hesitate to tell another of his friends, Theodore Parker, whom he viewed at one time as the greatest American of his age, that a sermon he had listened to contained nothing but rhetoric and claptrap, a judgment that was doubtless as accurate as it was vigorous.

Dr. Howe was prominent in the ranks of the Abolitionists, and was a friend of John Brown. After Brown's capture at Harper's Ferry, Howe, in fear of arrest, went to Canada for a while. Thence he wrote to Sumner in November, 1859:

> It seemed to Andrew and other friends that the best chance for heroic old John Brown was the appearance of his having acted on his own motion and responsibility, and without the active coöperation of organized committees or prominent individuals in the North; hence that those whose names had been introduced and who were really able to do so should deny all knowledge of the Harper's Ferry plot. Being in that category, I published a card which you may have seen in the papers.

The fact was that Dr. Howe had just previously given Brown, by check, fifty dollars. "The evidence of the fact and my name fell into the hands of the enemy. This fact and another, that I had once sent him a rifle and pistols . . . made Gov. Wise and others believe that I was one of the chief instigators of Brown's raid." An attempt was made to have him arrested, and he found that, as he says, in Suffolk County he could not be protected from the marshal; the judges would not respect the habeas corpus. Out of Suffolk, he would have been protected by the people; but out of Suffolk he could do no good, and so he went to Canada, where he stayed till after "the dreadful 2d of December."

The letters of Dr. Howe given in this volume are occasionally of wide interest, and are occasionally graced with some lightness of style; but on the whole, the matter might well have been cut down to much smaller proportions. As a favorable specimen of his style, the following may be quoted from a letter to Charles Sumner, written during an English tour.

> Let me talk about home; dear old Boston; dear old friends; dear American institutions. For after all, Sumner, with its blaze of talent, its gorgeous wealth, its exquisite refinement, London could never hold in my heart or my mind so high a place as does Boston; because, measured by God's scale, it is not so high. I have not been so dazzled by the head and the front of the monster as to forget the fact that it has a tail which draggles along through the foulest slough in which humanity ever wallowed. . . . London and English institu-

tions elevate and refine the few at the expense of the many, far more than does an American city.

Passing a few minor criticisms that might be addressed to the editor of the volume, one may warmly recommend it to the reader. Even if one cannot accept Mr. Sanborn's dictum that Dr. Howe is to be ranked with men of genius like Emerson and Carlyle, he was a notable man and really great in his goodness. To read his record will make the reader himself feel a better man.

Dante's "Convivio" translated into English. By W. W. Jackson, D.D. New York: Henry Frowde.

This new translation of the "Convivio" is a welcome addition to the already remarkable English and American output of Dantesque literature. Dr. Jackson's volume, though modest in appearance, is a work of the first importance from the point of view of the serious student of Dante. An adequate and scholarly English translation of this comparatively little known work has long been a desideratum. A couple of English renderings of the treatise were already in existence when Dr. Jackson began his task, and a third was published shortly before the present version was completed. Two of these, namely, that of Miss Hillard, and that of Mr. Wicksteed, as well as the careful German version of Kannegiesser (published more than sixty years ago), are appreciatively mentioned by Dr. Jackson in his preface, as having been of occasional service to him in the revision of his own translation. Each of the two former has certain decided merits of its own, but unfortunately in both cases the merits are more than counterbalanced by serious defects, either of scholarship or of style, which have prevented the adoption of either as the standard English version of the "Convivio."

Even a cursory examination of Dr. Jackson's translation will suffice to satisfy the most exacting of critics that it is the work at once of an accomplished translator who is a master of his own tongue, and of a scholar who has made himself familiar with the several branches of knowledge with which Dante deals in this treatise. Ignorance of scholastic terminology was responsible for not a few of the blunders of preceding translators, which Dr. Jackson, with a more scientific equipment and a sounder judgment, has known how to avoid. As a single example of his more scholarly instinct in this respect we may cite his rendering of the phrase "uomo è legno animato" in the canzone prefixed to the fourth book of the treatise. *Legno* here has commonly been taken in the literal sense of "tree" or "trunk"; but Dr. Jackson is, we think, undoubtedly right in seeing in the word as here used by Dante the Italian equivalent of "hyle" (ὕλη), the mediæval "ile" in the sense of "matter."

The text followed by the translator is that of Dr. Moore, as printed in the third edition of the Oxford Dante (1904), which is the only text based on a systematic examination of all the known manuscripts. Dr. Jackson, however, displays no little critical acumen on his own account, with the result that in quite an appreciable number of passages he has been able to introduce emendations of his own, which are undoubted improvements, and at the same time are justifiable on palæographical grounds; indeed, that they are thoroughly sound may be inferred from the fact that the majority of them have received the *imprimatur* of Dr. Moore, who, as is well known, is preëminently cautious and conservative in matters of textual criticism. These emendations, which in several cases are merely changes of punctuation, but are none the less important on that account, are for the most part fully discussed in the notes at the end of the volume. In one instance we are inclined to think that Dr. Jackson in his editorial capacity has been over-venturesome, namely, in adopting from Fraticelli an emendation of Witte's in the seventh chapter of the first book, which involves a violent departure from the reading of the manuscripts, though it may, as the translator urges, "give exactly the sense required." If once the door be opened to emendations of this hazardous description, the tendency is inevitably to relax more and more from that scrupulous respect for manuscript authority, which should be the guiding principle of all textual criticism. Few works have suffered more than Dante's "Convivio" from a disregard of this principle. The greatest sinner in this respect was Giuliani, whose arbitrary alterations of the text of this and other works of Dante, to suit what he considered (very often quite mistakenly) to be "the required sense," created for a long time a strong prejudice against Italian editions of Dante's works, which has only been removed of recent years by the scholarly labors of Rajna, Barbi, Parodi, and other well-known Italian editors and critics.

In an interesting and able introductory essay, Dr. Jackson dwells on the importance to the Dante student of a knowledge of the "Convivio," which, as he observes, fills the "central space" in the poet's history, and is the link between the "Vita Nuova" and the "Divina Commedia." The same essay contains a succinct exposition of the scholastic philosophy of the age, some acquaintance with which is essential to an intelligent appreciation of Dante's methods of composition, and to an understanding of his (from our point of view) uncritical cast of mind. A full and clear "summary of contents" is prefixed to each book of the treatise, and appended is an "index of subject-matter." The latter, which is, we believe, the first serious attempt of the kind, is an excellent specimen of what might, and, indeed, should, be done for the whole of Dante's works. A complete subject-index, as a complement to the index of proper names and notable matters appended to the Oxford Dante, would be an invaluable adjunct to the existing Dantesque books of reference, two of which (the admirable concordances to the "Divina Commedia" and to the "Canzoniere" and Italian prose works), it is a pleasure to recall, are the work of American scholars.

The present volume, as is the rule with works issued from the Clarendon Press, is carefully printed. The only oversight we have noted is the omission of the page references to three of the notes on the third book.

Pierre Le Tourneur. By Mary Gertrude Cushing. New York: The Columbia University Press.

Judged by current standards, the study of Le Tourneur, signed by Dr. Cushing, is a creditable specimen of those "valuable contributions, . . . deserving to be accepted in partial fulfilment of the requirement for the degree," etc., etc. Le Tourneur was one of the minor men of letters who saw, after the issue of the "Lettres Philosophiques," and the beginnings of Anglomania in France, the trend of readers and of publishers. Dutifully he went outside of France for his material. He who had published a *discours* or two, and some *éloges*, he who had gained a fragile reputation as a writer of *contes*, now turned toward Italian verse, and toward the literatures of Germany and of England. His part in acclimatizing Italian and German literature was so slight that we may fairly disregard it here. And his connection with English letters may be summed up under three heads: his work as a translator of (1) novels and miscellaneous works; (2) Young, Hervey, and Ossian; (3) Shakespeare. Our discussion is narrowed by Dr. Cushing's admission that "Le Tourneur's greatest achievement in the translation of novels was his version of 'Clarissa Harlowe,' which appeared in 1775." The classic translation of "Clarissa" was, of course, that by the Abbé Prévost, which preceded Le Tourneur's by upwards of thirty years. Le Tourneur's less abridged and less "adapted" version of the familiar story proved a drug on the market. It did not reach its second edition until 1802; though these were the days when, as Collé said, "As for novels, no one will touch them if they be not translations from the English." Judging it on its

merits, one is not surprised. Not even as a translator of the Graveyard Poets was he an innovator. Portions of Edward Young's masterpiece had appeared in the magazines and in the little Amsterdam volume of "Pensées Angloises" (1769). It was Le Tourneur's privilege to show French readers just how funereal—how tiresome, too—the "Night Thoughts" *in extenso* are. Le Tourneur did not take that opportunity. His likening Young to Pascal declares his critical astuteness; but he thought twice before giving a literal translation of Young. He took with his material the twin liberties of omission and rearrangement.

The "Night Thoughts" were followed by the translation of Young's "Œuvres diverses," Hervey, and Ossian. Le Tourneur's Ossian was as great a success as his Young. Portions of other British poets were put into French prose by this tireless penman. Thus Gray received his attentions; the first stanza of the rendering of the "Elegy" ran:

J'entends le son de la cloche funèbre qui annonce la fin du jour; les troupeaux mugissans marchent à pas lents, et tortueux vers l'étable; le laboureur fatigué regagne avec effort sa chaumière, il abandonne l'univers à l'effroi des ténèbres et à l'horreur de mes réflexions.

Comment is unnecessary.

These distinctions cannot be denied Le Tourneur: that he first gave a translation, not simply of separate plays of Shakespeare, but of the "Œuvres"; that he first sought sharply to distinguish the words *romantique*, *romanesque*, and *pittoresque*, at a time when the difference was felt, but usage had not yet very firmly established itself. As for the Shakespeare, even Dr. Cushing lays much more stress upon the fact that here was the first complete rendering in French than upon any merit in the performance itself. Voltaire emptied the vials of his wrath upon both Shakespeare's and Le Tourneur's heads; this circumstance is certainly the translator's chief distinction. Such purely historical significance as Le Tourneur has as the first "complete" translator of Shakespeare is minimized by the mediocrity of his performance.

Within the limits of her subject, Dr. Cushing seems painstakingly to have covered her ground. A very large part of Le Tourneur's importance must be associated with his adaptations of the Graveyard School; although, as Professor Baldensperger has written in an essay to which Dr. Cushing makes no reference, "Les 'Nuits' d'Young n'ont point suscité directement de chefs-d'œuvre chez nous." Dr. Cushing does not fail to point out that Le Tourneur's Young exercised a considerable influence upon French literature:

It was the favorite reading of Robespierre; Camille Desmoulins read it the evening before his death, thereby bringing upon himself Westermann's pleasantry, "Tu veux donc mourir deux fois?" Mme. de Staël knew and appreciated Young, and there are echoes of his philosophic melancholy in "Corinne" and her tragedy, "Jane Gray," and, later, Chateaubriand showed the same influence in "René" and "Atala."

Lamartine's poetry is cited; why not the early work of Hugo, as well? Such matters as these are not unrelated to Le Tourneur's significance, such as it is. It is only as historical importance is attributable to them that his translations are worthy of any examination at all. Now that a respectful hearing has been won for him, the translator is likely to sink back again into the well-earned oblivion whence he has been rescued. In the words in which he translated a verse of the Rev. Edward Young: "Quel silence absolu! quelle obscurité profonde!"

George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism. By J. A. Hammerton. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $4 net.

It would be easy to disregard this book as a collection of unsifted rubbish. To heap together a vast mass of extracts from newspaper columns and critical reviews, with thin layers of comment to unite them, may be a labor of pious assiduity, but is not likely to produce a work of finished excellence. Mr. Hammerton tries to give his product some semblance of order by sorting out his material under various chapter heads, but the material itself is so often of a mixed character, anecdote and criticism naturally flowing together in the original articles, that the order is not far removed from original chaos. Yet withal we regard the book as distinctly valuable and even to a certain degree, despite the necessary repetition of ideas, interesting. It is, or will be, valuable as a storehouse for the future biographer or critic of Meredith, who will here find much of the toil of investigation done for him. It is interesting for the critical question suggested by its very heterogeneity.

As we read the quotations from one admirer after another—detractors indeed scarcely figure—we are confronted by this curious paradox: almost without exception they deny to Meredith the qualities formerly expected in a great writer and then place him on a pedestal in spite of, sometimes because of, his defects. Thus, in his sledge-hammer style, W. E. Henley, his stanchest admirer, characterizes him as

one of the worst and least attractive of great writers, as well as one of the best and most fascinating. He is a sun that has broken out into innumerable spots. The better half of his genius is always suffering eclipse from the worst half. He writes with the pen of a great artist in his left hand and the razor of a spiritual suicide in his right. He is the master and the victim of a monstrous cleverness. . . . He is tediously amusing; he is brilliant to the point of being obscure.

After such a douche of oxymorons we shall be ready to accept the paradoxical manner of Oscar Wilde, in his famous dialogue on "The Decay of Lying," as an attempt at sincerity:

Ah! Meredith! Who can define him? His style is chaos illuminated by flashes of lightning. As a writer he has mastered everything except language; as a novelist he can do everything, except tell a story; as an artist he is everything, except articulate.

Yet to Wilde this inarticulate artist is "the most supreme writer of fiction, it may be, that we have ever had." Perhaps the nearest approach to a solution of this riddling paradox is given by Mrs. Alice Meynell:

There are no disheartening shortcomings or boundaries in these large and vigorous poems [she might add "and novels"]. If every poet must have one of two demerits —faults or limitations—Mr. Meredith is to be congratulated on having faults, and not limitations. To our mind the possession of faults is preferable to that of limitations. At times he frees his reader's thought, sets him above the poverties of time and place, and asks him, as Virgil asked Dante in an eternal world, "*Che pensi?*" "What thinkest thou?"

To such a distinction one might reply that a fault in art is a real limitation; that if an apparent fault does not limit an artist's efficiency, it is, properly speaking, not a fault. But in reality Mrs. Meynell had in mind a discrimination of effects, which suggests a far-reaching change from the older to the more modern aims of art. The question is too large, too vague, perhaps, for summary discussion here, but its nature may be intimated by a simile. The older art, one may say, undertook to feed the emotions from below in their depths, as a spring sustains a lake; whereas the modern effort is to animate the surface, as a breeze ruffles the upper water into a brisk activity. The petulance, and broken lights, and wanton obliquities, and licentious cleverness of Meredith are in fact an integral part of his art; they are faults only by reference to a canon which had other and, it must be added, deeper designs than his. They are an efficient instrument in his treatment of the perplexities rather than the fundamentals of life, and in his desire to agitate the mind with "the rapture of the forward view" rather than to stay it on the foundations of an immutable past.

Five Months in the Himalaya: A Record of Mountain Travel in Garhwal and Kashmir. By A. L. Mumm. With illustrations and maps. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $6.

The expedition described in this sumptuous volume was due to the in-

itiative of Lord Curzon, who, shortly before his resignation, suggested that the exploration of Mount Everest should be undertaken by a competent party under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society and the Alpine Club, and promised the assistance of the Indian government. The party was formed, consisting of Dr. T. G. Longstaff and Major C. G. Bruce, both experienced mountaineers in the Himalaya, and the author, late honorary secretary of the Alpine Club; but from the refusal of Lord Morley to permit them to enter Tibet, whence was the only possible means of access to the mountain, the original design was given up and the exploration of a little-known region in British territory was undertaken. This was in the district of Garhwal, its attraction being that it contained the highest summit, Nanda Devi, in British India, and is unsurpassed "for individuality and striking and characteristic features of configuration." A large area at a great height was explored and mapped, the crowning exploit being the record ascent by Dr. Longstaff of Trisul, 23,406 feet, "the highest mountain in the world, of which the complete ascent is undisputed," and for which the Royal Geographical Society awarded him the Gill Memorial. The last part of the five months was spent by Major Bruce and the author in climbing in Kashmir.

Naturally, the account of such exploration work cannot appeal to the general public, but only to the mountaineering enthusiast or to those especially interested in the Himalayan conformation. Still to the description of the various passes, peaks, cols, glaciers, and valleys climbed or observed there are added many details of camp experiences, which, together with the vein of humor running through the narrative, lighten it, beside giving a vivid picture of life amid the eternal snows. It may be noted that the chief symptom of "mountain sickness" at very high altitudes was apparently great mental depression. The larger part of the time was spent in uninhabited regions, but when the natives were encountered, something entertaining or instructive is often told of them. For instance, referring to the strange uses to which the mountain Kashmiris put the roofs of their houses built against a steep slope, he says:

> I have seen a man on horseback select a house-top as a halting-place, when he wanted to get off and rest, and they seem to be the invariable place used for purposes of assemblage and conversation.

Mr. Mumm was the photographer of the expedition, and the reproductions of the pictures taken by him, together with several by Dr. Longstaff, fully bear out the statements as to the extraordinary beauty and individuality of the regions explored. They are 75 in number, consisting of 4 panoramas, 24 full-page plates, and 47 collotypes on India paper mounted in the text, and are fully worth the cost of the book. There are also two excellent maps.

Notes.

The new publications promised by the Malone Society for this season include the following plays: "Patient Grissell," by L. Phillips; "Fidele and Fortunio"; "Iphigenia in Aulis," translated by Lady Lumly; "The Second Maiden's Tragedy," Warburton MS., and "The Virtuous Octavia," by S. Brandon. Another volume of the society's "Collections" will also be issued.

"The Wine of the Puritans, A Study of Present-Day America," by Van Wyck Brooks, is announced for early publication by Mitchell Kennerley.

"The Study of Religion in the Italian Universities," by the Rev. Louis Henry Jordan, in collaboration with Cavaliere Baldassare Labanca, professor of the history of Christianity in the University of Rome, will be published in a few days by Henry Frowde.

George W. Jacobs & Co. announce that each volume of their new series, "Love Tales of the Nations," will contain eight or more stories by representative writers of a particular country, and the titles thus far announced include love tales American, German, English, Irish, and Scotch.

Arctic discoveries can hardly lessen the popular interest in Lieut. Shackleton's narrative of his southern expedition, promised by the J. B. Lippincott Company for November. A less sensational travel book, but one which promises much of charm, is the "Isle of Man," by Miss Agnes Herbert (John Lane Company).

For publication in October, Doubleday, Page & Co. announce, among other books, "Actions and Reactions," by Rudyard Kipling; "The Poetry of Nature," by Henry Van Dyke; "The Philosophy of Dancing," by Luther H. Gulick; "Marie Antoinette," by Hilaire Belloc; "The Story of the Negro," by Booker T. Washington; "Grimm's Fairy Tales," illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

Under the title, "Yale Readings in Insurance," the Yale University Press will publish this month two volumes edited by Prof. Lester W. Zartman: one devoted to life insurance and the other to fire and miscellaneous insurance. The original volumes of "Yale Insurance Lectures," which appeared some five years ago, are now out of print, and the present publication has been preferred to a mere reprint of the old lectures.

The list of books to be published by the University of Chicago Press during the season 1909-10 includes: "English Poems: The Elizabethan Age and the Puritan Period," by Walter C. Bronson; "The Psychology of Prayer," by Anna Louise Strong; "A Modern City: The Activities of Providence, Rhode Island," edited by William Kirk (a collection of essays by members of the faculty of Brown University); "The Armenian Awakening," by Leon Arpee; "Source Book for Social Origins: Ethnological Materials, Psychological Standpoint, and Classified Bibliographies for the Interpretation of Savage Society"; "Studies in Galilee," by E. W. C. Masterman; "The Child and His Religion," by George S. Dawson; "The Cameralists," by Albion W. Small; "Biblical Ideas of Atonement," by E. D. Burton, J. M. P. Smith, and G. B. Smith.

A selection from the earlier criticisms of George Meredith's poems and novels, made by Maurice Buxton Forman, is to be published by Chapman & Hall. The essays range in subject from the "Poems" of 1851 to the "Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth," and from "The Shaving of Shagpat" to "The Tragic Comedians." The authors include Swinburne, George Eliot, W. M. Rossetti, Kingsley, James Thomson ("B. V."), Richard Garnett, Henley, Hutton, and Mark Pattison.

The official exhibition of literary material relating to Hudson and Fulton has recently been opened at the Lenox Branch of the New York Public Library. It consists of three parts—books and manuscripts, maps, and prints. The large collection of books covers fields devoted to Fulton, to his inventions, to early steam navigation, to Hudson, the discovery of the river, and its later history. Among those relating to the discovery are two of note: one is the "Historie der Neder-Landscher ende haerder Na-buren," by Emanuel van Meteren, 1614, which contains the first printed account of the finding of the Hudson River. The first detailed narrative is in "Purchas his Pilgrimes," 1625. There are many signed manuscripts in the writing of Robert Fulton, an original plan, and several books on engineering subjects by him. Among the latter is the copy of his treatise on canal navigation with the letter of the author presenting it to Napoleon Bonaparte. The maps are few in number, but include reproductions of the earliest, and several valuable originals showing New Netherland and vicinity before 1600. The section devoted to prints, which is by far the largest, consists of a few portraits of Hudson, mostly based on Count Pulaski's painting in the City Hall; portraits of Fulton, mainly copied from West's well-known painting, and numerous pictures of steamboats both prior and subsequent to 1807.

Old favorites hold their own, and though this is the anthology's heyday, we are glad to see once more a new edition of the "Golden Treasury" (The Macmillan Co.). This time there is, too, a slight spice of novelty; for we have the first and the second series bound up together in one compact volume. In the original dedication to Alfred Tennyson, Palgrave expressed a hope that his book might prove "a lifelong fountain of innocent and exalted pleasure, . . a storehouse of delight to Labor and to Poverty." That was almost half a century ago, and no one denies, to-day, the realization of his not unambitious desire.

In editing the "Poems, Letters, and Fragments of Kirke White" for the Muses' Library (E. P. Dutton & Co.), John Drinkwater has done well to omit the less interesting material gathered together by Southey in his exaggerated esteem for the aspiring and ill-fated poet. It is true, as Mr. Drinkwater says in his introduction, that White has been too harshly depreciated or neglected of late years, following his earlier undeserved popularity. No one to-day would try to set White up as a great poet, but there are passages of minor

sublimity in his works, slight anticipations of romance, and withal a purity of sentiment that are still capable of interesting those who care to read him. Not the least entertaining piece in the volume is White's letter to John Charlesworth on the loneliness of a student's life at Cambridge. We can see no reason for including his prose fragments.

When prairie chickens nested in the heart of Chicago, and Indians hunted over the sites of most of the great Western universities, Miami had already been conceived, named, and endowed with lands by the General Assembly of Ohio. In commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of its birth Mr. Alfred H. Upham recalls its ancient history in a volume entitled "Old Miami," with the rather startling sub-title, "The Yale of the Early West" (The Republican Publishing Company). Though the style of the book is familiar and tinged with slang, and though the substance is unnecessarily slight, there are not wanting little flashes of light into the dark backward of Western culture. Fifteen years after its inception Miami University was actually opened for students in the auspiciously named village of Oxford, near the Indiana line. In those Arcadian days youthful pioneers hungering after knowledge could be filled therewith from November to May at a total cost of $93, including, beside tuition, servant's hire, candles, wood, washing, and board. To prevent interference with the regular curriculum, however, the faculty found it necessary, even with that simple standard of living, to enact laws against duelling, dancing, and the possession of backgammon boards. Indeed, one of the statutes of 1842 indicates the presence among the undergraduates of some of those mancating Middle Westerners that Dickens found so obnoxious on his American travels. "No student," so runs the injunction, "shall wear about his person pistol, dirk, stiletto, or other dangerous weapon." With such timber to shape it is no wonder that the discipline was austere. "Found in bed after the rising hour"—such is the heading of one of the university black lists—and the academic day began at five! Yet under the mollifying influence of morning and evening prayers, and neighboring "female institutions," barbarism yielded rapidly to sweetness and light. Miami published one of the earliest literary journals; founded two or three of the oldest Greek letter societies; produced Benjamin Harrison; and was instrumental, says the historian, in the formation of almost innumerable matrimonial alliances. Best of all, perhaps, Miami University has lived down the onus of its name, and has become, says Mr. Upham, "a high-grade small college."

Professor Manly's "English Prose, 1137-1890" (Ginn), like his companion collection of English poetry, differs favorably from the general run of single-volume treasuries in the extent, the range, and the interest of its contents. The book, though not uncomfortably bulky, contains 539 double columns of text, equal to over 1,500 average octavo pages—ample material, in other words, to illustrate a full year's introductory course in prose. In the second place, it includes, beginning with the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," a considerable number of selections of historical importance, such as passages from the "Ancren Riwle," the "English Proclamation of Henry III," the translations of Wiclif, Froissart, Sir Thomas More, etc., which are difficult or impossible to procure at reasonable expense in quantities sufficient to accommodate large classes. Finally, Professor Manly has not bound up a mass of the first trite specimens that came to hand; but apparently has spared no pains to find examples which, with the help of even a moderately good teacher, can be made to impinge vividly upon the consciousness of a moderately good student—a quality very rare and desirable in a text-book. Now and then he has perhaps questionably sacrificed representativeness to interest; for example, Bishop Berkeley appears not as an idealist philosopher, but as the author of the piquant "Proposal for a College to be erected in the Summer Islands." The arrangement of the authors under the customary periods according to the date of their births is simple and satisfactory; but since this arrangement throws several of the selections out of their chronological order, it would have been well to supply in each case the date of publication. We inevitably miss a number of important writers—Baxter, Spencer, Mill, Huxley—and Professor Manly assures us that he laments such omissions more bitterly than any one else. Yet, all things considered—abundance, variety, interest, range, compactness, and legibility—this is decidedly the most useful thing of its kind in the field.

A fascinating account of the wonderful marine zoölogy of the South Californian coast, as seen from a glass-bottom boat, is given in the *National Geographic Magazine* for September by the naturalist, Charles Fred. Holder. The striking illustrations of the strange and beautiful creatures unconstrained in their habitat confirm his assertion that by this means of observation "a new and valuable ally to science education has been established." Ellsworth Huntington describes a journey in the region where Russia, Persia, and Afghanistan meet, in which he shows how much in evidence are Russian military preparations, in numerous army posts and colonies planted at strategic points, for an eventual advance southward to the ocean. There are also interesting illustrated accounts of visits to a mountain monastery in Thessaly to which access is had by means of a fishnet, and to a picturesque prehistoric ruin and cave-dwellings in New Mexico.

Impressions of Canada by English and French travellers from the Old World are interesting if not always convincing. Dr. Adrien Loir visited Canada in 1906, as a delegate to the Medical Congress held at Three Rivers. He spent his leisure in visiting different parts of the Dominion, and he has recorded his impressions in this volume ("Canada et les Canadiens"; Guilmoto: Paris). He confesses quite frankly, at the outset, that he landed at Montreal with little or no knowledge of the country. He was under the impression that the handful of French left in Canada after the conquest of 1759 had long since been thoroughly assimilated by the English. It was, as one can readily believe, something of a surprise to him to find that there were to-day two millions of descendants of the Canadians who stood about Montcalm in 1759, and that they had not only not been assimilated by their English-speaking fellow-countrymen, but that they clung tenaciously to their language, their religion, and their ideals; that they were in fact a nation within a nation. In his astonishment, Dr. Loir perhaps swung a little too far the other way, for there can be no doubt that in many ways English influence has been felt, and is being increasingly felt in the Province of Quebec. Dr. Loir made a brief visit to Ontario, and was properly impressed with the material progress of that well-to-do province, but one can see that he was impatient to return to his long lost "cousins" in the neighboring French province. After a visit to the governor-general, Earl Grey, whom he had met in South Africa, he spent several weeks in the Canadian Northwest, where he was equally astonished by the tremendous agricultural possibilities of the country, and the energy with which its resources were being developed. On the whole he concludes that Canada is still a long way from achieving homogeneity. The people of Ontario are English, and the people of Quebec are French, in language, manners, and ideals. As for Western Canada, Dr. Loir, like his eloquent fellow-countryman, Dr. Seigfried, is persuaded that its manifest destiny is to be absorbed by the United States. He is not quite clear as to what is to become of Eastern Canada, but we are left with the impression that the Eastern provinces may be permitted to remain under the British flag.

Mr. Thomas Gibson's "Library of Speculation and Investment" (The Gibson Publishing Co.) comprises seven little volumes compactly boxed, containing selections from his weekly and special market letters of 1907 and 1908, together with separate discussions of speculation and the increasing gold supply. The first letter, dated February 2, 1907, prognosticates "the market of the future." In large capitals he tells his readers: "There will be no panic." Under date of November 2, 1907, we read that "in March there was a 'silent panic' which carried prices to what looked like bargain figures." Whether the "silent panic" in his opinion became audible in the fall, we do not know; but in his Foreword, he admits his error in prophecy, but remarks that when the "words were penned, I had in mind rather a panic of *stock prices* than a panic of the *mind*"; and adds, "in truth, we had no great or panicky decline in stock prices in any one session." The deliciousness of this is equalled by his indignant remark on October 26, 1907, (p. 156) that: "Nine out of ten of the men and women who stand in line at the banks . . . cannot understand how an institution may be solvent and yet be forced to suspend. This is ridiculous but it is true." It certainly *is* ridiculous. The volume entitled "The Pitfalls of Speculation" contains an interesting article, "What 500 Speculative Accounts Showed." The accounts were mainly in Steel Common. Of the 500, 343 resulted in a net loss; 88 in a net profit; 52 closed comparatively even; and seventeen were unknown. Over 90 per cent. of those evidently worked by "systems" showed a loss. The total losses amounted to $957,000, and the total brokerage charges, commissions, interest, etc., to $275,000.

The late Rev. Dr. George Matheson's "Spiritual Development of St. Paul," which was published in 1890 and passed through repeated editions, having proved the most

popular of the many writings of its distinguished author, has been reprinted by Thomas Whittaker.

A welcome addition to the series of Oxford Classical Texts (Henry Frowde) is the "Hellenica Oxyrhynchia cum Theopompi et Cratippi Fragmentis." This text is edited—with a preface, critical annotations, an index of authors, and an index of names—by Prof. Bernard P. Grenfell and Arthur S. Hunt, Fellows of Queen's College, Oxford. In the same series, Prof. Hermann Diels of Berlin has edited the "Characteres" of Theophrastus. There is here the same richness of critical apparatus, and a preface of rather more formidable proportions. In the library of Latin texts, we have, besides, Cicero's "Orationes," to the number of eight, edited by Albert Curtis Clark, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. Once more the *Nation* calls attention to the high standard of typographical excellence and of scholarship maintained in successive issues of this "Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis."

Through Curt Kabitzsch, Würzburg, Artur Singer makes an interesting and altogether successful attempt, in his "Bismarck in der Literatur," to review the position thus far secured by the great German Chancellor in history and criticism. Nearly two hundred and fifty pages are required to present the material collected, which embraces thousands of foreign titles. French and English works are in the majority, but American, Russian, Spanish, Dutch, and Belgian writers are well represented. Italy, in proportion, seems to have been least conscious of the Master of the North.

The publication house of Stephan Geibel in Altenburg begins, under the general title of Deutsche Bürgerbibliothek für Jugend und Volk, a new collection of popular stories illustrating particularly the political, historical, and economic life of the German people. The editor, Arthur Wiegand, opens the series with a narrative called "Wilhelm," which gives a characteristic picture of German soldier life and the military condition of the Germans from the Roman period down to the present age.

Dr. Konrad Haebler has issued the first instalment of the third volume of his "Typenrepertorium der Wiegendrucke" (Leipzig: R. Haupt; see the *Nation*, Vol. LXXXI, p. 300). It contains the tables of the Roman types, repeating those given in the first part. A following instalment will contain the tables of the Gothic types used in non-German countries, with additions and emendations to the whole work. The Roman types, with their stiff and monotonous forms, have required a closer scrutiny than the Gothic, with their manifold individuality; and a much greater number of auxiliary characteristics have been brought out in the present volume.

A catalogue of the incunabula in the libraries of Leipzig, "Die Wiegendrucke der Leipziger Sammlungen," has been prepared by Dr. Otto Günther of the University Library and issued as a volume of the *Beihefte zum Zentralblatt f. Bibliothekswesen* (Leipzig: Harrassowitz). It is arranged according to the same principles as Voullième's catalogue of the incunabula in the libraries of Berlin, and is, like that work, to be regarded as a preliminary contribution to the general catalogue of incunabula in German libraries which is in preparation under the auspices of a Prussian special commission.

"The Oxford Student's History of India," by Vincent A. Smith (Henry Frowde), is intended primarily for students preparing for the matriculation examination of the Calcutta University but it may also be commended to the general reader as a clear and comprehensive outline of events. As the selection of topics conforms to the requirements of the latest syllabus, the history of the last hundred years receives but scanty attention; but space has been found, on the other hand, for brief treatment of Indian literature, art, and philosophy. There are seven good maps, but the few illustrations are condemnably cheap.

In consequence of the appeal of the rector of the University of Paris, Dr. Liard, the well-known liberal banker, Albert Kahn, who was already contributing 75,000 francs annually to young savants for travelling, has added 30,000 as an annual gift to the university, for the double purpose of rewarding more young scholars who have made important discoveries, and of paying the expenses of famous foreign scholars for lecturing in Paris or of French professors for lecturing abroad. Dr. Liard asked for the sum of two million francs, bearing 60,000 francs interest, for these purposes, and M. Kahn has now given one-half of the sum desired.

Science.

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF CLARK UNIVERSITY.

WORCESTER, Mass, September 16.

At most of the great anniversaries lately celebrated by American universities there has been much state and pageantry. Clark University, on the other hand, with a modesty becoming its youth and its size, has celebrated the twentieth anniversary of its foundation for three weeks with but the very slightest ceremonial. The money at its disposal was paid chiefly to a few of the most eminent men of science abroad and at home, and a careful programme for a week in each department, which usually held three sessions a day, was prepared. Most of those who gathered together were themselves professors, who lectured to each other in turn, the lectures being followed generally by free conferences. It is not surprising to learn that in the commendations of the university the chief theme was the uniqueness and high scientific tone of this mode of celebration, which many hope will mark a new type of festivity wherever science and a true university spirit are cultivated.

The mathematical discussions were inspiring. Prof. E. H. Moore of Chicago, in his lectures on "Postulational Methods in Mathematics," showed how every branch of mathematics is based upon assumptions, whose consequences are developed until they show themselves to be contradictory, and are then modified in such manner that the results of the assumptions in their final form at any stage of development shall be consistent. In this way the whole field of mathematics is unified and the different branches appear as so many particular sets of postulates and their consequences, each set being consistent in itself, and all the sets together making up a system of all the combinations that have proved themselves to be useful. His theory, profoundly and subtly suggestive, constitutes a contribution of first importance to mathematics, and serves, like Lie's theory of continuous groups, to unify various widely separated branches of mathematics, showing underlying relations hitherto not even suspected. The other lectures may be regarded as in some measure illustrations of these ideas. Professor Pierpont extended the notion of "integral" so as to include cases not considered heretofore, and Professor Van Vleck applied the solution of a certain type of difference equations to that of a type of differential equations.

The exercises of the department of physics were totally devoid of ostentation, and were intended, like the rest, to emphasize the idea of research. It was fortunately possible to present the spectacle of the conjunction of two stars of the first magnitude in Prof. Albert Abraham Michelson of Chicago and Prof. Ernest Rutherford of Manchester, England, Nobel prize-winners of the last two years. Professor Michelson's lecture gave a description of his new engine for ruling diffraction gratings for the study of spectra, which surpasses even the wonderful accuracy attained by the late Professor Rowland. The results of his researches on the apparent fixity of the luminiferous ether with respect to the earth have baffled physicists for the past twenty years, and it was accordingly particularly gratifying that Prof. Vito Volterra of Rome, one of the greatest of living mathematical physicists, should have chosen for the subject of his first lecture "The Theory of Electric and Luminous Waves," giving a clear exposition of the Principle of Relativity, that daring assault on the notions of time and space which is now setting physicists by the ears and leading to critical reëxamination of Newtonian mechanics. Without its aid Professor Michelson's result has hitherto proved inexplicable. The Principle of Relativity, in a word, states that the *time* of an event can be known only when it is known *where* it takes place, and that the *where* can be known only when the *time* is known, time and space being interrelated by the velocity of light in the ether. In his lectures on Elasticity, Volterra gave new and beautiful results, while his last lecture on the mechanics of "heredity," or the influence of past phenomena on the fu-

ture, communicated a new creation in this mathematical field which has long been the despair of the physicists. The method devised by Volterra leads to a new department of mathematical analysis, the subject of "integro-differential equations," the history of the past being mathematically expressed by integrals whose effect on the present is expressed by differential equations. The recipients of academic honors in their responses were particularly kind in their recognition of the efforts made at Clark to bind together the two sciences of mathematics and physics, and to mitigate what Prof. G. A. Miller has lately called "our lamentable and disgraceful lack of mathematical physicists."

One of the most attractive of the eminent foreign savants who came to this country expressly to attend the celebration was Sigmund Freud of Vienna. Far too little is known in America of either the man or his work. For twenty years he has been publishing memoirs, and even volumes, based upon his vast clinical experience with cases of hysteria and allied phenomena. A pupil of Charcot and Westphal, he has developed what may now almost be called a new system of psychology, which seems to a growing number of workers in this field, of whom the writer is one, to be the best word yet spoken there. His views are now beginning to be talked of in Germany as the psychology of the future, as Wagner's music was once dubbed the music of the future. And yet, partly because so much that he taught was new and revolutionary, he has until lately had but scant recognition; and because he attempts to do justice to sex in his scheme, he was for years socially ostracized. Happily, however, he is now coming to his own and a growing circle of very vigorous young men in all civilized countries are giving him due recognition and working out his ideas. It is difficult to give, in brief and lucid phrase, any adequate conception of a system that has so many details and even technicalities. It seems certainly to go distinctly beyond Janet; and if it be confirmed, it plays havoc with many of the systems of both philosophical and of laboratory psychology. Some general idea of what it means might be suggested as follows: Dr. Freud does not accept consciousness as the oracle of the soul in any such sense as does modern psychology of the type, *e g.*, of Wundt or James. More likely, he would say, consciousness never says what it means, but must always be interpreted. It is rather essentially superficial and misleading. It is a compromise between the real nature of the soul and its environment, which is at so many points repressive. Dreams, for instance, are the springing up into consciousness of various undeveloped or repressed remnants of the daily activity; and if the missing links can be supplied, they are not only rational but of the highest interpretative value. Wit is another key to the activity of the submerged self; so are automatic actions, unintended errors of speech, inflection, etc. Freud is the father of the psychoanalysis, one aspect of which has been popularized in this country by Münsterberg in the Harry Orchard case. He is also the father of something very like the hypnoidization of Sidis, which, instead of hypnotizing the patient, asks him merely to sit in absolute quiet and mention whatever thoughts occur to him, which, no matter how apparently irrelevant, are always shown by a little interpretation to be very much in point. Strangely enough, Freud had scarcely heard of the Emmanuel Movement in this country; but having listened to all that he could learn about it, he expressed the emphatic opinion that it was utterly unscientific and that work with psychic functions was far too complex and intricate to be trusted to non-experts. It was remarked at Clark several times by his chief European pupil, Professor Jung of Zurich, who was with him, that the invitation to America, the honorary degree bestowed upon him, and especially the sympathetic attitude of those who heard him, came at the psychological moment for him personally as well as for his views.

In the department of education and school hygiene the noteworthy feature was the emphasis placed upon school hygiene and mental hygiene. The former subject was represented by Dr. Leo Burgerstein of the University of Vienna, co-author of Burgerstein and Netolitzky's "Handbuch der Schulhygiene," the world's leading authority or the subject; mental hygiene was treated by Dr. C. G. Jung, specialist in psychiatry in the University of Zürich. The most interesting lecture of Dr. Burgerstein was, perhaps, that on co-education and hygiene, in which he discussed the subject in the light of modern scientific studies of the physical differences between boys and girls. He emphasized the need of differentiating secondary education for boys and girls where they are taught together, and expressed the belief that co-education is gaining ground in central European countries. Dr. Jung explained and illustrated his well-known *diagnostische Assoziationsmethode*. The significance of these lectures lies not so much in the practical application of this method in the detection of crime, as exploited by Professor Münsterberg, nor alone in the applications in diagnosis of mental diseases; but, rather, in the fact that the investigations by Dr. Jung represent pioneer work which promises to throw light on the underlying principles of a sound and scientific doctrine of mental hygiene.

Other lectures were given by distinguished scholars of this country and Europe. Some of these, though they cannot be summarized here, were of the first importance in their respective subjects. Honorary degrees were conferred upon twenty-one recipients.

A Treatise on Zoölogy. Edited by Sir E. Ray Lankester. Part I: Introduction and Protozoa. By Prof. S. J. Hickson, F. W. Gamble, A. Willey, J. J. Lister, H. M. Woodcock, and the late Professor Weldon. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.25 net.

The developments in our knowledge of the unicellular microscopic animals during the last decade, especially in the domain of preventive medicine, make any addition to the literature of the subject timely and valuable. Not only because of their importance in modern pathology and of their relations to many infectious diseases, but also because of their general scientific interest, the Protozoa demand attention from all who follow biological pursuits. Standing as they do, on the border line of animals and plants, and leading from the simplest of living things through thousands of grades of increasing complexity, to the higher animals, or Metazoa, they offer to the investigator a wealth of material for the study of living processes which in higher animals are hidden under a cloak of complex organs and intricate activities.

The present volume, written by several men eminent in the field of English biology, does not prejudice the reader in favor of any special line of protozoan investigation, but aims, rather, to give a general outline of the entire group from a zoölogical point of view. As a basis, therefore, for more specialized work in different lines of protozoan research, the book has a greater value than any of the others of more limited scope that have appeared in the last few years.

Unfortunately, as with all such collaborated works, the various groups of Protozoa are not equally well presented, and the treatment of some of the topics indicates plainly that the authors are writing from a library rather than a laboratory knowledge of the subject. This may be one reason why the work contains few references later than 1906. Furthermore, the genus Spirochæta, which, since 1905, when Schaudinn discovered the minute organism in syphilitic victims, has been a fruitful object of research in every civilized country, is not named in the body of the book but appears in a short paragraph in an appendix.

The introduction by the editor is little more than a re-wording of the same author's ideas published in the eighties in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," although he proposes one or two new terms, such as "periplasm" (instead of

cytoplasm) and "conio-karyote" (powder nucleated), which, we venture to predict, will not be used again. The sections on Proteomyxa, by S. J. Hickson; Mycetozoa, by J. J. Lister, and Hæmoflagellates, by H. M. Woodcock, are extremely valuable; the last, however, differs little from an earlier publication by the same writer in the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science*, 1906.

Although there are few original figures, the book is well illustrated and, taken altogether, forms a most acceptable companion to the volumes of the Treatise which have already appeared.

Alan E. Munby's "Introduction to the Chemistry and Physics of Building Materials" (D. Van Nostrand Co.) is an unusual book in scope and treatment. Its purpose is to explain the scientific principles involved in the use of building materials in such a way as to be comprehensible to one who has no previous knowledge of physics or chemistry. Probably this is an impossible undertaking. It is hardly likely that a man who had never seen a chemical symbol before he opened the book would be able by the time he had reached p. 203 to understand the difference between Le Chatelier's crystalloid theory and Michaelis's colloid theory of the setting of Portland cement. But if he fails it is not the fault of the author, who does his best to make things plain and to define scientific terms as he goes along. It is, indeed, rather surprising to see how much of the fundamental sciences of physics, chemistry, mineralogy, and geology can be brought into the hundred pages which constitute the first part of the book. Part II is devoted to the consideration of the varieties, composition, properties, and tests of building stone, cements, metals, timber, and paint. The book will not be so useful to the uneducated or self-educated builder and mechanic as to one who has had a smattering of school science but is not able to apply it to his work. The use of British names for stone and other building materials impairs the value of the book for the American public. The author ventures one novelty in nomenclature, the introduction of the word "ferra" for ferric oxide, to correspond with alumina. The term would certainly come handy in the discussion of rock formulas.

From the middle of the sixteenth century, when Mercator employed the hyperbolic functions in producing the famous Mercator map, down to the present time, the use of these functions has steadily increased with the growth of natural science. To-day they find application not only in every branch of pure physics, but also in applied physics, as in the decay of light or electricity, or in expressing measurable mechanical strains like geological deformations. Accordingly, a wide variety of science students will welcome Messrs. Peirce and Van Orstrand's "Hyperbolic Functions" (Smithsonian Institution), which consists of seven tables of values of these and closely related functions.

Dr. William Christopher Krauss died in New York city September 21, in his forty-sixth year. He was a graduate of Cornell University, of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, and of the University of Berlin; had served as president of the American Microscopical Society and other learned societies, and was a recognized authority on nervous diseases. Dr. Krauss was the author of a "Textbook of Insanity" and of many articles published in scientific journals. He was associate editor of the Buffalo *Medical Journal* and of the Berlin *Neurologisches Centralblatt*.

From Spruce Creek, Newfoundland, comes news of the death, September 20, of Dr. Leonard Pearson, dean of the Veterinary School of the University of Pennsylvania since 1897. He was born at Evansville, Ind., in 1868, and was graduated from the Agricultural School of Cornell University, and afterwards from the veterinary department of the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Pearson also studied in Berlin and Dresden and in the laboratory of Dr. Koch. In 1891 he became assistant professor of the theory and practice of veterinary medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. He has served as president of the American Veterinary Association and other organizations. In 1895 he became State veterinarian of Pennsylvania. He contributed many papers on the veterinary sciences and on zoötechnics to the journals, to Johnson's "Encyclopædia," and to the *Veterinary Magazine*, of which he was the editor.

William Thayer Smith, M.D., dean of the Dartmouth Medical School, died at Hanover, N. H., on September 17, at the age of seventy-one years. He was the son of the Rev. Asa Dodge Smith, a former president of Dartmouth College, and was born in New York on March 30, 1839. In 1878 he was graduated from the Dartmouth Medical School, in which he was to become a professor of physiology in 1885, and dean in 1896. Dr. Smith was the author of "Elementary Physiology and Hygiene" and "Primer of Physiology."

Drama and Music.

Was Shakspere a Gentleman? By Samuel A. Tannenbaum. New York: The Tenny Press.

Mr. Tannenbaum sets himself to show that of two applications by John Shakespeare to the Heralds' College in 1596 and in 1599, the first application only was granted. The particular point of attack is this passage of Sidney Lee's:

> His father's application now [1599] took a new form. No grant of arms was asked for. It was asserted without qualification that the coat had been assigned to John Shakespeare, while he was bailiff, and the heralds were merely invited to give him a "recognition" or "exemplification" of it. An exemplification was invariably secured more easily than a new grant of arms. The heralds might, if they chose, tacitly accept without examination, the applicant's statement that his family had borne arms long ago, and they thereby regarded themselves as relieved of the obligation of close inquiry into his present status. The college officers were characteristically complacent.

Answering Mr. Lee's objection that the direct granting of arms in the 1599 transactions proves they could not have been allowed in 1596, Mr. Tannenbaum insists that the request in 1599 was merely to be allowed to impale the Arden arms with those of the Shakespeares, and that it was a frequent abuse with the heralds to "assign, grant and confirm" an old patent each time that its holder applied for an additional distinction, thus forcing payment anew of the original fee. Whatever be the force of this, Mr. Tannenbaum is certainly on dangerous ground when he urges that if John Shakespeare in a deed of 1597 was still described as "yoman," it was because in three months his new honors would not have become generally known and because, as the deed was in Latin, he would not have noted the error himself. This is dangerously near *évidence pour rire*.

In eight pieces of evidence, positive and negative, Mr. Tannenbaum finds support for his two contentions. From the absence of any impaling of the Arden with the Shakespeare arms by any member of the Shakespeare family, though their arms are found quartered with those of persons who intermarried with them, he concludes that the 1599 request was not approved by the College. His point that a member of the College, circa 1601, accused Dethick and Camden of having granted arms improperly in numerous instances, John Shakespeare's being one, merely proves that arms were granted, but clears not at all the choice between 1596 and 1599. His next point, that in their reply Camden and Dethick sketch in the Shakespeare arms only, and in no way speak of the Arden arms, perhaps strengthens Mr. Tannenbaum's contention that it was the 1596 request which was granted. He refers to Harleian MS. 6140 at folio 45, and to the sixth edition of Guillim's "Display of Heraldry" (1724,) as showing a tricking or description of the Shakespeare arms with, in each case, the statement that they were granted by Dethick. This to Mr. Tannenbaum means 1596, for by 1599 Camden was also Garter; but he is forced to admit that no one has been able to find the exact source of these two statements. Of course, too, the second may rest on the first, and both may be only the popular tradition as to Shakespeare, which in many cases must be discounted. His best arguments are his fifth and sixth: the present Richmond Herald wrote him in 1908 that the "Index College of Arms," "a book," to quote this herald, "in which the Officers of Arms make notes of any Coats of Arms they are interested in," contains a description of the Shakespeare arms and states that they were "granted 20 October, 1596, to John Shakspere, of Stratford-on-Avon, in Com. Warr., Gent., per Will. Dethick." This entry, it is known, was made in the first half of the eighteenth

century. The Richmond Herald also wrote:

The [Shakespeare] arms appear again in the assignment for Arden in 1599, clearly proving, if proof were necessary, that the 1596 patent did pass, otherwise they would not have been inserted in the Patent. The issuing of the Patent has never been questioned here.

Finally, Mr. Tannenbaum urges that after 1597 Shakespeare is described as "Gent" and "Master" in numerous documents and in the published writings of contemporaries, and that this would, in the light of existing regulations of the College, have been impossible if not authorized. He thinks Mr. Lee's contention that complacency granted in 1599 what had not been granted in 1596 is negatived by the fact that Dethick would not have dared to be thus complacent, since in June, 1597, he had been declared culpable in granting an unwarranted exemplification to one Rotheram.

That arms were granted all this evidence shows; but the one strong bit of evidence in favor of 1596 over 1599 is the unequivocal statement of the present Richmond Herald that the appearance of the Shakespeare arms in the assignment for Arden in 1599 means they must have been first granted in 1596. The rest of the evidence is either repetition of a tradition which is not traced, in its source, earlier than the first half of the eighteenth century, or a question of probabilities. The little book forms an effective attack on Mr. Lee's position by the doubt it raises, not by the conclusion it proves true.

The Philharmonic Society will give this season thirty-three concerts in Carnegie Hall, or more than twice the customary number. These concerts, all of which will be directed by Gustav Mahler, have been divided into four series and a Christmas Day concert, as follows:

First series—Eight Thursday evenings at 8:15: November 4 and 25, December 16, 1909; January 6 and 20, February 3 and 17, March 10, 1910. Eight Friday afternoons at 2:30: November 5 and 26, December 17, 1909; January 7 and 21, February 4 and 18, March 11, 1910. This series corresponds with the regular series given by the society in former seasons, the Thursday evenings being substituted for the Saturday evening of previous years.

Second series—Historical cycle. Six Wednesday evenings at 8:15: November 10, December 8, December 29, 1909; January 26, March 2, March 30, 1910.

Third series—Beethoven cycle. Five Friday afternoons at 2:30: November 19, December 31, 1909; January 14, March 4, April 1, 1910.

Fourth series—Five Sunday afternoons at 2:30: November 21, December 12, 1909; January 16, February 13, March 6, 1910, and a Christmas Day concert, December 25, at 3 P. M.

The Kneisel Quartet's sixteenth New York season will begin on November 23, at Mendelssohn Hall. Other concerts will be given on December 14, January 4, January 25, February 15, and March 8. Matinées will be given in the same place on March 15 and April 5. Composers on the programmes will include Beethoven, Carl von Dittersdorf, Haydn, Mozart, Cherubini, Schubert, Schumann, Robert Volkmann, Brahms, Mendelssohn, César Franck, Tchaikovsky, Dvorák, Saint-Saëns, and Giovanni Sgambati.

Will L. Thompson, music publisher and writer of many sacred songs, died on September 20 in New York city. He was born in Beaver County, Pa., in 1847, and received his musical education in the Boston Music School, the Boston Conservatory of Music, and the Leipzig Conservatory.

John Lassalle, well known as a baritone singer in opera, died in Paris on September 7. Born in Lyons in 1847, his studies at Paris in painting and music were followed by his début at Liège in 1869. His career at the Paris Opéra extended over twenty-three years, and he made frequent appearances at Covent Garden as well. In 1903 he was appointed professor of singing at the Paris Conservatoire.

Sally Liebling, a distinguished German pianist, a pupil of Liszt and, in 1888, founder of the new Berlin Conservatory, died in that city September 16. He was born at Posen, Germany, in 1859. In 1875 he visited the United States, playing with Thomas's Orchestra, and he has since then made many concert tours in America and on the European Continent.

Art.

MR. M'KIM AND AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE.

The first feeling of friends of the late Charles F. McKim must be one of deep personal loss. The human attractiveness of this architect was so great as to make men almost forget his professional accomplishments. "Charles the Charmer" Saint-Gaudens called him in a public speech. But here we can speak of him only as the senior member of the firm which, for the last generation, has been more influential than any other in reflecting and determining the taste of this country in their art.

True, Mr. McKim might have fulfilled this description without being an artist at all. He might have been simply the "business man" of a fashionable firm, which "kept" artists, as the proprietor of a famous blacking factory was alleged to have "kept a poet." After his studies in Paris, Mr. McKim returned to America, on his defence. He was made to feel that he must justify his training by adapting its results to the conditions of his native land. Hunt and Richardson underwent that experience, and it did them both good. The architectural "culture" of the period in America was committed to the Gothic revival, in which one might have expected this neophyte to join. His first essays were, in fact, in that direction, the most noteworthy of them being, perhaps, the seashore cottage in New Jersey where Garfield was sent in the desperate hope "that he might heal him of his grievous wound." These early experiments were in the fashion of the time. They tended to bear out, as to their author, the belief that Stevenson expressed about Mr. Howells: "A man, as I read him, of an originally strong romantic bent"; in the eyes of the romanticists, they gave to his subsequent conversion to classicism the color of apostasy. It is, at any rate, certain that, in his maturity, with the exception of a church in Morristown, N. J., which is a careful and sensitive compilation in late English Gothic, Mr. McKim abjured romance.

It would be hard to say how far Mr. McKim's partners may have influenced him. The admirable fraternity and loyalty of the members of the firm were for the most part sufficient to prevent wrong attributions. One could be at no loss, among their earliest works, to assign the "Bank of Banks" at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, and the Tiffany house at Madison Avenue and Seventy-second, to Stanford White; while one would be inclined to declare that the Roman palace lower down in Madison Avenue, and of nearly the same date, was by McKim "lined" with White—to ascribe the exteriors to the senior and interiors to the junior partner. But the Agricultural Building at the Chicago Fair was the individual work of Mr. McKim; and that re-study of the Baths of Caracalla was the most classical in spirit of all the works at the fair which were not mere reproductions. From a Roman motive it derived an Hellenic result, insomuch that at the time Swinburne's praise of Landor was plausibly transferred to it:

> And, through the trumpet of a child of Rome,
> Rang the pure music of the flutes of Greece.

Fully as individual is the general plan of the new buildings of Columbia University, and the library in which that general conception has been carried out in its own grandiose and monumental sense. Mr. McKim was one of the three architects invited by the trustees, upon their purchase of the site on Morningside Heights, to prepare a general plan for its development, and to the study of the problems which this involved he devoted nearly two years, looking not only to the immediate needs and resources of the university, but to the far future, and laying foundations upon which others might build. While he was most ably assisted by his associates, Mr. White designing Schermerhorn Hall and Mr. Mead the Engineering Building, the general plan was Mr. McKim's own in a literal sense, and no one feature of it more so than the South Court, to which he attached special value, not only on account of its architectural importance, but as expressing the open door of the whole university. Quite in the same class is the fragment which alone is thus far visible of the large design for the

Brooklyn Institute. Of more questionable success is the University Club. In spite of Congressional carping, one may be permitted to cite the restoration of the White House in Washington as the carrying out of the original designer's conception on a scale and with a sumptuosity of which he would not have ventured to dream. More important was McKim's restoration and extension of L'Enfant's original plan of Washington. It had become so overlaid with defacements that the first duty of the commission, of which McKim was the leading spirit, was to clear them away and enable the design to assert itself. But the work included extensions, to meet later needs, and these were made with perfect sympathy and true artistic intelligence.

The chief monument of Mr. McKim's powers will probably remain the Boston Public Library. This has been dismissed by high critical authority as a "copy" from the Library of Ste. Geneviève in Paris. Ste. Geneviève is soon said. But to say no more is discreditably to ignore the great and sensitive care that has been taken in the adjustment and extension and modification of the prototype. In fact, few modern buildings so forcibly evince that they have been affectionately "lived with" by their designers, from the first conception to the last detail, insomuch that the very sidewalk "belongs." The Boston Public Library is a rare success, and of itself would justify all the honors that have been bestowed, at home and abroad, upon its author.

Mr. McKim's career fell in an epoch fruitful for American architecture. Monumental buildings, for public or business use, were, in his lifetime, rising in greater numbers than ever before, while increasing wealth and a more chastened taste were giving architects tempting opportunities in the erection of private houses, both in city and country. Indeed, it is the envious testimony of foreigners that America is to-day a kind of promised land for architecture. To have contributed so much to the wise guidance of this artistic movement is one of the just titles of Charles McKim to remembrance. John Delane of the London *Times* once wrote that he thought of setting up as an architect, since he had the first requisite to success—namely, entire ignorance of the business. It would be a libel to say that anything like this was true of American architects at the time Mr. McKim began to work; but there has certainly been enormous progress since that day, and his example and counsels have not been the least of the powers at work.

"Dutch Bulbs and Gardens" (The Macmillan Co.) is another of the books illustrated in color, which prove the ability of modern water-color artists. Miss Mina Nixon's pictures, as here represented, are excellent—better, as affording backgrounds and landscape values, than the glaring color-patches which too many painters of Dutch flower-fields are fond of giving us. Besides such subjects, her glimpses of the palace gardens at Het Loo are charming. As for the text, in such books it is quite a matter of course that it should not closely correspond with the pictures, and it should, perhaps, not be taken too seriously. But one wishes that Miss Silberrad's chapters spoke more of Dutch gardens, which may be assumed to be, in spite of Dutch thrift, for pleasure rather than profit, and to show some national characteristics of design and taste. The author's English is careless; she is, further, a little given to quotations concerning old-time fashion in bulbs, so that she teases us by hovering on the fringe of the subject of bulb-growing. The appendices (which may be assumed to be by Miss Sophie Lyall, whose name is on the title page; her connection with the book is otherwise not clear) are odd combinations of translation and critique, both concerning bulb-growing 140 years ago. What changes time has made in the custom and the science we are not told. But, apart from these disappointments, the text will be of interest to American gardeners, since it shows the origin of the bulbs which we buy in such quantities. The book gives the reader a welcome view of a community that has been pursuing its work for generations, and of individuals whose quiet devotion is yearly increasing the world's minor beauties. We must, after reading, acknowledge our debt to the Dutch.

It is a rather wan philosophy that Vernon Lee (Miss Violet Paget) unfolds in her "Laurus Nobilis" (John Lane Co.). As A. C. Benson makes a too conscious cult of sweet reasonableness, so Miss Paget makes one of serenity. But this serenity is hardly spontaneous; it has been valiantly fought for, and the dust and heat of that strife are still too apparent. Having achieved a permanent attitude, however, Miss Paget is determined to make the universe square with it. She sets out to prove that the development of the æsthetic faculties will foster the growth of the altruistic instincts, bring men into harmony with the universe, and aid the nobler self-realization of the individual. These are assertions that no one would willingly deny. But Miss Paget's instructive air serves only to throw into relief her unconsciousness of the nature of any satisfying demonstration. Thus to say that a whole school of modern artists is at sixes and sevens with the universe may be a convenient fashion of speaking. In a philosophical essay it lays itself open to the retort that these artists are themselves but parts of an indivisible universe which cannot, rationally, be at sixes and sevens with itself. As the expression of a temperament her book is hardly more persuasive. From her æsthetic world the keen winds and arduous waters would be banished, in it light and flame would die, and under the last rays of a perpetual sunset we should wander in the attitude of the saints and martyrs of early Tuscan art. Nor is the style of these essays less wan than their thought. The author hovers hopelessly about a verbal felicity or a happy rhythm, and never actually attains either. The book is the fruit of a spirit that lacks neither charm nor distinction, but always the ardor to embody these qualities in a form of quite authentic memorableness.

Finance.

THE TURN IN THE MONEY MARKETS.

During several months, it has been a matter of frequent comment and warning that it was no longer safe to ignore the probable influence of a rise in the autumn money markets. Last year, the month of September opened with the demand for money to use in ordinary trade at very low ebb; the New York surplus bank reserve stood at $65,000,000, almost the highest recorded level. Money rates, therefore, continued low; demand loans on the Stock Exchange ruled at 2 per cent. for a good part of the autumn, and went no higher than 4½ per cent. at any time; European money rates were similarly low and Europe a ready lender in New York, and the money market presented no obstacle to Stock Exchange speculation for the rise with borrowed money. The present month of September opened with the New York surplus bank reserve down to $18,000,000, hardly above the average for the time of year. Trade activity, notably in this country, had increased rapidly as compared with a year ago; European banks, already heavy lenders, began to look askance at the New York market, and a speculation of unusual violence was under way in Wall Street.

Two visible weather-signs have given evidence of a changed condition. A week ago, call money at New York, for the first time in five months, rose to 3 per cent., and loans on time advanced 1 per cent. over the prevalent rate of September's opening. This week, the Imperial Bank of Germany, whose action on its official discount rate is often the harbinger of European money conditions generally, put up the rate from 3½ to 4 per cent., and the cables informed us that the action was expressly designed to check the excessive stock speculation of the day. But the really impressive incident was the change in the New York surplus bank reserve.

At the close of July, when the New York Associated Banks reported a surplus of $34,259,000 over the 25 per cent. reserve required against deposits, it was possible to say that so large a figure had been reached at that date in only two years of the decade past—1908 and 1904; furthermore, that the surplus was more than twice as large as in such years as 1907, 1906, 1905, or 1902. The weekly bank report of Saturday, September 11, showed conditions so greatly changed that the surplus, $3,166,000, was smaller than that of the corresponding date in any but two of the fifteen past

years. Those two exceptions, 1902 and 1899, were years of excessively disordered autumn money markets; both witnessed deficits in the bank reserve, and Wall Street call money rates rose to 35 per cent. in the one season and to 186 in the other.

This change within six weeks in the bank position came as a consequence of decreased cash reserves. Since the end of July, cash holdings of the New York banks had diminished $43,000,000. Such decrease is a normal incident of the season; it is expected at the ending of an August and the opening of a September. There are always heard in the midsummer months, both from Wall Street and from the farming West, cheerful assurances that the West is now so rich in independent wealth that this time it will not have to call on the Eastern markets to "help move the crops." But what the authors of these assurances forget is that this money of its own which the West proposed to use was deposited in New York and had been rented out, for a modest consideration, for New York banks to lend on Wall Street during the dull months of the agricultural year. When the Western banks needed their money back again, they quite naturally drew on the same deposits.

Now a loss of cash reserves on such a scale necessitates, in an ordinary year, curtailment of loans—especially of loans to Stock Exchange speculators—to square with the reduced resources. No such curtailment has occurred this season; as a result, the banks were brought, two weeks ago, face to face with the possibility of an exhausted surplus.

Under such circumstances, there remained four possible courses of procedure. Stock Exchange speculation, the greatest absorbent of the surplus bank funds in this city, might be resolutely curbed, and liquidation of loans attained through that expedient. Inland banks with credit deposits in New York institutions might be induced to withdraw those deposits, thus decreasing the liabilities of the New York banks, and to lend the same deposits out directly, for their own account, to the same borrowers as before. European credit might be drawn upon, whereby loans now standing on the books of New York banks might be virtually transferred to the books of foreign lenders, the borrowers again not being disturbed. Or, finally, the position might be taken that the borrower has a right to the money, and that, deficit or no deficit, he will go on borrowing.

All of these four expedients have at times been used. In 1902 particularly, the banks themselves took a hand in putting a stop, through calling in their Stock Exchange loans, to the reckless speculations of the so-called "Gates pool." In most of our recent autumn speculations, the inland banks have turned a good part of their New York deposits into loans. In both 1905 and 1906, "shifting of loans to Europe" was employed on an extensive scale. And in 1905, the time unquestionably came when banks reported a weekly deficit in reserves with no apparent effort to adjust things.

One of these expedients has already been applied. When call money went to 3 per cent. in Wall Street last week, the inland banks loaned out their New York funds for their own account, thus relieving the loan and deposit account of the New York Associated Banks. The bank statement of the ensuing Saturday, September 18, showed the extraordinary reduction, in the New York bank loans, of $30,600,000; as a result of which, the surplus reserve increased $8,900,000. This did not arrest either the harvest outflow of currency or the firmness of money rates. In fact, it was recalled that when, under very similar circumstances and at exactly this time of year in 1905, a similar "shifting process" cut down loans $30,000,000 in one week, $20,000,000 in the next, and $9,000,000 in the next, nevertheless continuance of the heavy demand from stock exchange speculators so far offset this artificial relief as to create a deficit in bank reserves in November and drive call money, at the end of the year, to 125 per cent.

Is such a result at all probable this season? It is difficult to say. The trade demand for money, here and abroad, is very much greater than it was a year ago, but probably very much less than in 1905. That is in favor of the present bank position and of the Stock Exchange speculation. Other considerations are not so clearly to our advantage. Europe's markets are not the recourse which on some previous similar occasions they have been. Wall Street does not enjoy the unbounded credit which was offered to it by the great European banks in 1906; the country has no such accumulated foreign credit fund on trade account as it possessed at this time in 1901 and 1904. Europe, like ourselves, has passed through 1907, and the balance on merchandise trade account stands far more heavily against us now than at any time in a dozen years.

There is always left the expedient of gold imports, to replenish our bank reserves. But gold imports come in response to such a fall in foreign exchange as is commonly brought about, either through a very large excess of merchandise exportations, or through a very sharp rise in money at New York. The first we cannot hope to have. The second may come to pass; but it will hardly arrive with the aid and comfort of the powerful borrowers for Stock Exchange speculation. Tight money brings in foreign gold; but it also, and for obvious reasons, has an awkward way of knocking down the price of stocks.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anatomy and Physiology for Nurses. Compiled by D. C. Kimber. Third edition revised by C. E. Gray. Macmillan. $2.50 net.

Architects' Directory for 1909. W. T. Comstock. $3 net.

Beard, C. A. Readings in American Government and Politics. Macmillan. $1.90 net.

Financial.

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Browning, E. B. Sonnets from the Portuguese. Duffield. 60 cents.
Caballero, F. Un Servilón y un Liberalito. Edited by C. Bransby. Heath & Co. 50 cents.
Cambridge Natural History. Vol. IV. Crustacea and Arachnids.
Chambers, A. M. A Constitutional History of England. Macmillan. $1.40 net.
Clivette. Café Cackle, From Dumps to Delmonico's. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 25 cents.
Crawford, F. M. Stradella. Macmillan, $1.50.
Crothers, S. McC. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.
Culler, J. A. A Text-Book of General Physics. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.25.
Davis, W. S. An Outline History of the Roman Empire. Macmillan. 65 cents net.
De Cesare, R. The Last Days of Papal Rome. 1850-1870. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50 net.
Defoe, D. Robinson Crusoe. New edition, illustrated in color and black. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Dillon, E. The Arts of Japan. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.
Eliot, G. Adam Bede; Daniel Deronda; Felix Holt; Essays and Poems; Mill on the Floss; Romola; Silas Marner; and Middlemarch. 8 vols. Crowell. $10 net.
Everett, C. C. Theism and the Christian Faith. Lectures delivered in the Harvard Divinity School. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Fine, H. B., and Thompson, H. D. Coordinate Geometry. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Hopper, J. The Trimming of Goosie. Moffat, Yard. $1.10 net.
Hornung, E. W. Mr. Justice Raffles. Scribner. $1.50.
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Johnson, C. The Picturesque Hudson. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
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MacNutt, F. A. Fernando Cortes and the Conquest of Mexico. 1485-1547. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Maennel, B. Auxiliary Education: The Training of Backward Children. Translated by E. Sylvester. Doubleday, Page.
Méchanik, M. Marsiana. Berlin. Ferd. Dümmlers Verlagsbuchhandlung.
Meynell, E. Corot and His Friends. Wessels Co.
Narratives of New Netherland: 1609-1664. Edited by J. F. Jameson. Scribner. $3 net.
Otis, E. O. The Great White Plague. Crowell. $1 net.
Parker, G. Northern Lights. Harper. $1.50.
Pease, L. The Child You Used to Be. Illustrated. Chicago: McClurg.
Phelps, E. S. The Oath of Allegiance. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Poems of William Winter. Moffat, Yard. $2 net.
Pollard, E. F. Liberty or Death: a Story of the Green Mountain Boys in the American Revolution. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Postgate, J. B. Flaws in Classical Research. From Proceedings of the British Academy, Vol. III. Frowde.
Publications of the Champlain Society. Vol. IV. The Logs of the Conquest of Canada. Toronto.
Randall, J. H. The Real God; The Subconscious Mind; The Power of Suggestion; Mind and Body; Man's Undeveloped Powers; The Supreme Victory; and The Rebirth of Religion. 7 vols. Caldwell Co. 60 cents each.
Report of the Education Department for the school year ending July 31, 1908, and Supplemental Volume. Albany: New York State Education Department.
Rhodes, D. P. The Philosophy of Change. Macmillan. $2 net.
Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. Translated by E. FitzGerald. Edited with introduction and notes by R. A. Nicholson, Lecturer in Persian in the University of Cambridge. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Sabin, E. L. Bar B Boys, or the Young Cow-Punchers. Crowell. $1.50.
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Sharts, J. The Black Sheep. Duffield. $1.50.
Smith, C. F. Reminiscences and Sketches. Nashville Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South. $1.25 net.
Smith, F. M. The Stolen Signet. Duffield $1.50.
Stoddard, W. L. The New Golfer's Almanac. Houghton Mifflin. 90 cents net.
Symons, A. The Romantic Movement in English Poetry. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Thaw, A. B. Paestum, and Other Poems. Brentano.
Ticknor, G. Life, Letters, and Journals. New illustrated edition. In two volumes. $5. Houghton, Mifflin.
Turton, W. H. The Truth of Christianity. Sixth edition, revised. Putnam. $1.25.
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Weir, H. C. The Conquest of the Isthmus. Putnam. $2 net.
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Wright, W. H. The Grizzly Bear: Narrative of a Hunter-Naturalist. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Zollinger, G. A. Boy's Ride. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1909.

The Week.

The selection of Mr. Lee McClung, the treasurer of Yale University, as Treasurer of the United States, is gratifying proof that the President desires to put into offices connected with the Treasury men free from political entanglements, who can be counted on to give efficient and able administration. Like the appointment of Professor Andrew of Harvard as Director of the Mint, the choice of Mr. McClung will come as another blow to the organization Republicans who, it must be admitted, have been singularly unsuccessful since Mr. Taft took office in landing jobs for any of the old broken-down hacks who usually are hailed as great financiers or administrators. Mr. MacVeagh, too, is fully awake to the importance of the new type of official, and is surrounding himself with a group of active and successful young men who may be counted upon to help him in his proposed modernization of the Treasury's methods. As to Mr. McClung, his excellent work, at a personal sacrifice, in remodelling the accounting system at Yale, argues him capable of making a success in his new office.

The late Governor Johnson expressed his general political and democratic faith in an article in the October *World's Work*. Breathing throughout it is a warm, imaginative belief in the future and in man himself. And the simplicity and genuineness of Gov. Johnson's feeling remove all taint of demagoguery. Commenting on the article, the *World's Work* defines what makes a Western man Western: "It is the feeling that the West puts a higher value on a man and less value on a dollar than the East—that a man counts for what he is, rather than for what he is worth, that the door of opportunity swings open more easily and more widely. This is what he means by 'more room,' 'more freedom,' 'a larger view,' and all the other breezy generalizations that make up his vocabulary." This Western feeling is understood, the editor goes on to say, by Senator Cummins, Gov. Johnson, and ex-President Roosevelt, and it is a feeling that may be an important political factor next year and two years thereafter. We should say, however, that the phrases used imply no conspicuously different political or social philosophy from that held in the East. There is merely in the West a more unquestioning confidence about the possibilities of what may be; consequently a greater sympathy with all tendencies which point to the future.

New Jersey's political conscience must be tough, indeed, if it fails to stir to shame under Governor Fort's hot indignation. Seldom has a party come in for such scorching denunciation as the Governor poured out at Newark upon the leaders of the Republican party in the State beloved of corporations. It is not easy, said Governor Fort, to use hard words against your party. He might have added that it is still more difficult for a public official to stand up before the voters and admit that he has failed in what he tried to do. That was the most manly thing in the Governor's speech. Elected upon a platform that bound the party to a thorough programme of political and legal reform, New Jersey's Governor declares that, with the exception of two half-hearted reform measures, neither he nor the honest minority in the Legislature has been able to carry out any of the party pledges. The bosses have put their foot through promises and pledges, and, seated in the legislative chamber, have openly dictated legislation after the good old plan that he shall sell who has the power, and he shall buy who can. One thing only honest people across the river can be thankful for: the constitutional provision which makes Governors ineligible for reëlection enables New Jersey to hear a few words of bitter truth every two years from the lips of a man who knows.

We could have wished that it had been a man named Smith, or Jones, not Khyat, who had determined to bring suit to determine whether there is any limit to the personal outrages which may be inflicted by custom-house inspectors. Yet if no native-born American has spunk enough to find out his rights and to insist upon them, we are glad that an adopted citizen has come to the rescue. Certainly, the indignities to which Mr. Khyat's wife and children were subjected on the pier, sound almost incredible. Merely on suspicion that they were smuggling, they were literally stripped to the skin, and given such a nervous shock as to make them seriously ill. And it does not appear that they even got an apology from the officials, when nothing dutiable was found! If these things had happened to an American at the hands of Turkish customs officials in Beirut, we should have known what to think of the mingled stupidity and insult.

Interesting confirmation of our belief that the United States could have as efficient an army as it now has for 60 per cent. of what it pays for its troops, comes from a military source. Capt. George T. Langhorne of the Eleventh Cavalry, in the course of a paper in the *Journal of the Military Service Institution* on his military observations when abroad last year, records his amazement at the comparatively slight cost of foreign armies as contrasted with our own. "It is safe to say," he writes, "that for the same appropriations we could have double the number of men with better efficiency; but to do so, we should have to follow the best business methods and have the interest of the nation above all other considerations." Cost of administration in European armies, Capt. Langhorne finds, has been reduced to as low a percentage as in any of our immense business plants. There is little or no waste, and such money as is expended is applied directly to practical necessities, great attention being given to unit costs of men, horses, arms, etc. Here is a fresh demonstration of the need for the board we have urged, which should recast the business system of the army. Plenty of efficient men of affairs could be called upon for volunteer service, and there are available a number of younger officers like Capt. Langhorne who realize that the American taxpayer is getting only about sixty cents' worth of army for every dollar he devotes to that purpose.

The Hudson-Fulton display of Saturday night in New York makes one look back with pitying contempt upon the notion of "illumination" which prevailed before the introduction of electric lighting. Beginning only with Paris in 1889, followed by the outlining in light of the Court of Honor in Chicago in 1893, with swinging searchlights and the iridescences of the "Electric Fountain," then again the view across from the Trocadero to the Champ de Mars in 1900, and the Pan-American at Buffalo in 1901, what a wonderful series it has been! In some respects the latest mentioned was the most remarkable, the gradual illumination of Buffalo until the Electric Tower, in a white and dazzling sheen, closed the vista of the display. Such an advance might have been expected from a fair which had harnessed Niagara for power to be transformed into light. But even those who had seen all these sights must have found the spectacle of Saturday night not only worth see- but worth going to see. And some of the most memorable of the sights were far from the Riverside Drive. Those who were fortunate enough to go home by the East River found its illuminations as memorable as on the Hudson. The outlining of the four great bridges with electric light produced an effect which surely cannot be matched in any other city of the world.

If a statue of Hudson is to constitute part of his projected monument, there can be no possible excuse for failing to "get a likeness." What manner of man Hudson was is fully set forth in "Knickerbocker's History of New York." To begin with, he was "a short, square, brawny old gentleman, with a double chin, a mastiff mouth, and a broad copper nose." Bronze would then seem to be the best material for his statue. But Knickerbocker gives us even fuller details:

> He wore a true Andrea Ferrera tucked in a leathern belt, and a commodore's cocked hat on one side of his head. He was remarkable for always jerking up his breeches when he gave out his orders.

"I have been thus particular in his description," Knickerbocker concludes, "for the benefit of modern painters and statuaries, that they may represent him as he was, and not, according to their common custom with modern heroes, make him look like Cæsar or Marcus Aurelius or the Apollo of Belvidere."

Recent revelations of bad conditions in our prisons fall in with indications of a more enlightened popular view of the whole subject of the treatment of crime. The probation officer, the parole system, the small "home" for wild boys—all imply an attempt to treat, as much as possible, every "criminal" personally, to treat him, in other words, as a human being, and not as a type. This is summed up in a remark of Oscar Wilde's. In a letter hitherto unpublished, he wrote: "It is not the prisoners who need reformation. It is the prisons." This, if interpreted widely, is profoundly in line with our present feeling. What is needed in the way of reform is a radical improvement in our treatment of criminals, not only in captivity, but at large. We need to realize the great sensitiveness of the child and his infinite possibilities for development in either a good or a bad direction, depending on his environment, in the widest sense. And the only vital way, which at present seems practicable, to improve the "environment" of those already injured morally and nervously, is to give them a much greater amount of personal attention than is now the case. The drift is in that good direction.

Dr. Eliot reëchoes the materialism of forty years ago when he makes the surgeon the chief priest of his new religion. Perhaps there would be no objection if we could find a surgeon who made no mistakes. Forty years ago, "science" was to supply man with everything that he had been accustomed to look for in faith. But the science of a later day has been rather anxious to shift the burden of ministering to man's religious instincts. Science, in fact, has been catching the habit of summoning faith to its own aid, as a controversy now under way eloquently testifies. The present age has a little less confidence in doctors than we had two decades ago. The *materia medica* has had to stand some rude assaults. The surgeon's knife, it is true, has inspired reverence, but only a few weeks after Dr. Eliot propounded the substitution of scalpel and anæsthetic for crozier and incense, a medical congress at Berlin voted that surgeons operate too readily, in some diseases.

John H. Finley, president of the College of the City of New York, has been saying something which may seem radical to those who still feel the past only. "Look to the city-bred boy," he said, "for the great things in the future. The great problems of the future will be city problems. The men who have been bred in the cities, who understand them, and who have had the training, will solve these problems. Once he has acquired health and strength, the city-bred youth is far better fitted to go out into the world and make a name for himself than the boy from the farm. Temperamentally, he is better fitted for the struggle. His environment has made him so." The advantages of living in the country are as obvious now as they always have been. But as conditions are becoming more and more such as necessitate the bringing-up of our youth in the cities, the actual problem is how to train them there to the best advantage. By gymnasium exercise and other ways of keeping the body in good condition, the city youth may measurably attain to country vigor, and then may use it with greater effect than could their country cousins. When the latter come to the city, they flounder about for a time, unfitted to their surroundings and probably always somewhat handicapped. It is still true, we suppose, that the majority of leading men in a given city are country-bred; but the future, as President Finley said, may possibly bring a change.

The appearance of the first advertisement of aeroplanes for sale is startling proof that the heavier-than-air machine has reached the stage of commercial exploitation. We are happy to note this, for under the commercial test the development of the flying machine is bound to progress far more rapidly than when it is in the hands of rich amateurs or inventors backed by wealthy friends or the government. In Germany, the new Zeppelin company expects to make money, and the need of earning dividends will improve the Zeppelin craft far more rapidly even than the plaudits of the Emperor and the entire capital city. So with the aeroplanes; trade competition will soon show

how they can be reduced in size and cost and their safety increased. It is significant in this connection that the firm which advertises is a large automobile concern. Just as the bicycle-makers were compelled to turn to automobiles, and our best carriage-makers have made their carriage-building secondary to automobile bodies, so the automobile firms may, in turn, have to take up the new machine. It is certainly an inviting field for Yankee ingenuity and enterprise, particularly when such men as Curtiss and Wright are showing the way. We can sympathize with the resident of New Jersey, who, having had the distinction of owning the first automobile in that State, is now soon to receive an acroplane. But dangerous as the motor-car was, and is, it will seem safe as a baby-carriage beside the risks of the aeroplane, until that machine is better understood and further developed.

The recent Champlain celebration drew attention to one side of French genius which we Anglo-Saxons have been wont to slight. The story of the French in the New World is more thrilling, more compact of historical romance, than that of the English. This is not to compare the two peoples as colonizers; we all know how that competition ended. We are reminded of the hardihood of the old seamen who sailed the Saint Lawrence, when we read, in the London *Outlook*, a little article on "The Seaside Life of France." The London journalist has at last discovered that Trouville does not sum up the subject in one word. He writes, presumably of the Breton sailors who were later to exploit the Canadian fisheries:

> As early as the thirteenth century these simple and hardy sailors carried on an enormous trade. Their fleets traversed every sea. One captured the Canaries, another merchant squadron sailed up the Tagus and boarded the King of Portugal in his capital. . . . It was they who opened the fur trade in Canada and established a European colony in Senegal; and even now the men travel to the uttermost parts of the earth, and the women take their full share in the varied life of the great seaport towns and little fishing villages of the country.

It does, indeed, give one a start when, on a walking-tour that has taken one as far as savage Penmarch, one sees in the "best room" of a peasant's cottage trinkets and postcards sent home by seafaring sons and brothers from half the seaports of this travelled world.

When the German Reichstag assembles for its autumn session, an important question is expected to come up as a consequence of the fall of Von Bülow and the rearrangement of parties that led to it. This is whether a new President and new Vice-Presidents of the Reichstag shall be elected. The present presiding officers, Count Stolberg, the President, and Dr. Paasche and Herr Kämpf, the Vice-Presidents, were chosen by the *bloc* of party groups which the Chancellor organized to support his Government in the Reichstag elected in January, 1907. But that *bloc* is now disrupted. It was a fresh party alliance which overthrew Von Bülow and is now in Parlimentary control. And the expectation is that it will insist upon naming a new President and at least one new Vice-President. The desire to do this arises partly from a natural wish to emphasize the power of the new partly grouping, but also from the importance of having presiding officers in political sympathy with the majority. The President of the Reichstag, while not a party leader like our Speaker of the House of Representatives, is yet far from the detached and non-partisan position of the Speaker of the House of Commons. He has much to do with deciding on the order of business, and in acting as intermediary between the Reichstag and the Government, while in other ways he exerts powerful influence upon legislation. Hence it is not strange that a demand for a new President has sprung up, and bids fair to be the first interesting political question brought before the Reichstag.

The Kaiser's Colonial Secretary is developing into as indefatigable a circuit rider as the Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry, used to be a few years ago. Aristocratic Germany was outraged when William II named Bernhard Dernburg, a man who bore the triple curse of a plebeian origin, Jewish ancestry, and success in business, to replace a noble and incompetent director at the head of the Bureau of Colonial Affairs. The new director, who in a short while became a full-fledged Minister of the Colonies, brought in new blood with a vengeance. The Kaiser's colonies were in a bad way. German East Africa's principal crop, under fine militaristic cultivation, was native rebellion and discontent. German Southwest Africa was planted thick with the graves of poor fellows in the Kaiser's uniform sent out to butcher the Herreros and be butchered by them. Herr Dernburg began by clearing all the old bureaucratic lumber out of the Colonial Office; then he set out to see things for himself. He has visited the African colonies and laid the foundation for the building up of a permanent and profitable agriculture. In Southwest Africa the recent discovery of diamonds has proved a windfall to the new Minister. But windfalls as a permanent resource are not in Herr Dernburg's line. His heart is set on cotton. If German spindles can be fed from German cotton fields, one of the Kaiser's fondest dreams will be realized. With that end in view, Herr Dernburg is now on his way to this country to study the South and rob it of its secrets. This is an example of German method and application which has driven Mr. Balfour in despair to embrace protectionism.

The Spanish troops in Morocco have followed up an unlucky start with a splendid recovery. Mount Guruga, the Riff stronghold, is said to be virtually captured, and the Moors are negotiating for surrender. Undoubtedly it is the very poor beginning of the campaign that heightens the effect of the subsequent victories. The Spanish army had no such difficulties to contend with as the French did two years ago in Western Morocco. The latter had a coast-line of possibly one hundred miles to cover, with an indefinite hinterland. The peninsula about Melilla, where the Spanish campaign is under way, is hardly twenty miles by twenty. It is true that the mountain country gave the Riffs an initial advantage which the Chaouiya tribes lacked against the French. But the advantage was only apparent. By holding the Riff forces tied down to a few square miles of territory, it soon gave the Spanish troops a chance to corral them. When it comes to stand-up fighting between Europeans and the primitive peoples, the issue can never be long in doubt. It is the system of fight and scamper that uses up expeditionary troops. As it was, panic taught the Spanish government wisdom, and by throwing a good-sized army into Africa it has exacted almost dramatic vengeance on the Moors.

POOR CONGRESS!

In one of his Western speeches, the President said that, when he thought how much there was for Congress to do and how short the session must be, he could not but tremble. Yet his sensations can be nothing to those of Congressmen themselves. They see gradually unfolded before them an enormous programme. They are expected to reform the currency and perfect a banking system. Many laws respecting the conservation of forests, mines, and water-power are expected of them. A vast and complicated measure recasting the Anti-Trust Act is to be laid before them. They will also be asked to devise laws to restore the merchant marine. All these and other extra subjects of legislation will be loaded upon Congressional shoulders already bowed under the burden of passing the laws necessary for carrying on the government. The President speaks easily of the urgent need of cutting down appropriations by $40,000,000 or $50,000,000, but the labor involved in that alone is oppressive, and will tax the best energies of the best heads in Congress for many months. It would not be surprising, therefore, if members of the House and Senate, contemplating all this work piling up on them, should emit groans or despair.

As a matter of fact, however, they are, rather, chuckling to themselves and their friends with a touch of cynicism. They have been there before. This is not the first time that elaborate schemes of legislation have been pressed upon them. They have often before been called upon to reform everything out of hand, with a complete set of new laws. They have seen what has come of it. They have witnessed the impetuosity of an Executive dash itself to pieces against the stolid inertia of Congress. Large and glowing promises have before now turned out meagre and drab performance. So it is with a kind of amused wonder that Congressmen observe the President unroll to the gaze of the West his legislative programme. Their instinctive question is: "How much of it does he really suppose he will get?"

In trying to estimate the actual outcome of Mr. Taft's extensive proposals, we have to reckon not merely with the great difficulty of getting a large and unwieldy body to act together. That is initial, fundamental, and always present; but behind it there lies an even more formidable obstacle. This is the political hopes and fears of Congressmen. They will have to come before their constituents for renomination next autumn, and for election in the November following; and it is not too much to say that the thought of their own political fortunes will be uppermost in their minds during the entire session of Congress. That will be the test by which they will tacitly decide their attitude towards all controverted bills—"will it help or hurt my chances for reëlection?"

Now, the great Congressional rule is: When in doubt, do nothing. Members get contradictory advice. One set of newspapers urges them to act, another threatens to denounce and oppose them if they do act. From certain people in their districts they receive appeals and demands to support a pending bill, as one upon which the salvation of the country hangs; but by other voters they are warned that the measure is fraught with mischief and iniquity, and will be the political death of any member who favors it. The net effect is to intensify Congressional inertia, and to convince doubtful Representatives that their strength is in sitting still.

These well-known facts have gone to establish the tradition that it is impossible to extract any strongly opposed legislation out of Congress in the session immediately before Congressional elections. Caution and timidity are then the chosen counsellors, and the prevailing political maxim is: "Why can't you let it alone?" This dread of doing anything important with an election impending, was one reason given for summoning Congress in extra session last March to revise the tariff. With the memory of what happened after the passage of the McKinley tariff in 1890, Congressmen, it was felt, could not be persuaded to touch the explosive subject unless the political result was at least a year away. But the same reasoning will work powerfully for inaction next winter. This fact alone, in the opinion of good judges, will put any currency legislation out of the question. To this view, the Administration now appears to be quietly coming around, for the President intimated the other day that currency and banking reform would probably be deferred to the session of 1910-11. But Mr. Taft will find, if his other measures take on a sharply controversial aspect, that the tendency to postpone them, too, will be very strong.

This kind of inveterate cross-purposes between the Executive and Congress—the former pushing on and the latter holding back—seems inherent in our political system. The Administration and the majority in Congress do not stand or fall together. Congress practically says to the President, at the time of the elections midway in his term of office: "It is all very well for you to say that we ought to pass all these bills, but you don't have to go out and receive the verdict of the people, while we have. So you must not blame us for being a little more circumspect than you seem to be."

REORGANIZING THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

Recent Washington dispatches announced that Secretary Knox had appointed Henry M. Hoyt, Solicitor-General under the Roosevelt Administration, to be Counsellor of the Department of State. We have also had news of several other important appointments made in that Department. Additional bureaus have been created to manage its affairs. Two well-paid experts have been added to the existing Bureau of Trade Relations to collect information concerning foreign markets; and Bureaus of Far Eastern Affairs, of Latin-American Affairs, and of Information have been formed. These activities and others which are expected to follow indicate that a reorganization of the Department has been undertaken, upon radical lines, and that the most conservative of all the executive offices is entering upon a new epoch in its history.

Its former conservatism, however, has not been altogether of its own seeking, for successive Secretaries of State have for many years past informed Congress that the Department was not adequately equipped for its increasing business. The last and most forcible plea came from Secretary Root, who remarked that he was like a man trying to conduct the business of a large metropolitan law-firm in the office of a village squire. Until recently, the organization was, in fact, that which Hamilton Fish put into operation nearly forty years ago. Since then only minor rearrangements have been attempted.

But we should remember that before Mr. Knox's scheme of reorganization can be put into practice, it must be laid before Congress and receive the sanction of that body. Probably it will be approved in its essential features, for Congress has been moved to admit that the needs of the Department merit attention. At the last regular session, the Senate made provision for an Under-Secretary, with a substantial salary, and for a Fourth Assistant Secretary. This measure was regarded as so certain of adoption that Mr. Taft was supposed to have made selections to fill both offices; but the House at the eleventh hour threw it out, and when Mr. Knox took charge he was without the means of carrying out any schemes of extensive reform. The extra session of the new Congress afforded him relief by making an appropriation of $100,000 to enable him to investigate trade conditions in foreign countries, "and for other purposes," thus practically giving him complete control of the fund.

His reorganization, as it stands at present, presents anomalies which he must expect Congress to correct. The Assistant Secretaries of the Department and the Solicitor are appointed by the President after confirmation by the Senate, and each receives a salary of $4,500 per annum, except the First Assistant Secretary, who receives $5,000. The salary of the new Counsellor of the Department has not been announced, but is doubtless greater than the higher of these sums. The amount is fixed by the Secretary, who also made the appointment; that is to say, an officer whose commission is signed only by the Secretary of State is better paid than are those officers whose nominations have been confirmed by the Senate and whose commissions are signed by the President and sealed with the great seal. Somewhat similar conditions must prevail in Mr. Knox's newly created bureaus. For the Latin-American Bureau a former envoy to a South American country has been selected as chief; two consuls from the Orient are to assist in conducting the Bureau of Far Eastern Affairs. It is not probable that they have consented to serve for the pitiful salary of $2,100 a year, which is the amount allowed by existing law.

The regular bureaus of the Department are eight—Diplomatic, Consular, Indexes and Archives, Accounts, Rolls and Library, Citizenship, Trade Relations, and Appointments. To these Mr. Knox has already added three, and more are expected. There is now a Solicitor of the Department, with two assistants, and associated with these law officers we now have the new Counsellor. Thus there are four secretaries, eleven or more bureaus, and four legal officers to manage the affairs of the smallest of the executive departments. We are not saying that this is too great a number or that there is not work enough for them all, but it cannot be denied that there is a possibility of top-heaviness in the arrangement. It is clear that if it is to be permanent, Congress should equalize the salaries.

The State Department is the oldest of the executive departments, and its primacy has generally been recognized. Greater distinction of office attaches to the Secretary of State than to any other Cabinet officer. The fact that Congress has always paid less attention to that Department than to the others is, doubtless, because it comes hardly at all into direct contact with the people. There was reason in the advice which an old Representative once gave to a new member, when he told him to avoid service upon a fancy committee like that of Foreign Affairs, if he wished to make himself popular with his constituents, as they cared nothing about international questions. The Department which disburses no money in the districts has few means of obliging Congressmen or of advertising its needs to the masses of the people. While its salary scale actually remains where it was before the civil war, the scale in the other departments has been steadily increased; and while its business has expanded, it has hitherto received little increase to its force. If Mr. Knox succeeds in awakening Congress to the needs of his Department, he will deserve congratulations, for there may result an efficiency and dispatch in its business which have long been desired.

ENGLAND'S POLITICAL CRISIS.

Mr. Balfour's speech in Birmingham last week had long been looked forward to as an important political deliverance. Such it proves to be, though it is not a lightning-flash to clear up the political situation and show how the great crisis is to be met. The leader of the Conservatives does not deal in dangerous electrical displays. His thunderbolts are always sicklied o'er with the pale cast of philosophic doubt. If he has now gone further than ever before in advocating protective taxes, he has left in the clouds the vital question what the Lords are to do with the Finance Bill, when it reaches them next month. To say that it would not be for the House of Lords, but for the people, to decide, is to affirm only what the Prime Minister and Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill have repeatedly declared.

Nor can Mr. Balfour's arguing for tariff duties rather than taxes on land and incomes, be said to have made the course of his party unmistakable. In one way, it is true, he squarely met the issue. The Liberals have been insistently demanding that an alternative budget should be framed by those who so violently denounce the existing one. If you say our taxes are so bad, what taxes would you propose? Well, Mr. Balfour frankly admits that he should prefer taxes on imports. But that means, in England, taxes on food—on bread and meat. The Liberals in 1906 raised the cry of "free food," and won their great victory partly by leading the country to fear that the retention of the Conservatives in power would mean bread-taxes. This was indignantly denied at the time by the Tory leaders; but now they are forced to confess that such is their programme. Of course, they protest that they mean to begin with only a "little" tax, scarcely perceptible; but all the same they have definitely committed themselves to taxing the food of the people rather than the land of the rich. The Liberals could ask no better battle-cry.

Moreover, there is a distinct breach in his own party which Mr. Balfour's words must have widened, rather than closed. There are many Unionist free-traders, who, if the Conservatives are to go in for protection, ought to be read out of the party. And they were to be read out, we were told. Yet recently several of them have been agreed upon as Conservative candidates for Parliament. For the representation of Oxford University, the unrepentant Lord Hugh Cecil is to stand. Another Cecil, Lord Robert, has been accepted for Marylebone. In other constituencies, negotiations to a similar end are under way. It is said that, before the great

peril of Socialism, differences in the party must be sunk. But what the effect of this has been upon the out-and-out protectionists in the Conservative party, may be seen from the angry explosion of the *Morning Post*. Says this influential Tory organ:

> It is not surprising to learn that the suggested compromise between the leaders of the Unionist party and the small section of Free Traders is regarded with the utmost indignation by the majority of Unionist electors in the constituencies concerned. There is every justification for the feelings of exasperation aroused by a blunder which is as foolish and shortsighted as it is dangerous to the permanent interests of the party and the nation. The news of the proposed arrangement with Lord Robert Cecil and his companions may well fill all zealous Unionists with despair. It shows clearly that the same unpractical and incapable spirit which was responsible for the disaster of 1906 is at work within the councils of the party.

We quote this to show that, if the Liberals have their troubles, the Conservatives have theirs. In spite of all the talk about closing up the ranks against the common enemy, it is clear that Mr. Balfour's followers are divided. They are not even convinced what the chief issue is to be—whether they are to be rallied against Socialism or against free trade.

Equal uncertainty shrouds the question whether the Lords ought or ought not to throw out the budget, and bring on a fateful Constitutional contest. The "Lords from the wild," as they call the peers who never go to the Gilded Chamber except to vote under orders, are getting the most dubious oracles from their party leaders. Professor Dicey has argued convincingly that the Lords have the right to reject a budget, but has no advice to give except that they should "feel assured" before acting. The *Spectator* for some time urged the Upper House to defeat the budget, but latterly has taken fright at the vital consequences of a struggle that might be lost, and now counsels the Lords to swallow the nauseous dose as best they can. Lord Rosebery, in his Glasgow speech, seemed about to come out boldly for rejecting the budget, but caught himself in time to warn their Lordships in the following terms:

> I have come to the deliberate conclusion that the Government wish the House of Lords to throw out the Finance bill. I think they believe it will cause an outcry in the country. In no other way can I explain the constant taunting and daring of the House of Lords that is visible in the speeches of ministers—not all, but some. If you wish a Briton to do a thing, dare him not to do it, and he is quite sure to do it, and I cannot help feeling that the policy of the Government is Machiavelian, and that their object is in these most injudicious speeches to spur the House of Lords to a decision which the Government desire.

Mr. Balfour's trumpet has now given an equally uncertain sound. We may well pity the sorrows of the House of Lords, trying to have somebody make up its mind.

The only Conservative leader who appears to have the courage of his convictions is the invalided Joseph Chamberlain. He sent a letter to the Birmingham meeting boldly expressing the hope that the House of Lords would "force a general election." This is only, of course, because he desires to have the issue of protection, of which he is the real begetter, brought to an early electoral test. To the taxes in Lloyd-George's budget, Mr. Chamberlain can have no settled objection, for he has himself advocated every one of them, including the super-tax on incomes, as well as the taxation of unoccupied land, sporting land, ground rent, and mineral royalties. He even advocated these taxes, "less," as he said, "for the amount they would bring into the Exchequer, than because" he thought "they would discourage certain arrangements which have been productive of much inconvenience and suffering to the community." But Joseph Chamberlain always flouts consistency, and will attack the budget all the more violently for embodying his own principles. The great decision, however, remains to be taken. The Finance Bill will reach the Lords early in October. If they screw their courage to the sticking-point and throw it out, they will precipitate a conflict which they know will result, if they lose, in their complete political extinguishment.

NEW-OLD NEW YORK.

We have always had extremes in American appreciation of America. The Yankee has either blatantly blown his own horn or else, even more odiously, has found nothing good in the land. Of all the tens of thousands whom we send abroad each year for "culture," too few reflect that there are things beautiful very close to them, things for which no admission price is charged. The rocks of the Maine seacoast are enjoyable outside of Winslow Homer's canvases. American young-womanhood, placed in a proper setting, is beautiful, even when unportrayed by Mr. Tarbell.

A fresh application of these well-worn truths is suggested by the fact that the Macmillans have just published a new picture-book on the scenes and the people of Greater New York. They are lucky enough to have Prof. John Van Dyke and Mr. Joseph Pennell as author and illustrator. In turning the pages of the volume, in lingering over the sketches in crayon and black-and-white, one is reminded that a good memory often consists in knowing how and what and when to forget. Art consists, no less, in knowing what to eliminate. The artistic conscience, like every other variety, must be "under control." This is not to deny that there are aspects of our new American cities which offer ready-made art-matter. What we have seen and appreciated as picturesque in Europe, or in picture shows of the past, we recognize for its own value, even though it be found at our very elbow. We readily see the romance of the harbor. We concede the attraction of Washington Square, done in an old-world manner. But what of the skyscrapers? What of the shabby elevated structures, and our teeming bridges? Precisely these, for at least one artist and one art-critic, have now proved enticing subjects. Rightly enough, Mr. Van Dyke says that our painters have commonly been a little bewildered by the bigness of New York:

> They do scraps of color, odd bits along the Harlem, a city square or street; but, with a few exceptions, they have not risen to the vast new city. That the "big" things, the high bridges, the colossal skyscrapers, the huge factories, the enormous waterways, are pictorial in themselves needs no wordy argument. . . . The material is here, . . . and it needs only the properly adjusted eyes to see its beauty

It is, perhaps, the encroachment of the new New York on the old that offers the artist his greatest opportunity. Others grasped this fact before Mr. Pennell set about representing sights which, but for the accident that there are "more 'no eyes' than eyes," we should be seeing every day and hour. No one has succeeded better here than Mr Mielatz in such an etching as his "Cherry Street," with the elevated ironwork shadowing the crooked lane of tenements, with which it makes a perfect composition. If only we could learn

the uselessness of trying to compare our modern cities with those which we more readily admire,—having good precedent! For New York is to the age of the aeroplane what Babylon was to the period of hanging-gardens, and London to the heyday of Vauxhall. New York and Paris cannot be studied upon one level; they are to be appraised only in their adaptation to their respective origins and uses. Therein we may win a certain reassurance.

Under the circumstances, Professor Van Dyke's attempt to compare the wild beauty of New York with that of the city on the Bosphorus, fails to move us. Walt Whitman, idly turning these pages, would have indignantly quoted two verses from his own poem, "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry":

> Now I am curious what sight can ever be more stately and admirable to me than my mast-hemm'd Manhattan,
> My river and sunset, and my scallop-edg'd waves of flood-tide.

Since the author of "The New New York" lauds as he does the wonderful clearness of American skies, it seems a bit queer that he should wish to make us believe that this city of ours is another London, too. "October with its bright light and high color has also its lilac or purple haze," he writes, and adds:

> The haze does not belong exclusively to the woodlands, though in the Central Park it lurks along the driveways, rests upon the Mall, and floods in and out among the trees and rocks and flowers. . . . It fills the whole lower avenue, surrounds the towers and steeples and cornices, and draws its mauve-hued veiling across the sharp prow of the distant Flatiron, making of that much maligned structure a thing of beauty. . . . The more dust and automobile smoke, the heavier is the atmosphere, and the more perfect the ensemble.

A double allurement has always been recognized in beauty half-veiled, and this principle of æsthetics or psychology applies to architecture as aptly as to anything else. Yet we should have liked it better had this amateur of the new New York stuck, either to the romance of the city as it is found in an occasional resemblance to old-world places, or else to the notion that sky-scraper and elevated systems are in themselves romantic.

THE FUNCTION OF SHYNESS.

From Berlin was reported, a few days ago, an extraordinary case of metamorphosis. Orville Wright was installed in the most expensive hotel in town, in the suite recently occupied by Cipriano Castro, hobnobbed daily with princes royal, slapped ambassadors and Imperial counsellors on the back, went to five o'clock teas, and liked it. This was the Orville Wright who only a few weeks ago pushed his derby far back on his head, put his thumbs into the pockets of his waistcoat, and said "How de do!" to the President of the United States.

At Fort Myer, however, it was embarrassment, where in Berlin it was nonchalance. So long as his work was still before him, Orville Wright hated reporters, fled from the presence of Congressmen, and stammered lame explanations to interested ladies. The triumph at Fort Myer was a double victory. It was a conquest of the air and a conquest of the demon of shyness which besets most truly creative workers in the midst of their tasks. That is the penalty of intense preoccupation in the inventor, the scholar, the thinker. If we reason superficially, we say that shyness in such cases proceeds from an overpowering desire not to be interfered with. But that is a minor cause. Actually, the mind that is possessed with a single great problem is so overcharged with the importance of it that it destroys all other values in life. Not to solve the problem is to be a failure, and the inventor whose plane resistances are not quite worked out, or the philosopher whose separate principles fail to dovetail, is bent down in the most sincere humility. He is shy because he cannot do the only thing in life worth doing, cannot be the only thing in life worth being. He cannot meet his fellows on an equal footing.

But when the scholar has initialled the final proof-sheet of his *magnum opus*, when the machine flies an hour and a half and comes to the ground without breaking its propeller, what a change the ironic muse is frequently compelled to record. The example of the Wrights here fails us to a certain degree. They, too, have felt the wings of victory fan their cheeks into a warmer glow, but in spite of Cipriano Castro's royal suite, Yankee wit steeped in Ohio atmosphere will probably succeed in keeping its balance. But of shyness there can no longer be any question. Stern fate, which decrees death to the conquered, just as remorselessly binds the victor to the wheel of publicity. Formerly the successful man was expected to enjoy the world's adulation or leave it alone, as it pleased him best. To-day there is no choice for him, for fame is no longer a pleasant sensation to be tasted, but a commodity to be capitalized and trafficked in. Tame the air, range the African wilds with your gun, or discover the Pole, and you are immediately the profit-taking victim of every instrument capable of impinging on the public ear drum. The linotypes cry, "Talk through us"; the phonograph machines plead, "Shout through us"; the color-presses beg, "Paint through us"; the moving-picture screens implore, "Hop, skip, jump, climb, fall, and rise on us." Fame's commercial agents knock her victims down with golden bludgeons and exhibit the body to the populace, to the victim's enormous profit. Under such circumstances how can shyness walk hand in hand with success?

And the timid triumphator finds it hard not to yield. It is not only the temptation of gold and power. It is the great love for his fellowmen that always burns in the heart of the diffident man. For let it be said again, the shy man's fear of people arises from a profound humility and an exalted altruism. The shy do not think their mere common humanity a sufficient title to the attention of those around them. They must earn that attention by service. They go about pleading, "Let me do something for you. Let me build your aeroplane for you. Let me map your Arctic zones for you. Let me find the ideal form of government for you." The love is there; but it finds expression in service. What wonder, therefore, if when the service is completely rendered, that shyness should show all at once the social passion that has always been there. Airily we say that, of course, extremes run into extremes, that timidity leads to paranoia. Actually the warm soul has always been there, glowing behind the mask.

Thus Nature once more manifests her magnificent adjustment of means to end. When she has picked out genius to do her work, this one to ride the clouds or charm the tides, and that one to recover the secrets of the dead past or to fashion the pillars of the future, she sets them apart from the rest of the world. She protects them against the idler, the fool, the pretender, the bore.

the empty chatterbox, and the curious bystander by throwing over her chosen ones the impenetrable armor of self-consciousness and shyness. In monastic seclusion, they do their work and serve her ends. When the work is done and her ends are attained, Nature, in her magnificent cruelty, snatches from them the armor of their diffidence and leaves them naked to the allurements of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

THE METAPHYSICIAN OF THE LIFE-FORCE.*

I.

Out of the many new conceptions and new formulas for the universe that have been engaged in so confusing a struggle for survival in the reflection of the past century, at least two appear to emerge from the welter in flourishing condition. And these two, different though they are in origin, have shown so marked an affinity for each other that they may be said to have mated and brought into being a new view of the general nature of things, which shows every promise of great influence, if not of dominance, in the philosophical and religious thinking of the newer generation. These two conceptions are, first, the doctrine that the reality manifested in the world of our experience is at bottom a blind, striving, unresting, expansive Will to Live, *Wille zum Leben*, a reality that is in some degree revealed inwardly in man's volitional life, but is more fundamental than intellect; and, secondly, the doctrine of cosmic and organic evolution. The first has tended, of late, to be taken in a very un-Schopenhauerian, because unpessimistic, sense; and the second in a very un-Darwinian, because unmechanistic, sense; and their issue, when so taken, is a way of thinking about the universe which may be characterized as an evolutionism at once radical and romantic.

A "radical" evolutionism means a policy of thorough in the application of the idea of development to the universe; it means conceiving of the world through and through—or, at least, all of it with which men have any sort of concern—as subject to change, to becoming, to gradual self-transformation, and to cumulative self-augmentation. Thoroughness in this way of thinking is not a thing to which the human mind has naturally inclined; and it has not been common in philosophy or theology, even since evolutionary ideas have come into vogue. We have, indeed, had in the course of the nineteenth century many systems of thought in which the idea of evolution, in a broad sense, has played a great part. The German philosophers of the romantic period, in their "philosophies of history," and even in their metaphysics, often seemed to be giving an essentially dramatic version of the nature of the world; the cosmic piece seemed to have action and plot and a gradual unfolding, and even moments of suspense and uncertainty. No small part of the charm that Hegel exercised over many minds in his own time and since, lay in that aspect of his system wherein all human history was pictured as but a long, slow, painful urge and struggle of the Absolute Spirit, through vicissitude after vicissitude and negation after negation, toward a larger and more manifold life, a fuller self-affirmation, a freer forth-putting of power. Hegel's seemingly arid logic was, after all, as Professor Royce has said, the logic of passion, and more specially of the passion of struggle and expansion: "his Absolute was a man of war." But in this romantic evolutionism Hegel never dared to be radical. Struggle and becoming and progress were not the last words of his philosophy; rather were they descriptive of specious but illusory aspects of the universe. When all was said, time itself was a false appearance; the Logic was but a changeless scheme of relations between concepts, to which it was not in the least essential that they should be unfolded successively and gradually; and the Absolute was not really engaged in the hazards or hampered by the oppositions of the battlefield, but was eternally at peace and eternally triumphant. The same must be said of the philosophy of Schopenhauer; his *Wille zum Leben*, through some brilliant rhetorical hocus-pocus, came out at the end strangely metamorphosed into identity with the dreaming, if not, indeed, the dead, Absolute of Hindu mysticism.

II.

Thus throughout most of the nineteenth century—the century of evolutionary ways of thinking in all the provinces of thought—both the idealistic philosophers and popular theology have taken their evolutionism with reserves—have, indeed, made it always subordinate to its logical opposites in metaphysics, the "creationism" of Hebrew cosmogony or the "emanationism" of the later Platonists. Both these fashions of conceiving the temporal aspect of things assume that a sort of Being that is perfect and infinite and omnipotent must have come first in the order of existence—first logically and chronologically and causally; and, what is more, that such a Being, even though it somehow engenders a world of beings imperfect and finite and destined to struggle and to gradual development, remains itself withal no less perfect and infinite and unperturbed. In short, even since the general diffusion of the idea of development, theology and the more religious sorts of philosophy have, as a rule, continued to take for granted that essentially emanational conception of the becoming of things which the Angelic Doctor explained to Dante in the Fourth Heaven:

> All things, whether mortal or immortal, are naught but the radiance of that Idea which, in His love, our Lord God brings to birth; for that Living Light which so proceeds from Its lucent source that It is not disunited from It, . . . through Its own bounty collects Its rays, as it were mirrored, in new existences, Itself eternally remaining one. Thence, by degrees, It descends to the nethermost possibilities of being, lending to each in turn reality, becoming such that finally It makes naught save short-lived and contingent entities—by which I mean the generated things that the heavens in their motion produce.

A habit of mind rooted so deep, not merely in philosophical tradition, but in the long-established preconceptions of popular thought, is not changed easily, nor without profoundly changing the temper and attitudes of men's minds at many other points. It would not be easy, therefore, to exaggerate the historic interest and significance of the fact that a genuinely radical evolutionism, which is at the same time of a highly romantic and religious spirit, is just now receiving vigorous and frequent expression from men whose ideas have exceptional currency and influence. It was, for example, this view of things, which was expressed in popular language by Mr. Bernard Shaw, in one of the most serious and sincere of his utterances—his address on the "New Theology." Some of it is worth recalling here, for the sake of the perfect antithesis it exhibits to the passage I have quoted from Dante. Theology, Mr. Shaw insists, has always made "the entirely gratuitous assumption that the force behind the universe is omnipotent." We must rather conceive of it

> as a bodiless, impotent force, having no executive power of its own, wanting instruments, something to carry out its will in the world making all manner of experiments, creating birds, reptiles, animals, trying one thing after another, rising higher and higher in the scale of organism, and finally producing man. . . . Instead of the old notion that creation began with a God, a personal being, who, being perfect, created something lower than Himself, the aim of the New Theology is to turn the process the other way, and to conceive of the force behind the universe as working up through imperfection and mistake to a perfect organized being, having the power of fulfilling its highest purposes. . . . The object of the whole evolutionary process is to realize [*i. e.*, make real] God.

It is substantially the same type of doctrine that Professor James gives us in the concluding chapter of his volume on Pragmatism, in which he sets forth the sort of metaphysics towards which Pragmatism points—"the hypothesis of a world growing, not integrally, but piece-meal, by the contributions of its

*L'Evolution créatrice. Par Henri Bergson. 4me éd. Paris. 1908.

several parts." And in his latest book it is as much in a radically evolutionary as in a "pluralistic" universe that he finds the only possible "escape from the paradoxes and perplexities that a consistently thought-out monistic universe suffers from—the mystery of the 'fall,' namely, of reality lapsing into appearance, truth into error, perfection into imperfection; . . . the mystery of universal determinism, of the block-universe eternal and without a history."

III.

But there have been two chapters in the history of the influence of evolutionary ideas in nineteenth-century thought. If the first part of the century was filled with idealistic philosophies, of the romantic type, but only half-hearted in their evolutionism, the second half has been filled with doctrines in cosmology and biology that may appear sufficiently radical in their application of the conception of evolution, but are scarcely of the romantic temper. For these take their evolutionism as part of a mechanistic philosophy of nature; the world is, indeed, treated as involved in a consecutive process of development, but that process is regarded as wholly reducible to a mechanically necessary series of changes of spatial position in the parts of a closed physical system, whose constituent sum of matter and energy is never either increased or diminished. In such a scheme there can, of course, be no element of contingency and real struggle; nor can there be any true evolution, in the sense of an actual augmentation and transformation of the world as a whole. The process could have no more dramatic interest than the shiftings of the relative positions of the pieces in a kaleidoscope

The classic example of this kind of evolutionism—or of an attempt after it—is, of course, the system of Herbert Spencer—in that part of it which deals with "the knowable." The notorious inconsistencies of the result were doubtless inevitable consequences of the nature of the enterprise; for it is hard, if not impossible, to write voluminously about evolution without implying that something is really getting evolved—that there are from time to time emerging new qualities in things, fresh increments of being, new items of content in the universe. However sure the philosopher may profess to be that the whole transaction is nothing but "the continuous *redistribution* of matter and motion," he is not likely to be content to limit his philosophizing to the corresponding programme—that of chronicling, with the help of the laws of motion, the successive migrations of each changeless atom from point to point in the infinite inane. Evolution and mechanism are—though the fact has been but rarely suspected—profoundly uncongenial notions; and Spencer's reading of the universe is therefore full of irrepressible romantic elements that accord ill with the professed first principles of it. With the universe at large Darwin troubled little; but in the specifically biological application of the idea of evolution, he, too—or his followers, more Darwinian than he—reduced development to an essentially mechanical process. Organisms—living, self-reproducing, variable—he took for granted; but their variations were but random fluctuations, such as the mathematical theory of probabilities would require; and the progressive diversification of species and adaptation of functions to needs, in which organic evolution consists, was declared to be but the necessary outcome of the rigid pressure of external physical conditions, by which misfits were automatically crushed out.

Such theories, it is evident, are not truly radical forms of evolutionism; they give little or no recognition to the idea of spontaneous, forward-reaching, cumulative development. Against this arrested evolutionism of mechanistic science there is now taking place a rebellion not less noticeable than that against the arrested evolutionism of absolutistic metaphysics. A singular recrudescence of vitalism has been one of the most conspicuous tendencies of the past decade among German biologists. And neo-vitalism, as Dr. Ludwig Stein has remarked in a recent survey of that movement, "is a sort of romanticism in natural science." With however little warrant in biological knowledge, the popular preachers of radical evolutionism have likewise often rejected with vehemence the Darwinian and Spencerian conceptions of evolution. Mr. Archibald Henderson has lately classified Mr. Shaw, upon that writer's own authority, as "a confirmed neo-Lamarckian," and quotes him as saying that we must "conceive the will as creative energy, as Lamarck did, and totally renounce and abjure Darwinian, Marxian, and all fatalistic, penny-in-the-slot theories of evolution whatever." Nietzsche, long ago, characterized the hypothesis of natural selection—according to which evolution results wholly from the pressure of environmental conditions upon merely plastic organic material—as "the idea of a neurasthenic."

IV.

These historical preliminaries may, perhaps, serve better than an equal amount of direct exposition to make clear the nature and the significance of M. Bergson's philosophy. He is primarily the systematic elaborator of the metaphysics of radical and romantic evolutionism. As such, he unites in a new way several diverse streams of philosophical tendency. He revives something of the philosophy of the German romanticists, and he is, perhaps, not completely innocent of certain of their faults; for in some of his less felicitous ingenuities unsympathetic readers of scientific training may find a resemblance to features of that *a priori* and over-imaginative *Naturphilosophie* by which Schelling and Hegel brought so much scandal upon the entire guild of philosophers. But he is free from their logical formality and artificiality in his manner, as he is of their Absolutes and Eternals in his doctrine. Again, like Hegel he is peculiarly akin to the philosopher of Ephesus among the ancients—he is a sort of modernized Heraclitus; but he is thorough-going in his "flowing philosophy," whereas Hegel was a Heraclitus afraid of the fire. With these affinities to earlier schools, M. Bergson ought also to be regarded as the successor of Spencer in the attempt to give a comprehensive philosophical interpretation and generalization of latter-day evolutionary science, and especially of the results of nineteenth century biology. But he finds that Spencer had no sooner embarked upon this enterprise than he stopped short:

> He had promised to trace a genesis—and forthwith you find him doing something wholly different. His doctrine bears, indeed, the name of evolutionism; it professes to remount and then follow down the course of the becoming of the universe. But in reality it has nothing whatever to say about either becoming or evolution.

As little can M. Bergson accept the biology of Darwin. He is, indeed, too familiar with Lamarck's text to be willing to call himself "a confirmed neo-Lamarckian"—especially since he does not much believe in the inheritance of acquired characters. But he regards neo-Lamarckism, in the form given it by the late Professor Cope, as far nearer the truth than Darwinism; it is, "of all the contemporary forms of evolutionism, the only one which can find any place for an internal and psychological principle of development, even though it does not itself necessarily make use of such a principle."

V.

For M. Bergson, evolution is essentially "creative"; is a *devenir réel*, a process in the course of which there is an actual and absolute coming into being of new items of existence, which not only were not contained in any preceding stage of the process, but were not even, in any intelligible sense, necessary or predestined at any such earlier stage. The reality of which evolution manifests the nature is an expanding life-force, an *élan vital*, an inward urge in things, a *poussée intérieure;* and "the rôle of life is to bring about indeterminateness in the behavior of matter. In proportion as life evolves, the new forms which it engenders are undeterminable, not to be foreseen." This does not mean, of course, that all is caprice

and disorder; the creative achievement of the life-force is slow and is always obstructed by the inertness and mechanical rigidity of matter. Moreover, as we look backward over its past achievements we see a certain amount of uniformity in life's creations; they exhibit a certain consistency of style. The process moves in a single general direction, and within distinctive limits; but it does move, and always at the growing points of the universe things in some measure unprecedented and unpredictable are coming to the birth.

Not that organic evolution is held by M. Bergson to be rectilinear. The *élan vital* is not like the god of the "Bridgewater Treatises," a clever artificer, seeing its goal from the start and neatly adapting means to ends with undeviating continuity. M. Bergson intends his doctrine to be as remote from the teleology of the natural theologians—evolutionist or pre-evolutionist—as it is from the machine-theory of nature. The life-force at first moves upon its way blindly and fumblingly. To make progress, to express its nature, it must work through a matter that is alien to it and refractory to its purposes. In adapting itself thus to external conditions, it makes many a false start, and enters many a *cul-de-sac*. Even apart from these obstacles, it tends of its own nature to split into divergent lines of evolution; for "life is essentially active force," and it is characteristic of such a force to radiate "sheaf-wise." The lower organisms, therefore, are not to be regarded merely as so many necessary stages in an orderly march of the life-force towards man or a beyond-man. They are in part unfinished side-tracks. But upon no line save one—not even in the elaboration of instinct, so admirable in certain of the insects—could life find the free course in which its own meaning, its latent tendency, might be adequately realized. That could be found only through the evolution of intelligence and reflective reason. Inferior to instinct though reason often is in effectiveness and vigor of action, it has two decisive superiorities. It is capable of unlimited expansion; in the rational animal, "for each need that is satisfied there is created a new need; and thus —unlike instinct, which forms for the animal a closed circle of automatic activities—intelligence opens to activity a field of indefinite extent, in which it may push ever farther and farther on." Above all, in rationality the life-impulse attains to self-knowledge. It makes at least partially explicit in the form of conscious purpose the meaning and central drift of what had hitherto been but a blind and often a futile pressure.

Yet rationality itself is a dangerous instrument for that very force which has fabricated it. For it is oddly prone to take itself for something more than an instrument. It is, to change the figure, a child constitutionally incapable of ever quite understanding the parent that begot it. For its idiosyncrasy, as a specific process, is that it must needs endeavor to represent things as discrete and as somehow fixed and crystallized; whereas, the real stuff of experience is continuous and is in perpetual flux. What is worse, reason, as the history of philosophy and that of religion abundantly show, has a perverse inclination to turn against the business and traditions of the house of which it is sprung and from which, in truth, it derives all of its support. The hard-won capital of life is thus turned against the ends of life; in intellectualist philosopher, in ascetic moralist, in other-worldly mystic, the will to live, active even here, is strangely set in activity against itself.

Yet for all these excesses of the intellect, M. Bergson is confident that a true philosophy will provide a corrective; for reason has, after all, the saving grace of being able to recognize its own limitations. So chastened, reason will make, even in the philosophic activity itself, for the service and the intensification of life, not for detachment from life nor for superciliousness towards any of life's manifestations:

> More modest is the philosophy which we propose: modest, and yet it alone is capable of being carried through to completion. The human intellect, as we conceive it, is not at all such a thing as Plato represents in the allegory of the cave. It is as little its function to gaze idly upon shadows as they pass as it is, turning backward, to lose itself in contemplation of the celestial splendor. It has other work to do. Yoked, like oxen, to a heavy task, we feel the play of our muscles, the weight of the plough, the resistance of the soil. To act and to know that we act, to enter into contact with reality—indeed, to *live* reality, yet only in the measure in which it is involved in the work that is in process of accomplishment, the furrow that is being drawn; such is the function of man's intellect. . . . Philosophy can be but an effort to immerse oneself afresh in the universal life. The intellect, coming into touch again with the source from which it sprang, will, as it were, live over again in reverse order its own genesis. But the enterprise is not one to be achieved at a stroke; it will necessarily be collective and progressive. It will consist in an exchange of insights which, correcting and supplementing one another, will enlarge this human nature of ours, and in the end enable it to transcend itself. . . . Such a philosophy, which seeks to absorb intelligence again into intuition, does more than simplify speculation. It also gives greater energy for action and for life. For with it we no longer feel ourselves isolated in humanity, and humanity itself no longer seems to us isolated in the nature over which it rules. As the smallest grain of dust is one with our whole solar system, drawn along with it in that undivided movement of descent which constitutes materiality, so all organic beings, from the humblest to the highest, . . . in all places as in all times, do but make manifest a single impulsion, contrary in its movement to that of matter, and, in itself, indivisible. . . . The animal supports itself upon the plant, man goes astride of the animal, and all humanity, scattered through space and through time, is one immense army galloping beside and behind and in front of each of us, drawing us on in a sweeping charge that can beat down every resistance and override many an obstacle, perhaps even death itself ("L'Évolution créatrice," pp. 209 and 293-4).

VI.

Not every designer of a *Weltanschauung* can be called, in the more exacting sense of the word, a philosopher. And it is, perhaps, by this time apparent to the judicious reader that M. Bergson has gifts of imagination and of style that are perilous possessions for one who would practise the austerities of philosophic thinking. He has, in particular, a remarkable fertility and felicity in metaphor and analogy, in concrete and pictorial ways of expressing or illustrating abstract ideas; and this talent betrays him more than once, and occasionally at somewhat critical transitions in his argument, into letting a simile do duty for a syllogism. Thus, the reasoning of a passage which I have already summarized would, if writ large, apparently work out into something like this: The *élan vital* is somewhat similar to an acting force in dynamics—though in essence very different; the lines in the field of force of certain bodies (namely, of magnetic, bipolar bodies) have, when plotted, a radiating or sheaf-like shape; *ergo*, life necessarily evolves from a single focus upon divergent lines. The logic here is scarcely of irresistible cogency. Nor is M. Bergson at all constantly mindful of one part of his doctrine when expounding another. For example, he is a believer in the biological hypothesis of orthogenesis, which asserts that organisms vary from generation to generation along determinate and restricted lines. But this means that the transmission of life takes place precisely as the action of force does not; for the latter, apart from the action of antagonistic forces, spreads out equally and evenly in all directions. Again, our metaphysician has an incorrigibly dramatic imagination; the tendency to personify and hypostatize is strong in him. Consequently, though the life-force below the stage of rational consciousness is nominally defined as blind, as innocent of foresight and design, in point of fact the whole evolutionary process is portrayed as a sort of contest of wits between Life, as hero, and Matter, as villain; we find Life figuring as a veritable Odysseus of many wiles, putting up clever tricks upon his duller adversary, achieving an end by indirection where a frontal attack has failed, building up complex and delicate instruments to serve his ulterior purposes, and in general behaving with singular ingenuity and foresight. M. Bergson's promise to

refrain from using the conception of "design" is very imperfectly fulfilled. It results from such traits that he leaves many matters deeply obscure, and the more obscure the more closely his account of them is scrutinized. Most elusive of all is just this central duality of life and matter; their supposed relations, and their status with respect to the old controversies of realist and idealist, are never, I think, made wholly intelligible.

It ought, finally, to be said, with all the more emphasis because of these lapses from the rigor of the game—that M. Bergson has made at least one exceedingly important contribution to philosophy in the strictest sense. He has presented what is to the philosopher more precious than the most imposing of conclusions; namely, a decisive premise from which significant conclusions can be drawn. He has, in a word, struck out a distinctive, and trenchant piece of dialectic. It is hardly the sort of thing that can be made either comprehensible or interesting to the untechnical reader in a paragraph; yet, in essence, it amounts to so simple a thing as the discovery of what is implied by the fact that we undeniably experience temporal duration. The genuinely temporal has usually fared ill at the hands of metaphysics, and even of science. But through M. Bergson, it promises to come into its own—almost for the first time since Heraclitus. For the author of "L'Évolution créatrice" has, I think, put philosophers upon the way to a proof that our time-consciousness is incapable of inclusion within the being of any immutable Eternal, and is even incompatible with the assumption of the existence of such an entity; and that it is, in the last analysis, not less incompatible with the supposition that the world as a whole is a static system, constant in its total content and its ultimate qualities, such as mechanistic science has for certain purposes found it advantageous to postulate. M. Bergson has thus furnished at least the beginning of a demonstration that the nature of the universe is best understood in terms of process, of development, of the literal coming into being of new increments of reality; so that it may never be fully and intimately apprehended save through the inner experiences of life itself, through conscious participation in the travail of creation. The metaphysician of radical evolutionism has, in short, over-loaded that doctrine (in view of its youth) with questionable detail and with romantic embellishments; but he has also fashioned and put into its hands potent weapons of persuasion. Than its entrance upon the field as a well-armed and militant philosophy, there have been not many more memorable occurrences in the history of ideas.

A. O. Lovejoy.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Robert Hoe, who died in London on September 22, was perhaps the greatest of American book-collectors, and the library he formed, while not so complete in certain lines as the collections formed by James Lenox or John Carter Brown, well deserves to be classed with the libraries of those two early collectors.

Seventy years of age at his death, Mr. Hoe had been a book-collector for more than fifty years. It was he who gave encouragement to D. G. Francis to reprint Collier's "Bibliographical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language," in four volumes, 1866, and in 1880 he edited a new edition of Maberly's "Print Collector." Reproductions of nearly two hundred "Historic and Artistic Book-Bindings" in his library, forming two volumes, 4to, were published in 1895. With William Loring Andrews, Theodore L. De Vinne, Brayton Ives, and a few others he founded the Grolier Club in January, 1884, and he was its first persident.

Mr. Hoe was for many years a liberal bidder at most of the important book sales in America and abroad. In the early days he and Mr. Andrews would send their bids for London auctions together. When the books were received they would draw lots as to who should have the first choice.

The various Catalogues of his printed books have been noted from time to time in these columns as they appeared. The first portion, English books issued before 1700, 5 vols., was published in 1903-1905, describing 2,875 titles. In 1905 appeared also the Catalogue of English books after 1700, 3 vols., describing 4,118 titles. Then, in 1907, the Catalogue of books in foreign languages issued before 1600, with 1,346 titles; in 1908 the Catalogue of his Emblem books, 463 titles; and this year, the Catalogue of hooks in foreign languages after 1600, 4 vols., describing 5,228 titles. In all, the fifteen volumes contain descriptions of 14,030 titles, forming 20,962 volumes.

He was preparing a Catalogue of his illuminated manuscripts, and just before he sailed, he was considering whether to issue it uniform in style with the catalogues of printed books, or to adopt a larger page, so as to allow for adequate reproductions. These manuscripts were his choicest treasures, and were kept by themselves in a room opening off from his bedchamber. For number and variety they can be compared with no other collection in this country, save only that of J. Pierpont Morgan. The most valuable single manuscript in the Hoe collection is, probably, the Pemhroke Missal, acquired in 1891 from the Brayton Ives Library. This Book of Hours was written, probably about 1440, for William Herbert, first Earl of Pemhroke, and contains 267 miniatures, besides decorated horders and a vast numher of ornamental initials. The Charles VII Missal, from the Didot Sale, afterwards in the Ahby E. Pope collection, is another celebrated manuscript, and was acquired hy Mr. Hoe in 1895.

An account of the Hoe Library, prepared about fifteen years ago hy O. A. Bierstadt, makes a volume of 224 pages, with 110 illustrations. But many important works have since heen added, notably two copies of the Gutenberg Bible, one on paper and one on vellum, which must have cost Mr. Hoe upwards of $35,000. These are the copies which were formerly in the library of Frederick Perkins, the brewer, and which, in his sale in 1873, brought £2,690 for the paper copy and £3,400 for the vellum copy. Both were bought by the Earl of Ashhurnham, who parted with the paper copy privately. At the sale of his library in 1897 the vellum copy was bought by Quaritch for £4,000.

While the Almon W. Griswold and Charles H. Kalbfleisch collections were dispersing piecemeal through various channels, Mr. Hoe was fortunate enough to secure a number of valuahle hooks. From the Griswold collection he got the Charlemont copy of the first edition of Higden's "Polychronicon," printed by Caxton in 1482, undouhtedly the finest copy known; Lydgate's "Siege of Troy," printed by Pynson in 1513; Ben Jonson's Works on large paper, and others. Among many hooks from the Kalbfleisch library, mainly Americana, we may note the original Italian edition of Vespuccius's account of his four Voyages, printed, prohably at Florence, in 1505 or 1506, one of five known copies and the only one in America; three Latin editions of Columbus's first letter, all printed in 1493, and many later books, including a copy of the "Declaration of Former Passages and Proceedings hetwixt the English and the Narrowgansets," four leaves, printed by Steven Daye in Cambridge in New England in 1645.

From the Pope collection, hesides the Charles VII Missal, he secured two of his finest Caxtons, Malory's "Morte D'Arthur" (1485), the only perfect copy known, and Gower's "Confessio Amantis" (1483), as well as several Shakespeare quartos and many other hooks.

Mr. Hoe was always fond of fine bindings, and many historic specimens are in his library. About ten years ago, he, with a few other members of the Grolier Club, organized the Cluh Bindery. He was its principal support during its existence, and much of its finest work was done upon his hooks.

Mr. Hoe often said that, as he had enjoyed so much the hringing together of the books, he wished them to give a similar pleasure to other collectors in future, and that he expected the library to he ultimately dispersed at auction. Nothing is known, as yet, as to his final instructions about its disposition. If sold at auction it would form the most wonderful series of sales that has ever taken place.

* * *

The hook-auction season of 1909-1910 has already hegun in Boston, Libhie & Co. having had sales on Septemher 14 and 15, 22 and 23, and 29 and 30. On October 6, 7, and 8 they sell the libraries of the Rev. T. M. Harris and T. W. Harris, including interesting American items, manuscript and printed.

The season in New York begins on October 5, hoth houses holding sales on that day. The Merwin-Clayton Sales Company's first sale, October 5, 6, and 7, is a miscellaneous collection of Americana, without items of especial note.

On October 5 and 6 the Anderson Auction Company will sell the library of Dr. F. C. Rohinson and other properties; on October 7 and 8 a notahle collection of first editions of American authors, among others T. B. Aldrich, W. C. Bryant, H. C. Bunner,

Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Thoreau, and Whittier; and on October 12, a miscellaneous collection. On October 13 and 14 they sell the collection of the late George Matthews.

The season in Philadelphia begins with the sale by Stan V. Henkels on October 11 and 12 of the library of the late Charles Emory Smith and the unsold portion of the library of W. J. Gilbert of St. Louis.

Correspondence.

DR. S. G. HOWE AND JOHN BROWN'S RAID.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your reviewer of the second volume of Dr. S. G. Howe's "Letters and Journals," in your last issue, rightly dwells upon his admirable qualities, his wise philanthropy, and his many services to humanity. But in the matter of Dr. Howe's relation to John Brown the reviewer has not set down the whole story of what happened when, after the Harper's Ferry raid, Dr. Howe represented that he had really had very little to do with John Brown and his plans.

Dr. Howe wrote to Sumner, as your reviewer noted, that it was agreed that all of of John Brown's fellow-conspirators "who were really able to do so should deny all knowledge of the Harper's Ferry plot. *Being in that category*, I published a card which you may have seen in the papers." In this card Dr. Howe said among other things:

Boston, Nov. 14, 1859.

Rumor has mingled my name with the events at Harper's Ferry. So long as it rested on such absurdities as letters written *to* me by Col. Forbes, or others, it was too idle for notice. But when complicity is distinctly charged against me by one of the parties engaged (John E. Cook), my friends beseech me to define my position and I consent the less reluctantly, because I divest myself of what, in time, might be considered an honor, and I want no undeserved ones. As regards Mr. Cook . . . I never saw him . . . never even heard of him until since the outbreak at Harper's Ferry. That event was unforeseen and unexpected of me, nor does all my previous knowledge of John Brown enable me to reconcile it with his characteristic prudence and his reluctance to shed blood, or excite servile insurrection.

How a man, at other times honorable, could have penned this card remains a mystery. Dr. Howe was always cognizant of John Brown's plans, from 1858 on, save only of the exact location of the attack. On February 26, 1858, Mr. Sanborn (see his "Life and Letters of John Brown," pp. 438 and 447) told Dr. Howe everything except that Harper's Ferry was to be the scene. When the raid was postponed from 1858 to 1859 because of threatened treachery, Dr. Howe supported Thomas Wentworth Higginson in urging disregard of all obstacles and an immediate attack, but was finally overruled. In a letter to the *Evening Post* of March 15, 1878, Mr. Sanborn stated that after the postponement he and his fellow-conspirators expected that John Brown would go further west than Harper's Ferry, and added: "In this respect, and in this alone, so far as I know, he changed his plans of 1858, which had been fully explained to Smith, Howe, and Stearns."

But there is another witness than Sanborn—also still living—and an even more damaging one. On seeing Dr Howe's card in print, Thomas Wentworth Higginson wrote to Dr. Howe the following letter (now in the Boston Public Library, and here published for the first time):

Worcester, November 15, 1859.

Dear Sir: I write to you under a sadness very rare for me. Soon after the affair at Harper's Ferry I said to you & Phillips & Sanborn—in allusion to some rumors about you in the papers—that I thought it would be the extreme of baseness in us to deny complicity with Capt. Brown's general scheme—while we were not, of course, called upon to say anything to *criminate* ourselves. I well remember how entirely you disclaimed such intention, & said that we ought to make no statements whatever.

What am I, that I should judge you? But Gerrit Smith's insanity—& your letter—are to me the only two sad results of the whole affair.

I know how skilfully that letter is written. Since language was first invented "to conceal thought" there has been no more skilful combination of words. But the universal interpretation of all intelligent readers, not previously enlightened, *must* be—that you disclaim all knowledge not merely of the precise time & place & opening of John Brown's great drama—but of *the enterprise itself*. That you should deliberately go out of your way to cause this impression to be created is the realization of my worst fears as expressed at your rooms on the day referred to. Would to God, my friend, that I could see the case differently now from what I did then. Do not receive this in anger—it is not written so.

T. W. Higginson.

Dr. S. G. Howe.

This letter, though written, was never sent; but a shorter one of the same import reached Dr. Howe, while to Mr. Sanborn Col. Higginson again declared that Dr. Howe's card was "the extreme of baseness." Mr. Sanborn was not of this opinion, writing: "I don't see why it is any worse to conceal the facts *now* than before the outbreak, *provided* that Brown and his men do not suffer by such concealment. What has been prudence is prudence still and may be for years to come." Dr. Howe's reply to Higginson is dated two months later, February 16th, 1860. It is a pitiful attempt to defend his course. As to the card he says: ." . . I was not very decided in the belief of its expediency. It was done, however, in consequence of an opinion which I held, and hold, that everything which could be honestly done to show that John Brown was not the agent, or even the ally, of others, but an individual acting upon his own responsibility, would increase the chances of escape for him and his companions . . . Of course there were other considerations, but this was the leading one."

He maintains that he had supposed the original plan abandoned, and explains that his sending fifty dollars to Brown shortly before the raid referred "to the promise I had made the year before. It is true that I ought to have expected an explosion and onslaught somewhere; but the fact is that I did not expect anything like what happened, or anything more than a stampede." This was from a member of the small committee to which John Brown owed every arm he carried to Virginia and the money with which he recruited and subsisted his men. Dr. Howe himself contributed not merely $50, but $150. As to the third fifty dollars, he deliberately tried to mislead the Mason Committee of the Senate, as his testimony shows.

Dr. Howe was not the only one who flinched when the exposé took place. His is an unhappy illustration of the fact that the best of men may make grave moral mistakes in great crises, when for a moment their lives and their future appear at stake.

V.

Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., September 24.

SCIENTIFIC HYPOTHESIS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Nation* of September 2, containing certain questions of mine, which were inspired by an editorial on "Scientific Speculations" in the issue of August 19, together with answers thereto by Prof. Louis T. More, was a week late in coming to my hand. As I am not quite sure that I or other readers of the *Nation* fully understand his replies, I wish to ask Professor More, through the columns of your paper, two further questions:

(1.) When he says, "Few things in human thought have been more misleading and more futile than the discussions of the properties of æther and ætherial waves," what disposition does he make of Maxwell's electro-magnetic theory of light, Hertzian waves, and wireless telegraphy?

(2.) When he says, "One thing physics has taught, that we can never put the 'shapes of ions' to the test of direct experimentation," does he intend to deny that speculations on subjects closely akin to the shapes of ions have, within the last few years, led to conclusions capable of being tested by means of laboratory experiments?

Edwin H. Hall.

Cambridge, Mass., September 12.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Professor Hall's questions are judiciously chosen and well adapted to make my position clearer.

(1.) Maxwell's electro-magnetic theory of light was based on the assumptions that periodic variation in the electrical charge on matter can be transmitted as a periodic disturbance through an æther, and that this disturbance proceeded with the velocity of light. His theory of light derived from these assumptions was expressed by a set of mathematical equations. No assumptions were made as to the mechanical properties of an æther capable of transmitting such a form of energy or the mechanism by which the particles of luminous matter excited such a disturbance. Hertz and his successors, by devising suitable apparatus, proved that these fundamental assumptions of Maxwell were facts and, to me, at least, these are all that are necessary—the simple and verifiable assumptions and the mathematical laws of Maxwell—to predict and direct all the recent experimental and theoretical advances made in Hertzian waves and wireless telegraphy. That is, the mechanical models which have been imagined for the purpose of illustrating the properties of these waves and of the æther have followed the discovery of the phenomena and have not led to their discovery. If we study, for example, the laws of light in transparent bodies it is, of course, necessary to make certain assumptions, but these should be as simple as possible and verifiable by experiment. This method Maxwell adopts in the case of transparent crystals, when he says:

If we attempt to extend our theory to the case of dense media, we become involved not only in all the ordinary difficulties of mole-

cular theories, but in the deeper mystery of the relation of the molecules to the electromagnetic medium. To evade these difficulties we shall assume that in certain media the specific capacity of electrostatic induction is different in different directions.

This assumption is a question of fact to be decided by experiment and is legitimate and useful. But if Maxwell had further attempted to explain this assumption by imagining certain mechanical devices by which the crystal modified the physical nature of an æther, he would have made a statement unverifiable by experiment and incapable of directing future experiments.

(2.) I can recall no case where a discussion of the shapes of ions has led to the test of direct experimentation. The main results of these discussions, so far as I can see, are the metaphysical doctrines of the existence of electricity as an entity independent of matter and the postulate that mass and matter itself are merely properties of this substance, electricity. Those who think it advisable to assign a shape and size to the ion, in order to render concrete what would otherwise be an abstract idea, are now driven to substitute for matter (our prototype of the concrete) the highly abstract quality, electricity. This they do by assigning the properties hitherto associated with the word *matter* to the word *electricity*.

LOUIS T. MORE.

Cincinnati, O., September 21.

[The *Nation* cannot continue this discussion further.—ED. THE NATION.]

WEIMAR POETRY ON THE HUDSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The sum total of foreign literature about the Hudson River prior to 1840 is probably not very great; least of all would one look to Weimar for meditation on the noble stream. In 1830, however, Frau von Goethe and a number of her friends sought diversion in an amateur publication, designed originally to appear in manuscript, but given to the local printer when it became evident that the many contributors would overtax the *Hofschönschreiber*. There were to be aphorisms, sonnets, stories, and correspondence; and members of the court, together with French and English ladies and gentlemen tarrying at the modest capital, were to supply the copy. This polyglot journal, published every Sunday, was called *Chaos*, and it was agreed never to divulge the writers' names. The circulation of this little quarto was so carefully restricted to actual contributors that copies are to-day very rare and valuable.

The thirty-sixth issue of *Chaos* contains a poem in French entitled, "L'Hudson." It is a composition of twenty or more stanzas, and opens as follows:

L'HUDSON.

Mon pied impatient avait touché la plage;
La brise du matin ridait le flot d'azur;
Le *Steamboat* enfumé s'éloignait du rivage,
Noblement couronné de son panache obscur.

Les golphes de *l'Hudson*, emaillés de cent voiles,
Devant moi de *Catskill* baignait le pied riant;
Sur les faites brisés mouraient quelques étoiles;
Et l'aigle de ses bois volait vers l'Orient.

Sur ce tableau, semblable à la gaze légère,
Une molle vapeur voilait le nouveau jour;
Et l'Indien, savourant la suave atmosphère,
De son Eté natal saluait le retour.*

. . .

Du sol Américain, fleure suave et brillante,
De tes parfums d'amour que j'aime à m'enivrer,
Voyageur, sur ce bord jeté par la tourmente,
Pour moi le vent d'espoir semble ici se lever.

. . .

Là sur le bord boisé d'une immense savane,
Dont un ciel toujours pur éclaire le gazon,
Les mains de son amant bâtiraient sa cabane
Aux rives d'un grand lac, ou d'un fleuve sans nom.

It was, of course, in Goethe's lifetime that these verses made their appearance; and one is at once reminded of the several occasions on which the great prophet turned his gaze toward America—or conceived the plan of eloping thither. One remembers particularly his chat with Sorei, when he told him of the ruse he had adopted to rid himself of a boresome Russian. One of his visitors had sat and gazed at him without saying a word; and Goethe, taking for his text the United States of North America, quoting, perhaps, these very lines, and little heeding the nice distinctions between *Wahrheit* and *Dichtung*, or, as he himself says, between what he knew and what he really didn't know about the Americans, talked his gaping guest still dumber. PERRY WORDEN.

Berlin, September 15.

*L'Eté Indien. On nomme ainsi quelques jours chauds et vaporeux qui en Amérique marquent d'ordinaire le milieu de l'automne.

ANOTHER WORD CONCERNING PROFESSOR SHALER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The admirable tribute to Professor Shaler in the *Nation* for September 9 is so suggestive of the man that the writer of this note cannot refrain from adding a few recollections of that most notable personality.

Perhaps the most striking thing about him, after his unexcelled warmth of heart and capacity for making people free of his time and thought and interest, was his surprising industry. On one of the earliest occasions when I was thrown into contact with him and obliged to ask for considerable portions of his time, I remember having asked if he were not over-busy. "No," he replied, "I have a good many things to do, and a score of years ago I had nervous prostration. I went to Germany and tried all kinds of cures for it, but they did no good; so I came home and ever since I've been trying to work it off."

Asking advice from Shaler was a very different thing from seeking it from ordinary sources. On one occasion—apropos of something now quite forgotten—he told the story of his being asked by a graduate of the Harvard Divinity School how he might best fit himself for the work of his chosen calling. The freshly graduated theological student did not feel sure that he knew as much about men as he did about divinity. After a moment's thought, the professor said (in substance): "Go to Colorado, get down into a drift, and dig for two years with the miners; possibly you'll know more about men than you do now." And so the young man did, with the result that he came back at the end of the period suggested to thank his adviser for the good he had derived from following out this most unconventional sort of *Wanderjahre*.

It is quite impossible to convey to any one who never enjoyed the privilege of intimate talks with Shaler an adequate idea of the extraordinary range and vivacity of his conversation. In a single hour he would discuss topics as diverse as national politics, the seeds of fossil *Coniferæ*, and the question whether there might not be some ethnological considerations bearing on mathematical studies, as, for instance, that algebra was not only genetically, but essentially a science for oriental minds. As a story-teller he was unapproachable, and some little incident that in the mouth of the ordinary man would hardly compel the attention of the most courteous listener, would, when told by Shaler loom up with startling vividness. I well remember how he once told me of an adventure with some tufa quarrymen on the west slope of the Posillipo ridge, very near Naples. Nothing startling happened; the rough quarrymen merely crowded tumultuously about the stranger and the cabman who had brought him marveled that they had not robbed him. But the story was told with such spirit that one could see the faces of the rough fellows standing out with all the vigor of Salvatore Rosa's well-known Heads of Brigands.

Every one at all familiar with the opinion in academic circles in Cambridge knows that it has for years been much the fashion to speak of Professor Shaler's work in a patronizing, or less than patronizing, manner. And it may be readily granted that, whether from different original endowment or from lack of time in the midst of most engrossing cares of many kinds, he did not attempt the work of a Dana, a Geikie, or a Chamberlain. But in these days of all-absorbing specialization it is often the hardest task of any to find a rounded, big-brained man who can call out and foster in his students all of their potential best. This is just what Shaler did as hardly any man of his generation in all New England could do it. JOSEPH Y. BERGEN.

Cambridge, Mass., September 18.

SCIENCE AND THE LOVE OF NATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The writer of the letter entitled, "Nature and Science" (the *Nation*, September 9) thinks it "singular that the love of natural scenery should be almost coeval with the age of modern science." His reasons are the expressions of terror and disgust he finds in the writings of early travellers and settlers on the Atlantic seaboard, and a corresponding attitude toward nature among English writers. But might not Jefferson's epithet "terrible," which be applied to "the romantic pass of Harper's Ferry," indicate appreciation of the grandeur of this scenery, and likewise Josselyn's characterization of the White Mountains as "daunting terrible"? And when the English guide book to the Lake Country, in 1774, speaks of "the most horrid romantic mountains," is this not a description of the "bristling" forests? It is certain that Henry Hudson was charmed with the scenery along the banks of his river, of which he wrote that "it was as fair a land as can be trodden by the foot of man." Alexander von Humboldt ("Cosmos," II, p. 66, in Otté's translation) tells of the "depth of feeling for nature" with which Columbus was endowed and quotes the following:

Once I came to a deeply inclosed harbor, and saw a high mountain that had never been seen by any mortal eye, and from whence gentle waters (lindas aguas) flowed down. The mountain was covered with firs and variously-formed trees adorned with beautiful blossoms. . . . I felt as if I could never leave so charming a spot.

One might be inclined to ascribe to Columbus the spirit of "modern science;" but this is out of the question in the case of a writer who lived in the fourth century A. D. Basil the Great wrote the following description of some Asia Minor scenery in a letter to his friend Gregory Nazianzen:

God has suffered me to find a place, such as has often flitted before our imaginations . . . A high mountain, clothed with thick woods, is watered to the north by fresh and ever-flowing streams. At its foot lies an extended plain, rendered fruitful by the vapors, with which it is moistened. The surrounding forest, crowded with trees of different kinds, incloses me as in a strong fortress. This wilderness is bounded by two deep ravines; on the one side, the river, rushing in foam down the mountain, forms an almost impassable barrier, while on the other all access is impeded by a broad mountain ridge. My hut is so situated on the summit of the mountain that I can overlook the whole plain, and follow throughout its course the Iris, which is more beautiful, and has a more abundant body of water, than the Strymon near Amphipolis. The river of my wilderness, which is more impetuous than any other that I know of, breaks against the jutting rock, and throws itself foaming into the abyss below: an object of admiration to the mountain wanderer.

Humboldt remarks on this passage ("Cosmos," II, p. 41) that it expresses feelings "more intimately in unison with those of modern times than anything that has been transmitted to us from Greek or Roman antiquity"; at the same time, he has shown that the classical literatures also manifest a deep love of nature's beauty. It is certainly wrong to regard "the old Virgilian conception of 'shaggy,' 'bristling,' and 'horrid' woods, and crags, and mountains" as representing the ancient attitude towards nature, and to place this in sharp contrast with modern feeling. No single writer can represent the whole of ancient literature, nor can love of natural scenery be denied to Virgil himself. His description, for example, of Æneas's boat, on its passage up the Tiber ("Æneid," vii), rounding the bends of the river, gliding under overhanging trees, and cleaving the green forest reflected beneath, is in the most romantic vein. No doubt there has been a change in the sentimental attitude toward nature, yet this has been determined by a variety of causes besides modern science. Humboldt has shown this in his widely extended study of the reflection of nature in the feelings of mankind. The 104th psalm, according to him, might almost be said to represent "the image of the whole Cosmos."

HERMAN LOUIS EBELING.

Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., September 22.

FURLONG AND ACRE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The writer of the letter in the *Nation* of September 16 on "Square Measure," who asks for an explanation of the peculiar size of the acre, may be interested in the following extract from page 3 of W. H. R. Curtler's "Short History of English Agriculture" (Clarendon Press, 1909):

The size of the strips in the arable fields [in Anglo-Saxon times] varied, but was generally an acre, in most places a furlong (furrow long) or 220 yards in length, and 22 yards broad; or, in other words, 40 rods of 5½ yards in length and 4 in breadth. There was, however, little uniformity in measurement before the Norman Conquest, the rod by which the furlongs and acres were measured varying in length from 12 to 24 feet, so that one acre might be four times as large as another. [Maitland, "Domesday Book and Beyond," p. 368.] The acre was, roughly speaking, the amount that a team could plough in a day, and seems to have been from earliest times the unit of measuring the area of land. Of necessity the real acre and the ideal acre were also different, for the reason that the former had to contend with the inequalities of the earth's surface and varied much when no scientific measurement was possible. As late as 1820 the acre was in Bedfordshire 2 roods, in Dorset 134 perches instead of 160, in Lincolnshire 5 roods, in Staffordshire 2¼ acres. To-day the Cheshire acre is 10,240 square yards. As, however, an acre was and is a day's ploughing for a team, we may assume that the most usual acre was the same area then as now. The strips were divided from one another by narrow grass paths generally called "balks," and at the end of a group of these strips was the "headland" where the plough turned, the name being common to-day. Z. CHAFEE, JR.

Providence, R. I., September 17.

PERSONALITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Another object lesson in the power of personality, strong enough, seemingly, to reach the most obdurate. We may assume for the purpose of present argument that the claims are correctly given on both sides. Commander Peary will receive honors and compliments, but with a well-equipped and manned expedition he must share the glory with his officers and men, and behind them the government, of which he is an officer on leave. It is largely official.

What was needed to give the greatest fruition and effect was, that one man with inadequate resources, and relying only on his own courage and convictions, should go straight to the desired point and, having secured his evidence, return through manifold and almost certain chances of death by starvation, averted only by what the Israelites called manna in the wilderness. Has there been anything in history, with the possible exception of the first Crusades, to equal the frenzied outbursts of enthusiasm which greeted the return of Dr. Cook? There may not be much exaggeration in saying that by drawing and knitting together human sympathy and admiration it has done more than any impersonal peace conference, under the auspices of Imperial potentates, to mitigate the miserable calamities of international war.

Will our people ever learn the lesson, before it is too late, that they will have to submit to this force of personality at the bidding of democracy whether they like it or not, and that their only chance of salvation is to make it work for good and not for evil? In their dread and distrust of universal suffrage, the educated and conservative classes try to deceive and defeat it by all sorts of devices, committees, and commissions, long terms of office, renewal by fractions, direct nominations, recall and referendum, proportional representation, and so on; forgetting that no chain is stronger than its weakest link, and no stream can rise higher than its source. All these expedients go to pieces on the same rock, the effort to suppress personality, which will not be suppressed, but if it gains strength by delay and opposition will burst out in volcanic and devastating violence.

The only way to meet this is to cultivate personality instead of trying to suppress it; to concentrate power and offset it by public responsibility. The recent Democratic convention at Saratoga issued a platform of fifteen articles, describing certain things necessary to do, but without a suggestion as to how or by whom they are to be done—except by "the party" in general terms. They leave that to the Republicans, and the extra session of five months shows to what degree of success they have attained. There were men at Saratoga who could testify from their own experience that great things are not done in this world in that way.

G. BRADFORD.

Boston, September 23.

RAILWAY STATIONS VERSUS ART.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with your recent article on "Art and Railway Stations" (September 16), it may be of interest to recall a passage in Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Essay on George Frederick Watts." On page 52 we read as follows:

He [Watts] ought to be employed to paint factory chimneys and railway stations. I know that this will sound like insolence; my only answer is that he . . . actually offered to paint a railway station. With a splendid and truly religious imagination, he asked permission to decorate Euston. The railway managers (not perceiving in their dull classical routine the wild poetry of their station) declined.

But we must remember that this happened "a few years ago" in England, and *not* in romantic America. G. C. SCOGGIN.

University of Missouri, Columbia, September 25.

Literature.

THE FOUNDER OF GERMANTOWN.

The Life of Francis Daniel Pastorius, the Founder of Germantown. Illustrated with 90 photographic reproductions. By Marion Dexter Learned, Ph.D., L.H.D., Professor of German in the University of Pennsylvania. With an Appreciation of Pastorius by Samuel Whitaker Pennypacker, LL.D., former Governor of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: William J. Campbell. $5 net.

It was reported by cablegram that the German Emperor had accepted a presentation copy of Professor Learned's "Life of Pastorius," in which he had shown especial interest. This interest is not to be wondered at; for the book, in a considerable part of its contents, traverses the German Fatherland at an important period of its history. As the author indicates in his preface, this is, in truth, as it was designed to be, "a *documentary* life of Pastorius." It brings the reader in touch with the original sources of his life history as uncovered from the archives of Europe and America, and especially of Germany. Undoubtedly this feature adds to the historic value of the work, but

makes it rather difficult reading to the average English reader, who has not a facile command of Latin and German Apart from this, the author's style is clear, and at times even animated. In parts of his work it flows on with fewer "documentary" interruptions. As a valuable contribution to the original sources of the biography of one of the most important characters in the settlement of the American colonies, Professor Learned's "Life of Pastorius" takes a peculiar place, and deserves high praise.

Pastorius was born in Sommerhausen, Franconia, September 26, 1651, three years after the close of the Thirty Years' War, of a distinguished German family, whose history "reflects the vicissitudes of the fierce religious strife of the times of Gustavus Adolphus, Tilly and Wallenstein." Thus, by birth and home breeding, and those intangible but potent influences that local and historic environments so often exert, he was moulded for useful leadership. An academic course in the Gymnasium of the ancient imperial city of Windsheim was followed by a period at the University of Altdorf. Thence, after the fashion of the day, he attended lectures in the Universities of Strassburg, Jena, and Basle, devoting himself especially to the study of jurisprudence. He returned to Altdorf, where he took his diploma, and soon after set up as a practising lawyer in Windsheim. By this training he acquired not only knowledge of his chosen profession, but became a good classical scholar, and mastered French, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, and English. The colonies had no abler scholar than him, nor any of wider culture when at last he landed in Philadelphia. He was then thirty-two years old, in the very prime of his young manhood.

The purpose of his emigration was twofold: He wished to find for himself and his descendants a refuge from the prevailing worldly "vanities" and engrossing pursuit of pleasures that possessed the gentry of his native land and of Europe. His pietist and quietist tendencies were here in the ascendant. But he was also impelled by a strong "missionary" sentiment, as we should perhaps now express it. This appears from his own testimony (Life, p. 104):

> I reasoned thus with myself, whether it were not better to teach the learning which I had received by Grace from the highest Giver and Father of Lights to the new-found American peoples of Pennsylvania, and thus make them partakers of the true knowledge of the Holy Trinity and true Christianity.

In his quietistic tendencies, Pastorius was doubtless much influenced by contact with his friend, the Rev. Dr. Horb, and through him with Dr. Spener and his group of Frankfurt pietists. But Prof. Learned concludes that his views were the "result of long years of quest for the truth"; and that he was not so much a product of mature pietism as, "like Spener himself, an exponent of the great religious awakening of the second half of the seventeenth century, the mature fruit of the labors of Tauler, Luther, and Arnd." However that may be, it was undoubtedly a visit of Wm. Penn and his Quaker companions to Frankfurt (1677) that turned the mind of Pastorius toward colonization in the New World. He accepted the agency of a German land company that had purchased 25,000 acres from Wm. Penn in his new colony, and after a voyage of great hardships arrived in Philadelphia with a small miscellaneous company of adventurers, August 20, 1683. He at once began his labors for the Frankfurt principals, and found it anything but plain sailing. Penn's understanding of the terms of sale was not satisfactory, although that was finally adjusted. But more serious complications of a legal character tended to increase his ill opinion of the law as a profession, which he declared to be a game at another's expense ("Ein *lusus de alieno corio*"). It is to be hoped that the traditional, proverbial reputation of the "Philadelphia lawyer" for astuteness was not earned by such sharp practices as Pastorius was called upon to encounter, and which greatly shocked his high ideal of professional propriety (see p. 225).

The work of founding Germantown—now a large and semi-rural residential part of Philadelphia—and of looking after the interests of his German clients, occupied much of his time. But he soon entered upon that particular phase of his "mission" which had moved him to come to America. He established a school, largely under the patronage of the Society of Friends, with whom he continued in close association during all his life. His work as schoolmaster held on almost to the end of his career. It was this intimacy with the Philadelphia Quakers that appears to have moved him to make to them the famous "protest against slavery" sent to the Friends' Meeting of 1688. This, though signed by three other persons besides himself, is in his handwriting and bears internal evidence of his authorship. It was not received with enthusiasm, but with respect, and was referred first to Monthly, and then to Quarterly, and then to Yearly Meeting. It was a subject that Friends were not quite prepared to "meddle with," or to "give a Positive Judgment in the Case, it having so General a Relation to many other Parts, and therefore at present, they forbear it." Yet this was the beginning of the great agitation that convulsed the Continent and issued nearly two centuries later in Abraham Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation. Pastorius and his German associates were in advance even of the Friends in their hostility to negro slavery; but their "Protest" in the little Quaker meeting house soon became the real voice of their Society. One sees how Whittier, "the Quaker poet," during his residence in Philadelphia, received the impulse that led to his idyl on Pastorius—"The Pennsylvania Pilgrim."

A striking peculiarity of this interesting character, which Professor Learned fully exhibits, is his composition of manuscript books. One of these, "The Bee Hive," composed (ostensibly) for the writer's two sons, is illustrated in photogravure. Pastorius died—the exact date is not known—near the close of 1719, being sixty-eight years old, and was buried in an unknown grave, presumably in the little Germantown Friends' burying ground.

CURRENT FICTION.

Open Country. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The John Senhouse of this broken idyl, the writer of the letters which chiefly record it, is he of "Halfway House," but in a slightly earlier phase. He stands for a favorite figure in current English fiction—the man of comfortable birth who revolts against the conventions of his up-bringing, and discards the accessories with which fortune has hampered him. He reaped the intellectual harvest of Cambridge life, but would not try for a degree, and strolled away one morning, without impedimenta, from college and conventional life, never to return. Thereafter he became a "gentleman gipsy," a theoretical anarchist, a roving painter, author, and botanist. He had not, it is to be noted, the disadvantages of the outcast. He chose to live in a tent, and to dress in a pair of flannel trousers and a sweater, at an expense of a few shillings a week, which he earned himself. But the ameliorating fact always remained in the background that he was the son of a rich father, who stood ready at any moment to restore a lapsed allowance, and was sure some day to turn over a fortune to the harmless prodigal. In consequence, society always remained open to him, chose to consider him as amusing and eccentric instead of reprehensible. We behold him therefore from time to time, juxtaposing his inseparable sweater (would not a blazer have done?) to the white shoulders and shirt-fronts of a tolerant elect. When he likes, he may pitch his tent upon some lordly park or lawn. The fact is, he has the advantages without the responsibilities of his position.

He meets a maid in the forest, and an opening scene of rather preposterous unconventionality leads to an intimacy which the pair agree to call friendship. Presently Senhouse finds himself loving the girl as far as it is in him to love a woman. It is the vague eloquent

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emotion of a poet tinged, but not dominated, by the passion of a man. She is his Beatrice—his Artemis—anything but his woman to win and keep. Her own heart is touched by no feeling beyond affection, for the simple reason that he makes no attempt to arouse anything beyond it. In consequence, it is not long before she is appropriated by another man; whereupon Senhouse undergoes a certain amount of suffering. But he is after all merely one of your self-centred lovers of mankind. There is a moment which brings him almost to the point of regret that his attitude toward his Sanchia has not been that of an ordinary man. But he does not believe in marriage; and his punishment lies in the necessity of marrying Sanchia to the other man, for her own sake. He does not think himself worthy of her, yet is brought to desire her conventional union with a man who is greatly less worthy, and who has stepped into the place in Sanchia's heart which he himself has deliberately left empty.

The story is largely told in the form of letters which will be recognized as having been recently published in an American magazine, under the title "Letters to Sanchia." The performance as a whole hardly shows Mr. Hewlett at his best. Here more clearly than ever his ingenuousness is seen to be ingenuity. Senhouse is as unreal a figure as the Skionar or Forester of a Peacock, and the narrative in which he appears has by no means the satirical dignity of a "Crotchet Castle" or a "Gryll Grange."

Melchisedec. By Ramsey Benson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The writer of this story has unmistakably something to say, but delivers his message with an unfortunate superabundance of violent gesture and expletive. The message itself is far from new, but perennially interesting as all attempts at the unattainable must ever be. The theme of the non-sectarian and dogmaless priest, after the order of Melchisedec, who embodies in modern form the author's idea of the Christ-spirit, has become familiar. Even among the most fervent admirers of such books as "A Singular Life," "The Servant in the House," and "Il Santo" (without the last-named we doubt if "Melchisedec" would have been written), it is an open question whether this subject can ever be satisfactorily presented; there is scarcely room for question that Mr. Benson, at least, has failed in his major purpose, though he has given us a psychological study of no mean interest. The play of heredity in his half-breed hero is much in the line of present thought, and the gradual awakening of the religious nature of the young savage is finely portrayed. His pathetic disappointment in the church of his adoption, which drives him back to the kindly old French doctor, is artistically the end of the story. From that point the writer, evidently in the attempt to represent adequately the earthly side of his hero, falls into grievous sins of taste, and the last book drags its slow length along in puerile anticlimax that would be less offensive than dull, were it not for the insistent dwelling on the resemblance aforesaid. This book is a crying example of the tendency of the writer of the day to fall more and more under the spell of an inertia which holds pen to paper after the actual story is finished.

Zandric. By Marian Edwards Richards. New York: The Century Co.

This is a love story pure and simple, in the fullest sense of the words; there is simplicity in its very extravagances, and Zandrie's almost superhuman innocence is not only credible, but entirely convincing. An impulsive, intense child, convent-bred, she finds her ideal knight in Julian Furness, flung from his horse at the convent doors. Julian is crippled for life, and Zandrie finds no joy in the world save that of being his companion and servitor. The book is simply the narrative of her struggle to this end, against the allied forces of Mrs. Grundy, the treacherous machinations of Julian's jealous mother and Zandrie's other lover, and—most potent obstacle of all—Julian's own sense of right, which forbids him to weight his little sweetheart's destiny with the burden of his own maimed life. Of course, true love triumphs at last, after the author has luxuriously heaped Pelion of misery upon Ossa, and proved her hero in furnaces of affliction heated to a degree hardly possible for any but the ardent heart of youth to conceive. In the entire treatment of the theme there is a morning freshness that sorts well with the callow years of the protagonists; and even the Depraved Mother provokes hardly more than an indulgent smile—she is so like the Wicked Queen of the fairy-tales, for whose naïve villainy the red-hot iron shoes always seem too cruel a punishment.

The End of the Road. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This story, though rather higgledy-piggledy as a novel, gives a really interesting picture of South African conditions before and since the Boer war. The hero is a transport rider who knows and loves his road, his bullocks, his Basutu driver, his Kaffir neighbors. Going out from England as a mining engineer, he soon yields to the call of the road, and becomes one of the brotherhood who love the "journey-which-always-goes-on." To these pioneers the railway is a commercial intruder, civilization a baleful necessity. Yet a chance meeting with a married white woman in the wilds rouses questions as to the white man's destiny; and when this meeting is followed by another with an unattached Englishwoman, the conflict begins between the Road and the Girl. All ends naturally, but not until the war has come and gone; not until the railway has made obsolete the transport rider; not until the places that knew the spoor of the antelope and the clamor of Guinea fowl, know them no more; nor until even the hero has reluctantly accepted the universe as one that must move.

TWO ESSAYISTS.

The Shadow on the Dial. By Ambrose Bierce. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $2 net.

Causes and Consequences; Practical Agitation; Emerson and other Essays. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 each.

It has been said that the attention of the apathetic reader of to-day cannot be roused by charming him or amusing him or even shocking him—you must irritate him. Mr. Bierce and Mr. Chapman have both adopted this principle. If Mr. Bierce's acerbity is more flamboyant and luxuriant in growth, as befits a product of the Pacific slope, Mr. Chapman's more insinuating tendrils are better adapted for blistering the cuticle of the longitude of New York. A good many years ago Mr. Bierce published a book of short stories entitled "In the Midst of Life," dealing almost altogether with events of the civil war. These stories, too little known, are excellent. They are well-imagined and are told with a reserve and a directness that make straight for the reader's nerves. It is discouraging to note in the present volume the fatal effect of a lifetime of journalism on a fine talent. It is true that this volume appears to consist of articles insufficiently esteemed by the author for inclusion in the ten volumes of his works which are shortly to be published. But as far as it goes, it shows that Mr. Bierce now forces the note, talks about matters he does not perfectly understand, says habitually more than he means, counts that sentence lost which contains no paradox, and contradicts himself without a blush. But his power of phrasing abides; a debating society could be kept busy by the suggestions in the following dicta:

In freeing us from the monarchical chain, the coalition of European Powers commonly known in American history as "the valor of our forefathers" stripped us starker than they knew.

International arbitration may be defined as the substitution of many burning questions for a smouldering one.

All languages are spoken in Hell, but chiefly those of Southeastern Europe.

Mr. Bierce contends that the shadow on the dial of civilization is going back, and finds that "the men and women of 'principle' are a pretty dangerous class, generally speaking—and they are generally speaking." Mr. Chapman, on the other hand, believes that we get on in the long run in proportion as we stick to "principles." But whether the shadow is waxing or waning, our authors agree that this is a dark hour. Mr. Bierce thinks that democracy is intrinsically bad; Mr. Chapman thinks that it has only accidentally been a failure up to the present time. He analyzes its bad effect on our collective character, the opportunity it has given for corruption, and its share in producing the famous American "timidity." We cannot afford to think clearly or speak boldly on any subject, for we may suffer pecuniarily or socially if we disagree with our neighbors; "a civilization based upon a commerce which is in all its parts corruptly managed will present a social life which is unintelligent and mediocre, made up of people afraid of each other, whose ideas are shopworn, whose manners are self-conscious." "Here at last we have the great characteristic which covers our continent like a climate—intellectual dishonesty." Mr. Bierce rejects republican government on the ground that it does not govern. Mr. Chapman admits that it does not govern, but contends that we should forego the pleasure of being governed for the profit of being educated. But by his own showing, our institutions give us the same education that Fagin gave Oliver Twist. Mr. Chapman's hope for the future is grounded on the revival of courage, but the virtue that has been atrophying under democracy will become otiose as collectivism progresses. The forces which are making us constantly more timid and more alike are still far from having their perfect work.

Mr. Chapman turns for relief from politics to art. The artist is the altruist: in proportion as his work is good it is unselfish. "The Elgin marbles and a decision of John Marshall are valued for the same reason. What we feel in them is a painstaking submission to facts beyond the author's control." Art may go altogether under democracy, but as long as it exists it will be the protest of the individual, at all costs, against the tyranny of the majority. Mr. Chapman's literary essays have a double-barrelled interest; they are keen, witty, and impartial critical judgments, and they are corollaries of his theory of life. He values Emerson highly as an enemy of organization, for where even two or three are gathered together concessions are made and the wings of "principle" are clipped. But he is able to see Emerson's incompleteness. He is "a Shelley, and yet a sort of Yankee Shelley, who is mad only when the wind is nor' nor' west." "If an inhabitant of another planet should visit the earth, he would receive, on the whole, a truer notion of human life by attending an Italian opera than he would by reading Emerson's volumes. He would learn from the Italian opera that there were two sexes; and this, after all, is probably the fact with which the education of such a stranger ought to begin." The reader who has enjoyed Mr. Chapman on Emerson will want to know what he has to say of Browning, of Walt Whitman, and of Stevenson. And in no case will he be disappointed.

The essays that make up Mr. Chapman's three volumes have all appeared in print before, some, at any rate, in the magazines, although no formal attribution is made except in the case of the "Emerson," which was published originally in the *Atlantic Monthly*. All have been revised and may, therefore, be considered as representing the author's matured views, but there is no notice of material alteration.

The Latins in the Levant: A History of Frankish Greece (1204-1566). By William Miller. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

We have not had heretofore a complete history of the Latin principalities in the Levant. Nor have we one now; for Mr. Miller has left out of his book the states in Crete, Cyprus, Syria, and Jerusalem, while the Latin empire on the Bosporus receives only incidental notice. On the other hand, he has recounted in great detail the strange deeds of the Flemish, French, Italian, and Spanish adventurers who in the long and troubled interval between the capture of Constantinople and the completion of the Turkish conquest of the Morea held in precarious possession the chief places of what is now modern Greece.

As a book of reference Mr. Miller's work has a value which will not be soon impaired. It contains the substance of what has been known about the period, and, in addition, countless corrections and extensions, as well as many new determinations of chronological, topographical, and genealogical relations. Nor does it fail altogether in general effect. By the very weight of its innumerable incidents it impresses the character of the age upon our imagination. It was a world of vast and incurable disorder, which is inherent, perhaps, in every feudal system, but which was aggravated in this case by special complications. There was the conflict with *two* ecclesiastical systems, the lack of national unity among the barons, the neglect of the Salic law with the consequent strife for heiresses and widows and the consequent need for women to do the work of strong men; there was, at times, the awkwardness of a dual or triple allegiance to lords mostly non-resident and absorbed by more pressing cares; there was the disheartening discovery, made in the battles of Pelagonia (1259) and Kephissos (1311), that massed infantry was superior to mounted knights. This discovery the Latin nobles could not utilize; so that their adversaries, more fortunate in this respect, became the exponents in the East of military progress. Thus Catalans, Navarrese, Albanians, and Janissaries were able to destroy the Latin principalities.

We believe that some readers will be interested in the careers of a few of the five or six hundred personages who crowd Mr. Miller's pages. The Villehardouins and the Acciajuoli win our attention by the magnitude of their work, the women by their romantic marriages and their unromantic remarriages, the Greeks by their misfortunes and crimes. But the figures in the long procession are so indistinct and succeed one another so rapidly that in the end the eyes of the most zealous reader wander. We predict that few will read all of the book, none all with pleasure. The historical student is not tempted far into it by the blazing of trails which he may have been following in earlier mediæval, Byzantine, or Turkish history. Mr. Miller has detached his province too much from its environment. His treatment is too episodic; his interpretation too impressionistic. And while he has done his whole duty in the matter of travel, documentation, and study, and has visited "all the chief castles and sites of the Frankish period," ransacked the archives of Venice, Naples, Palermo, and Barcelona—"the great cemeteries of mediæval Greece"—and has consulted all the printed books known to him "in Greek, Italian, Spanish, French, German, English, and Latin, which deal in any way with the subject," he has not given the reader any estimate of the value of the sources, he has not arranged his bibliography with any care, and he has incorporated into his text much matter which should have been relegated to the notes or omitted altogether. "The Latins in the Levant" is the work of an indefatigable traveller and antiquarian. As a collection of materials it is highly valuable; but it is also another striking evidence of the truth of the *dictum* that knowledge and industry do not suffice to make an historian.

The Claims of French Poetry. Nine Studies in the Greater French Poets. By John C. Bailey. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $2.50 net.

In spite of certain conspicuous merits, Mr. Bailey's volume does not wholly satisfy the expectations which it raises. The introduction, if not the title, would lead one to look for a kind of essay in comparative literature to determine, on something like general principles, the

relative merits of French and English poetry. And it is in accordance with this implicit promise that Mr. Bailey begins his serious business of criticism with a paper on "English Taste and French Drama," meaning thereby the drama of the seventeenth century. His point of view in this article, as in the whole course of his volume for that matter, is frankly English; his object in this instance is to justify the common insular prejudice against Corneille and particularly Racine, whom he triumphantly finds inferior, not only to Dante, Shakespeare, and the Greek tragedians, but in some respects to a number of romantic poets. His attitude is calm and judicial, he realizes that the unfortunates are on trial for their lives, and what he says is all true enough in itself; his rating is in some sort justified. But this kind of discussion is one which no lover of Racine will much enjoy; for, after all, such rating, whether justified or not, misses the point; and it is impossible to read this chapter, good as it is in parts, without feeling that the writer has never wholly got into his Racine.

In so far, however, the book may be said to fulfil its pretensions; it is an examination of the claims of French poetry. But the remaining essays are hardly other than papers of the ordinary appreciative character; each attempts to exhibit what is distinctive of some one French poet; for in spite of his relatively adverse judgment, the writer still believes that there is much in French verse which the lover of poetry cannot afford to neglect. At the same time, its type, on the whole, is that of Horace: it is "the broad way across the plain of life, not the difficult paths over the mountains."

With this idea in mind—and some further notion, perhaps, of exemplifying the exceptions as well as the rule—he considers severally Marot, Ronsard, La Fontaine, André Chénier, Hugo, Leconte de Lisle, and Heredia. These pieces are acute and interesting, and particularly well illustrated by copious quotations. Marot is "the most natural of poets." "The charm of Ronsard lies" in "the effect as of 'something rich and strange'" and "the graceful play of fancy." La Fontaine is, with Molière, "one of the greatest pleasure-givers of all times and all countries." Chénier has "a political fervor which makes us think of Shelley, and an artistic insight into the beauty of Greek mythology which is a foretaste of Keats." Hugo is "a kind of spokesman of humanity, and in particular . . . he more than any one else is the poetic voice of the nineteenth century." "The dominant note of Leconte de Lisle [is] a kind of intellectual and artistic quietism," while the main characteristic of Heredia seems to be "an air of unique distinction."

Such are, in brief, the claims of these poets upon our attention, as the writer sees them. Some of his confrontations are a little curious; yet every now and then he works out a suggestive parallel—as between Leconte de Lisle and Matthew Arnold. But his list itself is the most significant thing in the book. Upon this roll of "greater French poets" there does not figure a single prominent classic. They are all virtually disposed of in the essay on "English Taste." Evidently, Mr. Bailey is modern and romantic; and the fact explains sufficiently perhaps his reservations toward Racine and Boileau, and even Malherbe, and his expansiveness toward Marot and Ronsard, as well as Molière and La Fontaine, whom he excepts from the other writers of their period.

Notes.

In November Constable & Co. will begin the publication of an illustrated edition of the works of George Meredith, in about twenty-six volumes, to be sold in sets only. One volume will comprise the uncompleted novel, "Celt and Saxon," and there will be other unpublished matter, including an incomplete romance and a comedy. A bibliography will appear in a final volume.

Fleming H. Revell Company announces for publication on October 2 "The Immigrant Tide: Its Ebb and Flow," by Edward A. Steiner, and "Court Life in China: The Capital; its Officials and People," by I. T. Headland.

Dr. Johnson's bicentenary is to be commemorated by the reissue of Boswell's "Life" in two volumes, edited by Roger Ingpen, and with six hundred illustrations (Sturgis & Walton Co.).

"Roman Cities of Northern Italy and Dalmatia," by A. L. Frothingham, is among the autumn publications of the Sturgis & Walton Co., and "The Roman Assemblies from Their Origin to the End of the Republic," by Prof. George Willis Botsford, is on the Macmillans' list.

The Macmillan Co. announces two college text-books of considerable importance in Prof. Louis Kahlenberg's "Outlines of Chemistry" and the "Representative Biographies" of C. T. Copeland and F. W. C. Hersey.

Among the new books on the list of Sherman, French & Co. are: "Selections from the Writings of Sir Walter Raleigh," edited by F. W. C. Hersey; "Religion and the Modern Mind," by Frank Carleton Doan, of the Meadville Theological School, and "The Prison Ships and Other Poems," by Thomas Walsh.

Notable among the autumn publications of Henry Frowde are editions of Campion's "Complete Works," edited by P. Vivian; Spenser's "Poetical Works," vols. II and III, edited by J. C. Smith, and the Marquis of Halifax's "Complete Works," edited by W. A. Raleigh—all three in the Oxford English Texts; Marlowe's "Works," a popular edition in one volume, edited by C. F. Tucker Brooke; "The Dublin Book of Irish Verse," edited by J. Cooke, and, in the Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry, "Shelley's Literary and Philosophical Criticism," edited by J. Shawcross.

Two more books on Africa are announced: "Snapshots from Sunny Africa," by Helen E. Springer (Fleming H. Revell Co.), and Peter MacQueen's "In Wildest Africa," illustrated by Peter Dutkewich (L. C. Page & Co.).

In "The Picturesque Hudson" (The Macmillan Co.) Clifton Johnson gives a pleasant and timely description of the river. "To a very large degree," he says, "the peculiar sentiment and romance that are associated with the Hudson are due to Washington Irving. The river may almost be said to have been discovered by him. . . . Whether he was writing fiction or simply interpreting fact, in either case his lively imagination and gentle humor imparted an atmosphere that will always color the public impression of the region." To Irving's fables, which he quotes liberally, the author has added touches of local color gleaned from talks with fishermen and "old settlers" who still take their living from the river. Historical events and associations are recorded, and the scenery is described without too many superlatives. The illustrations, some forty in number, from photographs taken by Mr. Johnson, are marked by their individuality.

As a descendant of Robert Fulton, Mrs. Alice Crary Sutcliffe ("Robert Fulton and the Clermont," the Century Co.) has had access to family documents which were not available to previous biographers of the inventor, and these throw additional light on his efforts and achievements. Not the least interesting of these papers is Fulton's hitherto unpublished recital of the experiments in France with his plunging boat and with his torpedo, or bomb submarine. From the inventor's point of view both were practicable. "He openly demonstrated the principles of his inventions," says Mrs. Sutcliffe, "and vainly offered them to the French government. If Napoleon had been favorable to them, the history of Europe might have changed. But Napoleon's scientific counsellors pronounced Fulton 'a visionary' and his invention 'a mad scheme.'" The French judgment of the man was a "simple absurdity." Every detail of his inventions was set down in figures, drawings, and models; moreover, he had always in view the advantages humanity would receive from the products of his genius. That point the author drives home. Fulton's predictions regarding the benefits of canal systems—a subject near to his heart—have been borne out by the development of navigation in this and other countries. As he wrote to George Washington:

> The discovery of the mariner's compass gave commerce to the world. The invention of printing is dissipating darkness and giving a polish to the mass of men. And the introduction of the creative system of canals as certain in their effects will give an agricultural polish to every acre of America.

Thus it is not a mistake to characterize Fulton as a reformer who was "deeply interested in the largest problems of humanity." A valuable addition to the book is the list of Fulton's paintings and miniatures, several of which are in the hands of American collectors.

What art has joined together, science has attempted to put asunder. In "The

Collaboration of Webster and Dekker," a dissertation by Frederick Erastus Pierce, published as Vol. XXXVII of the Yale Studies in English. Since Fleay's unsupported attribution of the greater part of "Westward Ho" and "Northward Ho" to Webster, the best critical opinion has been steadily shifting to the opposite ground. In a study of Webster which appeared in 1905, Prof. E. E. Stoll argued pretty conclusively that all literary tests pointed to Dekker as the principal author of the two plays. By a systematic application of the various familiar processes, Mr. Pierce endeavors to reduce uncertainty about these two plays and "Sir Thomas Wyatt" to the lowest terms. In so far as he uses the "parallel passage," the "metrical," the "incident," the "character," and "atmosphere" tests his procedure, though clear and methodical, is not original, nor in its results much more than corroborative; he concludes that the share of Webster in the citizen-comedies was very small, and that he wrote about a third of "Sir Thomas Wyatt." The dissertation tends as a whole to strengthen our conviction that the earlier students of the drama generally failed to do justice to the abundance and fertility of Dekker's genius.

But the most interesting part of Mr. Pierce's work is an entirely new test for the discrimination of authorship—a test almost as impartial as mathematics and yielding results as easily tabulated. Observing off-hand a marked difference between Webster and Dekker in the use of polysyllables of classical derivation, Mr. Pierce devised a method of comparison, as follows:

> The first thing to do . . . is to reduce the whole scene in question to solid prose lines; that is, to find how many lines it would contain if it were printed as one solid block of prose, without breaks at the ends of metrical lines, without gaps between speeches, and without stage directions. Then the whole number of three-syllable words (of Greek or Latin derivation) divided by the number of solid prose lines, equals the ratio of these words to a line. For instance, if a scene contains 100 solid lines and 22 of the aforementioned words, its word-average would be .220. If the length of the prose line, which is the standard of measure, is carefully kept the same, this gives the fairest and most accurate kind of test.

Investigation, scene by scene, of all the plays produced by each of the writers separately reveals a surprising consistency in the proportion of polysyllables. When entire plays are compared, the difference between the two authors is striking. Of Dekker's ten plays, the lowest has a word-average of .116; the highest, .252. Of Webster's five plays, on the other hand, the lowest has a word-average of .296; the highest, of .349. Between Dekker's highest and Webster's lowest is an interval of 44 points. On the mathematical theory of chances, Mr. Pierce asserts that "when a scene has a word-average of .300 or more, the chances are 68.9 to 4.3, or 16 to 1, that Webster, and not Dekker, wrote it," etc. Of course, this test has its limitations. It is necessary to take into consideration the nature of the subject-matter; the dramatist will lengthen his stride when he steps into the tragic sock. Furthermore, there may be very genuine collaboration between two authors, though one of them never writes a word; in such case the test would be useless. But safeguarded by other tests and employed as cumulative evidence—as Mr. Pierce has employed it—it would prove a useful addition to the instruments of the investigator.

We have received from the Catholic Summer School Press of Fordham University a second edition of Dr. J. J. Walsh's "The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries." When this volume of lectures first made an appearance, two years ago, the *Nation* said that, paradoxical as was the thesis suggested by this title, no great difficulty existed in understanding the point of view from which it was deduced. "Name the thirteenth century, and immediately we think of Dante and his supreme vision; of the Latin hymns, . . . of St. Francis, who for a while made Christianity a reality of common life, of Thomas Aquinas, . . . of the Gothic cathedrals." The new edition of this narrative of the "age of faith," which is, of course, considered from the standpoint of a devout Roman Catholic, presents in its appendix "some authoritative opinions that will enable readers to see that many of the author's ideas . . . are shared by men who have devoted the better part of their lives to the special study of the questions on which their opinions are quoted." There are also certain corrections and revisions in the body of the text. As for the appendix and its strange assemblage of testimony, while it makes suggestive reading, it hardly goes to strengthen Dr. Walsh's book. Even though it is nowadays in order to attack the eighteenth century, whether from the base of politics, or of social theory, or of the arts, yet it is decidedly indiscreet to make any so general statement as that "The eighteenth century provided practically nothing that was to live and be a vital force in after times."

"Railroad Promotion and Capitalization in the United States," by Frederick A. Cleveland and Fred Wilbur Powell (Longmans, Green & Co.), is not, as one might be led to expect from the title, a study in present-day corporation finance. It is rather a history of transportation development with particular reference to the sources from which funds were drawn for canal and railway building, and to the methods employed to obtain these funds. As a background for the presentation of the main thesis, much detailed information concerning the general history of railways is given, some of it not heretofore published. The history of the transportation funding policy is traced carefully through all its stages—efforts to secure national aid and their meagre results, State enterprise, and its failure, State and national aid to private companies, and local and individual subsidies. The authors are disposed to be lenient with the early railway promoter, to consider him as a product of his social environment, and to question the right of present-day students to judge him by what they call "the new morality of to-day"—a point of view made more or less familiar nowadays by frequent repetition, but none the less difficult to accept. With regard to subsidies in general, the authors reach the conclusion that there is "evidence sufficient to show that the policy of granting subsidies to railroads was not only unnecessary, but also that it was of questionable value to the companies themselves." The book contains an elaborate bibliography of nearly fifty pages.

The press of W. H. Lowdermilk & Co., Washington, has just issued a small, well-printed duodecimo, "Deck and Field," containing Frank W. Hackett's two addresses delivered before the Naval War College while he was assistant secretary of the navy, and ten others on certain commemorative occasions. He is rather slow generally in getting under way, and he labors too often under the disadvantage of a trite subject. Little that is new can be expected on July 4, or Flag Day, or at a Grand Army post meeting, for example; and we all know what an assistant secretary of the navy will say at the opening of a War College session. On the other hand, when he deals with things outside the ordinary course, he is very interesting. This is especially true of his account of the services and untimely death of the gallant Lieut.-Commander Charles W. Flusser, an heroic name, not so well known as it should be. Mr. Hackett was himself present, as an officer of the Miami, when that vessel was attacked by the rebel ram Albemarle in 1864, and he speaks with personal knowledge of the action. He does full justice to the memory of his noble commander, who was killed by fragments of the shell he had himself discharged against the enemy at so close a range that her armored side almost touched the muzzle of his own nine-inch gun. Mr. Hackett has performed a graceful act in thus recalling to mind Flusser's courage, professional skill, loyalty to the flag, and religious devotion.

Another group of tales has just appeared in The Romance of The East Series. It is a little volume of stories extracted from Somadeva's "Kathāsarit-sāgara," and edited by Dr. L. D. Barnett (Dutton & Co.). As Somadeva is a well-known author, and the text has before this been completely translated, it is necessary to say only that "The Golden Town" (as Dr. Barnett calls the whole volume) contains several excellent specimens of the work of the famous Hindu romancer.

The significance of the new work of Karl Kautsky, the protagonist of the theories of Social Democracy, entitled "Der Ursprung des Christentums" (Stuttgart: J. H. W. Dietz Nachfolger) lies in the fact that it undertakes in a scientific manner to furnish a full explanation of the genesis and early development of Christianity from the social democratic point of view. He substitutes the materialistic principle for the "individualistic" of the historians and the theologians, and accordingly does not find the active forces of historical development in the ideas and actions of individuals, but in the movements of the masses interpreted as a natural development. Accordingly Christianity is to be explained chiefly as an outgrowth not of the personality of such leaders as Jesus or Paul, but of the social and cultural agitations of the day, chiefly of the Zealots who were the most radical exponents of Messianic thought of Israel. This party, according to Josephus, had already produced a large number of claimants to the Messiahship, all of whom died a violent death, just as Jesus suffered the death of a rebel. Christianity itself originated in the communistic ideas and ideals that had been imperfectly voiced by the Essenes

and Therapeutes, and later Christianity transferred these theories to their idealized Jesus. The original communistic Christianity, however, was soon perverted through the influence of the wealthy and the development of a hierarchical episcopacy. Kautsky's methods of dealing with the sources are very arbitrary, after the principle of *stat pro ratione voluntas*. He regards as historically trustworthy the report of Acts on the communism of the first congregation in Jerusalem, but practically discards the rest of the book as he does the whole record of the four gospels, and entirely ignores the Pauline literature.

In the Oxford Higher French Series, edited by Leon Delbos (Clarendon Press), appears Victor Hugo's "Préface du 'Cromwell,' " rightly envisaged by its editor, Edmond Wahl, as a document of prime importance in the history of romanticism—the manifesto, indeed, and call to arms of the "Men of 1830." The introduction (in French), at once lively and solid, recalls vividly that time of *cénacles* and politico-literary ferment, traces with a firm hand Hugo's antecedents and consequents, and assigns to the "Préface" its place both in French literature and in general literary theory and criticism. Of special interest are the treatment of Hugo's central concept of the grotesque; the estimate of the omissions and limitations of the "Préface" considered as a statement of romanticist principles; and the plain inference that, in Hugo's fundamental truths concerning the relation of life to art, classic and romantic are agreed, while both are anticipated in Aristotle. This admirable edition is more than a college text-book for courses in poetics, criticism, French literature, or comparative literature; it is a book to possess.

"Robespierre et le procès du paratonnerre (1780-1784)," by Charles Vellay, is a pamphlet of thirty-one pages, giving in great detail, and largely from manuscript records, the story of Robespierre's argument before the courts of Arras, in defence of the right of his client, a resident of Arras, to put up a lightning-rod on his house. It is a graphic picture of the conditions of life in provincial France before the French Revolution. The help of the experts in Paris, Condorcet, Le Roy, Élie de Beaumont, and, in Dijon, Maret and Moreau, and of lawyers without end, was invoked to overrule the unfavorable decision of the local court. After much discussion in scientific bodies and in the press, Robespierre made the final and successful argument, and it was printed both at Arras and Paris, in pamphlets that have become very rare. Le Roy of the Paris Academy of Sciences wrote that Franklin told him the original condemnation of his lightning-rod by the Arras Court was quite inexcusable, for it was in use in France and Germany and Italy and Russia, as well as in Great Britain and America. All these facts Robespierre used with force and effect in his argument, and when the case was favorably decided Robespierre sent to Franklin a copy of his pamphlet, with a letter, unknown to his biographers, but now in the Library of the University of Pennsylvania. This letter was reproduced in photography a few years ago, and is reprinted by M. Vellay in this interesting little pamphlet. The argument itself is reprinted in the recent number of the *Annales Révolutionnaires*, the organ of the Société des Études Robespierristes, which is now publishing all of Robespierre's own writings and all historical documents. It thus helps us to a better knowledge of the epoch of the French Revolution, still in need of analysis. That two men of such different careers and characters as Robespierre and Franklin should have been thus brought in touch on one point, is of itself of interest. Even more interesting, however, is the light thrown by M. Vellay's pamphlet on the social conditions of France in the days of Robespierre's youth, and on his professional and political progress by his defence of Franklin's invention. The account of a solemn session of a local Parliament, in which Bishops, Clergy, Noblemen, and the Tiers État listened to a scientific description of his lightning rod, is a capital picture of public life in France in 1783.

Philipp Stein, editor of the *Bazar*, has died in Berlin at the age of fifty-five years. He was the author of works on Ibsen, Goethe, and other subjects.

From Berlin is announced the death, at the age of fifty, of Dr. Albert Römer, editor of *Korrespondenz für Kunst und Wissenschaft*, and the author of works on Fritz Reuter, and other authors.

Science.

Cave Vertebrates of America.. By Carl H. Eigenmann. Publication No. 104, Carnegie Institution of Washington.

This work may be called a study of degenerative evolution, and although much of it is necessarily technical, the general facts and summaries are of wide interest. Dr. Eigenmann has left no department of his subject untouched, from an exhaustive chapter on the general consideration of caves to histological descriptions of the degenerate eyes of the inhabitants. The method of colonization of a cave with living creatures may be involuntary, as in the case of aquatic creatures carried into underground channels, or, as in the case of non-aquatic forms, voluntary; there following a gradual adaptation to new conditions. Among the factors at work may be mentioned the twilight entrance section, the section of fluctuating temperature, and the cave proper. In this last portion we have absence of light, constancy of temperature, and the absence of all, except imported, food.

One of the most interesting statements in the general chapter is that some widely-distributed cave species have independently arisen in different places from a far-ranging terrestial species. Dr. Eigenmann is correct in stating that there are no blind birds, but the mention of the phœbe and owl is entirely aside from his subject, while the omission of the apteryx, with its reduced vision and increased tactile sense, is regrettable.

Thirty-five pages illustrated with many excellent plates are devoted to the consideration of blind or cave vertebrates other than fishes; the eyes of the mole, the cave rat, the cave salamanders, and such reptiles as *Amphisbœna* and *Typhlops*. Although many of these eyes have an extremely primitive appearance, yet all are the result of degeneration from complex organs of vision, and hence are essentially adaptive. The active components of the organ, such as the optic muscles, are the first parts to degenerate.

Fishes occupy by far the major part of the monograph (about 175 pages), and especial attention is given to the life and development of the *Amblyopsidæ* and of the Cuban blind fishes. In regard to the former the author concludes:

> It is evident that the causes controlling the development (of the eye) are hereditarily established in the egg by an accumulation of such degenerative changes as are still notable in the later history of the eye of the adult.

Thus we are led to reflect on the inheritance of acquired characters. The sequence of development of the degenerate eyes of this group is summed up in these words:

> The foundations of the eye are normally laid, but the superstructure, instead of continuing the plan with additional material, completes it out of the material provided for the foundations. The development of the foundation of the eye is phylogenetic, the stages beyond the foundations are direct.

In an interesting final chapter on the causes of individual and phyletic degeneration we read: "Considering the parts most affected and the parts least affected, the *degree of use* is the only cause capable of explaining the conditions." It is a pleasure to know that at least one scientist does not take refuge in the all-convenient explanation of mutation!

The typography and both the colored and the uncolored illustrations are up to the very high standard set by other publications of the Carnegie Institution.

When Prof. Charles S. Myers says, in the preface of his "Text-Book of Experimental Psychology" (Longmans), that the lack of such a volume has been keenly felt, he has in mind English schools, not American. Although the writer disavows offering an introductory outline of general psychology or more than a guide through the psychological laboratory, he really has combined history, theory, and criticism to a far greater extent than most other authors of experiment manuals. In addition to the 155 investigations covering all the usual problems, there is a compact account of the latter and the various interpretations of them. Whether this is a virtue or a defect, each teacher will answer according to his own predilections for a more or less stern inductive handling of psychology; but Professor Myers's free mixture of authoritative statement, history, and direct inquiry is surely in line with the dominant tendency.

The author's personal knack of teaching is frankly reflected in the order of topics. Here lies cause for dissent. In showing a beginner what experimental psychology strives to do, and how it does it, one must pass from the simpler problem and the less delicate experiment to the more complex and more delicate. Professor Myers, however, goes from skin sensations to hearing, thence to the labyrinthine and motor sensations, thence to sight, and finally to the very easily managed taste and smell qualities. Reaction times, the tyro's delight, are treated after the very difficult question of statistical method, which is discussed with such brevity that collateral lectures and reading are indispensable. The result throughout is that Professor Myers must resort to bracketing large sections of each chapter for later reading. Apart from this literary confusion the subject-matter is, for the most part, clearly and adequately set forth—if anything, perhaps too adequately for a strictly elementary work. The appended descriptions of psychological instruments and their use are clarified with numerous mechanical drawings, and leave nothing to be desired. As a whole, the book makes heavier demands upon the beginner's maturity and earnestness than could be ventured on in one written for the American undergraduate.

As a testimonial of twenty years of friendship with the English investigator, Prof. Wilhelm Ostwald has translated Sir William Ramsay's recent work on the past and future of chemistry ("Vergangenes und Künftiges aus der Chemie"; Leipzig: Akademische Gesellschaft), and Professor Ramsay has returned the compliment by writing for the German edition an interesting biographical sketch of considerable length, which does not accompany the original English volume. Professor Ostwald adds some novel comment, and asks if the German universities have really attained to the high standards and ideals which Sir William in his enthusiasm is inclined to ascribe to them.

A six months' "General Exhibition of Hygiene" is to be opened in Buenos Ayres in May, 1910. The direction offers three classes of prizes for exhibits: one in a strictly national competition, the second in a competition limited to the Latin-American countries, and the third in a general competition. In connection with the exhibition will be held an international American Congress of Medicine and Hygiene. Congress and exhibition alike commemorate the first centenary of the May Revolution of 1810. The congress is divided into the following sections: biological, medical, surgical, section of public hygiene, pharmacological and chemical, and sections of sanitary technology, veterinary police, and dental pathology.

John Janvier Black, M.D., of Newcastle, Del., died in that place September 27, in his seventy-third year. He was a graduate of Princeton College and of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania. He wrote "Cultivation of the Peach, Pear, and Quince," "Eating to Live," and "Forty Years in the Medical Profession."

Dr. George Cuvier Harlan, an eye specialist, of Philadelphia, died in that city on September 25, aged seventy-four years. He was a graduate of Delaware College and of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania; and during the civil war served as medical officer on board the gunboat Unlon, and as surgeon of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry. He was formerly president of the American Ophthalmological Society, and contributed articles on his specialty to text-books and to medical journals.

Drama and Music.

English Nativity Plays. Edited with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary, by Samuel B. Hemingway. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

At the outset we wish to congratulate our editor upon his choice of subject for the doctoral thesis, published as No. 37 in the "Yale Studies." He has not only profited by the opportunity to exhibit sound scholarship but has given to the reading public a book of decided practical utility. The ordinary student can scarcely be expected to struggle with the whole ungainly corpus of plays locked up in the York, Towneley, Chester, Hegge, and other collections. One must be a trained scholar to coördinate properly Miss Toulmin Smith, Pollard, Deimling, and Halliwell-Phillipps. Accordingly, it is a downright boon to get in one volume a group of plays thoroughly annotated, and provided with a generous glossary (the initiated will best appreciate the force of the epithet) and an introduction that really introduces one to the general subject of the church plays in English. The Nativity group, here presented, is unquestionably the best possible selection. It has a certain dramatic unity of theme; it also offers the largest number of points of interest.

In one respect the volume is defective: it should have included the Herod-Magi plays. Their incorporation would have swelled the volume a good deal, but, if we are to have the Nativity plays, let us have them entire. The adoration of the Magi is an admirable set-off to the adoration of the Shepherds; besides, it is only after reading Herod's bombast that one appreciates Hamlet's exhortation to the players to avoid out-heroding Herod.

Upon the editor's introduction we offer a few criticisms. The remark (p. ii) upon the Devonshire manuscript of the Chester plays is not just to Dr. Furnivall. We would, furthermore, protest against the editor's designation of one collection as the "Coventry" plays. In his preface the editor renders his thanks to "Prof. John M. Manly of the University of Chicago for advice and encouragement." We are confident that Professor Manly never gave this particular bit of advice; on the contrary, he has said explicitly:

> I have chosen to call the plays by the name of the earliest known owner of the MS ["Hegge"], for I see no reason to connect them with Coventry; and "so-called Coventry Plays" is a clumsy expression.

These, however, are minor faults, and outweighed by the fact that the editor is peculiarly independent in his treatment of the Chester and the Hegge plays. His text of the former rests upon a personal examination of the Devonshire MS.; of the latter, upon photographs of the MS. Vesp. D. viii.

More serious are our objections to the editor's general views upon the liturgical Latin drama. Speaking frankly, we would urge him to turn aside from such second-hand writers as Davidson, and to acquire the method of investigators like Lange and Creizenach. If the scholarship of the past twenty years has accomplished anything, it has demonstrated: first, that the liturgical drama had its source in the very concrete visit of the three Marys to the Sepulchre; secondly, that the Christmas drama was added to the Easter movement as an imitative afterthought.

Concerning the supposed French influence in the Chester plays, pp. xxiv-xxvii, we suggest that there is a conclusive argument against the "popular theory . . . that they are little more than translations or adaptations of some French play that is now lost." And the argument, indeed, would apply to the other collections, York, Towneley, etc. The difference of structure between the French plays and the English is fundamental and organic; the French plays are in rhyming couplets, the English in more or less complicated stanzas of lyric tone. Now, although it is quite conceivable that a translator or adapter might change stanza-movement into couplet-movement, it is quite unlikely that he should reverse the process.

As disciple of the Yale school the editor could not be expected to refrain from "parallels." In theory we do not object to them; in practice, however, we find them at times inapt. Thus, the parallel between Percy's fierce protest against the "certain lord. . . . Fresh as a bridegroom" and the Towneley shepherds' grumbling at the "prowde swane" is wholly unilluminating. A genuine parallel, both in temper and in time, could have been found in "Piers Plowman," in the indictment of Wrong. The editor's citation, p. 286, of the Italian-French adage, "The devil is dead," would have been brought home to many readers by a reference to Denys the archer, in "The Cloister and the Hearth."

We have examined minutely the text of the first Chester play, as far as verse 208, together with the notes and relevant glossary entries. From this test we have gained a favorable impression of the editor's scholarship. The notes are decidedly helpful and the glossary is much superior to ordinary works of

its kind. Not that there is a total absence of error and oversight. For example, p. 217, note upon verse 8: "*This.* Evidently an error, misspelling of *thus.*" Spies, in his "History of the English Pronoun," shows that in Middle English the confusion of the words "this" and "thus" was chronic, and survived even in Elizabethan English. "Fulfellede," v. 100, needs amending to "fulfyllt," in rhyme with "guylte." In v. 106, the *y* of *syde* (seed) is assuredly in need of explanation; also the dialect form "yearth," v. 171, for "earth," deserves a note. The phrase "loveiy lore," v. 206, as it stands, is a crux. It cannot mean "acceptable doctrine." Our interpretation, which for want of space we cannot prove step by step, is that the phrase means "praiseworthy training"· training in the sense of Proverbs, xiii, 24. Still, these and similar faults do not impair the value of the work as a whole.

We have discussed Dr. Hemingway's book at some length, partly for its intrinsic merits, partly also because of its practical possibilities. Inasmuch as the appearance of Manly's promised third volume, to contain his introduction and notes, seems postponed indefinitely, those of our colleges and universities which undertake to teach the origins of the English drama are in need of just such a book as the present one. To everybody, instructor or student, this edition of the Nativity Plays will come as a welcome release from much drudgery.

We can do no more than register the appearance of three new volumes of the Tudor Facsimile Texts, edited by John S. Farmer and published by T. C. & E. C. Jack of London and Edinburgh. These additions are: "The Temptation of Our Lord," by John Bale, written in 1538, reprinted from the Bodleian copy, the only copy known to exist; "The Beauty and Good Properties of Women" [otherwise "Calisto and Melibæa"], from the single Bodleian copy (c. 1530) known to exist; and "The Marriage of Wit and Science," licensed in 1569-70, also from the single existing copy in the Bodleian. The character of these reprints is now known to all students of the early, and for praise we could only repeat what we have said of previous issues.

Moffat, Yard & Company will make an interesting offering in their "American Primitive Music," probably the first detailed treatment of Indian music, by Frederick R. Burton.

Art.

The production of artistic potteries in the United States has advanced rapidly enough to justify a third, and revised, edition of Dr. Edwin Atlee Barber's "The Pottery and Porcelain of the United States," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The original volume, which appeared in 1893, was a thoroughly creditable handbook of a little known subject. Through it many amateurs of this and other countries became aware of the existence here of an important fictile art which is almost as old as that of Great Britain. In arranging the present edition the author has added chapters on the development of the art since the Chicago Exposition, on recently discovered historical data, and on the pottery of Mexico. At least two rather famous potteries have been omitted from the exposition of present-day products. These are the pottery at Marblehead, Massachusetts, conducted very successfully for several years past in connection with a local "arts and crafts" enterprise, and the one at West Sterling, in the same State, which is directed by Mr. W. J. Walley. In general, the treatment of the artist potters whose names are familiar to followers of the handicraft exhibitions appears to be just and well proportioned. The discussion of Mexican potteries summarizes the results of Dr. Barber's expedition of exploration in 1907—a quest which proved the artistic value of the majolicas and other wares of old Mexico. The title of one of the chapters transferred by oversight from the first to the third edition is misleading; "The Present Century" obviously refers to the nineteenth and not to the twentieth.

"Box Furniture," by Louise Brigham (New York: The Century Company), deserves a good word. Even the preface is interesting: not everybody has learned during a winter in Spitzbergen to utilize discarded packing cases as material for household furniture. In the body of the book directions are given for making from soap boxes, breakfast-food boxes, and other wooden receptacles which usually reach the chopping block, some one hundred articles of household furniture, "known to be useful," and, in some instances, "believed to be beautiful." The diagramatic illustrations by Edward H. Ascherman, from designs by the author, show rooms and corners of rooms which look almost too good to be true. Yet photographs, some made in a dwelling seven hundred miles north of the Arctic circle, others in social settlements of Copenhagen and of several American cities, prove that ingenuity and taste avail more than marble and mahogany in creating a harmonious and even sumptuous effect. Appreciation of what can be done with boxes and combinations of boxes should be valuable to the American who has a summer home or camp.

"Wirthschaft und Kunst" is the title of a solid volume of nearly 450 pages by Heinrich Waentig (Jena: Gustav Fischer), in which is outlined the theory and history of art tendencies in modern industry throughout the world. The main investigation is limited to England, Austria, France, and the United States, all of which countries the writer visited for first-hand study. The great work of Carlyle, Ruskin, and Morris, and the relations, growing ever more and more complex, between art and labor, art and necessity, are so clearly and forcibly discussed that these chapters of the work in themselves deserve wide publication. A chapter is given to France and England, dealing with the art movements in each country separately and then in common, and the agreement and radical dissimilarity in Austrian and German *Gewerbekunst* are shown. Forty-three pages sketch the historical development of American industrial art, Herr Waentig finding, with Prof. Karl Lamprecht, that, as yet, we have developed no really distinctive types. All, he says, remains a hodge-podge and a medley, as was shown in the little-of-everything nailed up at St. Louis, where "the American exhibit did not equal those of the European countries, and was distinctly disappointing in itself." The germ of industrial art in America is, however, conceded to be of the soundest quality, the provisions for instruction in drawing and manual training in the public and technical schools being of the best.

"La Peinture au Musée Carnavalet" (E. Sansot), by Alcanter de Brahm, is a convenient volume on the paintings in the museum of City of Paris history. These collections occupy the Paris house of Madame de Sévigné.

The exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in connection with the Hudson-Fulton celebration is notable, first of all, in its assemblage of paintings by the Dutch masters of the earlier half of the seventeenth century. This group of Dutch paintings includes thirty-four Rembrandts—and three more are to be added; twenty by Franz Hals (a greater number than was ever before collected); five, with another on its way to join them, by Vermeer of Delft; seven Hobbemas; four Salomon Ruisdael landscapes, and eleven Jacobs; besides Cuyps, Steens, and Pieter de Hooghs, etc., etc. The representativeness of the exhibition is to be attributed not only to the richness of the museum's own treasures, but also to the coöperation of Messrs. Morgan, Frick, and Johnson, and of Mrs. C. P. Huntington, Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, and many others. The American part of the exhibition is rich in specimens of the work of Copley and other early portrait painters of his nation. And it was a happy thought to show, in addition to their examples of American painting, specimen work of our cabinet-makers, from the earliest colonial times to about the date of Fulton's death. Not the least important product of the museum staff's enthusiastic collaboration in the Hudson-Fulton fête is their promised issue of a richly illustrated catalogue of the Dutch paintings shown in their exhibition, edited by Dr. W. R. Valentiner.

Finance.

STARTING A SPECULATION.

The beginning of a concerted movement to drive up the price of an important commodity on the market is always a striking event, and the present era has been so largely a period of spectacular operations of the sort, in many markets, that the community's interest in them has grown to be not only aborbing but perennial. These are the main reasons why last week's announcement that a great speculation was about to start, deserves some special comment. Stating, on Tuesday of last week, when cotton was selling at 12¾ cents a pound, his personal position in the market for

that commodity. James A. Patten went on to say:

I am firmly convinced that the present cotton crop will sell above 17 cents—that the record prices of the Sully year will be bettered. This conclusion is based solely on crop conditions and the increased consumption of the staple.

My firm has a private wire system extending all over the country, into the cotton as well as the wheat and corn producing centres. Our customers asked our advice about cotton and I began to investigate crop conditions. All the established reports pointed to a small production, and my own information was of the same character. Therefore, I am in the cotton market.

There are two distinct aspects to the incident, the personal and the economic. Mr. Patten's public attitude naturally lends strength to the cotton speculation; he comes into that market with the prestige of a remarkably accurate advance judgment regarding last season's wheat shortage, and of a remarkably successful speculative campaign. Traditionally, this is a dangerous reliance; for it is a curious fact about speculation in the past that success in one market has not by any means guaranteed success in another. The experiences of Keene and Gates in the grain market, after successful exploits in stocks, and Sully's rather absurd performance in the coffee market, on the heels of his seemingly brilliant cotton corner, are instances in point.

Taking the price of "December contracts" as a measure, cotton sold, three days after Patten's statement, at 13½ cents a pound, as compared with 12⅜ a week before, 10⅝ as recently as last June, and 8⅞ a year ago. In the decade past, cotton has gone above the week's price in one season only—that which followed the very short crop of 1903, when the spot price touched 16⅝ cents. It is fair to say, then, that the present price is high. With the causes for this high price and the argument for a price still higher, the public is familiar—the lowest "September condition" on the Agricultural Department's records, a destructive storm in the cotton belt last week, a planted area 1,452,000 acres below last year's, and a popular estimate of indicated yield not exceeding 11,500,000 bales, as against an estimated "world's requirement" from our cotton fields of 12,438,000.

This last consideration, it should be observed, does not disclose so wide a discrepancy as that of 1903, when the estimate of requirements was 11,250,000 bales and the crop 10,000,000. Supplies now on hand and the foreign crop indications are also very much larger than they were, six years ago. The present "world's visible" is 2,190,000 bales, as against only 1,139,000 at this time in 1903—which would offset, so far as comparisons go, a shortage of a million bales in this season's crop. India and Egypt, our two chief competitors in cotton production, estimate for a harvest between them, this season, 850,000 bales above the season past, and 1,300,000 bales in excess of 1903. These are the legitimate factors in the problem.

That the present American crop is short of normal requirements, is admitted; but, as the above-cited figures show, it must also be conceded that the present price is high. How much higher it can be made to go, is a question to which the speculators and the spinners will jointly give the answer. However much a commodity may be needed, there is some level of prices at which consumers will do without; to this, the past experience of every market testifies. The action of the cotton mills and the cotton consumers bore witness to it during the "Sully corner," when the price, having reached 16⅝ cents per pound in March of 1904, fell to 10¾ in June at the moment of greatest depletion of supplies, carrying down with it the speculators. We shall see how these aspects of the case work out in the coming cotton season.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Armstrong, W. Art in Great Britain and Ireland. Scribner.

Bacon, B. W. Commentary on the Epistle of Paul to the Galatians. Macmillan. 50 cents net.

Baln, R. N. The Last King of Poland and His Contemporaries. Putnam.

Barbour, R. H. Captain Chub. Century Co.

Beach, R. The Silver Horde. Harper. $1.50.

Björnstjerne Björnson's Novels. Vol. XIII. Mary. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Book of Isaiah. With introduction, notes, and explanations by G. H. Box. Macmillan. $2.25 net.

Bredon, J. Sir Robert Hart; The Romance of a Great Career. Dutton. $1.75 net.

Briggs, C. A. Church Unity. Scribner. $2.50 net.

Bull, J. B. Fridtjof Nansen: A Book for the Young. Translated by the Rev. M. R. Barnard. Heath.

Burton, R. From the Book of Life. Little, Brown. $1.25 net.

Cary, O. A History of Christianity in Japan. Vols. I and II. Revell. Each $2.50 net.

Coburn, F. S. Tales of Edgar Allan Poe Putnam. $1.

Cole, P. R. Later Roman Education in Ausonius, Capella and the Theodosian Code. New York: Teachers College, Columbia Univ.

Cope, H. F. The Friendly Life. Revell. 35 cents.

Craven, P. The Pride of the Graftons. Appleton. $1.50.

Crew, H. Elements of Physics. Revised by F. T. Jones. Macmillan. $1.10 net.

Daulton, A. M. C. From Sioux to Susan. Century Co. $1.50.

Demosthenes. Philippics I, II, III. With introduction and notes by G. A. Davies. Putnam. 60 cents.

Du Bois, M. C. The Lass of the Silver Sword. Century Co. $1.50.

Eldridge, W. T. An American Princess. Sturgis & Walton. $1.50.

Eldredge, Z. S., and Molera, E. J. The March of Portolá, and the Log of the San Carlos. San Francisco: California Promotion Co. 50 cents.

Ellis, E. S. Unlucky Tib. Boston: Dana, Estes. $1.25.

Embury II, Aymar. One Hundred Country Houses. Illustrated. Century Co. $3 net.

Fowler, H. N., and Wheeler, J. R. A Handbook of Greek Archæology. American Book Co.

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Gilman, B. A Son of the Desert. Century Co. $1.50.
Gostling, F. M. The Bretons at Home. McClurg. $2.50 net.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1909.

The Week.

President Taft's decision that Alaska is not yet fit for self-government came simultaneously with a telegraphic appeal from the leading editors and mayors in Alaska begging him to recommend to Congress an elective legislature for this distant Territory. The President feels, however, that Alaska, because of the shifting character of its population, is not entitled to a Legislature, but he is willing to recommend that it should have the commission form of government, similar to that in the Philippines. This is a singular doctrine from an American President, however wise it may be. Alaska is tired of being ruled by an indifferent Congress thousands of miles away. It believes its whole development retarded thereby. It wants taxation with representation, and now it hears from Mr. Taft that what is good enough for the Filipino we hate and despise, is good enough for its citizens! This will hardly make Mr. Taft any more popular in Alaska. Those who think specifically about the Philippines, feel that it is quite right for them to be governed by an upper house comprised of Presidential appointees. But at least the Filipinos have their lower house. Is Alaska not even to have that? Mr. Hitchcock had better look at once to the Republican delegates from that Territory.

Mr. Bryan, in his present active campaign for rehabilitating the Democratic party and saving the nation, is happy in the possession of a rule that works both ways. When the unity of the Democratic party and the welfare of the nation demand it, he stands ready to castigate and rebuke so prominent a Democrat as Senator Bailey, bearding him in his own State. When Senator Bailey challenges Mr. Bryan to a joint debate, Mr. Bryan finds that the unity of the Democratic party, etc., will suffer when two of its ablest champions start to maul each other. Having set out to elect a Democratic Congress next year, Nebraska's faithful son thinks it unwise to accentuate the unhappy differences of opinion which animate Democrats when they talk on the tariff. Here, then, is a happy solution for an ancient difficulty. If Democrats, when they get together, will persist in fighting, then don't let them get together! Let Bryan at El Paso, San Antonio, and Dallas announce that Bailey is a traitor. Let Bailey at Austin, Fort Worth, and Houston proclaim Bryan a fraud, but let them not advertise Democratic dissension by appearing on the same platform.

Come one, come all, this rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as Dr. Wiley yields an inch in his fight for good food. For the moment, interest shifts from quality to quantity, from honest materials to honest measure. Why, Dr. Wiley asked the food manufacturers recently, does variation in the contents of bag, box, or tin always take the form of shrinkage? If bottles can never be blown into perfectly uniform size, why should the small bottle predominate over the large one? The question occurs: Is the science of practical chemistry unable to predict the exact amount by which butter in tubs or lard in pails is bound to shrink according to circumstance and season? And if such standards can be laid down, why not make it a rule of the trade to allow for the loss beforehand? On this issue, as on that of benzoate of soda, the manufacturers oppose the argument of practical need against Dr. Wiley's idealism. But, after all, experience has shown repeatedly that when once the standard is fixed and insisted upon, practical conditions have a way of adjusting themselves thereto. The factory legislation of three-quarters of a century has been based on the elementary proposition that the business man's right to his profit has definite limitations, and that certain "inevitable" conditions of industry must cease to be inevitable when public weal and fundamental right and wrong are involved.

Mr. Loeb's defence of what has been called his "undressing brigade" will satisfy nobody outside of official circles. If, as he alleges, his victims "seemed to enjoy" the operation of being stripped by customs inspectors, they are taking a curious way of expressing their thanks. In other words, Mr. Loeb would have it that the legal proceedings started are in the nature of blackmail or strike-suits. We believe nothing of the kind, and earnestly hope that the matter will be fought through to the highest court of the land. For we cannot imagine that such a search on mere suspicion is legal. The performance of Mr. Loeb's men would be disgraceful to the country's good name if there were authority for it in law. It is a public scandal, to be endured only because it must be useful in awakening people to the barbaric character of our tariff laws, and particularly of the personal-baggage provision. At present Mr. Loeb is a capital ally of the Free Traders.

It is impossible to deny that the New Jersey primaries last week resulted in a crushing defeat of the "New Idea" Republicans. They won in Hudson County, and carried here and there a ward or a district, but as a whole they were decisively beaten. In Essex County, in particular, where Senator Colby began by scoring his great triumph and making the party management "sit up," the "regulars" were on Tuesday overwhelmingly in the majority. Various explanations are offered, such as the "apathy" of the best citizens, and the absence of many natural Colby voters who went to New York to witness the celebrations, but they do not really explain. General causes must account for so general a defeat; and it has to be admitted that the first impetus of the "New Idea" movement seems to be lost This is partly because some of the reforms it aimed at have been accomplished, but more because the average citizen has grown weary of the fight, and has substituted indifference for his early enthusiasm. The New Jersey primary system is imperfect, but even the complete form of direct primaries can be, as we have often pointed out, used as skilfully by the professional politicians as the convention system, provided the voters neglect their duty. No sort of political machinery can work out our salvation unless intelligent and vigilant men are there to work it.

Kentucky's Governor comes perilously near falling into the temper of those

good people who would force the nations to keep the peace even at the cannon's mouth. Gov. Willson's stand against the night-riders has been a manly one. But when he advises the anti-pool tobacco growers to form liberty leagues for the purpose of waging war against the night-riders, he may be fomenting a greater harm than he seeks to cure. The trouble with Kentucky has been a constitutional paralysis of the sense of law. The methods of the vendetta have been introduced into the tobacco business. That very fact is reason enough why the same methods should not be introduced into the business of government. If the only way in which individual liberty and the right of property can be vindicated in Kentucky is by citizens forming themselves into guerrilla bands and potting each other from behind fences, the government of Kentucky might as well go out of business once and for all. If the local authorities and the State militia cannot cope with the situation it is the State's business to set up a police machinery that can. We do not speak of the last remedy, Federal intervention, because we do not believe that the need for such extreme procedure exists. Yet even Federal intervention must be tried before the Governor of a State sanctions a return to the primitive policy of tooth and claw. As Secretary Dickinson declared the other day, the men who founded the commonwealths beyond the Alleghanies would have blushed to see their descendants helpless in the face of disorder and anarchy.

The ten-hour law for women passed by the last Illinois Legislature has been declared unconstitutional by Judge Richard S. Tuthill of the State Circuit Court in Chicago. This has rendered it ineffective until finally passed upon by the highest State courts. The suit which led to the decision was brought by two women employees of a paper-box concern, who swore that if they were restricted to ten hours of labor, they could not earn enough money to support those dependent upon them. The judge held that the law violated the freedom of contract—a ground on which many a similar statute has been opposed. There is an obvious and irreconcilable conflict here between the welfare of women workers and freedom of contract. One can easily see that a demagogic Legislature could take liberties with it in ways seriously to impair the rights of working people and employers as well. But public sentiment has practically decided that in this country as elsewhere the present conditions of overwork are more dangerous than possible future evils. Incidentally, it has shocked people in Illinois to learn from the defence of the employers that one woman has to work eleven or twelve hours a day to earn enough to support herself and a sister in the simplest way, and that after thirty-two years of service, begun when she was only thirteen.

The tide of American emigration into Canada is still at the flood. The somewhat off-hand figures quoted in the press the other day, on the authority of a Canadian official, are probably exaggerated. Seventy-five thousand families gone to Canada in the course of a year would mean a population loss to us of nearly 400,000, which, on the face of it, cannot be true. But, take the 75,000 as the total of American emigration, and it is still an increase over the 60,000 settlers we sent across the border in 1906-1907 and in 1907-1908. This is eloquent commentary on what we have of late days been told concerning the exhaustion of our free domain and the necessity that confronts American agriculture of readjusting its methods to new conditions. We no longer have soil to scratch; the land must be cultivated. But the pioneer spirit is still strong enough in the West to make patient methods irksome to tens of thousands. Hence the lure of virgin soil and free acres in Canada's northwestern provinces. The emigration from the Central West does not mean a repetition of the tragedy of New England's farms. The vacated land in Iowa and Kansas is sold at a profit to other occupiers, who will put into it the labor and skill that new conditions call for. As for the loss of population and wealth by migration to Canada, at bottom the country feels that it is not, in any true sense, a loss.

The refreshing simplicity that characterizes the Wright brothers was not absent from the explanation volunteered by Wilbur Wright of the Cook-Peary difficulty. The newspapers are responsible for the whole thing, in his opinion. They "saw millions in it if they could get up a good row and could aggravate Peary into saying things that would make headlines." It is natural for a man who has accomplished great things in silence and seclusion to feel as Mr. Wright evidently does about the obstreperous commercialism of newspaperdom; but he has hit pretty wide of the mark in this instance. It happens that Peary began making his accusations against Cook before the wicked newspaper men had a chance to get at him, and eagerly employed the wireless telegraph for the purpose while still on the confines of the frozen north. The habit of shifting the burden of any indiscretion or extravagance on the part of a man of standing to the shoulders of the newspapers is general; and an odd feature of it is that those who do so are unconsciously committing the very fault for which they chiefly blame the papers—setting down as a fact what they have not taken the trouble to verify as true. Cases have not been unknown in which an indiscreet utterance ascribed to a man of eminence has been positively acknowledged by him as authentic, and yet his admirers or defenders have persisted in pointing to it as a glaring instance of newspaper fabrication. There is quite as much looseness in people's talk about newspapers as there is in the newspapers' talk about people.

As the time approaches for the House of Lords to receive the Budget from the Commons, indications multiply that they will not, after all, venture to throw it out. It is a plausible rumor which intimates the exertion of a certain influence to that end by the King. He could not wish to see the country torn asunder over a great Constitutional issue. Whatever action the Crown might lawfully take, would assuredly be in the direction of a quiet agreement which would be acceptable to both political parties. Such a "front-bench" understanding seems, indeed, to be forming. It would run on the lines of a bargain by which the Lords should accept the Budget, with whatever grumbling and wry faces, and the Ministry should promise to dissolve and have a general election early next year. That ought to please the Conservatives, eager for the fray as they profess to be; while the Liberals would be better content to

try their chance while they are popular with the country, rather than to wait for the slow melting of their majority and their prestige. The full text of Mr. Balfour's speech in Birmingham certainly does not bear out the theory that he would urge the Lords to defy the Commons. Almost his sole allusion to the subject was where he referred to the Prime Minister's speech, and said that those who liked it were "the gentlemen who nightly pray that the House of Lords may throw out this Budget, fully determined, if the House of Lords did such a thing, to go about the country denouncing them for their unconstitutional behaviour." The peers who want to fight can get small comfort from that.

It was Mr. Asquith who asked scornfully where English capital would fly to if it were driven out by the new taxes, as the Conservatives charge that it will be. He pointed to Germany, France, Italy, and the United States as eagerly engaged in finding new taxes with which to bear their militaristic burdens or carry out their social programmes. Now, however, he has been answered by a correspondent of the *Spectator*, who quotes the following passage from Price Collier's book, "England and the English":

> I know of not one but several English fortunes, and there are no doubt many more, which have been lodged in Switzerland, where there is no taxation on foreign securities. The books are kept there, the control is there, and this is done on the ground that taxation in England is becoming confiscatory. This means taking the very blood out of the veins of the body politic.

The correspondent approves of this, writing that "men will submit to hardship if it is fair; but no one will willingly submit to injustice." He believes, too, in Macaulay's prediction that "Rome was destroyed by barbarians from without; England will be destroyed by barbarians from within." This may perhaps be true; but at present we do not believe that Switzerland is to be the New Jersey among Continental States, and serve as a refuge for Britain's embattled capital. Unfortunately, money cannot be taken out of enterprises at home very easily, and as long as it stays in companies in England it must pay its share of the taxes. If Switzerland is to be to any extent the adopted land of the free and home of the brave who dare to flee the tax-gatherer, it will take, we believe, a more drastic budget than Lloyd-George's to bring it about.

Fuller details of Minister Millerand's project for the "finishing" of French mining and engineering students by an American tour are furnished by an article in the Paris *Figaro*. The training of French engineering schools is, of course, of the highest intellectual value. The fledgling graduate is a technician not to be despised by the scarred veteran himself. He has studied with zeal the factories, mines, and railways of his own land; sometimes he has made vacation tours in the *outre-Rhin*. But the French Minister of Public Works is persuaded that this is not enough. His engineers must know by more than hearsay what is being accomplished in foreign lands; it is, above all, to America that he would send them. The United States is the land "where industrial activity is prodigious—a country very different from theirs, in methods, customs, commercial procedure, temper, aspect of things. I am persuaded," he says, "that nothing is likely to be more profitable to our engineers than contact with such a civilization." It will be interesting to see how different standards and training may be reconciled. One reads of a railway engine that has for more than sixty years performed its duties on a French road. We do not build such engines here: we cannot, and we would not. In the proposed "Americanization" of the government engineering schools, there is a suggestion that our influence upon Paris is not, after all, confined to the creation of a Luna Park in the Champs Élysées. But it is to be remarked that M. Millerand's plan calls for a visit to the United States only after a severe technical drilling. That being so, good results can hardly fail to follow.

Reports of conflict between Russian and German officials at Harbin turn up with tolerable frequency. Russia's position in Harbin for a long time formed the subject of dispute with China. An arrangement was recently concluded by which the Russo-Chinese Bank surrendered its pretensions to what were virtually sovereign powers, but in turn was confirmed in certain extensive rights arising from its position as legal owner of the land on which the municipality of Harbin is situated. Nevertheless, grounds for difference persist. That it should be the German population of Harbin which is sharpest set against the exercise of Russian authority, lends color to the rumors of Germany's diplomatic designs in the Far East, centring about a policy of friendship with Japan to the ultimate undoing of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Now, though Harbin lies far outside of the Japanese sphere of influence in Manchuria, it is natural enough that, in the affairs of the Far East as a whole, pro-Japanese should also mean anti-Russian. The Czar's government has lately given signs of its old hypnotic power over Chinese officialdom. Peking seems to have forgotten Russian injuries of five years ago, in its resentment at Japanese activity to-day. With the Stolypin Ministry working feverishly at the building up of Siberia, it cannot be many years before the Russian menace, as Japan views it, will be once more a reality. In the circumstances, German cooperation might be greatly relished at Tokio.

China reformed or China awakened is easily enough said; but what vast psychological difficulties are involved in a modernized China, is suggested in a picturesque incident recorded by the Peking correspondent of the London *Times*. Yung Lin, a Manchu official of low rank but exceptional literary gifts, recently addressed a memorial to the Regent on the unhappy condition of the Empire, and then committed suicide. This "wearer of the eighth button, possessor of a brevet appointment at the Hunting Park, and deputy ranger at the Summer Palace," was fully aware of the perils that beset the new régime. He saw incompetent officialdom wasting the resources of the empire. He saw the foreigner grasping at the nation's wealth. He saw the danger of domestic rebellion and aggression from without. And so, enumerating four principal reasons for shedding bitter tears and forcing himself into utterance, he prostrates himself reverently, memorial in hand, embodying "a fool's single successful inspiration." Which done, he decided on death, because he was aware that the law punishes him who speaks of what concerns him not. An enlightened patriot, as his words show him to be, working for reform by the traditional method of suicide—this shows the chaos of new and old connoted by the new China.

MR. TAFT'S COMPREHENSIVENESS.

The President's speech last week on "Conservation"—that finely vague thing which we all believe in, each of us reserving the right to say what it means—dealt with the last large subject on which he was expected to address his fellow-citizens during his present tour. He has spoken on judicial reform, on the tariff, on the amendment of the anti-Trust laws, on taxation, and now on the preservation of our natural resources and on the reclamation of arid lands by irrigation. What is the net impression one gets from this series of speeches? What clue do they give us to Mr. Taft's method and intentions?

As a public orator, the President has kept to the safe level on which he has long stood before the country. He shuns the sensational. In neither epigrams nor firebrands do his speeches abound. No one any longer expects him to drink up the Mississippi or set the prairies on fire. His way is, rather, that of the judge, writing with a somewhat heavily-moving pen careful summaries, which his immediate audience, under the impression of his winning personality, may have found interesting, but which, in cold type, do not stir the reader. This of itself is no bad thing. The country is ready, by contrast, to take considerable satisfaction and comfort in a President who is not an exciting orator. A speech which is low in rhetorical values leaves, at any rate, other values undisturbed. If that land is to be accounted happy whose annals are dull, something is to be said for Presidential addresses which do not set people by the ears. But while duly thankful for these mercies, we cannot help missing in these latest utterances of Mr. Taft something of that forthright courage and vigorous initiative which he gave us, for example, in his famous Ohio speech against Boss Cox, or in his plain-speaking address to the Southern Republicans, or his frank deliverance in Maine against the Dingley tariff. His "later manner," as the art-critics say, inclines to the comprehensive instead of the forcible. He seeks to embrace different views, and even, sometimes, to reconcile contradictories.

Signs of such a desire to be all-inclusive appeared in what he had to say about the tariff, as also in his discussion of the labor boycott in relation to the law against restraint of trade; but it is his speech at Spokane on conservation which best exhibits this working of the President's mind. A pretty violent controversy has been raging on that subject, in the West and elsewhere, and Mr. Taft develops agreement with both sides. He stoutly upholds Secretary Ballinger, but he also urgently requests Chief-Forester Pinchot to remain in the government service. Pinchot and Ballinger will not speak to each other, but the President folds them both to his capacious breast. He is heartily for the Roosevelt policies in respect of forests and mines and water-power, yet he insists that Congress has much to do in order to make them legal. Mr. Taft is rigidly for economy, but favors the issue of $10,000,000 in bonds to provide money immediately for the completion of work which the reclamation service rashly undertook, and has not the funds to finish. It is unnecessary to adduce other illustrations. The evidence is pretty clear that the President is hoping to bring in not simply an "era of good feeling," but a time when sharply differing public policies may lie down together peacefully like the millennial lamb and the lion.

It must be left to time to decide whether President Taft will be able, with his large good-nature, to make two walk together who are not agreed. To date, he has had much success in leading warring minds to agree at least in liking him, and in wishing his Administration the best things. But facts remain as ugly as ever, and political differences, based on principle, are hard to compose. Men may admire and applaud their President, without abandoning the policies and the causes in which, in their heart of hearts, they believe, and for which they are ready to fight. There are no indications, for example, that Mr. Taft's tariff speech at Winona, intended, no doubt, to be conciliatory, and to put an end to agitation, has had any real or permanent effect in laying that controversy. It remains an irrepressible conflict. As an excellent authority on Western feeling writes to us privately, the President's speech "did not make a dent" in the Western sentiment for tariff revision.

The President seems deliberately to have chosen to be all amiability and conciliation, on this long journey of his among the people. It is a rôle which he is eminently fitted to play. No kinder man or simpler democrat ever held his great office. But it would be a mistake to suppose that his smiling good nature is flabbiness; that he cannot be hard and stern, on occasion; or that he will not be immovable when an issue of sheer right and wrong is presented to him. Ask ex-Congressman Littauer about that! And it is inevitable, in the coming months, when popular ovations are over, and the hard work of administration and legislation presses upon the President, that he will be compelled to take sides strongly, and to make men feel the energy and determination that lie behind his affable manners. It cannot be said of President Taft, as it has been of Lord Rosebery, that he is a statesman who "desires the palm without the dust"; and he must know that he cannot come triumphant through the dust of future political struggles without displaying deep and unshakable convictions and an invincible purpose.

A PÆAN IN WOOL.

The September *Bulletin* of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers rejoices openly and loudly over the booty with which its owners made off in the Payne-Aldrich bill. Its review of the steps taken to prevent any reduction in the most oppressive and unjustifiable duties in the whole range of our protective tariff, shows plainly how the trick was done. The chief agent of the tricksters was Senator Aldrich, whom the *Bulletin* covers with fulsome praise. In a separate article entitled "Where Honor is Due," it lauds him for his "sagacity and finesse as a consummate manager of legislation," and declares that "the unmistakable figure" who "will be best and longest remembered" for having resisted reductions in the woollen schedule—and so, we add, for having made the lot of the poor harder, and swelled the ravages of tuberculosis—is "the great senior Senator from Rhode Island." He scored a victory for the woollen manufacturers because, as the *Bulletin* innocently says, he "managed to take counsel with the men best equipped to speak for the actual conditions." In other words, the woollen manufacturers "saw" Aldrich, and he did the rest.

This pæan of the wool manufacturers

was composed, of course, before President Taft spoke at Winona on the tariff. If he had been able previously to read this unblushing account of the way in which the demands of the consuming public were denied, he might have phrased parts of his speech differently. He would scarcely have said so gravely, for example, that Aldrich "found" the opposition of Republicans so strong that he had to abandon the attempt to reduce the woollen duties. Having first created that opposition, the Senator naturally "found" it when he looked for it. But even as the case stands, the Republican *Bulletin* puts itself unconsciously and ludicrously in antagonism to the Republican President. It glories in the schedules, as enacted, asserting that they are a perfect model of protective legislation, and that no one sought to have them reduced except Democrats, "frothy insurgents," and people who "were regularly drawing the ammunition for their attacks from the hostile European manufacturing and importing interests." If this be so, then Mr. Taft must come under one or another of the above classifications, for at Winona he said squarely:

> With respect to the wool schedule, I agree that it is too high, and that it ought to have been reduced, and that it probably represents considerably more than the difference between the cost of production abroad and the cost of production here. The difficulty about the woollen schedule is that there were two contending factions early in the history of the Republican tariff, to wit, wool-growers and the wool manufacturers; and that finally many years ago they settled on a basis by which wool in the grease should have eleven cents a pound, and by which allowance should be made in the shrinkage in the differential upon wool manufactures. The percentage of duty was very heavy—quite beyond the difference in the cost of production, which was not then regarded as a necessary or proper limitation on protective duties. . . .
>
> It is the one important defect in the present Payne tariff bill, and in the performance of the promise of the platform to reduce rates to a difference in the cost of production with reasonable profit to the manufacturer.

Though the *Bulletin* could hardly have foreseen this utterance by the President, it arrayed itself in advance against his idea that tariff duties ought to be scaled to the difference in cost of production at home and abroad. For itself, it sighs for the splendid and patriotic spirit in which the Dingley bill was framed. The people, at that time, "were in no mood to measure the amount of protection by a microscope, nor were they at all disposed to be anxious lest some particular rate might give the American some undue advantage over the foreign manufacturer. They were very frankly willing that the American should have the benefit of the doubt." It was in this sense that the President of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, Mr. Whitman, informed the Ways and Means Committee that "comparative costs of production in the United States and foreign countries" were "unobtainable." The subject did not interest him.

This same Mr. Whitman, it will be remembered, is the gentleman who was exposed, last year, as having secretly manipulated the woollen schedules of the Dingley bill so that, indeed, a "particular rate" might give "undue advantage" to himself. Our readers can scarcely have forgotten his famous telegram to S. N. D. North, then conveniently a clerk to the Finance Committee, as well as secretary of the Wool Manufacturers. Mr. Whitman displayed no false modesty in then telegraphing:

> Of course, Messrs. Aldrich and Dingley will do all they can, but I depend upon your letting them know what I need. I depend upon you. Dress goods, yarns, and tops.

As is well known, this appeal led to a tricky duty upon tops and yarns, designed adroitly for Mr. Whitman's private benefit. What has become of that "particular rate" of his in the Payne-Aldrich bill? The *Bulletin* tells us with a grace of evasion which all must admire. The Whitman duty on tops was too nauseous for even Aldrich's strong stomach. Its revision was one of the three minor changes made this year in the Dingley woollen schedules. Says the *Bulletin*, elegantly, the new and separate duty on tops, abolishing the old Whitman fraud, "bears a proper symmetrical relation to the whole plan" of woollen duties. That is to say, Mr. Whitman had been getting more plunder than "symmetry" allowed, and has been forced to give up a part of it.

Tariff reformers ought to reprint this official glorification of protection for wool and woollens, as being really the most effective attack that could possibly be made upon the whole system. When men who have, by subterranean political stratagems, secured the legal right to exact the uttermost farthing from those who buy clothes, when such men come out in public to gloat over the spoil which they now have to divide among themselves, there needs no further proof that something is rotten.

TAMMANY AND CANNON.

It is a scandal of national proportions of which Congressman Parsons has now forced public discussion. Privately, the thing has long been whispered about. No one of the responsibility of Mr. Parsons, however, had openly declared, as he did on Saturday, that a political plot involved Speaker Cannon, and up-State Republican leaders of New York, and Tammany Hall. The assertion is both more sweeping and more specific than previous versions of the story. It was known that Cannon and his lieutenants in the House had secured the votes of 23 Democrats, eight of them from New York city, in the desperate effort to maintain the regular organization of the House against the "insurgent" Republicans acting with the bulk of the Democrats. Secret bargaining was naturally suspected and even charged openly. Such political alliances always have their *quid pro quo*. One of the considerations, hinted then and since, was an agreement by which Tammany Democrats should vote with Cannon on condition that New York city Republicans would not fuse against Tammany this year. But Mr. Parsons goes far beyond that. He alleges a compact extending to legislation at Albany. As a part of the payment which Tammany got from Cannon, through the Republican up-State go-betweens, the bill to make Tammany election frauds more difficult was killed, as was also the amendment to the public-service law bringing the telegraph and telephone companies under governmental control.

In brief, Congressman Parsons alleges one of the wickedest political agreements ever made. It involved a tacit understanding and working together for mutual benefit between Tammany and the Republican majority in the Senate at Albany. And now State Senator Raines comes out in a burst of virtuous indignation at the very idea of such an alliance. To his pure mind, the thing is unthinkable. But the records exist, and memory remains. In sorrowful fact, the active coöperation between Tammany and the Republicans, between

Grady and Raines, was notorious all through the closing weeks of the last session of the State Legislature. The affair was so open that newspaper correspondents freely commented upon it At least one honest Republican Senator, who saw what was going on, publicly denounced the alliance. Why, at times it was difficult to tell who was the real leader of the Senate, Raines or Grady. They played into each other's hand perfectly, and on more than one occasion the Tammany Senator actually took charge of pending legislation. In al. this, there is certainly good color fo" the direct charge which Mr. Parsons now makes.

He has not, as yet, mentioned names, but one of them stands blazoned on the record. We mean, of course, ex-Congressman Littauer. Although not a member of the House, he was one of the most active agents of Cannon in meeting the movement to break the Speaker's power. His services were openly acknowledged by a clause in the tariff, originally drawn for his personal profit The proposed outrageous duties on gloves had no defence except that of Speaker Cannon, who frankly admitted that they were Littauer's reward for aid given in the House fight. It was on that basis that Mr. Cannon demanded of the President that he should withdraw his opposition to the glove duties. But Mr. Taft replied that, even if those rates were justifiable in themselves, they could not be defended as part of a political bargain, and he would not sign a bill containing them. Since then, Mr. Littauer has been going about as one robbed of his lawful booty. Now, what was the nature of the service he rendered the Speaker? It could not have been merely the lending of his persuasive powers with former associates. It is not probable that Riordan and Goldfogle and Goulden and the other Tammany Democrats voted with Cannon simply for the sake of Mr. Littauer's *beaux yeux*. Who so likely as he to have been the negotiator of the deal between the up-State Republicans and Tammany, of which Mr. Parsons now speaks so boldly? A fine type of the scholar in politics, Mr. Littauer has applied his Harvard culture to the sharpening of his practical intelligence, until few can surpass him in the art of legislating money into his purse by means of a tariff-clause, or in understanding the subtleties of machine management.

If he, given all the circumstances, is strongly "indicated," others must also have been engaged in the nefarious plot which Mr. Parsons has disclosed. Their names, too, ought to be given to the public. We can always centre popular indignation better about a personality than an abstraction, about conspirators better than a conspiracy. When Mr. Parsons gets ready to meet those who are now challenging his veracity, we hope that he will omit no detail and keep back no name. His immediate object, we presume, was to fasten attention upon Tammany's preparations for electoral frauds in the coming city election; but the matter cannot end there. It transcends any question of municipal politics, or even of parties in this State. Tammany may win or lose; the Republican machine may or may not oppose Gov. Hughes; but if legislation at Albany is to be sold to help the party organization in the House of Representatives, if the Speaker at Washington is to license Tammany to commit election crimes, we have an evil that goes deep into our whole public life, and that must be laid bare and cut out at all hazards.

NEW YORK, PAST AND PRESENT.

It is manifestly easier to find the points of difference between New York a hundred years ago and to-day, than the points of resemblance. Adopt the ordinary mathematical method of measuring historic change, and we are pretty sure to fall into thinking that there is no resemblance at all. What can there possibly be in common between the city of 96,000 inhabitants and the city of four and a half millions; the city that lay huddled between the Battery and Canal Street and the Greater New York of to-day; the city that counted its wealth in millions and the one that counts it now in thousands of millions? The spirit of piety leads New Yorkers to speak of their city's cosmopolitan character almost from the beginning; but was the cosmopolitanism of New Amsterdam or of Alexander Hamilton's town really what is meant when they speak of cosmopolitan New York to-day? Are the ties that bind the city to its past sentimental entirely, or does present-day New York still stand to the city of one hundred years ago as the tree to the twig, as the man to the child? Of New York State's population of 315,000 in 1790, nearly 260,000 were of English speech and 50,000 were Dutch. The French, Germans, Hebrews, and all others counted a little over 5,000. Assume that the minor nationalities were concentrated on Manhattan Island, and you still have nothing that even forecasts the vast non-English population of the present day. To those who saw the racial contours of the men that marched before and behind the floats in the Hudson-Fulton pageant last week, it must have seemed that, while the language and the flag are the same, everything else has changed.

To tie up the present to the past there is the well-worn formula that modern New York is foreign in aspect but American in thought and aspirations. How else can it preserve its historic pride? Let a man walk through that amazing East Side, where the spoken tongue of one hundred years ago is scarcely heard; cross the bridge which, in spite of its mile and a half length and $16,000,000 cost, is as completely Semitic as any wooden pathway in the Jewish parishes of the Russian Pale, he will find, nevertheless, in the orderliness of the crowd, in a certain carriage of the body that speaks the consciousness of freedom and power, the trait that we call American, or American in the making. Let a man walk down First Avenue from the Harlem to the newest bridge; let him see the nations juxtaposed like layers in a cake, Italian, Jewish, German, Slav, Irish, and German again; but even there he will pick out the school buildings and the public squares as evidence that over the diverse elements broods a definite unity. To the satirist who points out that New York's politics are dominated by the Irish, her commerce by the Jews, her rough labor markets by the Slavs and the Italians, it may be enough to reply that just such an arrangement is what is called for by the American idea in its truest sense. In essence the strangers in the city's gates are all Americans now; in appearance, they are bound to become so in the course of time.

Yet that is really giving away more than the case demands. The city's cosmopolitan aspect leads one, as a matter of fact, to underestimate the importance

of what has been described as the American colony in New York. Add to the old Knickerbocker descent the recruits of native stock from the immediate hinterland and from the West and South, and the older elements of population are far from a negligible quantity in New York. The early American impetus is still quite manifest, in the social aspects of the city's life first perhaps, but in every other field as well. Not all its financial transactions are in the hands of new Americans, not all its trade is carried on by Germans and Jews, not even all its democratic institutions are manipulated by the Irish. In the universities, in the clubs, in the great business offices where the affairs of an entire nation are transacted, the native stock has an ample sphere. The cause of good government has received loyal service from men of long cis-Atlantic ancestry. The prestige of birth has by no means vanished, and, strange to say, not even from politics, where brute mass alone is supposed to count. In moments of political crisis a goodly number of leaders and candidates, conservative, radical, or demagogue, have been men well-rooted in American soil.

New York to-day is, therefore, closer in body to the city of one hundred years ago than might be superficially supposed. Accepting that, the New Yorker is quite free to admit the strength of the argument from spirit and ideals. As long as the metropolis is true to the essentials of democracy, it cannot be stripped of its American character. On the surface, New York is less American than Philadelphia, or even Boston. But it is more American than many a city less tinged with Europe, in its restiveness under misgovernment, in its dealing with large problems in a large though frequently in a blundering way, and even in its assumption, so irritating to its neighbors, that it is about the only thing on the continent that counts.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AND AMERICAN CULTURE.

Two articles that appear in the current number of *Science* testify to the prominence in the public mind of fundamental questions relating to college education. The first is the address of Dr. Elmer E. Brown, United States Commissioner of Education, as chairman of Section L of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, on "American Standards in Education and the World-Standard." This is, in the main, an historical sketch of the remarkable movement, or rather group of movements, toward the securing of something like uniform standards of college and university work. It is clear from Dr. Brown's survey that the desire to get rid of the anarchic conditions of two decades ago has been both widespread and earnest; and that the time when A.B. might mean anything or nothing, and when an M.D. might be either a country bumpkin who had been shoved through a two years' medical course or a scientifically trained physician, is rapidly drawing to a close.

Incidentally, the story of the movement offers a lesson in the possibilities of voluntary effort as a substitute for governmental regulation; and it is an interesting subject of speculation to consider whether higher education in our country would have been better served by a forced standardization, emanating from the State and national governments, than they have been by that irregular effort which, feeling its way from time to time, has slowly but surely effected organization. The final point of Dr. Brown's address is the need of an international understanding of such character that scholastic credentials given in one country may have a value easily ascertainable throughout the modern world, and thus pass current in foreign lands. That there may be value in some approach to such an agreement is likely; but its usefulness, we fancy, may easily be exaggerated, while its disadvantages—which Dr. Brown does not ignore—are certainly serious. And, indeed, organization, if carried out too mechanically, may well deaden the spirit it is designed to aid.

How far from conclusive of the cultural value of college education the mere fact of large organization must be is brought home to the mind by the other article to which we have referred—that of Mr. John Jay Chapman on "The Harvard Classics and Harvard." Mr. Chapman regards the unfortunate five-foot shelf with which the name of Harvard and that of its distinguished ex-president are connected, as exemplifying the whole spirit of our big colleges—their insatiable desire for more students and more funds, their readiness to resort to the same methods as those by which hustling business men promote their enterprises, their forgetfulness of the nigher and finer aims of learning in the mere perfecting of mechanical means. Whether the incident of the Harvard Classics furnishes solid basis for such an accusation or not, other grounds are sufficient to arrest attention. Most of our big colleges and universities have drifted into the adoption of methods that are too suggestive of the "drummer" and the advertising man. Mr. Chapman softens his blow so far as Harvard is concerned by expressing his belief that she is among the least of the offenders—that she is "morally and intellectually in advance of the other American colleges"; the force of the remark being somewhat weakened, however, by references which indicate that it is rather her past than her present he has in mind. In any case, he implores her to abandon the ambition to be the largest college, and bids her be content to remain the largest influence in the college life of America. "On the day after she had turned her face in this direction," he says, "there would be an improvement in spirit in every university in the country."

When President Eliot made the remark out of which the business of the Harvard Classics grew, he doubtless had nothing in mind but putting in the form of a brief and not too careful statement an idea which, properly understood and properly qualified, it would be desirable to disseminate. That the spirit of true learning can be got rather by real assimilation of a few great thoughts and appreciation of a few great literary works than by any amount of lifeless instruction, is possibly something like what a man of culture might mean if he spoke of a five-foot shelf of books as capable of providing the essentials of a liberal education. But to give the multitude to understand that fifteen minutes a day solemnly applied to the task of working off the set of books, inch by inch, will transform anybody into a man of liberal education, is to turn the whole idea of our colleges into ridicule; and a final touch of grotesqueness is added when the five-foot shelf, instead of being vaguely indicated or left to the imagination, is expressly prescribed, and arrangements duly made to supply it, the same for all comers, through the familiar machinery of the subscription coupon. Such a scheme savors of that purely quantitative ideal

and, we may add, that itch for advertising, which are the disagreeable features of mechanical organization.

It is the failure of President Eliot to see this aspect of the matter that is by far the most deplorable feature of the case. This does not mean that a Lincoln may not get an effectual education out of his Bible and his Bunyan and his Æsop, read by the firelight in his cabin with consuming devotion and earnestness; it does mean that nobody will ever devise a prescription of which a *quantum sufficit* will take the place of the true love and tradition of culture. Among the "problems of the college" there is none more vital than that of retaining the distinctive ideal for which, however they may have varied as to means, the best of American colleges have always stood; and if to belie that ideal is to do a great hurt to the cause of the higher education, this affair of the Harvard Classics must be regarded as nothing less than a misfortune.

SUGGESTIONS FOR AN HISTORICAL LABORATORY.

It would seem to be a truism that the facilities which are to be regarded as indispensable to the proper study of a subject, and which ought, therefore, to be provided as a matter of course, should, like the methods of teaching, be determined by the nature of the subject, or, in other words, by the kind of material with which it has to deal; but the disparity in the equipment of the various departments of study and research commonly to be observed in even the best and richest American colleges and universities seems to indicate that, so far at least as the so-called "humanities" are concerned, little provision of appliances, save modest shelter from the weather and seats enough for the class, is generally thought absolutely necessary.

No one who knows at close range the "plant" of a typical American university will be at a loss for striking and even painful illustrations of the unequal distribution of material equipment. Broadly speaking, the departments of physical and natural science and engineering do not seriously lack the primary facilities which the nature of their work demands. Upon these departments, in the last twenty years, the wealth of the State and of individuals has been poured out like water, while more than one institution, spurred by a demand for "practicality" and "efficiency," has gone to the length of drawing upon its capital to supply what was wanting. Our institutions of learning abound in well-contrived laboratory buildings for physics, chemistry, biology, and engineering, containing not only lecture rooms for the various instructors and laboratories for students elementary and advanced but also private laboratories and offices for the professors, exhibition and photographic rooms, libraries, lockers, and other special apartments. The rooms themselves are commonly well supplied with apparatus and material, distributed and apportioned according to the number of students and investigators, and increased by regular appropriation, and as a matter of course, as the number of users grows. There is usually a special janitor or caretaker for the building, and often one or more skilled persons regularly employed in making or repairing apparatus, preparing or caring for specimens or stock, and the like. It has long been a matter of common observation that the cost of maintaining the scientific departments of a university, or even of a small college, is out of all proportion to the cost of the other departments of instruction, that it is met by governing boards with comparative readiness, and that it is often afforded, it must bluntly be said, at the cost of deplorable and systematic niggardliness in other directions. Other things being equal, no scientist to-day would consider for a moment a call to an institution which could not afford him all of these things, nor would the scientific world reckon the instruction of an institution not so equipped as worth while.

When, however, we turn to those other departments of study still graciously referred to as the "humanities," departments which older graduates and commencement orators still tell us embrace the subjects of the deepest human interest, the disparity in material equipment is commonly so great as to be almost ludicrous. Who, of the thousands that yearly are driven or besought to drink deep at the wells of literature, or history, or philosophy, in our American colleges or universities, can fail to recall the desolate class-rooms, their bare and dingy walls relieved at the most by a few old maps, or a faded photograph or two in heavy wooden frames, the floors swept once a week and washed once a term, the hand-carved chairs and benches, the chalk-dusted platform and desk, and the foul air, which, in the majority of such institutions, enshrine the daily life of academic culture? Where the teacher of science is freely accorded a lecture room for his department alone, the teacher of language, history, or economics must, as a rule, share his quarters, poor as they are, with those of his colleagues whose principal apparatus is books, and must vacate his room promptly to make way for another class at the next hour. Many a high school does better for its teachers than this; indeed, the best of our modern high schools, bearing in mind the grade of their work, offer almost infinitely superior facilities for work in these departments than does the average college or university.

Widespread and depressing as this condition is, in general, in all of the departments named, the particular illustration which I wish to use at this time is that afforded by history and the related subjects of political and social science and political economy. Applying the test that the equipment of a department should be determined by the nature of the material with which the department deals, it is obvious that we have here a subject in which printed matter of a variety of forms, manuscripts, maps and charts, pictures and casts, and actual historical objects or reproductions, form the material basis for the student's work. Where the chemist uses books and apparatus, the historical student uses books and other material as apparatus. For the modern study of history, even of the elementary sort, one must be enabled to examine not only single books, such as may be got from a library and perused at leisure in one's home, but also extended sets and collections of books and papers, and this under conditions which will admit of comparison and note-taking and the use of the volumes in the actual work of the class-room. For the preparation of maps and charts, facilities in the way of tables and instruments are required entirely beyond what the student can fairly be expected to have in his own room; while especially is there need of abundant space for the permanent display of wall-maps, charts, pictures, and illustrative material, like coins, casts, and models, if the active use of such aids is to be secured.

Acquaintance with a considerable number of colleges and universities, large and small, in this country fails to disclose any appreciable number in which the material equipment of the historical department has passed much beyond the stage of crude beginnings. With exceptions so few as almost to be counted on the fingers, the most generous provision, always excepting the general library of the institution, goes no further than the use, prevailingly in conjunction with other unrelated departments, of one or more lecture-rooms; a "seminary room," furnished with a table and some chairs, and housing such odds and ends of books as the industry of the instructors or the intermittent generosity of friends has got together, reënforced by loans from the main library; and possibly an office, frequently shared by all the members of the department, where students may come for consultation. If, as seems rarely to be the case, the department has any adequate supply of maps, they have often to be kept in some out-of-the-way place,

and carried about from room to room as needed; and almost never are there tables and instruments for the drawing of maps and charts. Meagre as is such equipment, some of our leading institutions do not have even this. If it be true, as it seems to be, that student interest, particularly among men, in literature, history, and philosophy has declined markedly in recent years, may not something of the cause be found, not in the inherently greater attractiveness of mixing chemicals or dissecting cats and birds, but in the utter poverty and bareness of the quarters in which students of the humanities are commonly asked to do their work? If professors of history have fallen too much into the habit of lecturing, instead of teaching, may it not be due in part to the failure of the university to give even the ablest of them facilities for doing anything else?

I venture to suggest the following as the minimum equipment of an historical department in a university or large college. First, two or more suitable lecture-rooms, with ample blackboard space, map racks or cases, book shelves, and a lantern and screen. The rooms should be contiguous to the other rooms of the department and reserved exclusively for its uses. It is time that there were opportunity for a professor to put up a map without having to take it down again at the end of the hour. Second, a combined seminary room and library, available for study when not in use as a class-room; equipped, like the lecture-room, with adequate blackboard and map space, and housing a permanent library of duplicates reënforced by such temporary loans from the main library as are from time to time needed. Included in the furnishings of the room should be a sufficient number of small tables to accommodate each individual student, and file cases for photographs, cards, newspaper clippings, and temporary notes. For the supervision of this room, there should be provided a special attendant, preferably a trained library assistant, responsible to the librarian of the university as well as to the head of the department. Third, a room for map drawing and chart-making, with tables and instruments for draughting. Fourth, a typewriting room, supplied with machines for the use of instructors and students. Fifth, private offices or studies for the instructors.

Elaborate as such a provision of apartments may well seem to the teacher who to-day, like the wandering scholar of the middle ages, lectures wherever he can find a vacant room, it nevertheless is smaller than that generally allowed to the chemist or physicist. Of all the evils which present-day criticism of the college has brought to light, none is more serious than the evil of waste. The history teacher who, under the conditions common to most American institutions of higher learning, should teach his subject as he would like to teach it and as he knows it ought to be taught, would spend in useless mechanical drudgery more hours than he spent in lecturing. Most institutions with endowment enough to entitle them to a place on the "Carnegie list" have ceased to expect this waste from professors of science, and there is no reason why the time of the professor of history, political science, or political economy should not be regarded as equally valuable. If, under the influence of a general demand for at least the minimum of what is due, the governing authorities of all our universities could even be brought to realize that a ground plan of the city of Rome and a Rand-McNally map of North America are not a sufficient equipment for the teaching of modern history and diplomacy, one might face the future with a new hope.

Of the many advantages to the teaching and study of history which might be expected to accrue from the general provision of such facilities as have here been indicated—economy of physical effort, more accurate study of texts, improved note-taking and care of material, wider use of books and illustrative helps, general compulsory map-drawing, and many others—one in particular deserves more than passing mention. I refer to the change which would thereby be furthered in the prevailing conception of the nature and function of the university library. With only the exceptions that prove the rule, our libraries are supported and administered on the assumption that one copy of a book is sufficient for the needs of the whole institution, and that every one who has occasion to use the book must seek it at the main or central repository. It would seem to be obvious, however, that wherever books form the fundamental material for study, and, from the nature of the case, cheap reprints of selected texts or a few duplicates of inexpensive volumes will not suffice, the library has need of as many copies of a book as there are departments to use it; and that if, with but a single copy available, resort must be had by every one to the central library, the conflicting and often irreconcilable demands of different departments present one of the most serious barriers to the development of proper methods of instruction in non-laboratory subjects. No modern department of biology is asked to get along with one microscope, and that, perhaps, of ancient pattern and in bad order. Scientific apparatus in all lines is freely duplicated as a matter of course, the adequacy of the supply being not seldom used as an advertising argument to attract students; though, as a matter of fact, there is but little greater need for duplicate apparatus than there is for duplicate books. Practical considerations, of course, will preclude extensive duplication of large or costly sets, but a multiplication of copies far beyond what is now usual, and their distribution among the various departments having constant need of them, are necessities to be met if waste is to be stopped.

I hope that I do not make the mistake of supposing that, given such historical laboratories as have here been briefly described, the universities would forthwith produce historians. I make no plea for the application of the specific methods of any science to the study of history. But the student of history, like the scientist, has to collect and classify his material, examine and criticise his sources, compare and weigh his authorities, and study his *locale*. What a proper equipment can give him is, not the intellectual power and insight of the great historical writer, but the opportunity to do a student's indispensable work under the best conditions and with effective guidance, instead of doing it, as is too often the case to-day, under conditions of great disadvantage. That provision of such equipment would also stir the teacher to a more telling presentation of a subject to his class, and enable him to vitalize and dignify a department which, in this country especially, is too often thought of as but little related to current human interests, is not the least of its advantages.

WILLIAM MACDONALD.
Brown University.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

The summer fiction has been below the average in quality. Comparatively new authors grapple with vital problems and crowd between the covers of their books a variety of more or less timely questions, but their achievements are not in proportion to their endeavors. Such a work is a novel in two volumes, 'Verklärung," by Fritz Oswald Bilse (F. Fontane & Co., Berlin), who, by the way, is not the ex-lieutenant of the little German garrison, whose revelations some years ago were followed by a flood of anti-military fiction, but a gentleman, who, under the name "Fritz Wernthal," has recently attracted attention by a novel of tramp-life. There are plenty of psychological studies, too, either hopelessly commonplace in subject-matter, or devoted to some repulsive psychopathic problem, such as Stefan Vacano's "Sündige Seligkeit" (F. Fontane & Co.), which, being founded on fact, may have a place in medical literature, but is certainly out of place in fiction.

Among a score of works of questionable value and pleasure to the reader only a few are distinguished by originality of incident or character, or by their literary workmanship. Of these, "Die Rache der Heimat," by Hans

Ebhardt (F. Fontane & Co.), deserves to be ranked high. The author, whose previous work, "Von indischen Tagen und Nächten," was the product of his experiences in India, and especially in the German colonies, has chosen for his hero a man who left the fatherland in his youth and returns in his ripe manhood, with little money, debilitated by malaria, and burdened with a foreign wife. Barred by his sensitive temperament and scrupulous conscience from successfully engaging in the scramble for wealth, he forms a strong contrast with his three brothers, practical, prosperous business men of the type to be met in every large city of North Germany. To them he is the fool who has lost opportunities and thrown away chances, like their father. Even the invalid mother is disappointed in her favorite son, whose letters had been the mainstay of her life. Nor is the wife, whose Malay blood sometimes overrules her Dutch ancestry, a welcome addition to the family already far from harmonious. This tragedy of the prodigal who suddenly awakens from the dreams of home and fatherland to find the familiar scenes of his childhood effaced in the course of the city's growth, to see that his beloved fellow-countrymen have become hard, grasping, and coarse-grained that the "Deutsche Gemüt" is a phrase existing only in song, and that he is a stranger even to those of his own blood has been set forth by the author in a series of events logically evolved out of the hero's efforts to begin a new life and to adapt himself to the changed standards and conditions. He loses everything that tied him to the foreign world from which he had come: his children die, his wife deserts him, and at the end he is about to leave again the city of his birth, this time not as her son, but as a stranger she had failed to welcome. Yet through all vicissitudes, he has remained at heart himself, and has not compromised with the elastic morality of his brothers and business associates. This consistent and sympathetic portrait of an idealist type, more frequent in Germany fifty years ago than to-day, is Ebhardt's greatest achievement. The other characters are no less vital, no less convincing, men and women; but the hero is a figure likely to live for some time in the memory of his readers.

Hans Hart has chosen for the background of his novel, "Das heilige Feuer" (L. Staackmann, Leipzig), the struggles of the Clerical and Liberal parties of Austria for supremacy in the higher educational institutions. His canvas is large and the outlines of the narrative are sometimes dimmed by a confusing abundance of incidents and characters. To portray each of the latter with equal skill would have taxed the ability of an author of extraordinary gifts, and though Hart's knowledge of human nature is considerable, he has not always succeeded in materializing the creatures of his imagination. But his work has in it an element of thoroughgoing seriousness and sincerity, which command respect, and a background of actualities, which makes it a book of absorbing interest. The lure of a brilliant career, bought at the sacrifice of truth, honesty, and the better self, is the great temptation in the lives of the men with whom the story is concerned. These ministers of education, rectors of universities, and college professors are men whose success with the students and the intelligent people depends upon the earnestness and firmness of their convictions, while their official and professional advancement depends upon the ease and the cleverness with which they deny their principles whenever the drift of public opinion or the pressure exercised by higher authorities makes it opportune. There is more than a suggestion of recent events—the anti-German, anti-Semitic, and anti-Liberal feeling in certain circles of the empire. Besides these motives of cultural and timely interest, the love element, however germane to the action, seems of minor importance. This *Hochschulroman* conveys a vivid idea of the intellectual fermentation in modern Austria.

Quite a different phase of that country's life is presented by Carl Conte Scapinelli, who could not have chosen a more significant title for his story than the one it bears of "Prater" (L. Staackmann). For while the battles of intellect are fought in the universities, the press, and the theatre, that great promenade of Vienna is the gay and brilliant arena of minor vanities and ambitions. A symbol of the light-hearted, happy-go-lucky temperament of the *Wiener Kind*, it fascinates the foreigner and exercises a mysterious power over the native. In the Prater, the hero of the story has been dreaming his day-dreams. To the Prater, he repairs at every critical moment of his meteoric career; and there he chooses to end his life when the realization of his hopes and ambitions is followed by failure.

Margarete Böhme's "Rheinzauber" (F. Fontane & Co.) is a distinct deviation from the kind of fiction that made her famous. It may mean a return to the manner of her earlier works, which failed to attract the attention accorded to the "Tagebuch einer Verlorenen." It is the story of a family feud which ends when, after three generations, a child brings together the hostile branches, and a flood furnishes the dramatic stage-setting of the reconciliation. These bare facts of the plot seem commonplace; but there is strength in the delineation of the characters, and charm in the general tone of the narrative. The Mannebachs were skilled locksmiths in a town on the Rhine, until one of them invented a process for the manufacture of steel, and the brother robs him of the invention. Both commit suicide—the one from despair at the brother's treachery, the other from remorse. The inventor's heirs remain simple artisans in the little town; the others enjoy their wealth and position. The most striking character in the family is Frau Josefa Meier, who has been nursed and has brought up her children in the old hatred—an active, practical business woman, a strict but conscientious mother, who rules the family with an iron rod.

Hermann Bessemer is a new name, and the story which bears it on the title-page, "Mondnacht in Amalfi" (Albert Langen, Munich), gives little evidence of individuality, though it may possess some merit as a picture of life. A young pianist whose lungs are affected goes to Italy with her friend, who, as soon as she begins to recover, seems bored and neglects her. The Englishman, whose sympathy for the lonely "bride" makes him her faithful companion, is a finely drawn type, though not without a touch of caricature. The ease with which he wins her from the other man, when he discovers their true relation, is somewhat surprising, and the letter in which she announces to her lover her marriage to Eliot, and at the same time assures him of her unchanging affection, is a curious document. The attitude of both is characteristic of the matter-of-fact cynicism of their generation.

Of quite another character is the story by Willy Speyer, "Wie wir einst so glücklich waren" (Albert Langen). It has nothing of the analytical spirit of the time, but a strong psychological element and a warm emotional note. From the solitude of his comfortable but joyless bachelor life the hero looks back to the equally joyless solitude of his college years in a strange city, where natural reserve and difference of rank had built up an invisible barrier between him and his fellow-students. One day he accepts an invitation to a party of young people, and suddenly realizes that his student life alone with his books had made him awkward in manner and unsympathetic. In the protégée of his hostess he meets a fascinating young woman, and his heart stirs with the tender passion of immature youth. There is a refreshing sincerity of sentiment in this simple recollection of youthful love, and its note of sadness is felt to be genuine. The author has the gift of visualization.

A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In 1899 J. B. Gilder collected extracts from some of James Russell Lowell's letters written to the Department of State while he was minister to Spain, and published them under the title of "Impressions of Spain." These and other letters were

first printed—at the Government Printing Office. In "Executive Documents, Foreign Relations," but we believe no list of the volumes containing them has been published. They ought, however, to be included in any extended set of Lowell's works as they are actually the first editions. Lowell reached Madrid August 14, 1877. The following is a list of the volumes, with first and last pages, of "Foreign Relations," which contain letters by him:

1877. Pp. 521-525, three letters, the earliest dated September 27, 1877.
1878. Pp. 764-804, eighteen letters. The selection in Mr. Gilder's book was taken from this volume and the next.
1879. Pp. 935-955, twelve letters. Mr. Lowell was transferred to England and arrived in London on March 7, 1880.
1880. Pp. 887-890, four letters from Madrid, and pp. 479-588, seven letters from London.
1881. Pp. 492-560, thirty-four letters.
1882. Pp. 192-291, sixty-two letters.
1883. Pp. 408-479, twenty-seven letters.
1884. Pp. 214-225, eleven letters.
1885. Pp. 444-449, six letters.

In June, 1885, Lowell returned to America. Extracts from a few of the London letters are printed in Scudder's "Life" but for the most part the one hundred and eighty-four letters enumerated above are uncollected. Many are short, of a few lines only, but others extend to several pages. Replies to his letters, enclosures, and other documents are scattered among the Lowell letters. One of his letters to the Secretary of State, dated London, November 15, 1884, on the subject of "Unclaimed Estates in England," was printed separately, with documents relating to the same subject, as a 16-page pamphlet. There is a copy of this issue in the Boston Public Library.

The Fourth Quarterly Part of Mr. Karslake's "Book-Auction Records," covers the period from June 30 to August 6, 1909, and describes 1,964 lots, besides containing the general index to the volume. The preliminary matter in this part includes a sketch of "Manchester Libraries and Booksellers," by C. W. Sutton, with a view of the interior of the John Rylands Library.

A Catalogue of the Third Dickens Exhibition at the New Dudley Galleries in London, open from August 7 to September 30, has been received. Most of the books were loaned by two London dealers, but a large collection of prints, photographs, and views of places and scenes connected with Dickens's stories belonged to Augustus Ovey. Percy Fitzgerald has supplied an introduction to the catalogue, which contains reproductions of four portraits of Dickens.

On October 11, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company will sell a collection of Americana, 341 lots, including books on California, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and New York, the Indians, Quakers, etc. On October 13, 14, and 15 they sell a portion of the library of Theodore M. Banta of Brooklyn, including about seventy-five lots on genealogy, mostly relating to American families; a collection of books and pamphlets relating to life insurance; local New Jersey and New York history, etc.

On October 15, the Anderson Auction Company offers Americana, including a considerable collection relating to the Indians, American Biography, books on New Hampshire, New Jersey, and New York, an uncut copy of Thomas's "History of Printing in America" (1810), etc.

Correspondence.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A letter-writer in the *Nation* for September 10 concludes that the love of nature for herself is coeval with a comparatively modern estate of science, and makes interesting quotations to illustrate an early lack of appreciation for American scenery. Much the same conclusion is reached by Ruskin in "Modern Painters"; and the public generally seems to have accepted the belief that between our modern temper and the classical attitude toward nature a great distinction is always to be made. The love of nature in her inanimate, elemental, and unhumanized aspects is supposed to be peculiar to Northern romanticism. Eliminate from the art and literature of the North its factor of grotesque imagination, call Shakespeare and Leonardo and Rembrandt pioneers of the scientific and concrete as against the symbolic and abstract imagery of nature, and the case for pure naturalism as a comparatively recent mode in the arts seems a pretty good one. But does it not prove over much?

To my thinking, the opposition between modern and classical types of landscape is somewhat forced, resting as it does upon the fallacy that nature conceived of as apart from man may have an especial dignity and significance in art. The fact that not a single technically independent landscape of purely objective inspiration exists in classic Italian painting is, for instance, supposed to prove that the Italian love of nature was limited to the mere vegetative mood, and that the elemental phenomena had no appeal except in some human relation. I hope, however, by one or two illustrations from Italian landscape painting, abundantly to indicate an appreciation of the most pregnant elemental meanings.

I have said there is no pure landscape which is technically independent in class c Italian art, but there is just one which, although employed as an accessory to a figurative composition, may be entirely isolated from its surroundings, and which mediates perfectly between a modern and a classical mode of naturalism. I refer to Fra Bartolommeo's medallion of an evening landscape, part of the Pitti Resurrection of Christ. The picture is unique for its time in that it has no human action. A pure landscape, it expresses the mystery of twilight with a powerful and entirely objective imagery based upon the mountain scenery near Florence. In all essentials except the technique, which is above him, Homer Martin might have done it. There is no scientific research or inspiration here, but only a simple love for elemental beauty. If you had asked the artist why he did not paint other pictures like it, and independently, he would, no doubt, have answered that it was not customary, and would not be in good form. The only other landscape without action that I know in classic Italian art is a Masolino at Castiglione d'Olona. It is, however, asserted that this is the fragmentary background of a figure composition. But that Fra Bartolommeo did one quite modern landscape proves his close kinship to our own times in pure naturalism, a kinship also proved by the backgrounds to his early pictures, as especially in the surprising Garden of Eden in Mr. Johnson's collection.

A still more crucial test of your correspondent's theory may be found in the landscape backgrounds attributed to Giotto. In the Joachim series in the Scrovegni Chapel at Padua, Giotto paints the sheep runs in actual blazing sunlight. While the figurative composition of this seemingly earlier part of the famous mural series interests the designer much, the treatment of the field shows an even greater range of invention. In one instance the landscape fairly dominates the action—it is a wild scene, and an angel descending to Joachim seems less to radiate the background light and air in mediæval fashion than to be born of its natural substance. And there are other examples in plenty of Giotto's close observation and objective interest, where the cosmic features of nature rather than its ministry to man are concerned. The St. Francis cycle at Assisi illustrates this little recognized side of his genius. I have already spoken in your columns of Giotto's love of trees for their organic character and intrinsic beauty. I call this an elemental feeling. Piero della Francesca and Leonardo have it in abundance, nor is it absent from minor art.

Ruskin has given full credit to the naturalism of Masaccio's landscape vistas. Here, as in Giotto, we have a master who only lacks some knowledge or executive skill in details to be quite as modern as he is classical. It is impossible in Masaccio to separate the active and figurative interest from the elemental inspiration. I can believe that if any examples of true Greek painting of a fully developed sort were preserved to us—or if landscape representation had been complete in the greatest periods—we should possess antique prototypes of Masaccio's feeling for the large effects of natural scenery and of his noble truth and reality. He has the temper of Æschylus and of Pheidias. We should not expect comfort to this belief from our Pompeian or Capuan specimens; for they are decadent or Roman, generally, mere decorative impressions, loosely naturalistic, yet hardly elemental.

Of Leonardo's landscape, almost ignored in criticism, I am tempted to speak at length; but this might give my case away, as Leonardo was something of a modern scientist. Yet as an artist in form he was traditional; so traditional that competent experts dispute his work with Verrocchio's. I need only say that you cannot isolate the Virgin of the Louvre from her wild grotto, or La Gioconda from her background of clouds and peaks. To isolate the portrait or the landscape is to lower the visual tone to its concrete and tangible details. And if you analyze the unfinished Adoration of the Kings, you will find that the artist based the whole structure of his picture on an elemental motive, the tonal relation of two trees in real air and light; and that from this motive he began—only to relinquish—the impossible task of making his vast conception fully visible. Scientist or not, and I think that he was even more the artist than the scientist, the passionate love of nature for nature's own sake has no higher exponent.

It will be said that I have chosen men of exceptional imagination, and that Leo-

nardo especially is, in his love of nature, a romanticist born out of due time. Let us, then, in conclusion, cite a true romanticist, with a classical habit—Mantegna. It happens that we have, in Mrs. Gardner's collection, an exceptionally naturalistic and "picturesque" specimen of Mantegna, in which the landscape background tells us much of the Italian and, perhaps, of a less traditional temper. An episode in this work is Jerome doing penance under beetling cliffs and near vast antres, while the chief action of the piece, an extraordinarily intimate allegory from the life of the Infant Jesus, goes on amidst the most charmingly domesticated natural surroundings. The composite of Donatellian glyptic ideals, of Virgilian pastoral, of contemporary human feeling, of a picturesque fancy, and of a heightened imagination for natural beauties as objectively envisaged, gives to this picture an inexhaustible interest and a profound historical significance. But all I have space to say here is that on discussing Mantegna's art the other day with one of our ablest American painters he insisted that that artist's chief quality as a painter was the reality of his objective attitude; that even the color in Mantegna, which seems dry and conventional to most of us, was essentially representative; that all we have of elemental generalization in Giorgione and Titian is implicit in the Paduan master—that Titian's landscape, for instance, although often reminiscent of the grandeur of the Cadore, is, to Mantegna's trenchant values in tone, and especially his meteorological sense, merely conventional and "decorative." With all of which I entirely agree.

From concrete instances—and there are many more of them—I must conclude that the love of a phenomenal aspect of nature for its sheer cosmic interest, while it may be enhanced by the revelations of modern science, can hardly be claimed as a monopoly of our own. Moreover, I think it can be said without fear of refutation that the supreme visual interpreters of natural beauty in an objective mode have invariably been men who have not confined their attention to external nature, but have also related its glory to human life. In other words, the exclusive attention to the inanimately elemental in much modern painting, music, and poetry seems a limitation rather than an enlargement of art. We may still learn something of these matters from the Chinese and, *a fortiori*, from the Greeks.

W. R.

Roselle Park, N. J., September 28.

DEMOCRATIC SELF-GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It appears to me that all efforts to reform or rejuvenate the Democratic party should give particular attention to its fundamental principle, which may be stated briefly in present-day terminology as local self-government.

When our Constitution was forming, it was recognized that a popular government had never been able to maintain itself for any length of time, except on a small scale, where the territory was not so extensive nor the population so numerous, but that the interests of all would be practically identical, and the tendency toward disintegration arising from inability to reconcile conflicting interests would be reduced to a minimum. While it was suggested that government by representatives was sufficiently different from pure democracy probably to enable us to avoid the perils of disintegration, still this was not relied upon as a certain solution of the problem. Two methods of meeting the difficulty were, among others, presented. One, which became the fundamental principle of the Federalists, while retaining some of the forms and part of the spirit of democracy, sought to avoid its dangerous tendency by providing for a strong government which would be able to restrain extreme results of dissatisfaction. The other method was that of providing a national government with only such powers as were necessary to maintain itself, and relegating all matters of a strictly local nature to the States, under the belief that friction between different States or groups would be practically eliminated, as there would be few conflicts of interest. The strong government principle was always opposed by the Democrats as tending to oppression of the citizen and undue restriction of liberty, and having an inevitable tendency to increase its strength.

Now, while the Democratic principle is doubtless not an absolute remedy for the ills attendant upon our form of government, experience has shown that it is, generally speaking, applicable to the conditions prevailing in this country, and its application has commonly been attended with good results. The burden of proving that national control is superior to that of the State is thrown upon those who seek to disturb the present equilibrium between State and Federal governments. Our safety lies in seeking and establishing that equilibrium between national control on one hand and local self-government on the other, that will best preserve the permanence of the State and the liberty of the individual. To maintain this equilibrium it is necessary that the Democratic party should revive and nourish this principle—the Republican party will not do so—and if it is not strengthened we may before long reach the condition in which popular governments have heretofore found themselves. Unless the Democratic party does cherish and develop this principle, extending it as far as possible, and putting it into practical application, the national government will continue to enlarge its powers. Already official action has been taken to obtain a national income tax, imposed as it was never intended the national government should impose a tax, and there are well-managed movements for national divorce and corporation laws and uniform State laws on various other subjects. On some of these subjects it may be desirable to have uniformity, when that can be obtained without being more than offset by disadvantages. It is, however, precisely on this lack of uniformity in the legislation of the different States that our permanence as a government was supposed to depend. (For fear of being misunderstood I wish to except matters necessarily national, or matters which have behind them a great moral issue, such as slavery, before which all principles of government must give way.) Hence it is desirable that the Democratic party should take action toward educating public opinion to a realization of the dangers from the present encroachment of national powers, and should also take effective steps toward increasing the activities of the State governments in these matters which are properly under their control.

William P. Malburn.

Denver, Col., September 25.

MR. TAFT AND THE TARIFF.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your editorial in the *Nation* of September 23, on "Taft on the Tariff," you certainly cannot be accused of not giving the President due credit for what he has accomplished for the cause of tariff reform. You ask, among other things, "If given duties are found to work injustice or hamper trade, why should they not be changed?" The answer is found in the President's Winona speech, wherein he says that "the interests of the party require me to sacrifice the accomplishment of certain things in the revision of the tariff which I had hoped for in order to maintain party solidarity, which I believed to be much more important than the reduction of rates in one or two schedules of the tariff."

This Machiavelian doctrine, I should say, is the most disappointing feature in Mr. Taft's attitude toward the tariff. The President virtually says that if the wool and cotton schedules are exorbitant and affect every consumer in the United States, it is far better that the people should be unjustly taxed than party "solidarity" broken. In a word, President Taft finds the "interests of the country" so closely bound up with the unity of the Republican party that he accepts Cannon's view that party pledges expire after election.

This is a frank avowal, but very disappointing to those who had supported Taft in the belief that he was not an ordinary politician, and that the true issue would be squarely met, either by a real revision or by a vigorous exercise of the veto power. It would have been far better for the cause of reform to have had a continuance of the Dingley abominations, and thus forced the issue again upon the country, than to have temporized with the current of opinion in the Payne bill. You say the President has done something in forcing "a new attitude upon Republicans." But has he? For the last thirty years the Republican party has at least *promised* revision "after the next election," but now, since the newspapers of the country have made it appear that at least something has been accomplished, even the promise of revision will be abandoned. Apologize as we may, there is no denying the fact that the President lost his first great opportunity of raising himself to the rank of a Grover Cleveland. That opportunity is now past, and while the thinking public admire the President for a general return to constitutional government, there is no desire on the part of that public, especially the West, to return to the ancient régime of American politics. The cold fact is, nothing has been accomplished! And, again, the way is open for the demagogue who, under the guise of reform, shall proclaim himself the enemy of corporate greed.

Karl F. Geiser.

Oberlin College, September 27.

[The question cited by our correspondent related to the possibility of future tariff reduction by means of the Tariff

Commission. On that, we have not yet the President's final word. The adjective "Machiavellian" seems scarcely applicable to a man who blurts out his inmost thoughts, as Mr. Taft often does.—Ed. Nation.]

SCHOOL-GIRLS IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Richard Mulcaster's "Positions Concerning the Training Up of Children," 1581, devotes chapter thirty-eight to the subject of the education of "young maidens." In it we have light thrown upon the condition of school-girls in Shakespeare's time, a subject to which Dr. W. J. Rolfe has called attention in the *Nation* of February 18, and again in the issue of July 22. Mulcaster's book was not reprinted until the issue, in 1888, of an almost facsimile edition by the late Mr. Quick, "to whom the credit of discovering this author is mainly due." An "abridged and arranged" edition of Mulcaster's "educational writings," by James Oliphant, 1903, contains the most important extracts from the chapter on the education of girls.

Mulcaster's authority to speak on matters of education for his time is undoubted. With Roger Ascham he was one of the great schoolmasters of his day. For twenty-five years he was the head-master of the Merchant Taylors' School in London, and later, in 1596, he was elected high-master of St. Paul's School. In several respects he was in advance of his age: especially was this true in his assertion that girls had a right to receive as good an education as boys.

He advances and ably supports four reasons why young women should be taught: "That young women are to be set to learning . . . is proved by the custome of our countrey, by our duetic towardes them, by their naturall abilities, and by the worthy effectes of such as have been well trained." The stress he lays in several places upon "the custom of our country" emphasizes the fact that he was contending for no innovation (p. 167, ed. 1581):

Seeing I begin so low as the first Elementarie [in this discussion of the training of children], wherein we see that young maidens be ordinarily trained, how could I seeme not to see them, being so apparently taught? . . . What absurditie am I in, to say that is true which my countrie dare avow, and daily doth trie? I set not young maidens to publicke grammer scholes, a thing not used in my countrie, I send them not to the universities, having no president thereof in my countrie, I allow them learning with distinction in degrees, with difference of their calling, with respect to their endes, wherefore they learne, wherein my country confirmeth my opinion. We see yong maidens be taught to read and write, and can do both with praise: we heare them sing and playe: and both passing well, we know that they learne the best, and finest of our learned languages, to the admiration of all men.

After considering in detail the particularly womanly accomplishments of reading, writing, and "musike," our author, with characteristic conscientiousness, adds (p. 178):

I medle not with *nedles*, nor yet with *housewiferie*, although I think it, and know it, to be a principale commendation in a woman: to be able to governe and direct her houshold, to looke to her house and familie, to provide and keepe necessaries, though the goodman pay, to know the force of her kitchin, for sickncs and health, in her selfe and her charge; bycause I deale onely with such thinges as be incident to their learning. Which seeing the custome of my country doth permit, I may not mislike.

There are sixteen large quarto pages in this chapter. Having considered "the ende whereunto their education serveth, which is the cause why & how much they learne," Mulcaster next tells "which of them are to learne, when they are to begin to learne," and thus progresses to "what and how much they may learne." Finally (p. 182):

There is nothing left to ende this treatise of young *maidens*, but where and under whom, they are to learne, which question will be sufficiently resolved, upon consideration of the time how long they are to learne, which time is commonly till they be ab ut thirtene or fouretene years old. . . .

Thcy that may continue some long time at learning, thorough the state and abilitie of their parentes have also their time and place suitably appointed, by the foresight of their parentes. So that the time resting in private forecast, I cannot reduce it to generall precept. . . .

Mulcaster does not give us detailed information about the boarding schools for girls, but clearly refers to such institutions as conducted by private enterprise (p. 182):

The places wherein they learne be either *publike* if they go forth to the *Elementarie* schole, or *private* if they be taught at home. The teacher either of their owne sex or of ours. For *publike* places, bycause in that kinde there is no publike provision *but such as the professours of their training do make of themselves, I can say little*. . . .

The awkward and often obscure style of Mulcaster's "Positions" has caused it to be neglected for three centuries, but the value of its facts both historically and pedagogically will claim increasing attention from modern readers.

M. P. Tilley.

University of Michigan, September 27.

THE HYPNEROTOMACHIA POLIPHILI.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It would be interesting to know how Mr. La Farge came to take interest in the Poliphilius (see the *Nation*, August 12 and 26, and September 9). In the Norton collection at Gore Hall, Cambridge, is a copy of the 1545 Italian edition, which bears the autograph notes: "C. E. Norton—Brought from Brantwood. June, 1900"; and "Mine, during my work in Oxford. John Ruskin. Brantwood, 3rd April, 1880." I find no mention of the work in Ruskin's letters to Norton, or, indeed, in any of his published writings. The copy is quite fresh and contains no notes. Mr. Norton, in showing me his copy of the 1499 edition (in 1897), did not mention Ruskin in connection with it. This copy was in his possession (according to his autograph in it) in 1873, that is, during the earlier years of Ruskin's lectures at Oxford; so that he, rather than Ruskin, may have known it first. In 1880, he possessed the French reprint of 1561; but his autographs in the original version of 1546 and Beroalde's version of 1600 bear no date. Ruskin possessed "various copies of Poliphilo" (cf. W. G. Collingwood: "Ruskin Relics," p. 191).

Interest in the Poliphilus extends not only to bibliophiles and artists; it includes the lexicographer. The English version of 1592 "englished" a number of remarkable words—often to be found in no other work—most of which are being incorporated in the "Oxford English Dictionary." A study of these words in connection with the Rabelaisian Italian of the original might prove serviceable to that enterprise; for, to judge by the entries, the work was not read before the appearance of Mr. Lang's reprint (1890), when A-E was nearly finished, and was read very imperfectly then. In evidence of this, I note a few of its strange words: (*a*) those for which this work alone is cited by the Oxf. E. D.—imphrygiated, interstitious, plemmirrulate; (*b*) those in this work which are not entered by the Oxf. E. D.—Conciansture, denticulature, gulature, carpanticall, aquilonal, flamigerous, nextrule; (*c*) those in this work for which a later authority is the first cited by the Oxf. E. D.—perpolyte (four years), pilastrel (twenty-eight years). This list was obtained at random in about fifteen minutes. The work contains enough material of this character to furnish forth a "Dictionary of Hard Words."

Percy W. Long.

Harvard University, September 29.

THE CLUB BINDERY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Apropos of the reference in your "News for Bibliophiles" (September 30) to the Club Bindery, with which the late Mr. Robert Hoe was intimately connected, it might interest the readers of that column to learn that the bulk of the Club Bindery staff upon the closing of that bindery went to the Rowfant Bindery of Cleveland, and that the Rowfant Bindery has been organized by a few bibliophiles of the Rowfant Club of Cleveland to carry forward the work temporarily stopped by the closing of the Club Bindery. T. J. Holmes.

Cleveland, O., October 2.

Literature.

TWO BOOKS OF EXPLORATION.

Conquering the Arctic Ice. By Ejnar Mikkelsen. With numerous illustrations and maps. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

A more interesting account of the adventurous and self-sacrificing life of the Arctic explorer, it would be difficult to find. The narrative is not only full of graphic descriptions of scenes and incidents, but it is instinct with the personality of the writer, whose sunny good nature and kindness of heart make it easy for the reader to accept Sir Clements Markham's characterization of Capt. Mikkelsen as "an ideal Arctic commander." The aim of the expedition was not one to excite popular attention—it was not a "dash for the pole," but a simple attempt to solve the long-debated problem as to the existence of land to the north of Alaska in what is known as the Beaufort Sea, the second largest unexplored area in the world. Joint commander with the writ-

er was Ernest de K. Leffingwell of Illinois, who had charge of the scientific work, including surveys of large tracts of the coast and unexplored mountains, and who had been associated with him on a previous Polar expedition. One of the other six who constituted the little band was Dr. George P. Howe of Boston, a Harvard graduate. Starting from Victoria in May, 1906, in a schooner of 56 tons burden, they passed through Behring Strait and, notwithstanding an especially bad season for navigating the ice, reached Flaxman's Island, on the northeastern coast of Alaska, where winter quarters were established. In March Mikkelsen, Leffingwell, and the Norwegian mate with three sledges, twelve dogs, and food for sixty-five days, started over the pack ice northward in search of land.

A chapter which will prove of permanent value to future explorers is devoted to a description of the equipment of a sledge expedition in which the equipments of six different expeditions are given to the most minute details—one man's daily rations being expressed in ounces and tenths of ounces. It was one of the most gallant attempts ever made to solve an Arctic problem. Every conceivable difficulty had to be encountered—rough ice rising in ridges above thirty feet high, deep snow, furious gales, and leads of open water. A frequent incident in the trip is thus described: They were hewing their way through a ridge when

> a large piece of ice alongside of us began to slide, and in a second the whole ridge was in motion. We had to leave it hurriedly and to get our sledges away from the dangerous neighborhood of the pieces of ice which came crashing down on our floe. The ice-blocks were about six feet thick, and it was an awe-inspiring sight to see how those immense weights were moved about. Here a big block of ice, about ten feet long and six or seven feet wide, was rolled over, pushed along, and piled up on the top of the ridge. For a moment it lay still; then a motion in the ice underneath it set it sliding, first slowly, then faster; crushing the ice it went over, hitting the floe hard, tottered backwards and forwards, and then tumbled over with an awful crash. Now and then a noise like that of a big gun was heard close at hand: the floe was cracked and commenced to pile itself up in another direction. Slowly and majestically the two rival flocs slid along each other's edge, grinding, crushing, and piling up ice to a height of about fifteen feet. . . . The floes moved by each other with a relative motion of one foot in twenty seconds. The pressure ceased about twenty minutes later, as suddenly and with as little warning as it had commenced, and we had to do all the work of breaking a road over again, chopping and shovelling to make a passable crossing.

The wide lanes of open water were crossed by means of a skin raft, but Capt. Mikkelsen recommends as still better a rail-sledge with a high bow wrapped snugly about with canvas. When tent-bound by a strong wind "some of the time," he says, "we talk, making plans for new trips, or trying to find some other cheerful subject, but it is not always easy, and conversation flags. We have each a small book—'Hamlet' and 'King Lear'—and the reading and discussing of mysterious passages help to pass many an hour which would otherwise be spent talking over our gloomy prospects." After a sixty days' struggle, during which they went two degrees north of the coast, taking frequent soundings and observations, the accuracy of which it was often difficult to verify on account of the movement of the ice—from five to ten miles a day—they were at last "home again!"—that is, at their winter quarters. The scientific results of the trip are thus modestly given:

> One of our purposes had been attained: we had ascertained the extent of the Continental Shelf, and even if we felt a little sorry that we had not found the land we had so implicitly believed it, it was a consolation for us to know that to prove the absence of land was of as much *scientific* value as to find it!

It was Capt. Mikkelsen's wish to make another attempt to solve the mystery of the pack ice the next season, but the impossibility of getting a third man made him give it up. As a last endeavor he tried to get natives to go out on the ice with him, but no one would listen to him. The Eskimos for generations have had the greatest fear of pack ice. So leaving Mr. Leffingwell, who wished to remain another year to complete his scientific observations, he started in October on a 3,000-mile journey, a large part on foot, in the depth of winter, for civilization. His route was eastward along the coast, and then overland through rugged and mountainous stretches, up the highway of Alaska—the Yukon—to Fairbanks, and from thence by stage to Valdez, which was reached the middle of March. The chapters describing this remarkable journey, during which the lowest temperature registered was 58 degrees C., are perhaps the most interesting, if not the most valuable, in the book, as they give vivid pictures of life at the various stations and settlements. The impression left of the condition of the Eskimo under American rule is decidedly good. Many instances are given showing the wholesome influence of the missionaries, teachers, and government officials. The name by which the expedition is known—Anglo-American Polar Expedition, is due to the fact that grants in aid were made by the Royal Geographical Society and the American Geographical Society. The cost was $26,400. Two slight errors have been noted—Collingson for Collinson, and Serah for Sherard Osborn. The nearly two hundred illustrations, reproductions of photographs, add much to the value and attractiveness of the book, and it is to be regretted that there was not a better map showing the route of the expedition. In appendices are printed some extracts from letters written by Mr. Leffingwell, giving some interesting details of the expedition not found in the narrative, and some medical notes of northern Alaska by Dr. Howe.

The Journal of an Expedition Across Venezuela and Colombia. By Dr. Hiram Bingham. New Haven: Yale Publishing Co.

Dr. Bingham left Caracas on January 3, 1907, expecting to complete his journey in two months. But owing to the slowness of pack oxen and mules, unexpected delays from the treatment of native diseases, dishonest Indian guides, and flooded streams, 115 days elapsed before he reached Bogota. Although travelling among half-civilized people the cost of the trip was rather high, the pack animals, provisions, and incidental expenses between the two capitals costing about $1,600. He concludes: "It is hard for the North American to understand the Venezuelan or Colombian, to realize the difficulties under which he labors, to estimate justly the enervating effect upon successive generations of damp tropical heat. Nevertheless, a six months' acquaintance with the actual conditions of life in northern South America has given me, as it must any one who travels in those regions, a keener sense of the ability and courage displayed by Bolivar, Santander, and the heroes of the Wars of Emancipation, and a better appreciation of the achievements of their successors."

These difficulties of climate and route are an essential part of Dr. Bingham's story, for his expedition was made specially for the purpose of exploring Bolivar's celebrated march of 1819 and the battlefields of Boyacá and Carabobo. Bolivar's achievement, in the face of superior numbers of the enemy, has been held by Spanish-American historians to be as remarkable as the more famous marches of Hannibal and Napoleon, and after following the same route from Caracas to Bogota, Dr. Bingham concurs in this opinion.

While the historical element in Dr. Bingham's diary is always dominant, yet other interests are by no means excluded from the narrative. His style is always vivacious, and the scenes along the trail are vividly portrayed, as he descends from the mountains of Caracas to the half-flooded llanos, struggles for months over rivers and across torrid barrens, and at last gradually ascends the foothills of the Andes to the chilly plateau of Bogota. One little picture in words may be quoted as an example of his manner. He is in a monastery:

It makes one feel as though one were living in the middle ages to hear the monks laughing, singing, and talking in the garden, while one, the most learned of all, seated in a dark corner of the great room lined with specimens of his craft, reads aloud from a scientific treatise. It was a picture for an artist to see. The man with only his long, flowing beard, his brown, coarse cloth robe, tied with a rope, and his picturesque sandals, reading in a gentle voice from a page dimly lighted by a single candle.

That Dr. Bingham is not an ornithologist may be known from his speaking of toucans as if they were hornbills; and indeed science is throughout the story a secondary interest. Yet his observations in the fields of geography and ethnology have considerable value. Nor is zoölogy wholly neglected: the photograph of a jabiru perched with its half-grown young on its nest (page 73), and the unique picture of a herd of eight capybaras squatting on a steep river bank (page 122), are curious and valuable. Yet it is a pity that some trained naturalist did not accompany the expedition.

Two short appendices give an historical sketch of the war of independence and the battle of Carabobo, and a third presents observations on temperature and weather.

CURRENT FICTION.

Stradella. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is a slighter and more conventionally romantic tale than its posthumous predecessor, "The White Sister." Its hero is, of course, the Neapolitan seventeenth-century singer and composer; and Crawford found the episode as here recorded, though not as here embellished, in certain old chronicles of the period. The embellishments play a large part, and are of the mildly exhilarating sort which recognizably belong to "historical romance." There are many rumors of peril and much talk of death by cold steel. The pair of bravos who figure so prominently in the action are understood to be desperate fellows, and their designs upon Stradella and his sweetheart are of the most ferocious. But their rapiers are only permitted to execute a pin-prick or two, and the most serious result of the violence threatened and attempted in the course of the story is a broken nose. These two professional gentlemen of adventure are constructed after a somewhat old-fashioned recipe: the humor of them is due to a broadly physical antithesis. In character and antecedents they are pretty much alike—gentlemen who have lost their fortunes, and have eventually become the instruments of private vengeance. But one of them is blond, stout, pug-nosed, truculent, while the other is dark, thin-beaked, and sinister. The complications into which their trade brings them in relation to the runaway musician and his runaway bride are sufficiently amusing. No one of their contracts can be fulfilled without vitiating the rest; in the end, of course, they are all set at naught by the god who presides over romantic fiction.

The narrative has the familiar fluidity and apparent ingenuousness of the great entertainer. Nowhere has been displayed more clearly than in this last (if it be the last) of his tales, his extraordinary faculty of holding his readers' attention by means which appear to have nothing extraordinary about them whatever. At an hour when so many writers of fiction had begun to strain at gaining unusual effects by dint of unusual methods, it was Crawford's distinction to be always simple, colloquial, and direct.

True Tilda. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

If the late Marion Crawford left behind him his equal in the sheer virtuosity of story-telling, it was in the person of "Q." The one, like the other, has but to open his mouth to let fall a good story, a story round and shining as the pearls of the fairy-tale. The penalty of such facility and adroitness is obvious. The skilled hand can so easily turn out something presentable that it inclines to become less and less concerned with the intrinsic value of the product. We cannot suppose that Mr. Quiller-Couch here, more than Mr. Crawford in his later novels, felt himself under irresistible pressure to tell this story, though to be telling some story pretty much all the time is no doubt second nature to him. But the *improvvisatore* cannot let himself be troubled with the vision of masterpieces: he gets his effect by means of a series of brilliant approximations.

Tilda is a youthful and precocious heroine and *dea ex machina* of the approved modern type. Half guttersnipe, half guardian-angel, she makes her way with impunity over much rough ground and through various ticklish places. When we say that she has no strawberry mark, and does not turn out to be of gentle blood, we do not mean to encourage the reader in the expectation of marked novelty in the plot. The chief object of her exploits is to bring back to his own another waif, who has four lozenges tattooed on his shoulder, and is so proved to be the son of a baronet. But all this is no doubt mere amiable concession to the tastes of the ordinary reader, whose appetite for strawberry marks is apparently insatiable: the plot is simply all that it needs to be. The unlucky thing is the sketchiness and inconclusiveness of the persons. "Q"-land is peopled with creatures of paper and ink as well as of flesh and blood; a large number, more particularly, of figures bearing the mark of "Boz." The minor characters in the present tale are patently after Dickens: Mortimer, a Jingle-Micawber-ghost; Christopher Hucks, a Scrooge-Wegg compound; Doctor Giasson, of Squeers-Stiggins derivation, and so on. It is not so much that "Q," like De Morgan, thinks in terms of the middle-Victorian novelist, as that his brain seems to be persistently haunted by the spooks of Gadshill.

The Compact. By Ridgwell Cullum. New York: G. H. Doran Co.

This book treats of "an unrecorded conspiracy in South Africa" during the interval between the peace of Majuba Hill and the last Boer war. The writer in his preface makes so interesting if partisan a preliminary sketch of the field and the forces that we should be glad to have from him a connected history of this not too often described period. His facts are interesting, his familiarity with his subject obvious, and he writes with spirit. But in working his material into a novel he loses something of his grasp. His plots, though lurid, are sketchy; his conspirators become exclamation points; his details, ejaculations. A more serious fault is the cheaply melodramatic quality of the love-story. For "The Compact" is made, not between Boer and Briton, but by a doting husband who thinks himself unloved, and a former lover of his wife, and its details transcend the ludicrously improbable. Wisely has the author reserved dramatic rights!

As It Happened.. By Ashton Hilliers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"The centuries differ in their ways of doing things," observes Mr. Hilliers. "We of the twentieth are diffuse or inclining thereto. I, myself, for example (an humble instance, but the first that comes to hand), propose to run to 400 pages." He keeps his word; but even the seasoned novel reader is content that it should be as it is written. What matters the footfall of time if it treads lightly? As to the diffuseness of the twentieth century, in general, there may be two opinions. Mr. Hilliers, as his book shows, must have been thinking of that latest innovation in novels, the De Morgan revival of the leisurely, the confidential, the discursive. With the author of "Joseph Vance" for father, the author of "Henry Esmond" for grandfather, the author of "Harry Richmond" for godfather, once or twice removed, Mr. Hilliers's "As It Happened" is born into one of the first families of fiction.

The story is of military and domestic adventure in 1778-9, covering, as the map goes, Madras, England, the high seas, and Gibraltar. For scenic settings there are camps, courts, groves, inns,

lodging houses, shipboard, the road. The persons include old soldiers in the India service, young ones hurrying to the defence of Gibraltar, nabobs, adventurers, and scholar-highwaymen. We meet familiarly old Queensberry; Jenkinson, the future Lord Liverpool; Gov. Sir George Eliott. We have glimpses of Walpole, and we hear of Wesley and Reynolds. But one fancies that Thomas Furley, delightful battleground of natural man and saint by acquisition, is the author's favorite among his many characters. The nucleus of the vast matter is the search for the son and daughter of his dead love by Major Wade Justin, who holds in a belt of gems a tidy fortune for them entrusted to him by their scamp of a father dying in India. The preparations are formidable, but once on the journey one is constrained to admire and then to enjoy. The range of information is extraordinary; the fitting of walk and conversation to each character most apt; the humor rich.

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM WINTER.

Old Friends, being Literary Recollections of Other Days. By William Winter. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $3 net.

This is, in many ways, a delightful book. It is doubly interesting, first, for the intimate personal glimpses which it affords of men who have won popularity and abiding honor in the field of American literature, and, secondly, for the unconscious revelation which it makes of the finer qualities of the author himself, his innate love of the beautiful in art or in character, his rare capacity for ardent friendship, his generous appreciation of the achievements of others, and his fidelity to his own ideals. No one acquainted with Mr. Winter's writings, as poet, critic, biographer, or essayist, needs to be told of the invariable charm of his style. If when judged by the canons of the severest taste, it is now and again somewhat marred by an excessive luxuriance—due largely to the pressure of an overflowing vocabulary—it is, as a rule, remarkable for its flexibility and grace, its incisive clarity, its ready control of the whole verbal armory of humor, pathos, and invective, its felicity in definition and its melodious rhythm. All these characteristics are exemplified liberally in this present work, which is a striking tribute, not only to the dead friends whom he would commemorate, but to his own ability.

Not everybody, it may be said at once, will agree with all the critical estimates, or with all the opinions, which he has here set down. Like most men with strong feelings—especially when endowed, as he is, with glowing imagination—he is apt, perhaps, to exaggerate a little the virtues of those he loves and the defects of those with whom he is not altogether in sympathy. But, as the title itself indicates, this book is warmly appreciative, not coldly critical, and the affectionate generosity that inspires it is one of its many attractions. So full is it of personal anecdote and reminiscence, mostly fresh and almost always illuminative, that it would lend itself readily to long quotation, did space permit. But it is only possible now to refer briefly to its contents. With Longfellow, Mr. Winter was on terms of close and affectionate intimacy, and he pays an eloquent tribute to that accomplished poet and rare gentleman. "A man more noble, gentle, lovable, and true," he writes, "never lived." He ranks him "not among the marvels of creative genius, the portents that dazzle and bewilder, but with the benefactors of mankind that soothe and bless." And this, he argues elsewhere, is the noblest function of the poet's art. With Whitman, as might be supposed, Mr. Winter had little in common. He disposes of him in a perfectly characteristic sentence. "Instead of writing either prose or verse," Whitman, he says, "composed an uncouth catalogue of miscellaneous objects and images, generally commonplace, sometimes coarse, and sometimes filthy."

To Oliver Wendell Holmes is devoted a captivating chapter, in which the personality of the wonderful little doctor is sketched with vivid effect. It shows him at the height of his literary, professional, and social activities, and again, in a tenderly pathetic setting, during the closing hours of his long and productive life. Another charming essay, perhaps, on the whole, the best in the book, is on Thomas Bailey Aldrich, with whom Mr. Winter maintained a life-long friendship. It is filled with the touches that speak of intimate acquaintance, and reveals the inner soul of the man in a most alluring aspect. To the character and genius of George William Curtis also, the author pays fervid and unqualified tribute, declaring that in felicity of speech he was superior to all men of his generation—but this paper, admirable as it is in both spirit and form, smacks somewhat of effort and lacks the spontaneity and delicacy that distinguish the Aldrich study.

The chapter on Dickens is particularly interesting, especially the description of his readings, a subject on which the writer, of course, is an expert, as he proves, in another place, by his illuminative comparison of the oratory of Webster, Choate, and Edward Everett. Of Wilkie Collins, he gives a sympathetic account, dwelling upon the extraordinary courage with which he composed some of his most successful works, while suffering excruciating physical agony. As an author, he places him in almost the highest rank. Letters from Bayard Taylor to Mr. Winter exhibit in a bright light the indomitable self-reliance of that versatile workman, his faith in his own poetic power, and his devotion to high literary ideals without respect to public favor or pecuniary gain. Of the famous little company of the so-called Bohemians, who, under the presidency of Henry Clapp, assembled half a century ago in Pfaff's cellar, Mr. Winter writes with kindly zeal and liberal praise. His sketch of Fitz-James O'Brien bears testimony to that writer's substantial but undisciplined genius. His defence of his quondam associates, as a body, from the imputations of general profligacy cast upon them by uninformed writers is emphatic, and there is a good example of his more acid humor in his reference to certain slighting comments—probably long since forgotten—by Mr. Howells. But the book must be read to be appreciated at its proper value. From beginning to end it is good literature, and if, in the very nature of things, it cannot tell much that is absolutely new, it does throw fresh light upon a group of varied and interesting personalities, and furnishes, in epitome, many illustrations of the analytical, poetical, and descriptive powers of its author.

One Irish Summer. By William Eleroy Curtis. New York: Duffield & Co. $3.50 net.

A Holiday in Connemara. By Stephen Gwynn, M.P. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Mr. Curtis's collection of newspaper articles constitutes fair journalism, but a poor book. A great amount of generally trustworthy information about Ireland is conveyed in so fluid a form that the reader can hardly help digesting some of it, if his functions be not deranged by the extreme carelessness of the author's style and his inadequate general education. For instance, the intention and effect of the Wyndham Land Acts is well brought out by description and example, but the discussion is preceded by the following bewildering analysis of the act of 1903:

> That act provides that an owner of a large estate may sell to his tenants the holdings they occupy, and his untenanted land to any one who desires to buy it, in such tracts and at such prices as may be agreed upon, corresponding to the income now derived from that particular property. No landlord can sell a few acres here and there of good land under this act, although, of course, he is at liberty to dispose of any part of his estate at any time at any price that he may consider proper.

Mr. Curtis is afraid of long words and apologizes for speaking of the "Disestablishment." And he is afraid of republican susceptibilities and apologizes for speaking of "civil servants." But he is fearless in other directions and ex-

plains without apology that Cadenus is Latin for dean.

It is noteworthy that books about Ireland are becoming cheerful in tone. While the native is still humorous, civil, and misleading, while his daughter is still lovely, and the landscape, green or barren, is always picturesque, these agreeable features are no longer set off in literature by an invariably gloomy background of famine, drunkenness, and rent-paying pigs. The land is a mere network of beneficent organization. Besides the Congested Districts Board, the Agricultural Organization Society, the Estates Commission, and the Christian Brothers' Schools, there are societies to promote temperance, to preserve the Irish tongue, to teach the English tongue, to loan money, and to drain swamps. If the "Sinn Fein" has the shortest name among these organizations, perhaps the most perspicuous belongs to "Lady Dudley's Scheme for the Establishment of District Nurses in the Poorest Parts of Ireland."

Mr. Gwynn's book is of a different sort. It is written by an Irishman with humor and sympathy and intimate knowledge. It is a special study of Connemara and the Joyce country, famous for trout and salmon and seals, where Thackeray's Fitzboodle had such excellent sport. Mr. Gwynn's account of his successes is of a more sober character as befits a man responsible to the public, but his narrative shows that he too felt the stimulating charm of that lonely coast which forms the westernmost point of Europe. Europe at large and England and even eastern Ireland itself, he tells us, are but names to the men of Connemara, who live altogether by the seashore, on fish and remittances from America. At a small post office, Mr. Gwynn was able to buy none but twopence half-penny stamps, for, as the postmistress explained, all the hamlet's correspondence was with the United States.

An Introduction to Social Psychology By Wm. McDougall. Boston: Luce & Co. $1.50 net.

Professor McDougall's previous work in psychology and psycho-physical theory prepares us to find this essay in the field of sociology an important one, and in this we are not disappointed. He justly holds that the social sciences cannot be well based unless they are made to rest, as thus far they have not been, upon firmly established psychological theories as to the nature of the "springs of action" in man. He contends that there has been too ready an assumption "that men normally and in the vast majority of cases act reasonably," "whereas the truth is that men are moved by a variety of impulses whose nature has been determined through long ages of the evolutionary process without reference to the life of men in civilized societies." In other words, human "springs of action" are obviously in the main instinctive, and are intelligent only secondarily.

With this fact in mind, Dr. McDougall undertakes a detailed study of the instincts, finding ten of a primitive nature to which correspond ten emotional attitudes; for, as he argues at length, our emotions are in all cases the psychic coincidents of instinctive activities. Had he not trusted over much to Baldwin's inadequate "Dictionary of Philosophy," he might have been spared much labor here, for the point he thus emphasizes has already been insisted upon by James, and by other psychologists even more specifically. Following Shand, our author holds that emotional dispositions tend to become organized into systems about the various objects that excite them; and these psychic systems he, with Shand, calls sentiments. The various sentiments which impel us to activity he studies with care, attempting to trace them back to combinations of the ten primitive emotions. His discussion at this point becomes highly technical, and will doubtless be subjected to criticisms from psychological experts: but, in the main, the objections raised will relate to matters of terminology rather than to his principles of analysis, which are sound and often most acute and enlightening. He makes an important contribution in his insistence that an acceptance of his general position carries with it the rejection of the doctrine of the life of societies as merely the sum of the activities of individuals moved by enlightened self-interest, or by intelligent desire for pleasure and aversion from pain. For he agrees with the latest students of algedonics that pleasures and pains are not in themselves emotional, that they are at most accompaniments of activities of an instinctive nature, and are thus themselves only indirectly springs of action; and he shows in detail that happiness is a sentiment—an emotional derivative—and, as such, an instinct phenomenon which cannot by any objective or subjective evidence be shown to be a mere sum of pleasures. It will be evident that in this argument he deals to the utilitarians and other hedonists a heavy blow.

He justly protests against such crude generalizations as that of Giddings, who finds the basic principle of social organization in "consciousness of kind"; showing conclusively that all the attractions of like to like can be traced to the gregarious instinct, and that "consciousness of kind" implies a high level of mental development and a rationalized procedure, which cannot be assumed to exist in the social animals, or in primitive men among whom the social organizations which appear to-day had their inception.

The author's psychology is notably sound, his mode of procedure thoroughly scientific, his illustrative examples happy, and his criticisms cogent and moderate in tone. We shall look forward with interest to his promised volume which is to be devoted to a "detailed study of collective mental processes."

Notes.

An account of "The Chinese," by John Shean Thomson, is promised by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"The Day of Days," by Hermann Sudermann, is among the more important novels for October publication by B. W. Huebsch.

Poetry has its place on the autumn list of Paul Elder & Co., in Fanny Purdy Palmer's "Sonnets," subdivided in groups entitled, "California Sonnets," and "Post Meridiem."

A new edition of the Journals of John Wesley, in six volumes, is to be issued by the Methodist Publishing House (London), for which edition the Rev. Nehemiah Curnock has secured a great quantity of unpublished matter.

"The Journal of George Fox," reprinted verbatim for the first time from the original manuscript, is one of the autumn offerings of the Cambridge University Press (G. P. Putnam's Sons).

On the autumn list of Forbes & Co. one finds a new volume of verse by Ben King, "Jane Jones and Some Others"; "What Does Christmas Mean?" by John T. McCutcheon and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and a volume of University of Chicago stories, "Maroon Tales," by Will J. Cuppy.

The Putnams promise for early publication a volume entitled "The Great French Revolution," by Prince Kropotkin; an account of Alexander Pope and his times, in two volumes, by George Paston; and "Abraham Lincoln—the People's Leader in the Struggle for National Existence," by George Haven Putnam.

"Jesus or Christ," a symposium announced for October publication by Sherman, French & Co., the publishers of the *Hibbert Journal*, has for its collaborators Sir Oliver Lodge, Rev. R. J. Campbell, Rev. James Drummond, Rev. Principal J. Estlin Carpenter, the Rev. George Tyrrell, and Profs. Henry Jones, H. Weinel, and H. Schmiedel. Another October publication of this house is "A Workingman's View of the Bible," by O F. Donaldson.

William Winter's name appears twice on the list of Moffat, Yard & Co. First, we have the "Life and Art of Richard Mansfield," the authorized biography of the actor, and the book for which, we are told, Mr. Winter has been taking notes for more than fifteen years. The Author's Edition of his "Poems" is the other book referred to. These same publishers announce "Kentucky in the Nation's History," by Robert McNutt McElroy of Princeton University; "Women in the Making of America," by H. Addington Bruce· "Henry Hudson," by Agnes C. Laut; "Holland of To-day," by George Wharton Edwards; "The

Survival of Man: A Study in Psychical Research," by Sir Oliver Lodge; "Lays of Democracy," by Charles Edward Russell; "The Conquest of the Air," by A. Lawrence Rotch; and "The Making of the English Bible," by Dr. Samuel McComb. They will also publish on its completion by Miss Laura Stedman the official "Life and Letters" of her grandfather, the late Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Among recent announcements of books for autumn publication we note the following important titles on the list of Longmans, Green, & Co.: "The Meaning of Truth: a Sequel to Pragmatism," by William James; "Liberty and Progress," by C. Y. C. Dawbarn; "The Natural History of British Game Birds," by J. G. Millais, F.Z.S.; "The Common Weal: A Study of the Federal System of Political Economy," by Alfred P. Hillier; "The Cradle of New France; A Story of the City Founded by Champlain," by Arthur G. Doughty, Dominion Archivist; "International Law," by T. Baty; "Letters to the *Times* on War and Neutrality (1881-1909)," by Thomas Erskine Holland; "Turkey in Transition," by G. F. Abbott; "In a Yorkshire Garden," by Reginald Farrer; "The Poems of George Crabbe," edited by Bernard Holland; "Virginia's Attitude Toward Slavery and Secession Defined," by Beverley B. Munford; "A Century of Empire," Vol. I, by the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart.; "Garibaldi and the Thousand," by George Macaulay Trevelyan; "Essays," by Father Ignatius Ryder; "Memoirs of Scottish Catholics During the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries," edited from hitherto unpublished manuscripts by W. Forbes Leith, S.J. (two volumes), and "Christian Ideas and Ideals," by Robert Lawrence Ottley, M.A., Canon of Christ Church and Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology in the University of Oxford.

Harold Murdock has followed up his intimate portrayal of Revolutionary Boston in "Lord Percy's Dinner Table," with a similar study of a single phase of that city's history in "1872: The Great Boston Fire," published by Houghton Mifflin Co., in a limited edition of 500 copies. Like its predecessor, the present volume blends direct historical narrative with much imaginative detail. Mr. Murdock writes here on the basis of personal experience reinforced and amplified by documentary evidence. An introductory chapter describes Boston as it was on the eve of the great disaster. There follows a series of letters in which the story of the great fire is told with considerable amplitude by an observant, active, and well-informed anonymous citizen, who seems to have retained his sense of humor and of literary style in the midst of the general calamity. A happy sentence or two shows us President Eliot of Harvard watching the progress of the flames and pondering on the future of Harvard's realty holdings. In typography, paper, the noble spread of margin, and binding, the volume is beautifully made up.

The 1905 edition of Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) contained a preface of some four and a half pages, signed by Robert Ross, the editor of the book, and the author's literary executor. In the new edition just issued this preface is reduced to one page, partly by the omission of a fragment of a letter addressed to Mr. Ross "in sending me instructions with regard to the publication of 'De Profundis.'" Of the three paragraphs which made up this fragment, the first opened with the words, "I don't defend my conduct," etc., and is not to be found in the letter as printed on pages 9-13 in the body of the new edition. We are compensated by other fragments, in all, parts of four letters addressed to Mr. Ross from Reading prison. These letters had already appeared, misdated, in Germany. It is worth while to note once more the fact that in Germany and France, "where tolerance and literary enthusiasm are more widely distributed," Wilde's works have been judged independently of the author's character and career. There are added to this new edition, at the end of the volume, two open letters addressed by Wilde to the editor of the London *Morning Chronicle*, on "Warder Martin," and "Prison Reform," respectively.

The chief interest of the reëdition centres, however, in the text of "De Profundis" itself. As one may read in the "Publisher's Note," "the editor has been able to include certain additional matter, aggregating some eighty pages." Nor does it take us long to discover enlargements of the text. The 1905 edition began, one will remember:

> . . . Suffering is one very long moment. We cannot divide it by seasons. We can only record its moods, and chronicle their return.

These same words occur in the second edition, but they are preceded by others. "My place would be between Gilles de Retz and the Marquis de Sade," is Wilde's confession; "I dare say it is best so." He cannot forebear adding: "Nor have I any doubt that the leper of mediævalism and the author of 'Justine' will prove better company than 'Sandford and Merton.'" There are other, and more important, additions to this mordant book. Some of the new material is slight enough, and it is even apparent to the reader that Wilde here expresses himself much more freely and fully than he was allowed to in the first edition of these *fleurs de mal*. "The gods had given me almost everything," he boasts, like another Cain.

> I had genius, a distinguished name, high social position, brilliancy, intellectual daring; I made art a philosophy and philosophy an art; I altered the minds of men and the colors of things; there was nothing I said or did that did not make people wonder. I took the drama, the most objective form known to art, and made it as personal a mode of expression as the lyric or sonnet; at the same time I widened its range and enriched its characterization. . . . I summed up all systems in a phrase, and all existence in an epigram. . . . But I let myself be lured into long spells of senseless and sensual ease.

Only the first and the last of the sentences just quoted are to be found in the earlier edition, nor was there any indication of the omission. There are reasons to suppose that even as it is we have not the entire text as it exists in MS., but we undoubtedly have as much of it as there is any good reason for preserving.

In his "Development of Hungarian Constitutional Liberty" (New York: Emil Zerkowitz) Count Julius Andrássy has written an eloquent and statesmanlike panegyric rather than a history. It is not a systematic exposition, supported by references and allusions to sources. It is rather the work of a man who has consulted and digested every treatise on the subject and expects something like the same sort of knowledge from his reader. It might be said, of course, that references to Hungarian sources would be of little advantage to an American or English reader, as a knowledge of the Magyar language is not common in either country. But, in fact, the most important sources of Hungarian history, and especially of Hungarian constitutional history, are in Latin, which was the dominant literary language of Hungary down to the beginning of the last century. The author is fond of parallels between the constitutions of different countries, and the striking analogies he discovers between the origin and development of Magyar and English progressive constitutional freedom are important and instructive. Thus he enables us to see that both in Hungary and England it was the strength of the monarchical principle and the consequent security of internal order and peace that made progress possible. Count Andrássy shows that the two constitutions had a fundamental similarity, and for centuries followed similar lines of development. The comparison is very instructive and satisfactory, but is likely to cause a little surprise to English authorities on constitutional history. The author neglects to note the somewhat remarkable fact that there was an interval of only seven years between the Golden Bull and Magna Charta, the two documents that are accepted as the foundations of Hungarian and English freedom. But we learn from him that Hungary had her Cardinal Langton as well as England, in the person of Archbishop Lucas. He terrified and humbled King Stephen III in precisely the same fashion in which the English ecclesiastic did King John, and his masterful personality left the Hungarian monarch no alternative but to grant the charter. All this is interesting, and we should have liked it if the author had told us a little more about Archbishop Lucas, who appears and vanishes as abruptly as Macbeth's witches. But the non-Hungarian who would fully comprehend Count Andrássy's constitutional history should first prepare himself for the task by reading a good general history of Hungary. The translation is excellent.

In "The British Tar in Fact and Fiction" (Harper & Bros.), Commander Charles Napier Robinson, R. N., has not only reproduced from his own collection of prints nearly all the hundred and thirty-odd illustrations depicting the character, dress, and habits of the old-time British sailor, but he has added a text abounding in precise information and animated by the liveliest sympathy with his former associates afloat, and with their predecessors who were distinguished alike by their ill-concealed vices and their sturdy, if less obvious, virtues. He has also indicated where other similar collections of the graver's art may be visited, and the sources of a large part of all the knowledge we can ever hope to possess of that fast disappearing type of humanity. This handsome volume gives a comprehensive study of its subject as contained in history, biography, pamphlets, satires, mystery plays, comedies, dramas, sea stories, novels, chap books, poems, songs, doggerel, and pictures from the earliest times. The book is, indeed, a labor of love, representing years of painstaking research, and is an indispensable guide to the sailor in Eng-

lish literature. The index is full, but the list of illustrations lacks the artists' and engravers' names.

The Roman Catholic Quarterly, *Revue des Sciences philosophiques et théologiques*, now in its third year, affords convenient information of scholarly productions in all languages in these two related disciplines. The design is to cover the entire field of both sciences through reviews and contributed articles by specialists. The attempt is made, not only to chronicle the latest results in specific fields, but also to relate each discussion to a larger unity. The *Revue* is thus of value to investigators who differ widely from its point of view, which is that of enthusiastic loyalty to the encyclical of Pius X, *Pascendi dominici gregis*.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Munich has recently discussed, not without uneasiness, the increase in the "learned proletariat." In 1853 there were in all about 13,000 students in the German universities; in 1888 there were some 31,000; in 1909, a total of 51,700. In 1853 there were 30 university students for every 100,000 inhabitants; now there are 75. The increase in the academic contingent has been 119 per cent. since 1880. Bismarck repeatedly tried to check this crowding of the professions, fearing lest Social Democracy should receive its best recruits from the ranks of university graduates for whom the state had no places. Nowadays, with all three classes of nine-year secondary schools turning over their graduates to virtually all departments of the universities, these are more than ever crowded. During the present semester the advance has been particularly notable, every one of the twenty universities of the Fatherland, except Jena, showing a marked increase in registration.

During the present autumn a *Mohammedanisches Seminar* will be opened in Potsdam: the first institution of the kind in Christendom. The courses announced for the winter semester include the following: Arabic, Persian, Turkish and its dialects, interpretation of the Koran, Mohammedan Theology, the Dervish Orders and Sufitic Philosophy, Modern Islam, the Ethnography and Politics of the Islamic Peoples, the New and the Old Testaments in Their Relation to Islam, the Oriental Churches and Islam, Islam and the Ancient Orient. Special attention is to be paid to modern Islam and its confessions, orders, and sects. The cause of the new seminary will be championed by the two Turkish journals founded and edited by Pastor Awetaranian; the weekly *Gunesh* (Sun), and the theological periodical, *Shahid ul Haguaig* (Witness of the Truth). The correspondence of the new seminary is in charge of Dr. R. Wegener, Deutsche Orient Mission, Potsdam, Grosse Weinmeisterstrasse, 50.

A new and timely contribution to the history and progressive development of aeronautics during the last quarter of a century is A. Hildebrand's "Die Brüder Wright," just issued by Otto Elsner in Berlin. It gives, with forty-four illustrations, accounts of the experiments of the German, Otto Leichenthal, who was killed by a fall from his airship in 1896; the Englishman Sinclair Pilsner, who met a like fate in 1899, and Octave Chanute, a Frenchman by birth, who came to America in 1838, when only six years old, and became distinguished as an engineer in the United States, where he published in 1894 a work on "Progress in Flying Machines." Herr Hildebrand represents Wilbur and Orville Wright as the pupils of Chanute. As manufacturers of bicycles in Dayton, O., they were first led to construct a flying machine with a motor, and made successful experiments with this invention in 1903. On October 3, 1905, they were able to fly 38.9 kilometres in 38 minutes and 5 seconds.

The third volume of Mlle. Pellechet's "Catalogue général des incunables des bibliothèques publiques de France," prepared by L. Polain, embraces the alphabetical group Compagnies—Gregorius Magnus. It contains twenty numbers of Ælius Donatus's "De octo partibus orationis," including the so-called Costerian editions, to one of which the tentative imprint "Ultrajecti, imp. du Speculum (?)" is given. Not less than sixty-seven works of Johannes Gerson are listed in 118 editions. Of Dante's "Divina Commedia" we find twelve editions listed.

"Études sur l'historiographie espagnole," by G. Cirot, lecturer in the University of Bordeaux, is a book on the general histories of Spain between Alfonso X and Philip II (1284-1556). It forms the ninth fascicle in the Bibliothèque des Universités du Midi.

A work of considerable display, "L'Empire du Soleil" (Hachette—15 francs), is published on Peru and Bolivia by the Baron and Baroness Conrad de Meyendorff. The authors travelled as artists given over to impressions by the way; and these are rendered by twelve colored plates from water-color drawings of Princess Marie Wolkonsky and others of the St. Petersburg Academy of Painting. There are 111 engravings in the text. A large part of the book is also devoted to attempts at recalling the Empire of the Incas, with its remains scattered over the modern land.

Gustave Danois of the International Institute of Bibliography gives notice of the subscription publication of his "Bibliographie Napoléonienne française" (L'Édition Bibliographique). The work comes down to 1908: its first part will form three large 8vo volumes, double-columned, of authors classified alphabetically from A to Z. The subscription price of each volume is 20 francs (30 francs after publication); and only 100 copies will be printed besides those subscribed for. The first volume is announced for October of this year.

David Henry Cochran, president during thirty-five years of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, died in Brooklyn on October 4, in his eighty-second year. He was a graduate of Hamilton College, and an educator from the age of fifteen.

Edmond Kelly, lawyer, author, and lecturer, died at Nyack, N. Y., on October 4, aged fifty-eight years. He was a graduate of the college and of the law department of Columbia University, and was a master of arts of Cambridge, England. For thirty years from 1879 he made his home abroad, being for a part of that time counsel for the United States embassy at Paris, and, since 1907, a chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Mr. Kelly was a writer on legal subjects, more specifically the law of marriage, and Socialism.

Science.

The English Vegetable Garden: Written by Experts. The "Country Life" Library. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3 net.

No recent book gives so interesting a contrast between the systems of vegetable gardening practised in England and America. It is easy, of course, to point out where the English system is impracticable here. The long, open English winters resemble those south of Philadelphia, but the uncertain summers are scarcely American at all. Climatic conditions are therefore quite different, and methods cannot be the same in a country where tomatoes and sweet corn, started out of doors, give only the slightest yield. Again, economic conditions differ widely, for all directions in the book are for hand labor. The plough and cultivator are not mentioned. How could an American market gardener profit if his ground had to be worked by hand?

The English system of gardening therefore depends on hand labor and glass. Scarcely a crop is started in the open. Further, according to the apparent agreement of these experts, trenching is an essential to success. Now trenching—or the system of cultivation which turns the surface soil two or, if possible, three feet underground—is not an American practice. To begin with, the process is very costly. More or less according to its capacity for moisture, a cubic yard of earth will weigh approximately a ton. It takes time to turn it upside down, and skill to do the work properly, yet the finished surface is a very small portion of even the smallest garden. Again, the work is slow; few men can work at trenching at a time: they get in each other's way. Finally, trenching, even if for but two feet, results in bringing to the surface a foot of subsoil, to make which fertile means not only lavish applications of manure and fertilizer, but also at least a year of weathering and cultivation. The process, if practised in its purity in America at all, is used either in private gardens, where money is not spared, or by those fresh from the old sod.

From all this it will appear how great is the pains taken to grow vegetables in England. While we have abandoned the old system of plots and borders, and lay out our gardens in long straight rows; while we grow a few windbreaks or put up board fences, and trust to the constable to punish the boys, the English still lay out their gardens in squares, cut out deep alleys in order to make beds, build eight to twelve-foot brick walls, and even discuss the addition of ditches and thorn hedges. This is but the beginning; there is no saving of labor. For instance, the English

gardeners appear to water constantly—and yet throughout the book cultivation seems to be advised merely for the purpose of killing weeds, not for conserving moisture.

One secret of these wide differences is neither in climatic nor economic conditions, but in the great number of English private estates, where vegetable gardens are matters of course, and a good one an object of local pride. Compared with the English we are still nomadic; we doubt if it pays to put much money in a garden which may be abandoned in a few years. But the typical Englishman who settles in the country follows as well as he can the example of the nobleman his neighbor. He expects to buy a vegetable garden with his place, or else he makes it for time, builds walls and plans "quarters" as his ancestors did, and conservatively shuns our innovation of long rows and dusty mulch.

This amount of private vegetable gardening greatly increases the knowledge of it and the repute in which the art is held. As a result, there are in England frequent exhibitions, of which we have but the slightest imitations, serious in our horticultural exhibitions, mere caricatures at our country fairs. The English vegetable gardener rises or falls, professionally, by the prizes that he takes—hence, in this book, the chapter on Vegetables for Exhibition, in which some of the directions are nothing short of amazing. Where in all America are holes made with the crowbar to the depth of three feet four inches (note the exactness of direction!) and rammed full of a sifted mixture of selected composts, all for the mere purpose of growing specimen carrots?

We do not, it is plain, garden as the English do; nor shall we, except after impossible changes, social, economic, and climatic. Nevertheless, we have as yet no reason to plume ourselves upon the perfection of our gardening, as an inspection of the average American home-garden will prove. An increase among us of exhibitions and horticultural societies is to be desired; they will improve our garden practices. Toward these ends a study of foreign methods is helpful, and of books upon the subject few are more direct and practical than the one under discussion. As with all books written by garden experts, we wish that the ignorance of the beginner were more constantly held in mind; yet from the careful methods here outlined the home-gardener can learn ways to lengthen his season. He should also find reason to lengthen his list of vegetables, by the addition of sea-kale, if of nothing else. There is even something to be learned from the English method of tillage; for trenching, if done little by little, adding, say, three inches a year to the depth of mellow soil, will greatly aid cultivation in bringing a garden through a drought, and in getting better crops. While not a guide to the American gardener, to the open-minded this will prove a suggestive book.

The study of the tropical marine fauna of our coasts has been so neglected that only recently a prominent scholar, speaking for American zoölogists, could say that we "know more of the life of the Red Sea than we do of the Caribbean and Gulf of Mexico." Yet we have at our very door a tropical fauna far surpassing in richness that available at the famous marine laboratory at Naples. A leading agency in making known this wealth of life is destined to be the marine laboratory on the Tortugas Islands, one of the projects supported by the Carnegie Institution. Since its establishment, in 1904, a number of important contributions embodying research work undertaken there have appeared, and there is now before us a collection of ten such papers constituting Volume I of "Papers from the Tortugas Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington." The list well illustrates the broad scope of the work of the station. Special interest attaches to the incomplete memoir on the pelagic Tunicata of the Gulf stream—the last work of the lamented William Keith Brooks. A study by Professor Brooks and B. McGlone, on the origin of the lung in Ampullaria affords an interesting illustration of the manner in which nature may utilize the material at hand for meeting a physiological need. This mollusc is semi-aquatic, and aside from the presence of a well-developed lung, seems closely related to marine forms. Study shows that the so-called lung is a modified gill and that, striking as is the resemblance, it is in no wise related to the lung of the land snails. Dr. Mayer amplifies his earlier work on the nervous control, and the effect of chemical stimuli on the rhythmic pulsation in Scyphomedusæ. He also contributes an interesting paper on the habits and the annual breeding-swarm of the Atlantic palolo-worm, a near relative of the famous edible "palolo" of Samoa. This swarming, which occurs principally within a single night in July, is independent of the rise and fall of the tide, but seems to occur only when moonlight falls upon the rocks. Dr. H. E. Jordan contributes three papers on cytology. That on spermatogenesis treats especially of the morphological and physiological individuality of the chromosomes, and presents additional evidence of a possible relation of the "accessory" chromosome to sex-determination. Professor Edwin Linton presents a detailed study of the intestinal parasites of fishes collected near the station, describing a number of new species. The volume concludes with a description of the peculiar variety of the flagellate protozoan, Anisonema vitrea. Each paper represents a distinct contribution in its field, and much credit is due the director, Dr. A. G. Mayer, who has been untiring in his efforts to develop and to make known the advantages of the station.

The Russian Ministry of Marine is equipping three expeditions to be sent out in the year 1910 to explore the coasts of the Arctic Ocean. One steamship will go from Vladivostok to find its way along the coast of Northeast Siberia from Bering Strait to the mouth of the Lena, and is to spend from three to four years in this task. A second expedition will visit the Taimyr peninsula for hydrographical and topographical investigations. The third expedition, which, like the last, starts from St. Petersburg early in 1910, will follow the land route to the Taimyr peninsula, and will study particularly the courses of the rivers and the geology, climate, and meteorology of the country, establishing local meteorological stations.

The death of Dr. George Edward Post, for many years head of the Medical College in Beirut, Syria, was announced in cable dispatches received September 29. He was born in New York city December 17, 1838, and was graduated from the New York Free Academy, now the College of the City of New York, in 1854. He was a graduate also of the medical department of the University of New York, and of the Union Theological Seminary. Dr. Post was the author of text-books in Arabic on botanical and biological subjects, and was the translator into that language of Butler's "Physiology" and other works. He was also the author of several books in the English language and was a contributor to various Bible dictionaries.

Medical Director Christopher James Cleborne, U. S. N., retired, who died in Washington October 2, was born in Edinburgh in 1838, and was educated in England and in the city of his birth. His medical training was finished, however, at the University of Pennsylvania, where he was graduated in 1860. Dr. Cleborne saw active service in the American civil war, and reached his ultimate rank of medical director in 1887. He has been on the retired list since 1899.

The death of Dr. Anthon Dohrn, founder and director of the biological station at Naples, was announced in a cablegram received at the Smithsonian Institute on September 30. Dr. Dohrn was born at Stettin, Germany, in 1840, and was a pupil of Haeckel in Jena. He founded, in 1870, the Naples biological station, the first institution of its kind, and even to-day one of the most important. Dr. Dohrn was an extensive writer on scientific subjects.

From Colombes comes the news of the death of Arnold Boscowitz, at the age of eighty-two. He was the author of "Tremblements de Terre" (*couronné par l'Académie Française*), and of "L'Âme de la Plante," a book which is said to have suggested to Darwin the writing of his monograph, "Insectiverous Plants." He was also a former writer for the *République Française*, the *Temps*, and other journals.

Drama.

The fifth volume of "A History of Theatrical Art," by Karl Mantzius (J. B. Lippincott Co.), treats "Great Actors of the Eighteenth Century," in Germany, France, and England. The book considers, for Germany, Caroline Neuber, Konrad Ekhof, Schröder, and Iffland; for France, Adrienne Lecouvreur and the School of Voltaire (*i. e.*, Clairon, Lekain, Dumesnil); for England, the Betterton Period, the Cibber Period, and especially, of course, David Garrick. The author tries to bind his material together by

emphasizing in each country the trend in acting toward greater simplicity and naturalness, thus endeavoring to avoid the obvious criticism on most histories of acting, that they rather retail gossip about individuals than make clear the underlying literary or dramatic tendencies of which the actors were but the means, and the most apparent sign. On the other hand, the author hardly tries at all to make clear the effect of an actor of one nation on any actor or actress of another nation. Surely, something might be said on this point in connection with the friendship of Garrick with Lekain, Préville, and Mlle. Clairon. At moments, as when writing of Garrick's Shakespearean revivals, the author is independent and incisive, but as a rule he contents himself with summarizing accepted opinion. As a Dane he knows his German stage more intimately than the French or English; indeed, in treating the relations of the Restoration drama to its sources he shows entire ignorance of the recent research which has proved unsound the time-honored assumption that the Restoration drama is chiefly indebted to France. As an interesting, chatty conspectus the book will be useful to the casual reader; to the student of the stage it offers little save collocation of accepted opinion on the great names of three national stages. The book is freely illustrated with interesting portraits and scenes from plays. Unfortunately, in many cases, the author has had to copy, not originals, but reprints in current books. This, and the process used, too often produce a blurred result. The translation is uneven; usually it is competent, but at moments the pronouns squint badly. And what are a "genius in agitative," and "champagne-hubbling humor"?

Jerome K. Jerome's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," which was played in this country for the first time on Monday evening in Maxine Elliott's Theatre, attracted a good deal of public attention in London, and will probably meet with success here. It bears a sort of family resemblance to Mr. Kennedy's "The Servant in the House"—introducing a mystical divine figure to illustrate the potency of brotherly love and the spirit of mutual service—but is altogether inferior to that work in general significance and in literary and dramatic quality. In construction, it is a slipshod affair, consisting of a series of episodes, connected by a very flimsy thread of narrative, in which the various characters, constituting the peculiarly mean or vicious population of a third-rate boarding house, are first confronted and then converted by the *deus ex machinâ*, around whom they revolve. It is a primitive arrangement, but the sentiments expressed if somewhat trite, are wholly admirable, while the general moral inculcated is unexceptionable. As a matter of fact, the piece is much more pretentious than it is impressive, the personages being conventional, the machinery conspicuous, and the humor, though often effective, somewhat obvious. But the general motive is sound and the central figure is played by Forbes Robertson with so much distinction of manner, with so much spiritual refinement, and with such persuasive eloquence, that the inferior workmanship does not count for much. He carries the representation through to success by the sheer force of his striking personality and genuine artistic illusion. The cordial reception extended to the representation is one more notable proof of the readiness of the New York public to appreciate and support plays of the most serious purpose, when adequately presented. Its reported preference for the indecent or the lunatical has very little foundation in fact.

Extensive preparations are being made in Berlin for the observance of Schiller's one hundred and fiftieth birthday, which falls on November 10. According to the present plan, a very elaborate programme, consisting in part of addresses and in part of dramatic performances, will be given a few days earlier, probably on November 5, and for this the most distinguished German and foreign actors, authors, and critics, having had to do with Schiller and his works, have been invited.

"Thaïs," a new play by Jean Richepin, will be staged this winter at the Théâtre Français.

Music.

The Orchestral Instruments and What They Do. By Daniel Gregory Mason. New York: H. W. Gray Co.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Programmes. 1908-1909. Boston: C. A. Ellis.

Berlioz, in his Memoirs, relates an anecdote which shows that Richard Strauss was by no means, as so many suppose, the first to demand a mammoth orchestra. One day Prince Metternich said to Berlioz: "Are you not the man, monsieur, who composes music for five hundred performers?" To which Berlioz replied: "Not always, monseigneur; I sometimes write for four hundred and fifty." In reality, he did demand sixteen trombones, sixteen trumpets, and other instruments in proportion, for his Requiem. In this he holds the record so far; but the course of orchestral evolution since his day has brought it about that if six or sixteen instruments of one kind are used in a score, they are likely to be called upon to play each a different melody, or part of the harmony; and this has given to symphonic music a complexity which few but professionals can unravel.

No doubt, just as one can enjoy a picture without knowing how the painter mixed his colors, so one can enjoy an orchestral piece without a knowledge of scoring, or even the ability to name the various instruments. The pleasure can, however, be made much more subtle and intense by familiarity with these things.

The object of Mr. Mason's little book is to assist concert-goers in recognizing the various orchestral instruments (pictures of which are provided), both by sight and by hearing, and to stimulate their perception of the thousand and one beauties of instrumental coloring. He calls it "a primer for concert-goers," and has written it in such a simple and clear style that the veriest tyro can understand and profit by it. On the other hand, there are many hints which will help even veterans by calling their attention to subtleties in orchestral coloring that may have escaped their attention. How, for instance, did Tchaikovsky secure the mysterious sombre effect at the opening of his "Pathetic" symphony? By scoring the music for double-basses in two divisions and bassoons in their low register. Dvorák, at the end of the slow movement of his "New World" symphony, secures a unique effect by writing a chord for double-basses alone, in four groups, one for each tone. There are thousands of such interesting details in the popular masterworks, and Mr. Mason calls attention to many of them, with illustrations in musical type. He advises even beginners to buy the cheap and handy orchestral scores which can now be obtained, read them before, during, and after the concerts at which they are played, and believes that there are few persons fond enough of music to attend orchestral concerts who would not find in a few months their powers of musical enjoyment doubled or trebled in this way.

Another aid to the appreciation of orchestral music consists in the descriptive programmes, which are distributed at most concerts. Deservedly famous among these have been for a long time the programme books of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, bound volumes of which should be in every library, private or public. The volume for 1908-9 comprises more than 1,800 pages of reading matter, and all of it is worth perusing. The present editor, Philip Hale, provides historic and analytical articles on all the pieces played during the season, in which he avoids the mistake of writing technical details which are intelligible to those only who do not need them. Boston audiences evidently like to occupy their minds, even during the intermissions, and for this habit also ample provision is made in the form of literary "Entr'actes and Excursions." These are usually by Mr. Hale himself, but many are cited from newspapers and periodicals. In the present volume, one may find, among many other good things, articles on Liszt and the term "symphonic poem," the symphony before Haydn, Bülow's last letters, the drum, the legend of the Flying Dutchman, Goethe and music, Smetana's deafness, Hugo Wolf, music in Finland, Rubinstein's hard music and charity, etc. There is hardly a musical periodical which provides so much good miscellaneous reading matter as these programme books.

Among the compositions to be heard for the first time here at the concerts of the Russian Symphony Society will be Aren-

sky's "Egyptian Suite" and variation for strings, Borodin's Unfinished Symphony, Balakireff's "Islamea" and Symphony No. 2, Glazunoff's Symphony No. 2 and "Chopiniana," Liadoff's "To Maeterlinck" suite and "Tales of Olden Times" ballade, Liapunoff's "Ballade," Musorgski's "Tableaux" suite, Rimsky-Korsakoff's Introduction to the Fairy Tale "Golden Hen," Scriabine's Symphony No. 2, and Tchaikovsky's Overture and Air de Ballet from "Voyevoda."

Among the novelties promised for this season by the Philharmonic are Debussy's three nocturnes, "Clouds," "Festivities," and "Sirens" (the last of these calling for a chorus of women's voices); Pfitzner's "Mährchen" overture and "L'Apprenti sorcier," and Gustav Mahler's Seventh Symphony, which has never been played in this country.

The Olive Mead Quartet, with its personnel unchanged, will give two recitals this season at Mendelssohn Hall. Heretofore their recitals have been given on Thursdays; but this year they will take place on Wednesday evenings; the first on December 1, the second on February 23.

Frederick Russell Burton died on September 30 at Lake Hopatcong, N. J. He was the writer of "Shifting Sands," "Her Wedding Interlude," "The Song and the Singer," "Strongheart," etc., and the composer of "Hiawatha," "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," "Songs of the Ojihway Indians," etc., and was a writer for the New York *Sun*. In the last issue of the *Nation* was announced his forthcoming "American Primitive Music," which was described as "probably the first detailed treatment of Indian music." Mr. Burton was forty-eight years old, and a graduate of Harvard College.

Art.

The late William J. Anderson's "The Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy," fourth edition revised and enlarged, is imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. More than seventy collotype and other plates besides one-hundred-and-ten text illustrations make this one of the most useful manuals of its sort. The editor, Arthur Stratton, has done well perhaps to refrain from enlarging the text substantially—virtually a critical essay on the chief monuments. The book has become standard. Its limitations were most intelligently chosen. Personally we should be glad to find a word on Vitozzi's extraordinary elliptical dome at Vico in Piedmont. Such works attest a surprising vitality of the Roman tradition even in decadence. We feel also that one or two of the most perfect villa compositions, including gardens and terraces, might have been included. In fact it might have been well to trace briefly the growth of the dogma of *ensemble* which was most fully exemplified later and in France. Whether one likes to admit it or not, such compositions as the Villa d'Este and Versailles—to takes extremes—are among the most original expressions of modern architecture. It is almost the only idea we have worked out afresh. The pity is that the growth of the idea of *ensemble* corresponded with the decay of fine architectural craftsmanship. The past has refused us the desideratum of a personality including a Peruzzi and a Mansart; the future might conceivably produce it. The author's vindication of the essentially national and original nature of Italian Renaissance architecture has ceased to be novel. In view, however, of the persistence of a diffused Ruskinism, and of the constitutional incapacity of the plain man to realize that just fine proportions will make fine architecture, our author's moderate views retain their value. This volume is serviceable precisely because it enables a studious layman to see a class of fine but unappreciated monuments through the eyes of a cultured architect. In successive reprintings the bibliography has fallen discreditably behind the times.

"L'Art et les moeurs en France" (H. Laurens) is an octavo volume, with twenty-four inset plates, composed by a number of living French critics, and with a preface by André Michel of the Louvre Museum. Callot and the brothers Le Nain; the Huguenot Abraham Bosse, who threw so much light on the interiors of seventeenth-century homes; Watteau and Fragonard; Chardin and Bouchardon, painters of the *bourgeoisie;* moralizers as the Revolution approached like Greuze; street and portrait-painters of the Revolution; Gavarni and Daumier; Manet and Alfred Stevens, revealing the Second Empire; Fantin-Latour and his models of our time—pass in successive chapters.

To the thirty-four canvases by Rembrandt shown at the Metropolitan Museum's loan exhibition have now been added three more, purchased by Benjamin Altman from the collection of Maurice Kann, brother of that Rodolphe from whose collection came Mrs. Huntington's great Savant. The finest of the three is the Magdalena van Loo, The Woman with a Red Pink, long in the possession of the d'Oultremont family in Brussels, which Dr. Bode, the accepted authority on Remhrandt's works, places in the 1622-5 period and describes thus:

> The woman with the pink with her dreamy eyes and sympathetically thoughtful expression, in the splendor of luminous red, the masterly modelling of her face, her magnificent parure of pearls and diamonds, the full warm light concentrated on her head, but casting magical reflections into the surrounding shadow, may be fairly called one of the most beautiful of Remhrandt's female portraits.

This Magdalena was the wife as well as cousin of Titus van Ryn, Saskia's son, and Titus is believed to be the original of The Man with a Magnifying Glass, which, with The Auctioneer, is also lent by Mr. Altman.

The Graphische Gesellschaft is to issue, with a short text, an exact reproduction of the so-called "Tarocchi." The aim of the fifteenth century artist in this series of Italian copper engravings was to convey instruction in his representations of the various ranks and conditions of human life, and, no less, to afford delight to the amateur. In fact, two series exist, and their relation is disputed; it is proposed to reproduce both, side by side, by heliogravure, in the exact size of the originals. There will, then, be one hundred reproductions on fifty plates; and the price is fixed at £3 per copy (boards). The work is promised for 1910. After publication the price is to be £5.

Otto Henry Bacher, a fellow student of Whistler, and an artist and illustrator, whose death has just been announced, was born at Cleveland, O., March 31, 1856, and secured his artistic education in Munich and Paris. He recently published an account of his residence, "With Whistler in Venice," and etchings made by him of scenes in that city and in Bavaria earned for him a considerable reputation. He was a member of the English Society of Illustrators, Painters, and Etchers, and of the American National Academy.

Jules Adeline, the Rouennais etcher, whose death at the age of sixty-four years has been recently reported, was a pupil of Henri Somm. M. Adeline was an accomplished writer as well as an artist. Another French artist whose death has been announced is Louis Courtat, a pupil of Cabanel, and chiefly known for his religious paintings and his portraits. One of his best portraits, that of Mlle. George, hangs in the foyer of the Odéon.

Finance.

THE RISE IN THE STEEL SHARES.

During several months, but especially during the fortnight past, the Stock Exchange has been witnessing what was in some ways one of the most extraordinary movements in the price of a single stock that Wall Street history has presented. Last Monday, the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation sold at 94⅞. Its highest price of the preceding week had been 92⅞; of the week before that, 86¼; of the week before that, 84¼, and of the week before that, 80⅜, and each of these figures had established a new top price in the history of the stock, whose highest price, indeed, up to a year ago, was 55. During the six business days of last week, more than one hundred and fifty separate stocks were dealt in on the Stock Exchange; but out of the total number of shares (5,260,000) which changed hands, or were represented as having changed hands, more than one-fifth, or 1,200,000, were shares of "Steel common." In the preceding week, something like one-fifth of the aggregate sales of shares were again made up of "Steel common"; the week before the percentage was also one-fifth.

In the second week of August—the week of the "segregation rumors"—when it was commonly said that Union Pacific made up the whole of the market, the sales of Union Pacific stock were less than one-tenth the total number of shares of all stocks dealt in. In the culminating week of Wall Street's famous "big time" in 1901, when the speculating public went wild to a degree never witnessed before or afterward in our history, when their excited buying converged on the Steel shares

as on no others, and when a $25,000,000 "underwriting syndicate" was notoriously manipulating those shares for "distribution" purposes, transactions in "Steel common" constituted scarcely one-tenth of the total, and the average daily trading in the stock was close to the daily record reported this present week. The simple spectator may be pardoned, then, for asking what has actually happened in the case of "Steel." Who is it that is rushing so impetuously into Wall Street to "buy Steel," causing the tape repeatedly to record the sale, in single blocks, of 4,000 or 5,000 shares? What sudden accession of earning power has come to light, as a result of which the common stock of the company is worth 60 per cent. more than it was in any of the eight years of its history, up to 1909?

These are legitimate questions. Usually, when so spectacular a display occurs in Wall Street, one of three explanations is forthcoming. Earnings, published and seen by every one, may have increased at a pace remarkable enough to guarantee large increase in dividends, as in the case of Union Pacific's rise from 138 to 195 in 1906. A valuable part of a company's property, hitherto unproductive, may suddenly have been made subject of a "deal" of which shareholders got the benefit—which was the cause of Great Northern's rise from 275 to 348 in the same year. Or, as a third possibility, a contest for control of the property, regardless of the price, may have been in progress, such as sent up the price of Northern Pacific stock, in three months of 1901, from 77 to 1,000.

None of these three explanations applies, so far as the investing public has any information, to the movement in "Steel common." Its trade is admittedly reviving rapidly; but its latest quarterly report, the most favorable submitted since the panic, showed net earnings less by 50 per cent. than in the corresponding quarter before the panic of 1907. It has no property for disposal; its assets are manufacturing plants which it needs for its own business. The "contest for control," if it can so be called, is believed by Wall Street to have occurred and to have been terminated during the panic of 1907, when the interest now dominant in the company's affairs apparently picked up at bottom prices the Steel shares thrown over bodily in their hour of individual distress by the interests then controlling. The explanation of the present market, therefore, still remains to be discovered.

It is on this absence of any visible and legitimate cause for the remarkable movement of prices that the bewilderment of some observers, the admiration of others, and the skepticism of still others, are based. Such feelings are at least in some degree emphasized by what must frankly be declared to be universal disbelief that Steel shares have actually been bought and sold, in the usual acceptation of those words, in any such quantity as the ticker seems to testify. The notion that, when the tape records such transactions, immensely wealthy men are buying a stock to hold, out of their private fortunes, was shattered once for all by the disclosures after the markets of 1901. The idea that foreign capitalists are buying, regardless of the price, has to meet the fact that an effort to get the stock floated on the official Paris market, clearly for such purposes, failed this summer through the French government's refusal of the "listing."

There would apparently be left the theory that earnings so prodigious, and dividends so great, as to justify the present abnormal prices, are in the not very distant prospect, and that there are people ready to carry an immense and increasingly expensive burden on the basis of borrowed money. It is a fact that the present activity in the country's steel and iron trade, so far as concerns the volume of production, is to-day at the maximum of its history. But the same thing could have been said of the industry in 1906, when "Steel common" was paying 2 per cent. annual dividends and the stock was selling between 32 and 50, and in 1895, when the sudden replenishing of supplies, a familiar incident in the first recovery from the distrust and enforced economy of every great financial crisis, brought iron production to a maximum never before attained, and not attained again for nearly two years. In other words, this argument is based on expectation, not certainty, and it does not in the least explain why such belief should have been adopted overnight, as it were, after half a dozen years of continued disbelief. These are the factors thus far in view in a very extraordinary Stock Exchange operation, regarded by the majority of experienced men with a mixture of feelings, in which distrust of the resultant state of the stock market certainly has a part. It is scarcely strange that when, on Tuesday of this week, "Steel common" suddenly broke 4 points on heavy realizing sales, a shiver of apprehension should have spread through the Stock Exchange.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alexander, D. S. A Political History of the State of New York. Vol. III. 1861-1882. Holt & Co.

Altsheler, J. A. The Three Rangers; The Last of the Chiefs. Appleton. $1.50 each.

Annual Report of the State Geologist. 1908. Trenton, N. J.: State Geologist.

Bailey, L. H. The Training of Farmers. Century Co. $1 net.

Baker, E. A. The Girls of Fairmount. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Bangs, J. K. The Real Thing, and Three Other Farces. Harpers. $1.

Barbour, R. H. Double Play. Appleton. $1.50.

Bellamy, W. More Charades. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

Broughton, Lord. Recollections of a Long Life. 2 vols. Scribner. $6 net.

Brown, A. F., and Bell, J. M. Tales of the Red Children. Appleton. $1.

Calrd, E. Essays on Literature. Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

Call, A. P. Nerves and Common Sense. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25 net.

Camp, W. Jack Hall at Yale: a Foothall Story. Appleton. $1.50.

Carey, R. N. The Key of the Unknown. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.

Cæsar: The Gallic War. Books I-VII. Edited hy A. L. Hodges. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Cesaresco, M. The Place of Animals in Human Thought. Scribner. $3 net.

Chesterton, G. K. George Bernard Shaw. Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Clarke, W. N. Sixty Years with the Bible. Scribners. $1.25 net.

Cole, M. E. G. Essays. Broadway Puh. Co. $1.

Costello, F. H. Sure-Dart: a Story of Hunters and Game in the Days of Monsters. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25.

Cotes, H. The Counterpart. Macaulay Co. $1.50.

Crayon, D., Jr. The Return of the Half Moon. Broadway Puh. Co. $1.

Deeping, W. The Red Saint. Cassell & Co.

Denslow, W. W. When I Grow Up. Century Co. $1 net.

Douglas, A. M. A Little Girl in Old Pittsburg. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.

Dunn-Pattison, R. P. Napoleon's Marshals. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.

Dyer, F. H. Compendium of the War of the Rebellion. Des Moines, Ia.: Dyer Puh. Co. $10 net.

Eastman, C. A., and E. G. Wigwam Evenings. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25.

Elson, H. W. Star-Gazer's Hand-Book. Sturgis & Walton. 50 cents.

Fairfax, T. Poems hy E. B. Reed. New Haven, Conn.: Yale Univ.

Fielding, H. Pocket edition of wise sayings and passages. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: The Torch Press.

France, A. The White Stone. Translation hy C. E. Roche. Lane Co. $2.

Fuller, H. B. The Speakers of the House. Boston: Little, Brown. $2 net.

Furlong, C. W. The Gateway to the Sahara: Observations and Experiences in Tripoli. Scribners. $2.50 net.

Glover, T. R. The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire. Scribner. $2.50 net.

Godfrey, H. For the Norton Name. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25.

Goldberg, R. L. Foolish Questions. Boston: Small, Maynard.

Goodwin, M. W. Veronica Playfair. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Great Hymns of the Middle Ages. Compiled hy E. W. Brainerd. Century Co.

Grihhle, F. Chateaubriand and His Court of Women. Scribner. $3.75 net.

Guthrie, A. Letters from France and Italy. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25 net.

Hall, E. C. The Land of Long Ago. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Handel, G. F. The Messiah. Edited with accompaniments revised hy P. Goetschius. Ditson. 75 cents.

Harding, A. R. Wolf and Coyote Trapping. Columhus, O.: A. R. Harding Puh. Co.

Harrison, E. O. Ladder of Moonlight; Cotton Myth; The Mocking Bird; Sunrise and Sunset; Polar Star; Aurora Borealis. 3 vols. Chicago: McClurg.

Hayens, H. The Red Caps of Lyons: a Story of the French Revolution. Appleton. $1.50.

Hird, Frank. The Deeper Stain. Appleton. $1.50.

Hodges, G. The Garden of Eden: Stories from the First Nine Books of the Old Testament. Houghton Mifflin.

Holland, R. S. The Man in the Tower. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.

Hubhard, H. L. Summing It Up: a Treatise on Conditions of the Present Time. Ogilvie. 50 cents.

Hutchinson, F. K. Motoring in the Balkans. McClurg. $2.75 net.

Johns, C. Essentials of Pianoforte Playing. Ditson. $1.50.

Johnson, E. R. Elements of Transportation. Appleton. $1.50 net.

Jones, H. F. Diversions in Sicily. Scribner. $1.25 net.

Kimball, S. I. Joshua James, Life Saver. Boston: Amer. Unitarian Assn. 60 cents net.
Kreps, E. Science of Trapping. Columbus, O.: A. R. Harding Pub. Co.
Ledona, L. V. Yzdra: a Tragedy in Three Acts. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Lillibridge, W. The Dominant Dollar. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50.
Lincoln, J. T. The City of the Dinner-Pail. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Lipps, O. H. The Navajos. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: The Torch Press. $1 net.
Lounsbury, T. R. English Spelling and Spelling Reform. Harper. $1.50 net.
Lowell, J. R. The Courtin'. Set to Pictures by A. I. Keller. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Lutz, G. L. H. Phœbe Deane. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
McCarthy, D. A. A Round of Rimes. Little, Brown. $1 net.
Macdonald, G. At the Back of the North Wind. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.50.
Macdonald, W. Dry-Farming, Its Principles and Practice. Century Co. $1.20 net.
McElroy, J. The Struggle for Missouri. Washington, D. C.: National Tribune Co. $2.
Mackenzie, M. Hegel's Educational Theory and Practice. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen. $1.
Mario, J. W. The Birth of Modern Italy. Posthumous Papers of Jessie White Mario. Scribner. $3.50 net.
Marriott, C. When a Woman Woos. Lane Co. $1.50.
Marvin, F. R. A Book of Quatrains. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Maxwell, W. B. Seymour Charlton. Appleton. $1.50.
Monroe, H. E. Washington, Its Sights and Insights. Funk & Wagnalls. $1 net.
Moody, W. V. The Great Divide; a Play in Three Acts. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Morse, A. E. The Federalist Party in Massachusetts to the Year 1800. Princeton (N. J.) University Library. $2 net.
Moses, B. Louisa May Alcott. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Muirhead, J. H. By What Authority? The Principles in Common and at Issue in the Reports of the Poor Law Committee. London: P. S. King & Son.
Ninety-third Annual Report of the Amer. Bible Society, 1909. New York.
Orczy, Baroness. The Man in the Corner. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Parker, G. F. Recollections of Grover Cleveland. Century Co. $3 net.
Patriarche, V. J. Tag; or the Chien Boule Dog. Boston: Page & Co.
Plehn, C. C. Introduction to Public Finance. Third edition, revised and enlarged. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Post, E. The Title Market. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Rees, F. B. The Adventures of Little Knight Brave. Appleton. $1.50.
Renninger, E. D. The Story of Rustem and other Persian Hero Tales from Firdusi. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Richards, L. E. Florence Nightingale. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Rowland, E. H. The Right to Believe. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Rowland, H. C. Germaine. Lane. $1.50.
Ryan, M. A. The Flute of the Gods. Stokes. $1.50 net.
Select Essays in Anglo-American Legal History. By various authors. Vol. III. Boston: Little, Brown. $12 set. net.
Select Orations, Illustrating Amer. Political History. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Shaw, A. Political Problems of American Development. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Smith, G. When Roggie and Reggie Were Five. Harper. $1.30 net.
Staley, E. Famous Women of Florence. Scribner. $3.50 net.
Stedman, E. C. Edgar Allan Poe. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: The Torch Press.
Stoddard, F. J. As Old as the Moon: Cuban Legends. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Stratz, R. Where Snow Is Sovereign. Translated from the German by M. J. Safford. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Sudermann, H. Roses: Four One-Act Plays. Translated from the German by Grace Frank. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Suteliffe, H. Priscilla of the Good Intent. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Syrott, N. Anne Page. Lane. $1.50.
Tales of Wonder: a Fourth Fairy Book. Edited by K. D. Wiggin and N. A. Smith. Doubleday, Page.
The Art Connected with Building. Lectures delivered at Carpenters Hall, London Wall, for the Carpenters' Company. Scribner. $2 net.
The Wayfarer in New York. Introduction by E. S. Martin. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Thomas, Calvin. Anthology of German Literature. Heath. $2.25.
Unwin, G. The Gilds and Companies of London. Scribner. $2 net.
Upson, A. Collected Poems. Edited, with an Introduction by R. Burton. 2 vols. Minneapolis, Minn.: E. D. Brooks.
Vachell, H. A. The Paladin. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Verplanck, V. E. A Year in My Garden. Fishkill-on-Hudson, N. Y.: Mrs. W. E. Verplanck. $1.
Watson, H. B. M. The Castle by the Sea. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Webster's New International Dictionary: the Latest Authentic Edition of the Merriam Series. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam Co.
Weikel, A. H. Betty Baird's Golden Year. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Wells, C. Marjorie's New Friend. Dodd, Mead. $1.25.
White, E. O. The Wares of Edgefield. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Williams, H. N. A Rose of Savoy: Marie Adélaïde of Savoy, Duchesse de Bourgogne, Mother of Louis XV. Scribner. $3.50 net.
Wise, B. R. The Commonwealth of Australia. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.
Worth, N. The Southerner: A Novel. Doubleday, Page.
Zollinger, G. Maggie McLanehan. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1909.

The Week.

"I like to affirm that I am an optimist," said the President in his speech at Berkeley. And yet if there is anybody in the length and breadth of this optimistic country who has less occasion than any other to make this affirmation, we should say it is William H. Taft. His unfailing smile has become as familiar a national landmark as were some of the facial characteristics of his eminent predecessor, who himself was nothing if not an optimist. All Americans are optimists, and all American public men are *ex officio* optimists of the first class. To be sure, there is optimism and optimism, and its manifestations differ from man to man. That Mr. Taft is a straight-out optimist was sufficiently established even before he had to pronounce the tariff bill very good; since then anybody who would doubt it must be compact of skepticism. The one exception that we can recall to the steady domination of optimism in the high places of our nation for many years past was furnished by Grover Cleveland; and none of his triumphs was more remarkable than the extraordinary hold he maintained for many years on popular sentiment, in spite of his frequent striking of a non-optimistic note—a hold only broken when the panic of 1893 made everybody more or less of a pessimist for the time being, and thus perhaps put an extra premium on optimism.

There is cause for national congratulation in the fact that Mr. Taft, while visiting the Yosemite Valley last week, was accompanied by John Muir, who thus had abundant opportunity to talk to him about San Francisco's proposed conversion of the Hetch-Hetchy Valley into a water-tank. Not only has Mr. Muir made our national parks his home for many years, and written books about them, but it was largely through his efforts that some of these parks were set aside as playgrounds and holiday resorts of the American nation. It was at his instance that the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, which some nature-lovers, including the landscape painter, William Keith, consider even more picturesque than the Yosemite, and the turbulent upper waters of the Tuolumne were added to the Yosemite and the whole declared a national park. The grant was unfortunately worded in a way which made it possible for Secretary Garfield to permit San Francisco to covet the Hetch-Hetchy, and the next Congress will be asked to take away this superb valley from the nation and make a present of it to the city, which, as eminent engineers have shown, does not need it, as it has thirteen other available sources of good water. The grant, if made, would exclude campers and sightseers not only from the Hetch-Hetchy, but from virtually one-half of the national park. "Dam Hetch-Hetchy!" exclaims Mr. Muir indignantly. "As well dam for water-tanks the people's cathedrals and churches, for no holier temple has ever been consecrated by the heart of man."

Dr. Cook might confer a favor by explaining one disquieting point about his observations. The determination of the latitude, day by day, with a very fair degree of accuracy, offered no special difficulty, granted that he had satisfactory means of getting the horizon; but how he could ascertain the longitude with any sort of approach to precision, unless he devoted a very great amount of pains and time to it, seems a mystery. With his chronometer reading Greenwich time, nothing can be simpler, to be sure, than to determine the longitude by noting the time of the chronometer when the local time is noon; but how to tell the moment of noon when you are within striking distance of the Pole—there's the rub. At a latitude of 88 degrees, for instance, the elevation of the sun varies by only two degrees in the course of six hours; to determine the precise time when that elevation is greatest needs an extremely delicate operation, and yet an error of one minute of time in the determination of noon means an error of fifteen minutes of longitude. In the face of all this, we find Dr. Cook setting down his longitude as well as his latitude to the minute; and he leaves us in no doubt that the longitude was determined by astronomical observation. The very day before the Pole was reached, he says: "The observation gave latitude 89 degrees 46.5 minutes, longitude 94 degrees 52 minutes"; and, finally, in describing the capture of the Pole itself, he tells us that "the sun indicated local noon," leaving us to imagine what possible thing that may mean.

Such a point as this, which on its face tends to discredit his whole story, should be cleared up at once. Three months must elapse, according to Dr. Cook's recent statement, before his evidence is ready for submission. Meanwhile he is utilizing this period of suspended judgment on the part of competent critics to transmute into very handsome profits the uncritical enthusiasm of the multitude. That this is not a situation in which a man of a delicate sense of honor would be willing to place himself goes without saying; but the public, and the organs of public opinion, have, perhaps, no concern with the question of Dr. Cook's standards of propriety in such a matter. But they are concerned with the possibility that the public is being exploited—that it is being led into delivering both honors and dollars without due warrant. And the time seems plainly to have come when, without in the least prejudging the case, a protest should be made against any further continuance of this suspense. Dr. Cook has finished the publication of his serial newspaper story; he has given a number of lectures in various parts of the country, at high admission prices, to great audiences; now let him address himself to the task of establishing his case to the satisfaction of competent and impartial inquirers.

Before the Pressed Steel Car Company's strike is wholly forgotten, it is only just to record the commendation given to the Pennsylvania constabulary for their services at McKee's Rocks. As usual, the constabulary had a number of men killed and wounded—which seems to happen in almost every great strike attended by violence—and this led to arbitrary measures in arresting and disarming strikers. Before the end of the affair, however, strikers and constabulary were playing baseball together;

and it is gratifying that Mr. Rufus D. Smith of the Pittsburgh Associated Charities has only praise for the State police. In a recent review of the whole episode, he writes that the arbitrary and rough methods of dealing with the strikers alone prevented further violence. "On the other hand," he says:

> The State constabulary did its work efficiently, and was heartily glad when the strike was over. The men were young, clean, disciplined, and of a high calibre. This body consists of picked men, with previous army training, always in good condition, and ready for action. In the thickest of the fight precipitated by the rashness of the deputy sheriff . . . the troopers, even when surrounded by a fighting mob of men, were careful where they shot.

Pennsylvania, being the State of strikes, is peculiarly in need of a body of excellent men like this. Its cost must be offset by the many dollars the State would have had to pay for militia policing—always more expensive than constabulary, because of the inexperience of the militia. A similar constabulary is greatly needed in other Northern States, and in every Southern one; but so far they have been inexcusably slow in following suit.

Four years ago, the disfranchisement proposal known as the Poe amendment was defeated in Maryland by an overwhelming majority. This year an amendment having the same purpose, but drawn on somewhat different lines, is before the people for ratification, and bids fair to meet the same fate, though the majority against it cannot be of the phenomenal magnitude that was obtained in 1905. In that campaign a very large proportion of the voters opposed the amendment out of fear that, while primarily aimed at the negroes, it put into the hands of the registrars a power of disfranchisement which might be used against any class of voters hostile to the ruling party. This was due to the fact that voters who did not come in under the "grandfather clause" had to submit, not to a *bona fide* educational test, but to the test of satisfying the registrars by giving a "reasonable explanation" of any clause of the Federal or State Constitution which the registrars might select.

Even the victims of customs-house methods must be impressed with the fine Roman spirit of it all. Mr. Loeb and the Treasury officials are determined to prove that, whatever may be said of American indifference towards law and law enforcement, here is one government department that lets neither public resentment, nor personal protest, nor decency, nor common sense abate one jot or tittle from the prescriptions of the law. Art dealers are now being forced to pay duty on paintings over twenty years old, contrary to the new tariff schedules, because they cannot, in all cases, comply with the provisions that call for a statement of the year and month in which the work of art was produced. Did Sir Joshua Reynolds put the finishing touches to a particular Duchess late in March, 1764, or early in April? Did Franz Hals begin work on a $50,000 Burgomaster's Wife on a Monday or a Thursday? As for that lovely bit of late Mycenean sculpture, kindly specify whether it was begun and completed within thirty days, or, if the lunar month prevailed then, within twenty-eight days. And so art dealers pay under protest and wait for some one in Washington to wake up before they get their money back.

While we have heard little of late of Mr. Edison's concrete houses for workingmen, to be made by the wholesale, the last issue of the *Survey* contains an interesting account of the $1,200 concrete house designed by Mr. Milton D. Morrill, a young Washington architect, a model of which was exhibited in the International Tuberculosis Congress of 1908. It can be made not only a house beautiful, but a house of amazing simplicity of operation. Insurance will not be necessary, for window and door frames are to be cast in steel, and walls will be of smooth concrete to be tinted or papered, while the flooring will be of concrete or of a composite terracotta. The furnace is not to go in the cellar, but is to be in the kitchen. A combination furnace and range, it will, by an ingenious device, burn up all garbage. The icebox will be built into the wall, with openings out-of-doors as well as in. The coal is to be stored on the roof, if you please, to which it is to be readily hoisted by a chain block. The two tons stored will slip down to the range automatically, as needed. In place of a piazza, the flat roof is to be converted into a solarium, or playground, and by the use of awnings is to be made a sleeping place, if desired. The walls are to be hollow, allowing a free passage of air, on the principle of the vacuum in the thermos bottle. But housekeepers will be particularly interested in this statement:

> All corners are rounded to give no harbor to dirt, and all fixtures are bracketed from the wall, so that sweeping consists merely in removing the furniture, attaching the hose and flushing ceiling, walls, and floor of each room.

If this alone does not sell the houses, we should like to know what will. The only detail lacking is the size of the $1,200 house and the number of rooms. In the picture in the *Survey*, the building appears to rival the Vanderbilt mansions in grandeur.

When we consider that Hudson did not discover New York Bay, but that Verrazzano did; when we consider that Fulton did not invent the steamboat, but that Fitch did; when we consider that Bell did not invent the telephone, that Morse did not invent the telegraph, that Gutenberg did not invent the printing-press, that Morton did not discover anæsthesia, that Darwin did not discover evolution, that Shakespeare did not write "Hamlet," that Homer did not write the Iliad, that Galileo did not say "And still it moves," that Wellington did not say "Up guards and at them," that Washington did not win the battles of the Revolution, that Robespierre did not create the Reign of Terror, that Nero was not a monster, that Cleopatra was not beautiful—when we reflect that history is emblazoned with the titles of usurpers and that true merit lies unchronicled in the grave, let us address a word or two of apology to that much-berated enemy of the truth, the newspaper. If history, with a thousand years' leisure at her disposal, cannot find out just who set up a new throne or pulled down an old one, let us forgive the reporter if he misspells the Christian name of the prominent citizen who was thrown from his automobile at 2:30 A. M.

The importance of the latest Shakespearean controversy is somewhat mitigated by the reflection that whether Dr. Wallace turns out to be right or the older view regarding the site of the Globe Theatre prevails, the tablet commemorative of Shakespeare's genius will, in either case, be erected in a brewery. The interests of truth may

suffer some temporary damage in the quarrel, but the shade of Falstaff will remain content. Ultimately, we take it, expert scholarship will come to an agreement, but meanwhile it is a bit saddening to find expert scholarship the prey of very much the same prejudices that influence Mr. Jones, Mr. Schmidt, and Mr. Riley when they debate the discovery of the North Pole. If so many Shakespearean students, so many noble lords, and so many honest London citizens were not committed by the memorial tablet to one side of the street as the location of the Globe Theatre, would there have been such a vehement repudiation of Professor Wallace's argument for the other side of the street? We are very much afraid that the authority of vested interests holds in the domain of star-eyed science as it does in the law of property. Human nature rules here and there.

Of the many topics commented on by Mr. Howells when interviewed on his return to this country, there is but one upon which he uses strong language. The burning questions of socialism, taxation, woman suffrage, on which the veteran writer is known to have pretty definite views, are discussed with the philosophic serenity of a looker-on in Vienna; but when he comes to tell of the effort now being made in London to carry on a tipless hotel he warms up decidedly. "If that can be done," he says, "it will abolish the whole cursed thing, because the other hotels will not be able to stand out against a no-tip opposition." The nuisance of the tip system is becoming greater in our large cities than anywhere else in the world, and Mr. Howells will have put thousands of his countrymen on the lookout for the emergence of the brave pioneer who will establish a tipless restaurant or hotel. There is only one way to abolish tips, and that is to act on Horace Greeley's maxim as to resumption of specie payments. The way to abolish tips is to abolish them, and it can be done only by the proprietor making a rule against tips, the violation of which means the peremptory discharge of the receiver. Every traveller in Italy has an object-lesson in the possibilities of such action when he sees, in that classic land of begging and tipping, the complete absence of the system at the centres of art or archæological interest in charge of the government. The peace of mind secured by this elimination doubles the pleasure of the visit.

The Liberal press in England protests against the assumption that the King's mediatory attempts will lead to a compromise on the Budget between the Commons and the upper house. Winston Churchill has reaffirmed the Government's intention to do or die. Royal intervention is resented in some quarters as an additional handicap imposed on the Cabinet. Is it not enough that the Liberal party must contend against a permanent majority in the House of Lords? Must its popular majority submit to pressure by the throne as well as by hereditary privilege? That would indeed make the execution of any Liberal programme impossible. But it is exceedingly doubtful if the King has tried to bring about a settlement by advising the Liberal ministers to moderate their demands. What the King could more usefully do is to counsel the Unionist leaders to yield to the Liberal demands. The aristocratic upper house is naturally the more susceptible to royal suggestion. Its members are more dependent than the Commons on the King's good-will in the sphere of social relationship. Many a peer who otherwise would readily obey Lord Lansdowne's order to vote down the financial bill, might hesitate if the act involved not only antagonizing the Commons, but making one's self *persona non grata* at court. Edward VII's aversion to a row of any kind is notorious.

It has remained for a German, and a German prince at that, to discover the true and underlying—and, by the same token, the irremovable—cause of English enmity to Germany. Apprehensions connected with the increase of German naval power are but a superficial element in the case, and jealousy of Germany's commercial expansion lies but a little deeper. It is Fürst Lichnowsky who lays this bare, in an article in the *Deutsche Revue*. It will be impossible to get rid of the German peril in England because British statesmen need it for the purpose of maintaining the higher qualities of the nation, threatened with progressive decadence "such as is represented by Oscar Wilde or Bernard Shaw." When the English statesman sees the decline of the ancient virtues and the old-time energies of his countrymen, the thought must inevitably come to him of making use of the Germans on the one hand as an example and on the other as a terrible peril. Since nothing is so well established as the fact that British statesmanship is always based upon profound abstract considerations, it is a wonder that this explanation of existing conditions has not been brought out before. Incidentally, the prince remarks that nothing has so wholesome an influence upon men as fear, a fact sufficiently proved by the effectiveness of the fear of hell; and since there are no signs of a revival of the good old-fashioned idea of hell, it is as plain as the multiplication table that British statesmen will feel bound for an indefinite period to make use of Germany as the only available substitute.

For a people of thrifty habits and much practical wisdom, the Chinese of late years have grown very fond of cutting off their noses to spite their faces. The commercial boycott, first used against us about five years ago, seems to have caught the Celestial fancy. The boycott is now agitated against Japanese goods in retaliation for Japan's aggressive policy in Manchuria. A little while ago, the Chinese of the southern provinces were boycotting British merchants because of a quarrel over court jurisdiction. Before that, the Chinese of the south were boycotting Japan in connection with the celebrated incident of the ship Tatsu Maru and smuggled arms. It is well if a nation recognizes her deficiencies—as the Chinese recognize their military impotence—and fights with the weapons it can best employ. But the weapon too often used will obviously lose its edge. Like the general strike in Russia a few years ago, the boycott from formidable becomes ridiculous. There is ground, besides, for suspecting the good faith of the Shanghai merchant who is in favor of bringing trade to a standstill every six months. While his simpler competitor believes and obeys, our shrewd boycotter undersells him on the quiet. That happened during the anti-American boycott, when wily Chinese traders laid in new stocks at reduced prices. In the end the Chinese consumer pays high, by formal indemnity and increased prices, for this form of pacific resistance.

PRESIDENT LOWELL'S INAUGURAL.

With earnestness and enthusiasm the new president of Harvard devoted himself in his inaugural to some of the pressing problems before him. Reconstruction of the American college is, as he pointed out, urgent everywhere. To the problem as a whole, every institution contributes when it takes its own forward steps. Hence, waiving general discussion, he went straight to the root of some of the evils with which he must himself grapple in Cambridge. It is to be noted, too, that he spoke as president of Harvard College, deferring for the present his views of the problems of the University. This in itself is significant. Mr. Eliot's chief interest was the University, so much so that the College, rightly or wrongly, has deemed itself neglected, and must therefore now feel that it is once more coming into its own.

For it is the question of the undergraduate that rests most heavily on Mr. Lowell's mind. He made it clear that he is not one of those who could look contentedly at the crushing of the college between the upper and the nether millstones of the professional and the secondary schools. Far from being willing to abandon the American college, Mr. Lowell holds that it is capable of even greater service to the country than heretofore. Taking Harvard as it exists, he expresses well the feeling of thousands of recent graduates that the lack of the old solidarity, when classes numbered fifty or sixty, is deplorable; that the elective system needs recasting, or that the undergraduate's studies should be better directed and controlled; and that the student's attention should be centred more on his studies and less on other interests. Mr. Lowell's willingness to admit that there is anything wrong with the elective system is in itself a break with previous tradition and policy, but a break for which he can find ample justification. Let him turn, for instance, to the just-published report of the class of 1894, now fifteen years out of college. The doubts expressed by a majority of its members as to the value of unlimited election of studies, as seen in retrospect, are highly significant. But what shall be substituted? So far as Mr. Lowell went in his inaugural address, he holds that the wise policy for undergraduates would be that "of devoting a considerable portion of their time to some one subject, and taking, in addition, a number of general courses in wholly unrelated fields." In other words, he desires an education which shall make a man a fair master of a specialty with enough training in other studies not only to give him a ground-work of culture, but to render him "capable of turning his mind effectively to direct preparation for his life-work, whatever the profession or occupation he may select."

To aid in producing men who know a little of everything and something well, Mr. Lowell proposes, as he has heretofore indicated, a series of honor examinations which shall stimulate to higher scholarship. These will doubtless be patterned after the Oxford examinations in literature, mathematics, and science. Something is certainly needed to make undergraduates respect achievements in scholarship as they do those of the athletic field. But the proposed honors can hardly be effective unless there comes into undergraduate life a wholly different attitude toward college work. Such a change may well be forwarded by the new scheme of freshman residence suggested by Mr. Lowell, giving a closer affiliation of students with the younger instructors, and that general inspiration to intellectual attainment which comes from contact with older and well-charged minds. Too often, heretofore, a man has spent four years at Harvard, and left without the memory of a single friendship with a teacher, with no spark of enthusiasm from the mind of one aflame with the desire for knowledge and truth. But we would not seem to under-value the proposed honor courses of study. The only real objection to them is that they will place a heavier burden on the overworked professor, even now often curtailed of strength and time for productive work, to such a degree that, as Mr. Lowell said, "America has not yet contributed her share to scholarly creation."

So far as the social life of the student is concerned, while Mr. Lowell might well have laid greater emphasis on the evil of athletics, his stand in regard to the democratization of the college must appeal to everybody. Harvard suffers but little more than other colleges from the false standards that mark social life in our rich communities. Every college, in its endeavor to place men on a common footing, has an increasingly hard fight against such foolish parents as that insurance company official who did not know what his son's allowance was because his secretary sent the boy whatever he wanted. Mr. Lowell's plan for housing the freshmen in separate quadrangles, we have already discussed, to approve. It means a long step forward, not so much in what it may actually accomplish, as in the abandonment of the impotent *laissez faire* policy of the past, in the face of new and luxurious dormitories, built by private capital, and utterly out of place in a society of scholars. Present conditions breed not merely the waste of scholastic opportunity which Mr. Lowell laments, but that class feeling, based on material possessions, against which every democracy must fight as for its life, and which is nowhere so incongruous as in the republic of science and letters.

About these and still other questions there will be much more to say as time passes. The essential point for thanksgiving to-day is that Charles William Eliot, the greatest pathfinder in our collegiate history, is followed by one who adds to noteworthy scholarship and equal idealism an insight into the weaknesses that have grown with our educational strength. It might easily have been Harvard's fate to have fallen into the hands of a business man, pure and simple, or into those of one absorbed in scholastic matters, without thought of the human problems involved. Her good fortune attends her in that the direction of her affairs has gone to one who sees clearly the needs of the hour, and is ready to grapple with them in a spirit of self-devotion, which, in itself, augurs success.

THE MORSE SENTENCE UPHELD.

The decision rendered Monday by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, upholding the sentence in the case of Morse, the bank wrecker, is an event of the first importance. One aspect of the decision peculiarly interesting at this time is the way in which it strengthens the wholesome tendency, at last manifest in our courts of appeal, to ignore trivial objections. What the court says on this head is plain common sense, and it expresses what must become the standard attitude of our higher courts if justice is to be placed on a sound footing

in these days of enormous legal and business complexity. "In an unusually protracted trial," says the decision, "depending upon a wilderness of figures and during which a vast number of complicated transactions were investigated, it is not unnatural that mistakes should have been made. Neither is it surprising that judges removed from the excitement of the forum, who have time to examine the events of the trial as they appear when portrayed in cold type, should have discovered some rulings which may be open to criticism. But we are convinced that no prejudicial error was committed." Only by taking this stand can the administration of criminal justice, when applied to men of wealth or resources, be made a substantial reality, instead of a game of combined skill and chance, with the odds all in favor of the man who is fighting the law.

So far as public opinion is concerned, that appeal to the easy-going sympathy of the American people which is always made in conspicuous cases has here taken rather a curious shape. The very magnitude of the disaster caused, or at least precipitated, by Morse's dishonest operations has been made the basis of the most prominent and probably the most effective pleas in his behalf. Had it not been for the panic, we have been told again and again, Morse would never have been prosecuted so vigorously; he has been made a scapegoat, and it isn't fair to do to him what would not have been done under ordinary circumstances. Such a view of the matter may be creditable to the good-nature of our people, but it is anything but creditable to their sense of justice or of expediency. If it be true that the administration of justice in our country is so defective that a man may systematically violate the laws, endanger the safety of millions of money entrusted to his care under solemn obligations of fidelity, make false entries in his books to cover up his illegal transactions, and yet count upon immunity unless his crimes happen to result in a national calamity—if all this be so, is it rational to conclude that we ought to let the culprit off even in the one case in which we can lay hands upon him? Rather, is it not sounder doctrine and truer consistency to brace up the processes of justice in the ninety-and-nine cases where it fails, and not to nullify them in the one case where it succeeds?

However, it is only necessary to read the Court's decision in order to see that the conviction of Morse was not the result of undue severity, occasioned by the distress of the panic. The acts charged against him were of a definite and specific character. As a matter of course, those upon which the jury actually passed must have been, in the nature of things, only a little specimen of a multitude of similar transactions; but, at least, the illegal use of the bank's funds and fraudulent entries to conceal such use were fully established. Thus the higher court finds neither any substantial error in the conduct of the case by the court below, nor any reason for upsetting the jury's conclusions as to the facts. Such being the case, nothing remained to consider but the severity of the sentence, and on that head the Circuit Court of Appeals likewise found no just ground of complaint. Nor should the public. If fifteen years' imprisonment is too heavy a penalty for gross and continuous misuse of bank funds for the purpose of deliberately carrying on vast schemes of reckless speculation, then we had better make a radical revolution in our whole scale of punishments. Custom has hardened us to the spectacle of big criminals like Morse getting off with light punishment or none; now let those who are such sticklers for consistency demand that the little criminals—the people who commit petit larceny or pass counterfeit coins, or swindle people in a common confidence game—receive sentences of a few days in jail. The truth is that the glamour of wealth and success blinds us to the true nature of rascalities committed in the high fields of finance; and we have substituted for the benefit of clergy that prevailed in the days when a "clerk" was admired and feared of the people, an unwritten law of benefit of prosperity. Now, however, the signs point to a gradual but ultimately thorough emancipation from its dominion.

MANŒUVRES AND THE MILITIA.

The reported decision of the War Department against further army and militia manœuvres comes as a surprise—even to army officers, as Gen. Wood's interview of Friday morning attests. It was not understood that the hardships of the troops taking part in August were extreme—certainly they were not so severe as those experienced a year before in the camp at Pine Plains in this State. Lack of food at times there indubitably was. Some men went nearly twenty-four hours without a real meal, and fodder for horses was frequently lacking. This was due to the inexperience of the militia commissaries and quartermasters and to the reliance upon improvised transportation. Instead of taking regular army trains, reliance was placed on the wagons of farmers and on coal trucks secured in New Bedford, with the double purpose of placating the farmers and of teaching the troops what to do when turned adrift in a strange country. This was carrying realism too far, particularly as there were few farmers' carts available for the invading army. Many of these broke down, and frequently soldiers who had "fought" and marched all day, had, on bivouacking, to go to the assistance of disabled wagons and haul them into camp.

So far as the published official reports go, the actual disabilities appear to have been fewer this year than last. But that there were any serious complaints is a reason for taking up anew the whole question of the relationship of militia and regulars in this matter of joint manœuvres. The truth is that, since the war with Spain, the status of the National Guard has undergone a change. It is no longer merely a State body, as originally organized, drilled and trained for emergency duty, but is developing as a reserve to the army. At the present time, however, the militia is neither quite one thing nor the other. The old status and ideals have been abandoned, but the actual position as a reserve to the regular army has not been attained. Nor, in our judgment, can it be attained. If we must have such a reserve, it would be better to create one, according to the plan proposed in Secretary Root's time, when there was suggested a reserve of 100,000 men, honorably discharged from the regulars and paid a small sum to go into camp once every year for several weeks.

This is the European plan, and such reserves might be either in separate organizations or utilized as additional battalions of existing regiments. At present, we ask the physically impossible. Our militiamen are intelligent and thinking bayonets, of better physique and better officered than ever before. But in

New York, at least, they are required to drill only once a week for twenty-four weeks and to go into camp only every other year. The great bulk of them lead sedentary lives; many of them do not walk two miles a day. Yet at these long intervals they are thrown into camp with regulars, generally in the hottest period of the summer, and are driven to exercises that tax the endurance of men trained to service. Since the manœuvre period lasts for only eight days, it is packed with problems and drills. No opportunity is given to the militia to break themselves in gradually, and the only wonder is that a great deal more physical injury is not inflicted than is actually the case. Obviously, if these manœuvres are really to be of value, some way must be found to lighten the burdens, to extend the drill period, and to work the militia up to them so that they may meet the tests in an approximately adequate physical condition.

So far as the militiaman of the ranks is concerned, we have no hesitation in affirming that he will learn more if the joint manœuvres are abandoned and he is put into brigade camps, together with a regiment or battalion of regulars as an example to pattern after. A week's leisurely marching and camping in a pleasant country, with moderate battle exercises toward the end of the period, would send the men home better trained, happier, and in an improved instead of an exhausted physical condition. The main object in the training of the private soldier is that he shall learn to camp, to take care of himself in the open, to protect his bivouac, and march, and also that he shall acquire some knowledge of extended-order drill.

The real *raison d'être* of manœuvres on a large scale is not, of course, the training of the private soldier, but of the higher officers—the generals, and the staff officers who must feed and supply the troops. Militia quartermasters ought surely to be drilled in provisioning brigades before they tackle divisions or armies; and if still larger forces are needed for the sake of experience, it is a question whether the regular army is not a great deal better fitted to experiment on than thousands of callow youths, large numbers of whom break down—as they did in Massachusetts in August—because they have not been supplied with the right kind of footwear. Much is heard, nowadays, about the usefulness of militia as coast artillery reserves. This is ridiculous. Highly trained, technical troops are not made by one drill a week for six or seven months and by going to camp every other year. If militia are to be used as infantry guards to coast artillery forts, then, again, they can learn everything needful in brigade camps such as we have suggested. But they cannot be both fish and fowl. A militia and a reserve to a regular army on European lines are two wholly distinct things. Only the marine, who is a professional warrior, can be both soldier and sailor too. The National Guardsman cannot be a breadwinner 358 days in the year, and on a par with regulars, for manœuvre purposes, on the other seven.

HOW FAR WE ARE GERMAN.

The writer in the Berlin *Tägliche Rundschau* who has just transferred these United States from the Anglo-Saxon to the Teutonic firmament yields to a common disease among German students of things American. Pretty nearly every traveller from the Fatherland is under the duty of pointing out that we are not as English as we appear. The rest content themselves with pointing out that we are not as German as we ought to be. Professor Lamprecht was neither the first nor the last visitor from east of the Rhine to deplore the failure of the German element among us to impress themselves duly upon our civilization and our institutions. It is an old complaint that the Kaiser's subjects, under new skies, abandon too readily the ancestral language and culture. Excellent raw material for nation-building, they seem content to play the part of brick and mortar without attempting to shape the builder's designs or the architect's scheme of ornamentation. Thus runs the usual complaint. It makes way now and then for the more complacent "Well, bricks and mortar constitute a mighty useful part in building operations, and, anyhow, see what might have happened if things had fallen thus and so." Such a critic is the *Rundschau* writer when he asserts (1) that we are really a Germanic nation embracing 30,000,000 souls of Teuton descent, and (2) that if Muhlenberg of Pennsylvania, Speaker of the first House of Representatives, had not been recreant to his fathers' language, Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan would now be speaking in German periods.

Why should Muhlenberg have insisted on conducting the debates of the first Congress in German? There is no reason why. A volume fresh from the Census Bureau, "A Century of Population Growth, 1790-1900," comes pat to the subject. The first Census did not concern itself with registering the place of birth or the place of parents' birth. But taking the names of the heads of families as a basis for determining nationality, the experts at Washington distribute the white population in 1790 into English, 83.5 per cent.; Scotch, 6.7 per cent.; Irish, 1.6 per cent.; Dutch, 2 per cent., and Germans, 5.6 per cent. North of New Jersey, the German element was almost non-existent. It was one-half of 1 per cent. in Maine, less than one-tenth of 1 per cent. in the rest of New England, and four-tenths of 1 per cent. in New York. With New Jersey's 9 per cent., we strike ore. In Pennsylvania, the Germans were 26 per cent. of the population, in Maryland 5.9 per cent., in Virginia 4.9 per cent., in South Carolina 1.7 per cent., in Georgia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, 2.8 per cent. Take the German population by itself, and no less than 70 per cent. was concentrated in Pennsylvania, while Virginia had 13 per cent., Maryland 8 per cent., and North Carolina 5 per cent. In only four States, therefore, did the German stock form more than one-twentieth of the population, and in only one, Pennsylvania, did it reach a point where it attained the least probability of influencing the language of the State as a whole.

As to the strength of German culture in 1790, the Census Bureau's volume supplies us with a single index. In that year the number of newspapers and periodicals published in the United States was 103. Of these there were six in the German language, corresponding almost exactly to the German ratio of population. All six were published in Pennsylvania, one at Germantown, *Die Germantauner Zeitung*, one at Lancaster, one at Reading, and three in Philadelphia, among the last, *Die Chestnuthiller Wochenschrift*. Pennsylvania's publications in all languages numbered 23, so that here, where the Germans were planted in solid bulk and where, if anywhere, they might exercise a cul-

tural influence disproportionate to their numbers, their newspapers run again exactly parallel with their population ratio. The one-fifth of the German population resident in the Southern States had not a single one among the twenty-four publications in that section. Evidently, we were not, in 1790, tottering on the brink of Teutonic culture and only saved from the plunge by Speaker Muhlenberg's treason to the language of Goethe.

The second point made by the *Rundschau* metaphysician, namely, that 30,000,000 Americans to-day are of German descent, is wrong, and badly wrong, but not so absurdly wrong as the enormous total would seem to imply at first sight. The problem is, of course, an extremely complicated one. It can be discussed only in a way apt to give great pain to the trained statistician. But on this point the Census Bureau itself indulges in a little pleasant speculation. In 1900 we had 35,000,000 of native stock, natives, that is, of native parentage. Allowing the German blood the same ratio it held in 1790, we get nearly 2,000,000 souls of that strain. In 1900 the population of foreign birth or foreign parentage numbered 29,000,000, and of these the Germans were between seven and eight millions. Add this to the old native stock and we have a total of 10,000,000. But allowance must also be made for the probably higher rate of fertility among the German population of old native stock. In any case, the remarkable change that has come over the face of the original thirteen States is illustrated in an analysis made in 1900 of the schedules for Hartford County, Conn., and Columbia County, N. Y., "which were regarded as typical urban and rural counties, respectively,' and which remained practically unchanged in boundary from 1790 to 1900. In 1790, Hartford County had no German residents; in 1900 they formed 12.2 per cent. of the population. In 1790, Columbia County's German population was four-tenths of one per cent.; in 1900 it was 17.2 per cent. A claim of fifteen million people of German descent in this country may not be excessive, and an error of fifteen millions is not very bad for a hot-blooded Pan-Germanist.

A HOLMES CELEBRATION.

The name of Oliver Wendell Holmes is associated so prominently with the delightful wit and wisdom of the Autocrat, and with his poetical works, that the celebration of his one hundredth birthday at a special meeting of the Medical Society of the County of New York must have been a surprise to many persons of the younger generation. Yet this remembrance of him by the medical profession is justified not only by the fact that he filled a professorship in the Harvard Medical School for five and thirty years, and had been a medical practitioner for twelve years before entering on the professorship, but by something much more significant. The same freshness of thought, the same combination of boldness and sanity, the same keenness of insight, that characterize the talk of the Autocrat and the Professor at the Breakfast Table, distinguished him both as a teacher and as a writer on medical subjects; and he made more than one valuable special contribution to medical knowledge. When the medical men claim him as their own, they do no more than justice to his work in the field of medicine and to the influence of his medical studies upon his literary achievement. It is safe to say that in the combination of qualities which gives to the writings of the Autocrat their distinctive attraction, the training and experience of the physician were an essential element.

In this year of notable centenaries there have been commemorations of more illustrious men than Dr. Holmes, but there has perhaps been none that recalled a figure more interesting or more refreshing. The mere dates of his life are pleasantly suggestive. It was not until his forty-eighth year that he devoted anything more than a fugitive attention to literary production; and then his entrance upon the work that has made his name a household word was due to the happy accident that the projectors of a new magazine asked James Russell Lowell to be its editor, and that Lowell made his acceptance conditional on the coöperation of Holmes. We confess to a feeling of envy for the people of that older time when we think of the beginnings of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and hear that it was only saved from an early death in the panic of 1857 by the fascination of the Autocrat papers. That is not the sort of thing we are now in the habit of looking for as an explanation of the prosperity of a magazine.

But not only did this astonishing medical professor start in at the age of nearly fifty to captivate his countrymen by a series of witty and original *causeries* on every subject under the sun, but he maintained the same freshness of spirit and the same vivacity of expression almost to the close of his fourscore and five years. In "Over the Teacups" we do, indeed, find a falling off from the first sprightly runnings of the Autocrat, though the same genial quality shines through here and there; but this is to be ascribed to the difficulty of keeping up indefinitely one particular *genre* rather than to any real decline of vigor. That his hand had not lost its cunning is witnessed by the preface to the new edition of his Medical Essays, written in 1891, at the age of eighty-two. Speaking of the history of homœopathy since the days when he had written about it half a century before, he refers to the doctrines of the "mind cure" and the "faith cure" as encroaching on the homœopathist's territory. "It would not be surprising," he says, "if the whole ground should be taken possession of by those new claimants, with their flattering appeals to the imaginative class of persons open to such attacks. *Similia similibus* may prove fatally true for once, if homœopathy is killed out by its newborn rivals." No sign here of any intellectual decay.

To the making of Dr. Holmes's wit went many qualities, and qualities of an elusive character. The man who wrote both "The Last Leaf" and "The Chambered Nautilus," both "The One-Hoss Shay" and "Old Ironsides"; who was recognized as the most delightful talker in a group of friends that included Longfellow, Lowell, Agassiz, and Motley, but whose love of humor did not prevent him from waging a life-long warfare against dogmatic narrowness, whether in theology or in medicine—such a man had evidently too wide a range of gifts to be caught himself in a formula. But if there is one quality more than another that can be pointed out as distinctive, it is the combination of boldness and wit with sanity and open-mindedness. An unblushing dispenser of half-truths, he knew how to put them so that, while losing none of

their point, they were not to be mistaken for whole truths; using epigram and paradox with a fertility seldom surpassed, he yet never got out of sight of solid common sense. In these days of Christian Science, psycho-therapy, and ghost-craft, nothing would be more amusing and few things would be more wholesome than the steady play of a wit like that of Oliver Wendell Holmes. What is good or true in any of them, he would have frankly recognized; at what is preposterous or pretentious, he would have thrown the shafts of his satire and his logic; and through it all we should have enjoyed the dexterity and fertility of his fancy. In celebrating his anniversary, the New York Medical Society recalls a memory which it is always a pleasure to revive.

LAURENCE STERNE.

I.

To Walter Bagehot, reviewing the first edition of Percy Fitzgerald's "Life of Sterne," it was matter for surprise not that Sterne's life had not been written in detail until 1864, but that it ever was written in detail at all. It was, he opined, a simple life, and one that offered small material for the biographer. H. D. Traill, who based his short Life of Sterne upon Mr. Fitzgerald's, wrote of the latter after eighteen years: "It is hardly too much to say that it contains . . . nearly all the information as to the facts of Sterne's life that is now ever likely to be recovered." Bagehot's opinion and Traill's prediction have been falsified by the facts. Looking both backward and forward from 1864, we find not only ample biographical materials, old and new, but also numerous essays toward a biography of Sterne, testifying to a lively interest, rather controversial at times, in a personality and writings which are far from simple, and which still leave room for much honest difference of opinion. A brief account of these biographical essays will help to fix the value of the latest and best of them—that by Professor Cross;* which in turn affords opportunity for a re-appraisal of Sterne's problematic character and works.

Numerous fanciful articles in the newspapers exploited Sterne during his lifetime; and his friend, Hall-Stevenson, exploited him after his death, in an inaccurate biographical notice prefixed to a spurious continuation of the "Sentimental Journey" (1769). Sterne's own "Memoir," published in 1775 by his daughter Lydia, for whom he wrote it, is a prime source of information about his ancestry, and his life before 1762. John Macdonald, once footman to a friend of Sterne's, and "La Fleur," once valet to Sterne himself, both contributed to Sterneana in 1790—the one a striking and probably true account of Sterne's death, the other much apocryphal matter about his travels in France. Some of this, reprinted in 1814, was used again in 1823, together with Sterne's "Memoir," by Sir Walter Scott, for one of his "Notices of Eminent Novelists." In 1851, Thackeray, himself sealed of the tribe of Sterne, attacked him with the bitterness of family dislike, in the last lecture on "The English Humorists." To this attack I shall return later; at present it is enough to say that Thackeray's unfavorable opinion of Sterne rested largely upon a mistake of fact, a mistake which remained uncorrected for many years because it arose from Thackeray's private inspection of a document unknown to the public until 1878, and not published until 1904—Sterne's famous "Journal to Eliza" (Mrs. Draper). Meanwhile, in ignorance of the "Journal," Whitwell Elwin published his *Quarterly* article in 1854 (reprinted with additions, 1902)—the first serious endeavor to form an estimate of Sterne by induction from all his works, from his letters as they were then arranged, from the opinions of his contemporaries, and from his life as far as it was then known. To Mr. Fitzgerald, however, belongs the credit of having written the basic biography of Sterne. And yet his "Life" (1864), though it more than satisfied Bagehot, and served as a foundation for Traill's volume in the series of English Men of Letters, was to be wholly superseded by a revised edition in 1896, based upon fresh materials and almost entirely rewritten. The biographer availed himself of the "Journal to Eliza," then still unpublished, but in the British Museum since 1894, and of much else that had turned up in the interval since 1864—Sterne's school copybooks, for instance, his important letter to his uncle, and several other letters—material some of which profoundly modified the basis for an opinion about Sterne. In fact, Mr Fitzgerald's estimate was largely the outcome of a reaction against his own earlier opposition to Thackeray's view: he was led around to the severe opinion he had opposed before. The result is a certain uncharitableness and controversiality of tone. Despite this, however, and despite some incoherence and much inaccuracy, Mr. Fitzgerald's "Life" is most readable; indeed, in its reminiscences of travel on Sterne's track in France, is quite delightful. The article by Mr. Sidney Lee, in the "Dictionary of National Biography" (1898), correct in the main, repeated some traditional errors, but offered a valuable bibliography and interesting remarks upon Sterne's literary influence. In 1904 Professor Cross edited the Works of Sterne, reprinting with them Mr. Fitzgerald's Life, which he corrected in an introduction and footnotes. For this edition, too, he wrote other valuable introductions, involving thorough study of Sterne's literary and personal character, and place in literature. He rearranged Sterne's correspondence in chronological order, making of it thus almost a new biographical document. He printed numerous unpublished letters, though he omitted as spurious some published letters which his later investigations have proved to be genuine. He published for the first time the "Journal to Eliza." He reprinted, together with other miscellanies by and about Sterne, the important "Yorkshire Anecdotes" sent by John Croft to Caleb Whitefoord in 1795 and 1796, but not published till 1898. Thus qualified for the task of biographer and critic, and further qualified for that of critic by his studies in the evolution of the novel, Professor Cross came to the preparation of the present Life.

Here again he has employed material hitherto unused—not only his own Introductions to the Works of 1904, the Letters as there rearranged, and the miscellanies and anecdotes there published; but other letters besides, some of them still unpublished, in part from Sterne's letter-book, now in private hands, in part from the Parliamentary "Report on Manuscripts" (1903); as well as the first (and full) edition of Sterne's pamphlet, "A Good Warm Watch Coat" (1759, unknown till 1905); and numerous contemporary periodicals, letters, and memoirs, and records legal and ecclesiastical. Despite the warning example of Bagehot and of Traill, it certainly seems safe now to say that the harvest has been reaped, and that whatever, if anything, remains ungathered in this field must prove to be only gleanings.

II.

The present biography differs again from its predecessor in dealing more largely—as its title indicates—with Sterne's contemporaries and "environment." Sterne saw the best company; and his biographer exhibits him in association, personal or literary, friendly or hostile, with many distinguished persons of his time. The names of Garrick, Smollett, Johnson, Goldsmith, Gray and Hume, of Richardson and old Lord Bathurst, of Warburton, Wilkes and Horne Tooke, of Reynolds and Romney, Hogarth and Gainsborough, of Walpole, Lyttelton, Chesterfield and Pitt, illustrate these pages. Sterne visits France, is received by d'Holbach's circle, knows Diderot and d'Alembert, piques the curiosity of Choiseul, makes a bargain with the younger Crébillon, and a convert of Mme. de Vence. From Dr. Eustace of

*"The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne," by Wilbur L. Cross, Professor of English in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

North Carolina he receives a cane; he meets Benjamin Franklin and books his subscription for a volume of Sermons; he is pleased to get an introduction to clever Miss Graeme of Philadelphia, and he corresponds with the young Virginian, Arthur Lee. There are pleasant particulars of travel: "Bring your silver coffee-pot," Sterne writes to his wife, "'twill serve both to give water, lemonade, and orjead—to say nothing of coffee and chocolate; . . . as also a strong bottle-skrew." The heroic physic of the time—with its bleeding and purging, its *bouillons à santé* made of boiled cocks and male crayfish, its Elixir of Bardana, Dr. James's Powder, and Van Swieten's Corrosive Mercury—enlivens the biography, though it helped to kill the man. So agreeable is Professor Cross's gossiping vein that one has scarcely the heart to remark how it leads him here and there into irrelevancy. This is the pardonable weakness of a writer who knows his subject in every detail. His wanderings are the more venial in that they are not mere speculations of his own: relevant or not, when he professes to be stating facts, it is facts that he states, and his assertions are conscientiously "documented." The reader, too, cannot but be grateful for a love of detail that has furnished so many interesting particulars, hitherto obscure, about Sterne's life before he acquired fame.

Especially diverting is the Trollopean chapter on the intrigues that were rife about York Cathedral Close concerning the Commissaryship of the Peculiar Court of Pickering and Pocklington—a name that is simply too good to be true. It was Sterne's satirical pamphlet entitled "A Good Warm Watch Coat" that dissolved in laughter the ire which had risen in the celestial minds of deans and chapters, archbishops and pluralists. This account is a distinct improvement upon Mr. Fitzgerald's comparatively meagre and incoherent version of the same events. Notable, too, as containing valuable matter mostly absent from Mr. Fitzgerald's Life, is the section on Sterne's reading (The Parson in his Library). Having given honor due, as of course, to Rabelais, Cervantes, and Burton, the greater among Sterne's literary ancestors, the chapter offers illuminating notes upon the lesser or more obscure. Here is Arbuthnot, with remarks on breeching and education; here is Bishop Hall, from whose sermons Sterne conveyed whole paragraphs. Here are D'Urfey, Dunton, and Flud, in whom he found blacked pages and blank pages, dashes and index-hands, misplaced chapters, antenatal chapters, and a preface in the middle of the book. Here are Bouchet and Béroalde de Verville, with other compilers of facetiæ and inventors of *galimatias;* Bruscambille, a gate to the vast literature Of Noses; and many another source of out-of-the-way lore on logic and cursing, law civil and law ecclesiastical, fortification, gunnery, obstetrics and theology—"the sisters three, and such odd branches of learning." It is well that information about the *provenance* of Sterne's works should form part of his biography, instead of being left for scholars to disinter from Dr. Ferriar's "Illustrations" or from special studies of Sterne's literary pedigree.

A slip and an omission have been observed here. All the references to Ozell's version of Rabelais (pp. 132, 236, 238, etc.) plainly imply that Ozell was the translator; whereas in fact he merely revised (1757) the standard translation by Urquhart and Motteux (1708), adding Le Duchat's notes from the Amsterdam edition (1711) of the original. Again, Croft added to his partial list of Sterne's favorite books the remark that "he was allso a great Admirer of the pathetick novell Le Doyen de Coleraine." Professor Cross omits this title from the list quoted from Croft (p. 131), nor does he mention it elsewhere. It is the Abbé Prévost's "Le Doyen de Killerine." The hint is one that a biographer might have done well to follow up; for the story—about a benevolent deformed unmarried brother who (*inter alia*) is exposed to the fascinations of a wily lady on a sofa—was probably not lost upon the creator of my Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman.

It may be regretted, too, that the strict design to present a personal rather than a literary history of Sterne has excluded a chapter upon Sterne's literary progeny and collateral descendants—a chapter for which Professor Cross's previous studies, together with those of Messrs. Thayer, Baldwin, and Texte, furnish ample material. To trace Sterne into Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling," into Bulwer-Lytton, into the early work of Charles Reade, into Thackeray, who, despite his revolt, felt Sterne "along the blood," into Dickens, into George Eliot, into Diderot and Gautier and De Maistre, into Goethe and Lessing, even into Mr. Le Gallienne's posturing, Mr. George Moore's devotion to obstetrics, and his sentimentalizing about a consumptive waitress—this would surely have been a grateful task to Professor Cross, and must have issued in a chapter most welcome to the reader. Sterne's literary posterity, as well as his literary ancestry, should have a place in his Life.

When all deductions are made, this Life of Sterne, which is every way as readable as Mr. Fitzgerald's, decidedly improves upon the latter in fulness, accuracy, coherence, and impersonality. Its large inductive basis in fact, and, maybe, the perspective of time, have enabled Professor Cross to deal more charitably than his predecessor with Sterne and with Eliza, and to avoid Mr. Fitzgerald's controversial tone. Certainly, in all matters of fact Professor Cross's Life quietly takes the lead. Together with Sterne's writings, of course, it constitutes definitely, one must think, the basis upon which its readers may be justified in forming each his own temperamental opinion about Sterne. It instructs us; it makes each of us an expert and a judge.

III.

The indictment against Sterne has many counts. Walpole gave currency to the epigrammatic charge, whose point Byron sharpened, that Sterne neglected his mother. Thackeray must have had an inkling of its untruth, for he did not repeat it. He did fall foul of Sterne, though, for making love to Lady Percy while making love to Eliza ("English Humorists"). These two charges are groundless. The first of them is disposed of by Sterne's manly letter to his uncle (April 5, 1750), which remains uncontradicted, and which in itself bears the stamp of truth. The elder Mrs. Sterne regarded Laurence's marriage to an heiress as a gold mine for herself. Not content to remain in Ireland, where she had been living upon her pension and "by the help of an Embroidery school that she kept," she must come to England and besiege her son there. Her daughter, who lived with her, stupidly and snobbishly refused lucrative employment. The son contributed generously, and at a very real sacrifice, to his mother's support at Chester, but he was not prosperous till after her death: and she could not reasonably complain if he did not settle upon her a part of his wife's income. At length, upon one of her predatory visits, Dr. Jaques Sterne, who had quarrelled with his nephew Laurence and wished to embarrass him, "placed Mrs. Sterne and her daughter Catherine in some charitable institution at York, perhaps the workhouse or 'the common gaol,' and then spread the report that they were there by neglect of the Vicar of Sutton"—viz., Sterne; "a hard report which might do me (as a Clergyman) the most real disservice," Sterne justly complained. Such was the origin of the lie that Sterne was unfilial. It is time this lie were "nailed." As for Thackeray's charge, it is literally annihilated by the true chronology of Sterne's letters. The *billet-doux* to Lady Percy has been shown by Professor Cross (Life, p. 343n; and edition of Letters) to belong to April, 1765. Sterne did not meet Mrs. Draper until 1767.

The truth is, though, that Sterne, in some ways a good husband and in nearly every way a good father, was always having a love-affair with somebody not his wife. These amours, if not guilty in a conventional sense, were still both the effect and the cause of a most injurious relaxation of character into morbid and attenuated sentiment—into a general de-

billity, in fact, and deliquescence of the emotions. Sterne's low state of physical vitality, which in Professor Cross's view is a palliation, seems to me rather to take away the excuse that charity might have granted to a robust and overmastering passion.

The biographer is indulgent, too, to Sterne's duplicity. It does not look well that Yorick should traduce his Eliza; and we can only hope that Professor Cross is right in his supposition that "the disrespectful reference to Mrs. Draper" in one of Sterne's last letters was "edited in" by Lydia. But there is not even a supposition to palliate the sanctimonious hypocrisy of Sterne's letter to Warburton about Hall-Stevenson's "Odes," or his self-confessed lie to Eliza about those unnamed friends of hers whom he wished to discredit because they had interfered between her and himself. It were to be desired that Professor Cross had adverted to these actions, and that out of his broader knowledge of Sterne's life he had either offered some excuse for them or left them expressly without excuse. As he has said nothing about them, we have no choice but to condemn. Greater ingenuousness on the part of Sterne's biographer might here have done less disservice to Sterne's memory.

IV.

Fundamental, thus, to Sterne's books, as well as to his life and personal character, is a relaxation of mind which loses salutary distinctions—an irrational mental habit which so dissolves idea from idea that it can neither set up one thing clearly against another, nor combine two things into an inclusive one. This essential of his psychology is worth dwelling on.

Sterne told Suard that "the sacred informing principle of his soul" was one "which exalts and varies, in sudden and unexpected ways, all sensations." In the same conversation he went on to praise the philosophy of Locke, which commended itself to him especially because it "never attempts to explain the miracle of sensation; but reverently leaving that miracle in the hands of God, it unfolds all the secrets of the mind." The portion of Locke's philosophy thus emphasized, Sterne was indeed temperamentally predisposed to understand and to like; other portions were to him, I think, almost sealed. At best he could make but little of the philosophy of perception, of conception, of judgment, of reasoning, of "secondary ideas," of all subsumption of two or more concepts under a generalization, of all that elaborate mental superstructure which soon conceals the sensations upon which it rests. But Locke's doctrine that the mind at birth is *tabula rasa*, that it has no innate ideas, "Platonic" or other, that, in fact, such ideas have no real existence, inasmuch as there are no universals, and that the immediate and only source of knowledge is the impact of an outer world upon the mind—Locke's nominalism, dualism, and sensationalism in a word—Sterne's mind could readily grasp and Sterne's temperament would eagerly accept. For to Sterne likewise the generalized, the universal, does not exist; all that appeals to him is the separate object and moment of consciousness—the sensation with its attendant emotions. In him reaction is instinctive; it is an impulse: there are no "higher centres" or "inhibitive associates" to check it, no middle terms or broader concepts to spread it out thin. "Reason," he said, "is half of it sense." And prudence, caution, discretion, which the world calls virtues, he was ready to condemn as vices. They tend to smother impulse, to sicklY it o'er with the pale cast of thought, and make it lose the name of action. For others the sober second thought upon mortal considerations; for him the immediate reflex, the squeeze of the hand, the dropping tear.

If Sterne could have reasoned the matter out, he might have declared, like some philosophers of the present day, that reason falsifies life by taking the juice and raciness out of life. He much prefers that life shall be, for him, disparate, discrete, discontinuous; not unified, but pluralized; each moment held only so long as to enable him to degust it, and then left to its fate, untransformed, nay, untouched, by reason, or by memory, or by hope. In this way all moments and objects of sensation become of equal value; there is no bothersome ethical scale; all is coördinate; nothing is higher than anything else, or includes or subordinates anything else by way of genus or law. Theory, law, generalization, make their appearance in Sterne only to be laughed at: witness the Shandean hypotheses concerning noses, auxiliary verbs, and given names. That which, according to Huxley, constituted Herbert Spencer's concept of tragedy, bulks large in Sterne's concept of comedy: "A beautiful hypothesis killed by a cruel fact."

But Sterne could not have reasoned the matter out. It is not easy to reconcile Professor Cross's assertion (p. 515), "In the background of Sterne's character . . . lay, as Bagehot once pointed out, a calm pagan philosophy," with his other assertion (p. 519), that Sterne "gave way to the emotions of the moment, receiving no guidance from reason, for he had none." In fact, *pace* Professor Cross, what Bagehot said was not that Sterne possessed a calm pagan philosophy, or any philosophy at all, but that "Sterne was a pagan." There must have been at Alexandria—and for that matter at Athens, too—many pagans who were not philosophers. Sterne is of these. He does not love to be wise: on the contrary, he opposes with all his sensation-loving soul the translation of sensation into law, and of experience into wisdom. Philosophy in any proper sense he has none; he simply has high spirits.

Akin to the confusion of thought and of terms involved in attributing a philosophy to Sterne, is the confusion latent in Professor Cross's thesis (pp. 190, 445) that "Tristram Shandy" really does possess plan, and that there is method in Sterne's madness, inasmuch as he "playfully organized" his whims "on Locke's theory of associated ideas." Thus the begetting of Tristram suggests his birth; his birth, the midwife; the midwife, her being set up in trade by Yorick's wife; Yorick's wife, Yorick; and so on *in sæcula sæculorum*. Well so do Dame Quickly, and Juliet's Nurse, and Miss Bates, and many other delightful females, both in fiction and out, follow the lead of their associated ideas. The fact is that Sterne is, like them, the plaything of his mental associates. And why not? All states of consciousness being of equal value, why subsume two or more under one, or—giving one state undue attention and time—stay by it till it drops? Rather hurry on, with all possible diversity, digression, and divagation, with swift transition, with alarums and excursions, to the sensuous and emotional content of a new moment suggested by the old.

V.

No final judgment upon Sterne can ever, I think, be passed. He will be more or less acceptable to different times, to different peoples, to different men, and, notably, to different moods in the same man. Judgment upon him is, more than in most cases, a matter of temperament. But what makes the question worth discussing at all is that Sterne will, to different times and peoples and men and moods, be present to be judged. For, after all, despite his want of any rule of life, he does present a type of personal and literary character that is pretty complete and permanent. Much in the same way as my Uncle Toby gets himself made into a character with a minimum of planning on Sterne's part, so does Sterne himself come after a while to stand for something definite, something in which we all share, something that is likely to last. He has even suffered over-development, he has suffered moral obliquity, like Machiavelli's prince, that he may realize a perfect type. He stands for all that poses, for all that feels without judging, for all that is double and inconsequential and incoherent, for all that is at loose ends, in each of us; for that "bit of chaos" that each of us carries about. It is by virtue of this that he makes his appeal. Just in so far as we long to have every sensation, every image, informed with an idea, he will repel us. Just in so far as we are in-

terested in the Many, not the One, he will attract us. Only in poetry, only in the prose of men greater than Sterne, do the form, the color and the sound, the fragrance and the magic of sensation body forth wisdom and the laws of life. There, but never in Sterne, do the Many become the One.

Certainly, both the "tender-minded" and the "tough-minded" will agree in rejecting some part of Sterne, for this is a matter more of the stomach than of the mind; but, in general, they will split upon him as upon all things else. Those who do not wish to "wallow in unbridled unity" will find in him a kindred soul; those who see in the choir of heaven and furniture of the earth a hierarchy and a symbol, those for whom "Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichniss," can never rest in him a longer time than the contrary mood takes to pass away. But if the transcendentalist is ever inclined to be too hard on Sterne, he will do well to remember his own contrary moods of illusion, to remember that he himself likewise bears about with him the human heritage of yet unconquered chaos, and to give ear to Sterne's own request: "As we jog on either laugh with me, or at me, or in short do anything—only keep your temper."

S. L. Wolff.

New York City.

FRENCH FICTION.

Paris, October 1.

In his new edition of "Le Roman en France pendant le XIXe siècle." (Plon), which was crowned by the French Academy, Eugène Gilbert gives a chapter on the French novel during these last ten years, and of this season's crop there are ten names which were known to fame before the century's turn. Of these, Marcel Prévost signalizes his election to the French Academy by the publication of "Pierre et Thérèse" (Lemerre), which had already received the consecration of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. This writer, even when he portrays the subtle, subconscious motion of the worldly woman's soul, or of the young woman trembling on the world's edge, is full of ideas and much common sense. Thus has he so long retained his position as spiritual director of the modern female—*similia similibus*. There are two ideas, at least, in the present novel; and they are modern enough. Pierre, the husband, has made his fortune masterfully, barely avoiding the law of the land rather than watchful of honor and morality. Thérèse, the wife, is of a family where high moral sensitiveness is a matter of inherited nerves and heart; but the masterfulness of the *parvenu* holds in willing thrall the more refined soul, even when she discovers that business and morals have clashed dreadfully. Here the first idea is evidently that of Paul Bourget's "L'Étape"—no man can entirely skip natural stages in the social ascension: the conscience, such as it is, remains. The second idea is pure Marcel Prévost: ingrained feelings of honor will be cast to the winds before the casuistry of a wife's enforced love. Along the way, there are intense and tragic situations, which, like the ideas, do not enter into traditional English notions about French novels. Finally, without the name being mentioned, there is Nietzscheism in the book, as there is in the ambient air, even of our own business men.

A more notable woman's novel—by a woman—is "Le Droit à la force" (Plon) by Daniel Lesueur (Mme. Henry Lapauze). She had written more than thirty novels, all fairly successful, besides a few plays and a complete translation of Byron, before she leaped into the forefront of her sex's thought with "Nietzschéenne," which the present story follows. In peaceful country scenes, the worthy brother has to sacrifice honor and love to the unworthy, whose hands moreover are imbrued in blood, until more blood is shed on the principle "Every being has a right to force against cowardly and low malice." This unwritten law is supposed to be the mental property of American men, rather than the literary baggage of French women writers; but the underlying love story of an "ingenuous" soul makes the book womanly. The author has already had to protest with force against the use made of this novel by *The Indian Sociologist* to countenance the recent murder of an Englishman by a Hindu anarchist.

J. H. Rosny, the old signature of two brothers who are both of the Goncourt Academy, appears once more in "Nymphée" (Société Française d'Imprimerie), although it has been announced that each author will henceforth make himself known individually. Together, they have won a faithful public. The present book belongs to their prehistoric romances, where anthropological science is tempered by psychology of modern souls, and the wonted acrid style is softened by imaginations of primeval love and adventure. The prehistory is perhaps more real than in our English books; the story is startlingly different. For "Les Sept Femmes de la Barbe-bleue" (Calmann-Lévy), and other marvellous tales, Anatole France uses more than prehistoric fancy and more than modern cynicism, with graces of style in proportion and edification in inverse ratio. The first wife shows bears at a fair; the second is a drunkard; the third smells of onions; the fourth is too hospitable; the fifth, a fool; the sixth, a prude; the seventh kills Bluebeard, who, for his own part, has killed never a wife! In "Les Confidences d'une 'Biche'" (Lemerre) Abel Hermant continues his "memoirs (realized conceptions of his own) to serve for the history of Society." In this number the society about which confidences are made is that of the Second Empire, whose frivolity and light brilliance were conceived as orgies by those who were not of it. The Lady Ventmor who makes these confidences is now a blonde with another existence; she was brunette, and known as "La Solférino" forty years ago in the life she recounts lovingly with somewhat too high flavors from Abel Hermant for the diet of the young person. Evidently an author so completely the master of his thought and style could not bring all these dubious memories of the past to light without crude flashes on the present.

Paul Margueritte, who, with rare lapses, may be taken as a serious writer, publishes in the cheap, illustrated, popular series a new novel, "La Flamme" (Fayard). "La Coure à l'abîme" (Roger & Chernoviz), by Ernest Daudet, is a romance under the Terror. This writer, who is older than his more famous brother Alphonse, has been a prolific author of estimable books, historical in matter when not in form. The history is based on learning, conservative in trend, and the writing is both readable and amiable.

"Le Vent du boulet" (Monde Illustré), by Georges d'Esparbès, is a good, old-fashioned soldier's tale of Napoleon's war in Spain in 1808. This writer may be little known abroad, but he has had a solid popularity in France from his first book in 1893, always with trumpets and guns and laughter of camp-followers, and withal the virtues of soldiers whose business 'tis to die.

"Le Feu de joie" (Lemerre) must be nearly the eightieth novel of René Maizeroy, a baron and ex-officer descended from generals and marquises of the old régime, of which his books smack in their portrayal of very modern lives. "La Folle Passion" (Lemerre) is a new novel by Marie Anne de Bovet, who at one time at least was well known in both England and America and has remained a popular writer at home in France.

André Lichtenberger won his first and lasting success on the threshold of the twentieth century with his Petit Trott and sister, whom the French Academy crowned. No one expresses better or more kindly the not inarticulate soul of the French child of to-day. "La Petite" (Librairie des Annales) follows up the girl where she looks to the advancing shadow of young womanhood. The gown of Lilette is now "demi-long."

"L'Homme sans figure" (Pierre Lafitte), by Albert Boissière, is a feat of fantastic story-telling, like the other novels of this author. Without the slightest human sympathy for his faceless man, the reader is swept forward from one intensely strange and interest-

ing episode to another. "L'Aiguille creuse" (Pierre Lafitte), by Maurice Leblanc, continues the extraordinary adventures of Arsène Lupin, some of which have been translated for English readers. This new series, while still outdoing Sherlock Holmes, transports us into all sorts of picturesque survivals of romantic times more proper to the French genius.

Charles Pettit in his first book introduced us to China, which he knows so well, and to Chinese womanhood, which he probably has divined. It was delicate as porcelain, cruel as the tortures of a nerveless race, and amusingly unmoral. The lighter side comes out more uniformly in his new story of "Pétale de rose et quelques bonzes" (Calmann Lévy). Lucie Delarue-Mardrus, known as an ultra-modern poetess, and wife of the ultra-complete translator of the "Arabian Nights," publishes "Le Roman de six petites filles" (Fasquelle). The story is rather for the mothers—and elder brothers—than for the little girls themselves; and some of the incongruities are more than enormous. Frenchmen and women are said to be lacking in humor; but here is a Frenchwoman overburdened with it. Of course, there is much delicate writing in between.

"Le Médecin" (Fasquelle), by Charles Edmond Lévy, is from a new author, who begins well, if a little clumsily. He must himself be a doctor, to have studied so minutely the rôle of the physician in families and society; and an analysis of the kind is useful quite apart from literary pleasure. Louis Delzons, a Paris lawyer, now laudably writes under his own name, although his first notable court romance was signed Louis Estang. His present novel, "Les Mascran" (Calmann-Lévy), is the story of an old provincial family of notaries whose desire to "appear" in the world of which society papers talk leads them step by step from châteaux and officers' clubs and haunts of more newly rich, through love, covetousness politics, to the loss of honor, and even of its notion. This fate of a family rich and respected in its own world by inheritance, when transplanted into the struggle for society life, forms one of the strongest novels of late years. "Francine Davier" (Ollendorff), by Madame Pierre de Bouchaud (wife of the writer on Italian art and poetry), studies a *petite bourgeoise* who seemed condemned to gray days with old people in her lone village. The world of books is revealed to her, and when at last she comes to Paris, without ceasing to be of her little world, she soars high at the Sorbonne, and, later, off to Italy, so that when she has to come back to her village she bears a kingdom in her mind. Henry James treated tragically such a person; this story is happier, more helpful, and perhaps not less real.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The four auction houses all hold sales next week. Buyers are, for the most part back from their summer vacations, and from now on books of the better class will be frequently offered.

In four sessions, afternoons and evenings of October 19 and 20, the Anderson Auction Co. will sell Part I of the library of Collin Armstrong of Quaker Ridge (Scarsdale), N. Y. This library is mainly made up of modern books and of issues of the Bibliophile Society, Grolier Club, Doves Press, Essex House Press, and other private or limited series, including several autographed copies of William Loring Andrews's publications. Among the books illustrated by George and Robert Cruikshank are first editions of the "Life of Napoleon," by Dr. Syntax; "The English Spy," by C. M. Westmacott; "Scraps and Sketches," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and others. Books illustrated by Kate Greenaway, Randolph Caldecott, and Walter Crane are also represented. Among sets there is a fine complete series, thirty-two volumes, of the original Townsend Cooper, every volume having the correct Townsend imprint; a large paper set of Chalmers's "British Essayists" (1866), and of the works of Aldrich, Hawthorne, Holmes, Emerson, J. M. Barrie, and others. The most notable first editions are those of Eugene Field, twenty-seven lots, and Lafcadio Hearn, nineteen lots; but first editions of other modern authors are represented.

On October 21 and 22, the same house will offer a collection, including a portion of the library of the late George D. Denniston of Pittsburgh. A set of the Halliwell-Phillipps Shakespeare, seventeen volumes, folio (1853-65), each volume enclosed in a levant morocco slip case; the Dictionary of National Biography, original issue in sixty-three volumes; subscription sets, some on Japan paper, of the works of Fielding, Dumas, Hugo, Dickens, Tolstoi, Stockton, and other writers; and illustrated books, specimen bindings, etc., are included.

On October 18, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. offers a collection, including a series of books on the American Indians, some first editions, and a small lot of book-plates.

On October 19, 20, and 21, they sell the first part of the important library of Charles M. Wallace of Richmond, Va. Hakluyt's "Voyages" (1589); Burk's "History of Virginia" (1804-16), with the rare fourth volume; Venegas's "Natural and Civil History of California" (1758); Carver's "Travels Through the Interior Parts of North America," the first edition (1778), as well as the more desirable third edition (1781); McCall's "History of Georgia" (1811-16); Haywood's "Natural and Aboriginal History of Tennessee" (Nashville, 1823), one of the rarest of local histories; Hennepin's "Nouvelle Découverte" (1697), with maps and two plates; Joutel's "Journal Historique du Dernier Voyage que feu M. de la Sale fit dans le Golfe de Mexique" (1713), with the rare map; Stith's "History of the First Discovery and Settlement of Virginia" (Williamsburg, 1747); and McAfee's "Late War in the Western Country" (1816), are a few among many first-class items included in this portion. Robert Fulton's "Torpedo War and Submarine Explosions" (1810), with five plates, and "An Account of the College of New Jersey" (Woodbridge, 1764) are unusual books which are likely to bring record prices.

On October 18 and 19, Stan. V. Henkels in Philadelphia sells the eighth and final portion of the library of ex-Gov. Pennypacker. In this sale is offered his collection of books relating to the University of Pennsylvania, including a remarkable series of medical theses. Bibliography and miscellaneous books, mostly relating to Pennsylvania, a series of early lottery tickets, and a collection of American book-plates and tickets of old Pennsylvania book-sellers and libraries make up the sale.

On October 19, 20, and 21, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston sell the books of the late C. B. Tillinghast, librarian of the Massachusetts State Library. A collection of books on Arctic exploration, about one hundred lots, including the original manuscript of Scoresby's Journal (1823); a very extensive collection of the works of John Ruskin, first and later editions; a full set of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* (1847-1908), 62 vols.; *Notes and Queries*, 132 vols.; Savage's "Genealogical Dictionary of the First Settlers," 4 vols.; and many titles of local New England history are included.

Correspondence.

THE DUTCH UNIVERSITIES.

To the Editor of The Nation.

Sir: It was proper that beside the American celebration of the beginnings of New Netherland and of steam navigation in America, there should also be a Dutch end, so to speak, of the festivities. Amsterdam in 1609 was the point of departure for Hudson, and of the arrival of Bradford and the Pilgrim Fathers. Accordingly in July, 1909, subscriptions in sufficient number and value having been secured, five historical tablets, the gifts of American citizens, were erected at Utrecht, Amsterdam, Nijkerk, Leeuwarden, and Leyden. Of these functions, two were celebrated in universities, two in churches, and one in the legislative hall of the Frisians. At Utrecht, July 9, the trustees, faculty, alumni, and friends of Rutgers College made salutation in bronze to the Academiam Rheno-Trajectinam, as "matrem almæ matris nostræ." John H. Livingston, a graduate of Yale University, and one of the last American students in the Reformed Dutch Church to cross the seas to study theology, took his doctor's degree of divinity at Utrecht University in 1769. Returning home, he became the breath of life to the newly organized college on the Raritan, adding to the old world motto, *Sol justitiæ illustra nos*, the words, *et occidentem*. At Leyden University, a tablet, presented by the Netherlands Society of Philadelphia and the University of Pennsylvania, was affixed to the house in which lived Jean Luzac, famous as a journalist and for the championship of the American cause. Luzac was also a professor in the Leyden University, in which at least one President of the United States, John Quincy Adams, was educated. Of the other tablets, one rests on the walls of the great church at Nijkerk, the home of the Van Rensselaers, whence also came Arendt Van

Curler, founder of the city of Schenectady. The Amsterdam tablet in the English church celebrated the tercentenary of the arrival of the Pilgrim Fathers in the city "where religion was free for all men." The fifth tablet was a "memorial of gratitude," for the first vote taken in the States of Friesland, to recognize John Adams and the United States of America. Leading up to this event in 1781 was the agitation by the students of the University of Franeker, in the same province. As a result, eight million guilders were loaned to the Continental Congress.

Having charge of the presentation of these tablets, I was enabled to renew pleasant associations with the Dutch universities and their professors. A slight comparison of these institutions with those in Germany and America, and a glimpse at the difference of the manner of study and life of the students may not be uninteresting at this time to the readers of the *Nation*.

In their beginning and evolution during the two centuries or more of the republic, the various Dutch universities had each an individual history with notable local differences, for each expressed the spirit of the region in which it was planted. It was the dream of the founders of the Republic, in 1581, to have a university in each of the seven provinces. With sixty-seven years of warfare before them, these hopes were nevertheless fulfilled in five of the States represented in the striped flag—Friesland, Groningen, Utrecht, and Gelderland, with one each in North and South Holland. Under the French dominion, the universities at Harderwijk and Franeker (in Friesland and Gelderland) were suppressed by Napoleon, because of their rather free utterances. It was for much weal and not a little woe, that under the French régime the variety of legal, political, and pedagogical procedure in the Netherlands was vastly simplified—or reduced to a dead level of uniformity. In the process the old local peculiarities of the universities disappeared. The constitutional monarchy, in 1814, did indeed fulfil the hopes of the Republic, but when the universities were reorganized, as part of the national administration, they had lost their peculiarities in large degree and became almost identical in their general features with those of Germany. In each there are the five faculties of theology, law, medicine, science, and letters, only the Polytechnic School at Delft having any courses different. The diversity of method and spirit discernible in Germany, and which is also at once the charm and the drawback of similar institutions in America, is absent in the Netherlands. In the main the description of one, making allowance for age, dignity, and numbers, suits all. Each university has a staff of curators, numbering four or five, appointed by the national government, and the nation's fundamental law forms the constitution under which the universities live. There is no president, but in turn each one of the professors, having reached a certain standing in service, scholarship, and character, becomes rector magnificus for one year.

Of the universities, Leyden stands first in age, honor, size of its faculty, and extent of equipment, and to this first national school all aspiring instructors hope to come. Yet the Dutch have never fallen into the error of supposing that brick and mortar, piled in imposing edifices, make either great teachers or hard students. Many of the professors at Leyden still teach their classes in their own homes. The administration building, with its ancient hallways artistically inscribed, is still that of the old Convent of the Veiled Nuns. Here sits the Senatus or governing body of the university, and here the examinations are held, though there are numerous museums, laboratories, etc., in other parts of the city.

At Utrecht, once so famous for its theology, beside the old hall in which the delegates met to form the Union of 1579, there is a new and handsome building in Dutch Renaissance style used for administration and recitation, containing the theological hall in which the Rutgers tablet was erected. Groningen, the great northern university, lost its main edifice by fire two years ago, but has replaced it by an extremely attractive piece of architecture, also in Dutch Renaissance style, which was dedicated in the presence of Prince Hendrik in July of this year, with the celebration of a *lustrum feest*. In Amsterdam, beside the older school, the Free University, with a small faculty and a meagre list of students, has received national recognition and support under the premiership of the Anti-Revolutionary Premier Kuyper, under whose administration, also, the school at Delft was raised to a national foundation with power to confer degrees. In this latter institution the faculties are those of general science, highways and hydraulics, architecture, shipbuilding and electrical engineering, mining and chemistry. The Royal Academy of Sculpture and Art at Amsterdam, which enjoys government patronage, ought not to be forgotten as a part of the national system of higher instruction.

A glance at the table of the five faculties of the four older universities shows the proportions and reflects the taste and needs of the present generation. There are 136 professors of law, 31 of science, 30 of medicine, and 31 of theology, though strictly speaking only the chairs of the history and philosophy of religion are fully endowed by the State. The drift from theology to law and science, as well as the large increase of students within the last few years, is noticeable, Leyden having about 1,500 students, Utrecht 1,300, Groningen 1,000, and Amsterdam 2,000. Yet with a student body of less than 6,000 for her five million and a half people, the Netherlands do not as yet seem to be in danger of creating an intellectual proletariat.

The Dutch universities, instead of being created at a particular time, as the popular legend concerning the origin of Leyden University might suggest, were direct outgrowths of previously existing schools. Education in the Netherlands is broadly based, and from mediæval times the elementary public schools, sustained by taxation, were open to girls as well as to boys. At the Reformation, these schools were secularized, but the first universities were mainly for the study of theology and the equipment of ministers. They are thus, what the Dutch call them, even with men like Hubrecht, de Vries, Blok, d'Aulnis of international reputation, high schools, and the professors are the higher teachers of the nation.

Dutch student life in its manifestations has some aspects notably different from that in the United States. There seems to be little of athletic interest and comparatively few of those innumerable outside employments or distractions on which American students expend their energies. Other features, which characterize German universities, such as duelling, large investment in dogs and fantastic costumes, except at the *lustrum feests*, are virtually unknown; beer-drinking is not on so large a scale, certainly not so habitual. While there are numbers who seem to take the university course chiefly for social ornament or advancement, the average Dutch student is a serious person, who knows, that in a small country like his, for every professional prize there will be many competitors ahead of him, and it behooves him, therefore, to train well while he has opportunity. In thoroughness, Dutch scholarship falls in no degree below that of Germany. There is little dissipation, and in the smaller university towns, the *café chantant* scarcely exists. Each student corps issues an almanac or year-book, in which, besides local and statistical information, is a large addition, called *mengel werk*, or miscellany of student essays, observations, and jottings of things witty and probably wise. The publications at Utrecht and Delft, at least in 1909, are, in their general make-up and illustrations, much like American publications of the same sort. Apart from these, college journalism is unknown. What concentrates the ambitions and enlists the enthusiasm of the undergraduate body more than anything else, is the costume-processions or *lustrum feests*, reproducing in brilliant colors famous events—the battle of St. Quentin, triumph of Germanicus over the Batavians, etc. These are usually celebrated once in five years in each place, so that every year sees one, and each university has an opportunity to equal or outshine its rivals and predecessor. That at Groningen this year was very fine. At Utrecht and Leyden, the élite of the kingdom, with royalty, are usually found as spectators, and, judging by the way the towns are decorated every year at the time of the commencement festivities, as well as from a knowledge of the local traditions, I gather that there has been, in recent times at least, little friction between town and gown. There being no dormitories, students are closely associated with family life.

It is one great advantage that the universities, being of the nation, are therefore of the people, and open to all. And yet, on the other hand, this very fact prevents the growth of that spirit which is so notably predominant among the alumni of American colleges and universities on private foundations. With us every young man feels bound to his alma mater by ties of gratitude. He is sensitive to his obligation to make returns for her love and care. Consequently, it is the rule rather than the exception for the American educated man, not only to feel indebted, but to give generously in after life of his means, to enlarge and perpetuate the institution that has nourished him. This spirit seems to be conspicuously absent in both British and Continental universities; the reason is plain, but European professors fret in vain over it, while they admire the spirit of Americans.

W. E. Griffis.

Ithaca, N. Y., September 30.

"THE WINTERFEAST" AND "THE VIKINGS AT HELGELAND."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some time ago I called attention in your columns to the resemblance in situation between Mrs. Wharton's "Fruit of the Tree" and Ibsen's "Rosmersholm." A more striking instance of indebtedness to Ibsen, which so far as I know has not been pointed out, may be found in Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy's play, "The Winterfeast," which in situations and in setting is remarkably similar to Ibsen's "Vikings at Helgeland."

The action of "The Vikings" takes place about A. D. 933, on the island of Helgeland in the north of Norway. Sigurd, a great warrior, and Gunnar, a man of peace, are foster-brothers. Both are in love with Hiördis, a proud, passionate, ambitious woman, who returns Sigurd's love. Sigurd, in the generosity of his friendship, consents to a device by which Hiördis is induced to marry Gunnar. Sigurd himself marries Dany, the foster-sister of Hiördis. All this has happened years before the opening of the play. In the course of the action, Sigurd visits Gunnar at Helgeland. Hiördis, who has been unhappy with Gunnar because she has been unable to rouse him to warlike deeds, discovers the trick which has been played on her, confesses her love for Sigurd and draws from him a similar confession. Sigurd challenges Gunnar to single combat; but before the fight Hiördis slays Sigurd with an arrow, and throws herself into the sea.

The action of "The Winterfeast" takes place in the eleventh century in Iceland. Bjorn, a great warrior, and Valbrand, a man of peace and a skald, are foster-brothers. Both are in love with Herdisa, a proud, passionate, ambitious woman, who returns Bjorn's love. Bjorn in the generosity of his friendship does not press his suit, though Herdisa confesses her love for him, but sails away to Vinland with Thorkel, Valbrand's father and his adopted father. Thorkel, returning alone, practises a deceit on Herdisa, through which she is induced to marry Valbrand. All this happens before the play begins. In the course of the action, Bjorn, returning from Vinland, visits Thorkel, Valbrand, and Herdisa. Herdisa discovers the trick that has been played on her, and draws from Bjorn a confession that he has always loved her. He ends by reproaching her bitterly, and by challenging Valbrand to single combat. Egged on by Herdisa Valbrand fights with Bjorn, slays him, and in remorse throws himself into the sea. Herdisa dies of a broken heart.

The resemblance does not end here. Thorkel, the aged sea-king in "The Winterfeast," corresponds to Ornulf, the aged sea-king in "The Vikings." Each has a child of his own, a craven; each has adopted a child; the only difference being in the sex of the children. Ufeig, the villain of "The Winterfeast," corresponds less closely with Kare, the villain of "The Vikings"; but, like Ornulf, he loses at one blow his seven strong sons.

Other less important resemblances may be traced. Ornulf in "The Vikings" gains the hatred of Hiördis by telling her that she is Gunnar's mistress, not his wife; Bjorn in "The Winterfeast," rouses Herdisa's hatred by telling Valbrand, in her presence, that she is but his wanton. It may be worth while to add that certain things in "The Winterfeast" which have no counterparts in "The Vikings" have parallels in another of Ibsen's early plays—"Lady Inger of Ostrat." For example, the character of Swanhild, Herdisa's daughter, recalls that of Elina, daughter of Lady Inger.

Of course, there are plenty of differences: Mr. Kennedy has recombined Ibsen's characters and incidents in various ways. But he has not given them any new unity; he has not really made them his own. In every way his play is inferior to "The Vikings." Every character and every motive in "The Vikings" is as clear as day; in "The Winterfeast" the outlines of the characters are as vague and uncertain as are their motives and their states of mind. "The Vikings" is occasionally theatrical; "The Winterfeast" is often theatrical beyond the verge of falseness, and sometimes to the point of absurdity. Take, for instance, Herdisa's interview with Olaf, the son of Bjorn. She wishes some one to avenge her on Bjorn, who, as she supposes, has slain her husband. She has never before seen Olaf; but his resemblance to Bjorn is so striking that it could not escape her were she to see his face. If she learns his relationship to Bjorn, of course she cannot ask him to avenge her. For purposes of plot, then, Herdisa must induce Olaf to swear to avenge her, without disclosing her enemy's name, and without seeing Olaf's face. She therefore talks with him through six pages with her face averted, and the absurd motive which Mr. Kennedy assigns for this is, that she is afraid if she looks at him of finding some sign of cowardice in his face!

The fact seems to be that Mr. Kennedy has helped himself to a good situation and a good set of characters, and spoiled them. The loftiness and intensity of the characters in Ibsen's play give it something of the ethos of tragedy: Sigurd, like Othello, is a strong man, who, through an error, brings destruction on himself and those dearest to him. Beside him, Bjorn and Thorkel are men of straw; so Herdisa is merely a feeble copy of Hiördis. But the failure of the experiment is a minor matter; the resemblances are interesting chiefly as they show how strong is the hold of Ibsen on the imagination of a popular modern dramatist.

Homer E. Woodbridge.

Colorado Springs, October 5.

PERVERTED MEANINGS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Haight, in his valuable remarks upon modern perversions of the meaning of words (the *Nation*, September 16), bears down a bit hard, I judge, upon Tennyson for writing that we rise upon *"stepping stones* of our dead selves." To Mr. Haight the only stepping stones are those by which we cross a stream. This interpretation is altogether too narrow. A "step" is any movement, whether horizontal or vertical. Do we not designate a stairway as a flight of "steps"? In English dialect a stepping stone is a horse-block. The author of "In Memoriam," painfully scrupulous in his diction, had doubtless good warrant for his use in this instance. Again, Mr. Haight has been informed by "certain etymologists" that 'stalwart' is a modification of O. E. *stælwyrðe*, meaning 'worth stealing.'" Webster serves up this extraordinary etymology; who the other sinners may be, I know not. At any rate, it is all wrong. The *stal* stands for O. E. *stadhol*, "foundation," and the compound has always meant *stabilis*, "firm," and the like. Skeat and the Century treat the word correctly.

To Mr. Haight's list of perversions I should like to add one, namely, the flagrant misuse of "to demean oneself"="to degrade oneself." Of course, the fault is due to confounding "mean"="ignobie, base" with "mean"=French, *mener*, "to conduct oneself." One wonders how such folk-etymologists explain to themselves the cognate noun "demeanor." Yet, among others, even Thackeray and Hawthorne have fallen into the trap. See the Oxford Dictionary, which has the air of justifying, feebly, it is true, the usage. Thackeray was not a master-artist in words. But Hawthorne? Well, we can all afford to repeat the Litany daily.

J. M. Hart.

Ithaca, N. Y., October 2.

THE TITLE OF "TARTUFFE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In reply to a note by The Bibliophile in your issue of the 23d, I should like to call attention to the fact that the Despois-Mesnard edition of Molière's works uses the title "L'Imposteur, Comédie," alleging as a reason that all the older editions do so. And in a foot-note (Œuvres de Molière, Vol. IV, p. 399), "Au feuillet qui précède la pièce, toutes les éditions portent notre titre: Le Tartuffe ou l'Imposteur, sauf la contrefaçon de 1669 et les éditions hollandaises (1675 A, 84 A, 94 B), qui intervertissent l'ordre des mots et donnent: L'Imposteur ou Le Tartuffe." The title of "Tartuffe" was probably always in current usage, as it was the original one, the one used by Boileau (Satire iii, 25), Brossette, and other contemporaries. Molière himself employs it in preference to the other, saying in the second Placet au Roi: "En vain je l'ai produite sous le titre de l'Imposteur," and in the third again he calls the play "Le Tartuffe."

La Grange in his Register speaks of it as "Tartuffe" when he notes its suppression and his journey with La Thorillière to beg the favor of Louis XIV for the unfortunate play. When he records its final restoration, February 5, 1669, the first entry is as "Imposteur ou Tartuffe." Of the total of thirty-three entries at that time two more are under the title of "Imposteur ou Tartuffe," eight under that of "Imposteur," and the remaining twenty-two call the play "Tartuffe." At the resumption after the Easter holidays, the fifteen entries are all "Tartuffe," and later La Grange seems to give up the sub-title altogether.

Mary Vance Young.

Mount Holyoke College, October 6.

[These additional facts about the play are of interest, but do not determine the point as to which was the earliest *printed* title-page. This probably cannot be definitely settled until one or more copies in the original binding can be examined.—The Bibliophile.]

A GLANCE AT THE SEASON'S BOOKS.

How shall we explain the fact that so many publishers are bringing out volumes of reminiscences and of biography—and that so many readers take delight in them? For, as one runs a finger down the list of autumn books, books just issued or on the publishers' ways, it is this department of letters which to us seems richest. Perhaps the lure of the "life" consists, as Anatole France has said, in the fact that *on ne doit rien à la mode—on ne cherche que la vérité humaine.*

Let us pass over one of these new biographies very hastily—and that no other than M. France's own "Life of Joan of Arc," translated by Winifred Stephens (Lane); this notwithstanding that M. France cannot write uninterestingly. We are sure that the same publisher's "Giovanni Boccaccio," by Edward Hutton, makes more edifying reading; so, too, the "Last Journals of Horace Walpole," and Mr. Broadley's "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale"—these likewise from the Bodley Head. The eighteenth century is not forgotten, it should seem. And here is a two-volume account of "Mr. Pope," by George Paston, and "Dean Swift: an Eighteenth Century Don Quixote," by Sophie Shillcto Smith—both to be issued by Putnam. Forgotten?—the eighteenth will soon be our *grand siècle*, if these writers of memoirs are not choked off. It sparkles in the "Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan," by Walter Sichel (Houghton Mifflin). It glitters in the "Marie Antoinette" of Hilaire Belloc (Doubleday, Page). Socially, the eighteenth *was* the *grand siècle.*

Of greater import than these memoirs are such "lives" as join novelty to *actualité.* There is sure to be much of interest in Henry M. Stanley's "Autobiography" (Houghton Mifflin), in William Winter's "Richard Mansfield" (Moffat Yard), in Loïe Fuller's "Fifteen Years of My Life" (Small, Maynard), in Eugénie Paul Jefferson's "Intimate Recollections of Joseph Jefferson" (Dodd, Mead), in Mrs. Lecky's account of her distinguished husband, statesman and historian (Longmans). It matters little whether the subject of a happily inspired "life" is actor or minister of state or African explorer: this department of literature is a famous leveller. We are interested in the subjects of these biographies *as people.* Jaded readers must ever find refreshment in vital representations of real life. It is precisely because we know that here, at least, the celebrities involved are actually projected upon the screen of the literary magic lantern that we so keenly anticipate the publication of John Bigelow's "Retrospections of an Active Life" (Baker & Taylor). Besides being an "historical document," Mr. Bigelow's "Retrospections" must express a pungent personality. Other American biographies to be published this autumn have a decided, if relatively slighter, importance; the remark applies perhaps to the "Home Letters of General Sherman," which now assume book-form (Scribner). One may signalize Mr. Parker's "Cleveland" (Century Co.), Mr. Scars's "Wendell Phillips" (Doubleday, Page), and, in the American Crisis Biographies (Philadelphia: Jacobs), Mr. Haynes's "Sumner," and the life of Henry Clay by a grandson of the pacificator, Thomas H. Clay. From Chicago there comes the three volume "Diary of James K. Polk," and a story of "Stephen A. Douglas: His Life, Public Services, Patriotism, and Speeches" (McClurg). Politics "have it" in this field; although there are to be issued for the first time Emerson's "Journals" (Houghton Mifflin). There are, too, plenty of "literary" lives for the insatiable reader of biography. Lepelletier's "Verlaine" makes its appearance in English (Duffield); W. Teignmouth writes of "Dickens and His Friends" (Cassell); Dr. Crothers of Oliver Wendell Holmes (Houghton Mifflin), and Mr. Chesterton of Bernard Shaw (Lane). The choice is catholic enough—and here we but half suggest it.

In the new historical books, there is the same variety. We are to have an account of "The German Element in the United States," by Albert Bernhardt Faust (Houghton Mifflin), and, from the same publishers, a study of "The Expansion of New England," by Lois K. Mathews. The addition to Scribner's series of American texts is, appropriately, Dr. J. F. Jameson's collection of "Narratives of New Netherland." The Putnams issue the ninth and final volume of "The Writings of James Madison," edited by Gaillard Hunt, and "The Biographical Story of the Constitution," by Edward G. Elliott. Edith Tunis Sale's "Manors of Virginia in Colonial Times" (Philadelphia: Lippincott) should have a pleasant flavor. In later American history, one finds an important study of "Virginia's Attitude toward Slavery and Secession," by Beverley B. Munford (Longmans); and James Ford Rhodes has collected a volume of "Historical Essays" (Macmillan). Dr. William Kirk's "A Modern City" (Providence, R. I.) is in the form of a symposium. An account of an American municipality from the standpoint of the economist, the sociologist, and the expert in government, as well as from several other standpoints, it should prove a valuable collection of *mémoires pour servir* (University of Chicago Press). The offering is less liberal in European history. "The Last Days of Papal Rome," by R. De Cesare, in its translation by Helen Zimmern (Houghton Mifflin), "The Birth of Modern Italy: Posthumous Papers of Jessie White Mario," edited by the Duke Visconti-Arese (Scribner)—"The Great French Revolution," by Prince Kropotkin and the final volume of M. Hanotaux's "Contemporary France" (the fourth), both issued through Putnam—"Historical Letters and Memoirs of Scottish Catholics, 1625-1793," by W. Forbes Leith, S. J. (Longmans)—the sixth volume ("The Eighteenth Century") of the Cambridge Modern History (Macmillan)—"A History of Germany, 1715-1815," by C. T. Atkinson (Philadelphia: Jacobs)—these are the most important contributions.

There is, however, bound to be more than quaintness to recommend "Big John Baldwin: Extracts From the Journal of an Officer of Cromwell's Army" (Holt). Wilson Vance is the editor. E. P. Dutton & Company are the publishers of the fourth and final volume of C. R. L. Fletcher's "Introductory History of England: From the Earliest Times to the Battle of Waterloo." We have, in reviewing these volumes, pointed to the strong interest of the narrative. Of a decided contemporary interest in these days is such a book as "The Armenian Awakening," by Leon Arpee: a record beginning with the "Dark Ages" of Armenian history, covering the period since the introduction of Christianity. The University of Chicago Press, the publisher of Mr. Arpee's book, issues a study of "The American Newspaper," by James Edward Rogers—but that is "another story." One mentions it out of course, as it were, by reason of the severity of its criticism. There are, too, the usual quantity of picture books and popular rephrasings of the old, old story—*ça va sans dire.* Where these are cleverly managed as is "Dutch New York," by Miss Esther Singleton (Dodd, Mead), we need not complain.

History of another kind is presented in Dr. Catharine Saunders's "Costume in Roman Comedy" (Columbia University Press). Prof. Harry Thurston Peck writes of this new monograph that it contains, in most convenient form, "a mass of evidence . . . nowhere else accessible." Other works of scholarship are represented in "The Study of Religion in the Italian Universities," by Louis Henry Jordan, in collaboration with Prof. Baldassare Labanca of the University of Rome (Henry Frowde). From the same publisher come also six substantial volumes dealing with "The Sikh Religion: Its Gurus, Sacred Writings and Authors," by Max Arthur Macauliffe. There should be much of novelty here, for the Sikhs are known to us rather as a great military people than for their religious thought. The author was formerly a member of the Indian judiciary. Henry Frowde issues, also, the third volume of Prof. J. E. Spingarn's collection of "Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century" (1685-1700). In beauty of page and of type, none of the Frowde publications stands higher than the new subscription edition of Homer's "Odyssey," printed in black and red on Kelmscott Press paper from the Greek types designed by Robert Proctor. The text is that of Dr. D. B. Munro, issued by the Oxford Press in 1901.

Travel books we have always with us, and this autumn's publications one may divide into two categories: those which tell of old-world treasures and new-world achievements, books like the "French Cathedrals," by the Pennells (Century), and the "New New York" of John C. van Dyke and Joseph Pennell (Macmillan), highly attractive, but dealing with familiar objects; and those which narrate explorations made and hardships overcome. Among travel books of the more conventional kind, none is more delightful in text and pictures than Mr. Ernest C. Peixotto's "Through the French Provinces" (Scribner). "The French provinces seem ever to unfold new riches," as the artist writes; and after all the half-tones and three-color processes, the soft effects attained in the illustrations here seem doubly beautiful. Yet other books than Mr. Peixotto's have undeniable attractiveness. "A Wanderer in Paris," by E. V. Lucas, is a case in point (Macmillan). Here is joined to many of the useful services of the guide, the charm which belongs to mellow style and regnant humor. "The Bretons at Home," by Frances M. Gostling, enables the reader who is an armchair "Wanderer in Paris" to enjoy a picturesque province scarcely less than the capital (Chicago: McClurg). From France

it is an easy journey into Italy, where Mr. Edward Hutton ("Rome," Macmillan; "Unknown Tuscany," Dutton), and Rodolfo Lanciani ("Wanderings in the Roman Campagna," Houghton Mifflin), and other ciceroncs wait for us, offering wide margins, clear letter-press, and colored pictures. Spain, too, has its illustrated books, and its "Romantic Legends," translated from Becquer (Crowell); and so also Palestine, and even England—with Mr. Howell's "Seven English Cities" (Harper) heading the list—but one must draw the line somewhere. That is our excuse for saying not a word of Mr. Schauffler's "Romantic Germany" (Century), of George Wharton Edwards's "Holland of To-day" (Moffat, Yard) or of Francis Miltoun's "Castles and Chateaux of Old Burgundy" (Page).

And so we fare to those books which describe the "Forbidden Land"—or lands. There is still a flood of them. "Trans-Himalaya" is the title which Sven Hedin gives to his record of discoveries and adventures in Tibet (Macmillan); "The Great Wall of China" is William Edward Geil's inspiration (Sturgis & Walton). But not Tibet, not Japan—though the Lippincotts issue a book about pilgrimages to its art centres, "In Japan," and the author is M. Gaston Migeon, of the Louvre Museum—can stay our modern appetite for Polar literature. Lieut. Shackleton's narrative, "An Antarctic Voyage" (Philadelphia: Lippincott), looms impressive here—thanks, in part, to the beauty of the illustrations. An ex-President's African excursion is the only plausible *raison d'être* for so many books of sport and of exploration on the Dark Continent: we say for so many, not for any individual book. There are, at any rate, too many of them to name, and the only footnote to these notes of the travel books that can be wedged in here must relate to the reprinted "Travels of Four Years and a Half in the United States of America, 1798-1802," by John Davis (Holt), since that is a really noteworthy narrative account of our young America, at a time when travel here was almost as much of an undertaking as it is to-day in Africa itself.

We have not ordinarily thought of Philadelphia as a publishing centre for books on art, but several of the art books issued through the J. B. Lippincott Co. deserve longer comment than we can here suggest. The account of "Manet and the French Impressionists," coming from Théodore Duret, is one of these; so is "Dutch Art in the Nineteenth Century," by G. H. Marius. These works are both translations from the French; one may add the title, at least, of M. L. Solon's "Ceramic Literature: Compiled, Classified, and Described." Sir William Armstrong is the author of a new low-priced—though illustrated—"Art in Great Britain and Ireland," and one anticipates pleasurably the collection of a group of essays by the American painter Birge Harrison under the title "The Art of Landscape Painting." These are Scribner books; so, too, is the magnificent "French Châteaux and Gardens in the XVIth Century," a series of reproductions of contemporary (unpublished) drawings by Du Cerceau, described by W. H. Ward. A number of books on the ceramic and industrial arts are issued by the Putnams and by the Frederick A. Stokes Co.; while coats-of-arms and armor seem to be the great attraction of the Dodge Publishing Co. In another art field there is a study of "American Primitive Music," by the late F. R. Burton (Moffat, Yard); a new book by H. T. Finck, "Success in Music, and How it is Won" (Scribner), and "A Child's Guide to Music," by Daniel Gregory Mason (Baker & Taylor).

It is, of course, in a survey like this, quite impossible even to cite by title the reprints—however attractive the titles, as in the case of the new Mosher books. Even so, the additions to such a series as the Medieval Library (Duffield) shall have a word. These are "The Call of Self-Knowledge," seven early English mystical treatises, edited by Edmund G. Gardner, and "Ancient Christmas Carols, 1400-1700," collected by Edith Rickert. We observe the issue by several publishers of contemporary plays—a tendency that cannot be too highly encouraged. We are glad to see Mr. Zangwill's "Melting Pot" and Mr. Moody's "Great Divide" (Macmillan) put out, and Mr. Mosher's reprinting of plays by W. B. Yeats, to say nothing of similar sentiments induced by reading the announcement of Stephen Phillips's "Dido" (Lane) and Louis V. Ledout's "Yzdra" (Putnam).

Apparently there is to be less fiction read this winter than for the last two or three years. So at least the publishers seem to think. Our list must, however, be even more exclusive than the publishers'; we can only name the titles of Mr. Wells's new story (Mr. Wells is now firmly established as the celebrant of "the lower middle class"), "Ann Veronica" (Harper); of Mr. Hewlett's brace of tales, "The Ruinous Face" (Harper) and "Open Country" (Scribner); of Kipling's "Actions and Reactions" (Doubleday, Page), and Mr. DeMorgan's "It Never Can Happen Again" (Holt). Even so, the "headliners" are not all accounted for. What of Hall Caine's "The White Prophet" (Appleton) and Harold MacGrath's "Goose Girl" (Bobbs-Merill), and Robert Hichens's "Bella Donna" (Lippincott)? It is enough that the new novels will be read; one need not discuss them at too great length; particularly, as some of them are not yet issued. And if, this year, they have been published only by the ton, not, as sometimes, by the carload, that is the novel reader's gain.

Literature.

THE ERROR OF ROMANCE.

The Romantic Movement in English Poetry. By Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

William Blake. By Basil de Selincourt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

It has been known for some time that Mr. Symons was preparing a comprehensive treatise on the English romantic poets, and his earlier, more confined treatises in this field led to the expectation of something rare and beautiful. We are obliged to say that the actual book, if judged only by a comparison with his own "Symbolist Movement in Literature" or his "Plays, Acting, and Music," is a failure. It is true that by a selective process you can find a good deal to praise in its pages. Here and there you are stopped by a metaphor that shows the author at once in the double capacity of poet and critic, as when he says of one of Blake's couplets: "It is no more than a nursery statement; there is not even an image in it; and yet it sings to the brain, it cuts into the very flesh of the mind, as if there was a great weight behind it. Is it that it is an arrow, and that it comes from so far, and with an impetus gathered from its speed out of the sky?" The power of Blake could hardly be better expressed. Again, there is a flash of wit that lets light into dark places, as when he styles Campbell "a sentimental egoist, the Sir Willoughby Patterne of poets," or as when he remarks, by the way, that "Browning offers us busy thinking about life for meditation." That last statement, from one who began his career with "An Introduction to the Study of Browning" and has remained a staunch Browningite, is as surprising as it is illuminating.

Still more penetrating in a way is his confrontation of three verses from Dante with Moore's paraphrase of them in the "Dream of Two Sisters":

> Giovane e bella in sogno mi parea,
> Donna vedere andar per una landa,
> Cogliendo fiori; e cantando dicea—
>
> Methought at that sweet hour
> A nymph came o'er the lea,
> Who, gath'ring many a flower,
> Thus said and sung to me.

Often, as one reads Moore's tripping lines, one is troubled by a sense that they are not poetry, yet cannot quite put one's finger on the defect. By such a juxtaposition as this with Dante, one can see the exact change in diction and rhythm and order by which a noble image is cheapened and made tawdry.

Nor would it be fair entirely to limit the merits of Mr. Symons's work to these scattered points. One or two of the longer sections are excellent critical essays, especially, in our judgment, the Wordsworth, where the reasoned romanticism of the poet, with its alternations of sinking prose and moral elevation, runs sufficiently counter to Mr. Symons's particular kind of romantic unreason to enable him, as it enabled Hazlitt long ago, to write at once with enthusiasm and discrimination.

Notwithstanding these many good points, the book, as a whole, leaves much to be desired. Though apparently exhaustive within its prescribed plan (Mr. Symons waives as unimportant all examination of sources and all comparison with foreign movements), including the names of such nonentities as Tannahill and Brydges, it omits poets essential to the subject, such as Gray,

Collins, the Wartons, Macpherson, and Percy. In dealing with a poet like Beattie, it can overlook his one great stanza—

When the scared owl on pinions gray—

which gives him a high place among the forerunners of romanticism. Despite the elaboration of the work there are signs also of hasty composition, as when one of the paragraphs under Wordsworth is virtually repeated from the introduction. In a word, the writing, while pretending to be systematic, is really haphazard.

But the fault lies deeper than these many oversights, which might suggest that the book had not undergone Mr. Symons's final revision. Here and there a criticism or comparison shows some fundamental error in his judgment. Thus, one may admire greatly the music and the magic of "Kubla Khan," but to use that dream-song as a touchstone for the great human passages of "Don Juan" and to set Byron accordingly below Coleridge, is to ignore the higher, severer offices of poetry for its mere power of mystical evocation. We come closer to the source of error when we turn to the discussion of Blake. "It is true," says Mr. Symons, "that Blake was abnormal; but what was abnormal in him was his sanity." Again: "When Blake said, 'If the fool would persist in his folly, he would become wise,' he expressed a profound truth." Again: "To define the poetry of Blake, one must find new definitions for poetry; but, these definitions once found, he will seem to be the only poet who is a poet in essence." As a consequence and application of these views, one is not surprised at the closing paragraph of the essay, which means nothing, unless it means that Blake is a truer poet than Shakespeare.

We have placed Mr. de Selincourt's "William Blake" beside Mr. Symons's more general treatise, because it points clearly to the false assumptions which lead the romantic critic straight into these gross absurdities. Mr. de Selincourt's work belongs to the Masters of Art series, and a good many of its latter pages are occupied with a discussion of Blake's individual paintings and engravings. But the larger and better part of the volume deals with the principles which underlie his practice of art. On the whole, we regard these general chapters as the soundest criticism yet published of Blake, and as a desirable corrective to the indiscreet panegyrics of Swinburne, Symons, Yeats, Ellis, and the others who have, to a greater or less degree, lost their commonsense in vaporous enthusiasm. To begin with, Mr. de Selincourt is not afraid to sweep away almost the whole mass of the Prophetic Books as rubbish, and until one is bold enough thus to run the gantlet of the enthusiasts, one cannot begin to criticise. He is not afraid also to say flatly that Blake was mad, and that his systematic symbolism, with its hugger-muggery of names, was a sign of this madness. Having thus cleared the way for reason and commonsense, he is ready to bestow the highest praise on the few poems in which the lyrical genius of the poet is unimpeded.

But our concern is not so much with these details of Mr. de Selincourt's criticism as with his remarks on the poetic function of the imagination, which throw a clear light on this whole confusion in regard to Blake's position. We must quote at some length:

> We early derive from our impressions (says Mr. de Selincourt) the unanalyzed conception of experience as an ordered system, and therefore we have only to assume one fact as true to see that the truth of it will involve determined consequences on this side and on that. The power to follow out these consequences, to elaborate a real scheme of coördinate experiences following from or leading up to the fact which we take as our hypothesis, is essentially the imaginative power. It is familiar to us in its application to artistic work; but that is, in reality, only one of the many spheres in which it operates, and the whole fabric of our social life, the entire possibility of further social development, depend on it. . . .
>
> Imagination is in this sense the power which would seem to stand behind our everyday processes of observation, ready to reinforce them. And its reinforcement has the effect, not of withdrawing us from the common objects which our senses perceive, but of introducing us to a far deeper, far more intimate communion with them. To see completely this chair, house, village, mountain, sunrise, is only possible for him who can raise his sensuous impression of them to an imaginative power. And the object is, in effect, thus raised by an action of the mind which provides for it such a context as the mere sense impression has not of itself the means of summoning up. There are as it were images which the mind must draw from its resources and add to the sensuous image actually before it. . . . Imagination is, in fact, the key to all complete experience.

Mr. de Selincourt means that the depth of the imagination is measured by the amount of experience it can focus about a given perception or idea, and he proceeds to show that Blake theoretically—and, by a violence to his nature, practically—treated the artistic imagination as a faculty of escape from experience, and of pure creation within the mind *ex nihilo*. "Imagination," said Blake, "has nothing to do with memory"; and Mr. de Selincourt properly adds: "He was, of course, mistaken; it has much to do with it." This denial of experience, this denial of the imagination as the power of following experience in its logical development, it need scarcely be said, is fundamental to Blake's whole philosophy. Experience, education, law, restraint, discipline, order, logic—these are all, with Blake, merely different phases of the same original sin by which man fell from innocence and the imaginative life; his philosophy of art was in every respect the exact opposite of Goethe's "In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister." Mr. de Selincourt does not follow out this thesis as minutely as might be desired, and in one point he falls himself, we think, into a common error. Blake he regards as a mystic, and attributes his failures to mysticism; "for the methods of art and mysticism are not philosophically reconcilable, and no violence of asseveration to the contrary can ever make them so." The error is in supposing that true mysticism is a denial of experience. A sounder study of the great organizing leaders of mysticism would show, on the contrary, that their philosophy was an attempt to expand, not to negate, experience, and that it often went hand in hand with a strong artistic impulse.

But this is by the way. Our main criticism of Mr. de Selincourt is that, having analyzed the imagination so ably and having shown how the grotesque failures of Blake are connected with his systematically false theory of its office, he stops half way and does not apply his analysis to the whole art of Blake. "The central word about Blake," he says, "can never be a word of depreciation. It can never cease to be true of him that he embodied and proclaimed at its purest the impulse of which all art is the issue. . . . He is great among the greatest, because, although the secret is often obscured and buried in his art, he yet knew how to keep himself, as a man, in living touch with it, so that to the end of his life, in spite of the prejudice and arrogance of his egotism, and in the very hour of death itself, *he was a child*." In other words, he stands among the greatest just by reason of that denial of experience which elsewhere Mr. de Selincourt represents as the fundamental cause of his failures. We are quite ready to admit that the central word about Blake can never be a word of depreciation, and if we were writing about Blake immediately, instead of his critics, we should ourselves adopt a different emphasis. We can feel to the quick the exquisite beauty of Blake's best lyrics; they are indeed songs of innocence; but that childlikeness, while the very essence of their peculiar beauty, is the cause also why no sane criticism can place them in the same class with the work of the great poets of experience. We touch here on the question eternally at issue between the classic and the romantic temperament, and in this respect Blake is a kind of touchstone for the sanity of the critic. Mr. Symons accepts the issue and says virtually that Blake is a greater poet than Shakespeare. The impressionism, the haphazard quality of his

writing in this latest book, its lack of coherence and of experience, are in accord with such a critical dictum. Mr. de Selincourt is inconsistent, but by his very inconsistency evokes questions that go to the heart of romanticism.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Old Wives' Tale. By Arnold Bennett. New York: G. H. Doran Co.

Some years ago we noted in these columns an odd story called "Hugo," a whimsical fantasia upon a modern theme. Later we reviewed "The Statue," written by Mr. Bennett in collaboration with Eden Phillpotts. That book puzzled us much; we expressed wonder that Mr. Phillpotts should have had anything to do with such a story. "As soon expect a Hardy to collaborate with a Haggard," we cried, "or a James with a Conan Doyle." "The Statue" was, in fact, trash. It now appears that "The Statue" must have been as much an experiment for Mr. Bennett as for Mr. Phillpotts. "The Old Wives' Tale" evidently expresses his real self.

It is a work of singular sincerity and force. The title seems to be mildly deprecatory of the quality of the tale, which has no necessary beginning or end, no plot, no romantic substance, no spectacular accessories. Its characters have no very striking charm or significance, and there are in effect but three of them, the wife and daughters of a "general draper" in a small town of Staffordshire. Mr. Bennett is a "realist," as we used to say a few years ago, of the highest order. Reservation is as much a stranger to him as sentimentality. He is as leisurely and minute as De Morgan, but he is perfectly consecutive. He never steps out of the narrative to have his chat with the reader: he is too intent upon adding one bit of information to another. The chronicle begins in the age of horse-cars and crinoline, and ends in our own day of motor cars and mushroom hats. A little square in the town of Bursley affords the chief scene, with the shop of Baines the draper in the foreground. The daughters of this man of substance we first see as girls just emerging into womanhood. The elder, Constance—plump, placid, and simple-minded—is predestined to stay at home, to marry the industrious apprentice, and to conserve the traditions of the house of Baines. The younger is a girl of more mettle, beauty, and (from any other than the Baines point of view) promise. In a well regulated romantic novel she would proceed through a delightful series of drawing-room adventures to wedlock with a baronet. Not so the actual Sophia Baineses of life. This one runs away with a pretty drummer, spends a few years of disillusion with him, and is abandoned as an incumbrance. Most of her remaining days, of which there are many, she spends in exile, the mistress of a *pension* in Paris. Does this sound like a dingy story? It is not. With all its length, it would be hard to say where there is a repetition or a superfluity. The story-teller gets his effect by means of a steady accretion of meaning detail, displayed in the light of a humor which is both bland and searching. When he has ceased to speak, there remains nothing for us to learn about these people, body, mind, or soul. For the rest, it is enough to say that there is nothing about them which we are not grateful for knowing.

Mr. Justice Raffles. By E. W. Hornung. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The career of the best-known and best-liked of gentleman-burglars leads steadily upward. In this, the fourth volume devoted to the progress of A. J. Raffles, we catch him in an atmosphere of almost saccharine goodness. Here and there Mr. Hornung makes his hero drop into a bit of mild blasphemy. Now and then faithful Bunny gets snarled at in the old, wild way. But it is clear that Raffles has gotten out of hand, so far as his creator is concerned, and refuses to stay down with Satan. If Mr. Hornung shall ever find it necessary to write a fifth volume, it will be to relate how Raffles robbed the Bank of England to endow an orphan asylum and a free public bath. We are not far from that in the present history of how Raffles engaged in an epic struggle with Daniel Levy, the king of money-lenders, for the possession of the body, soul, and happiness of a young Apollo of a cricket player whom Raffles loved, and of Apollo's father and sweetheart. It is a novel, the first one, we believe, in the Raffles series, but a novel of fairly loose episode in which, after the true epic fashion, the hero and the usurer come in for alternating falls, until righteousness wins out in the end.

If the action drags slightly over occasional half-pages, there is full compensation towards the end in a slashing succession of half a dozen chapters that are positively breathless with midnight burglary, kidnapping, hand-to-hand fighting, and alarum and escape. When Mr. Hornung falls into full swing he gets perceptibly away from the pretty graces of style with which he enmeshes Raffles in his quieter moments. The high merits of the style we would not deny. It is a good deal of a feat to handle a dime-novel situation with something of the Meredithian touch. "And the consummate casuist went on working a congenial vein until a less miserable sinner might have been persuaded that he had done nothing really dishonorable," says Mr. Hornung of Raffles; and A. J. himself says: "There's only one crib that we could crack in decency for this money; and our Mr. Shylock's is not the sort of city that Cæsar himself would have taken *ex itinere*. It's a case for the *testudo* and all the rest of it."

Happy Hawkins. By Robert Alexander Wason. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

The publishers' advertisement does what it can to prejudice the reader against this book by calling it "a gripping story of the West." One opens it therefore, expecting the usual ranch and cowboy novel. Abundant, in truth, are ranch and cowboy, guns, gambling-dens—but they all stand for something better and larger than "effects." Happy Hawkins tells his own story in undiluted Western language. His story is so good and he tells it with such a fine capacity for knowing how to do it, that every page does, indeed, hold the interest in a grip that is at first surprise, then admiration, and at last positive affection. The most dialect-weary reader must own that here the dialect is an indispensable charm; and those who stop the ears when American humor is mentioned need have no fear—for here is the thing in its best estate. Melodrama there is, but far more of daily human nature. In an occasional flaming color there is revealed less of theatrical than of the eternal boyish. The question is: Has any novel of the West as good as this been written since "The Virginian"?

The Golden Season. By Myra Kelly. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The intention here seems to be the genial satirizing of conditions in a normal co-educational college in New York city, and the Boswellized Johnson is a certain Elizabeth. In effect, the satire is caricature, and the geniality is of a hard kind nurtured by fibs and by joy in the confounding of others—the fibs and the joy of Elizabeth. Upon a chapter like that of the mothers learning to play kindergarten games, caricature sits easily and extracts a smile without any great pain. But the humorousness of lying is no greater in college affairs than in financial ones. A whole volume of commercial trickery is gloomy, and so is this one as a whole, amusing in sundry spots though it be.

The Master Builders. By James Edmund Dunning. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The hero of the story is a ship, and hails from Maine, beginning life as a cruiser. When there arise domestic strikes and diplomatic intrigues with a foreign Power, the ship becomes a "mystery ship," and is revealed as "a new type of battleship on lines intended to conceal her character"—"a battleship or two" in disguise. That, in spite of stratagems and treasons, it ploughs its

way to victory was only to have been expected.

The sub-heroes of the action are the rough, masterful man who designed the ship, and the half-brother who idly looked on until the woman, his wife, goaded him to energy and to prodigal-son-like heroism. The wife herself is the most puissant agent of the three. A blonde female spy gleams balefully, but not fatally, from the footlights; a capitalist works his wily way through treason to defeat; Maine natives lend a jocose and fervent hand to the plot. Any one thirsting for machinery and machination may here gulp freely.

RAILWAYS AND BUSINESS.

Railroad Freight Rates in Relation to the Industry and Commerce of the United States. By Logan G. McPherson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.25 net.

Notwithstanding the amount of discussion that has centred in the railway question during the last decade, we know surprisingly little in a concrete, definite way of the traffic service. An admirable statistical picture of our railway system has, within certain limits, been developed by the statistician of the Interstate Commerce Commission, but on the traffic side, he has not yet succeeded in getting anything more than aggregates and averages. No comprehensive commodity statistics have been gathered. One's knowledge of what our railway system is actually doing in the handling of specific kinds of traffic must be gleaned from an occasional article by an expert, from a report of a railway board of directors to its stockholders, or from a perusal of decisions of the commission or the courts in railway traffic cases. Mr. McPherson has, by a first hand investigation of traffic throughout the United States, been able to present a clear picture of the relation of rates to traffic, and the bases, method of construction, and present character of our complicated and delicate rate structures. While his study is condensed, and in some respects incomplete, as must necessarily be the case in a book of reasonable proportions, he has added much to our knowledge of the subject by simplifying for the layman, with great success, a very complex system of rate adjustments. His vigorous style has added to the attractiveness of his treatment.

That he sets out, however, with the mission of teaching the American people the beneficence of present-day railway management seems tolerably clear after the first few chapters. This beneficent service is most clearly seen in the relatively small part which the railway rate plays in the price of the product, and once this is understood by the consumer, all discontent should speedily disappear. Why, for example, should the St. Louis housewife have any complaint, if, when she buys a dozen clothespins, she has paid the railway five ten-thousandths of a cent? As a matter of fact, complaint against high rates is not common, but if it were, this method of answering would hardly be conclusive.

To his surprise, the author finds that shippers of the leading commercial cities and sections are, almost without exception, living in a state of happy contentment. In the few instances, where complaints are still made, they ought to cease either because the railway rate plays so small a part in price, or else because a change in the rate would disturb the delicately and laboriously adjusted rate structure. Quite naturally, the greatest number of complaints is found in the new West, not as the author asserts, because "activity in general is still at the boiling stage," but because the railways have failed to apply to the making of rates in these sections the same principles of equity that are present, for example, in the rates in trunk line territory, where they closely approach the distance basis. He repeats the common statement that coastwise vessels on the Atlantic keep down the rail rates to Southern points. As a matter of fact, there is much evidence leading to the conclusion that agreements exist between rail and water carriers which have kept up these coastwise rates. The most interesting tendency in the present traffic situation is that which is leading toward a greater decentralization of distribution—an increase in the number of interior distributing centres—a tendency which is sure to make for a more uniform and equitable industrial development.

From the existing state of traffic, the author turns to a consideration of rate problems and rate control. Into the history of these questions as they discuss fast-freight lines, pooling, differentials, the basing-point, and the like, we need not follow him, for he is travelling a familiar road; but some points in his treatment of the Interstate Commerce Commission are worthy of consideration. The weaknesses of the commission under the old law and its rough handling by the courts, he exploits in the manner grown familiar from the discussion of the last few years. He asserts that the commission did nothing in fifteen years to stop rebates, and that it was left for Mr. Cassatt to devise his "community of interest" plan, and for the railways to secure the passage of the Elkins Act, before rebating could be done away with. While not overlooking the point altogether, he fails to make clear the difficulties involved under the old law in handling the rebate evil, particularly the decision of the court that departure from a published rate was not illegal, unless it could be shown that some shipper had paid the published rate. The abolition of discriminations and rebates, which he considers an accomplished fact, has had a most beneficial effect in stimulating shippers to a greater watchfulness of their interests, and this finds its response in more prompt and satisfactory service on the part of the railways.

An examination of the docket of the commission since the passage of the amended act leads to the conclusion that the complaints are relatively of small number and of minor significance. It is plain, therefore, says the author, that serious complaints against the railways do not exist, otherwise they would have come to light in these sixteen months since the commission received its enlarged powers—a somewhat hasty conclusion.

With the accounting features of the Hepburn act, he shows little familiarity. An "approximately complete" accounting system was not adopted by the commission on July 1, 1907, but at the present time, two years later, is just nearing completion. That portion of the accounting section which forbids railways to keep any memoranda whatever without the approval of the commission is not working, nor is it likely to work, to the injury of the roads. The commission is not alone interested in revenue and disbursement accounting, but is alive to the importance of statistics as an aid to good administration. This is clear to any one who gives the commission's statistical reports even a cursory examination. The only object which the statute had in mind was to give the commission cognizance in the interest of adequate control of all records kept by the railways, and in this sense has the commission interpreted its powers.

The value of the commission, in Mr. McPherson's view, lies mainly in its ability to disabuse a complainant of the idea that he has a real grievance, and to help out a railway when a decision either way would result in making it unpopular. Further than this, its worth apparently consists in the fact that by reason of its mere existence, a diminution of injustice on the part of railways is likely to result. The author, after a chapter on the achievements of the railways, asks, in conclusion, for a period of calm following the legislative revolution, during which railways and shippers may have the opportunity to adjust themselves to the new conditions—a request which no one will refuse if it involves no backward step.

Our Naval War with France. By Gardner W. Allen. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

The lack of a careful study of the causes and incidents of this period has long been felt by those interested in our naval history. They will consequently extend to Dr. Allen's little volume

the welcome merited by so excellent a work, with a confidence inspired by his previous account of "Our Navy and the Barbary Corsairs." The hostilities with France, so soon after the alliance which afforded Washington the local superiority afloat he rightly held to be indispensable to the success of our struggle for independence, have been dwarfed by the more vital and dramatic occurrences preceding and following them. Thus their influence on the growth of our navy and the development of our foreign relations has been too often overlooked.

The navy of the Revolution had wholly disappeared; its ships were disposed of; its officers and men discharged. Strictly speaking, the new navy, the navy of to-day, had its birth in the necessity of protecting our commerce against the depredations of the Algerine pirates; but, to the mercantile community, a naval force seemed no less requisite on account of the arbitrary seizure of its shipping by the belligerents in the wars attendant on the creation of the French Republic. While the original bill authorizing the construction of six frigates of forty-four guns each and two of thirty-six guns each, dated March 27, 1794, stipulated that work upon them should cease in case of peace being concluded with Algiers (a condition fulfilled the next year), a supplementary Act of April 20, 1796, permitted the completion of three of these vessels. The activity of French cruisers and privateers is thus directly responsible for the inception of our present naval establishment.

Apparently, the neutral in those days had no rights which the belligerents were bound to respect. He was indeed a lamb among wolves. What the American merchant and mariner had to undergo is thus officially reported in February, 1797, by Timothy Pickering, our Secretary of State:

(1) Spoliations and maltreatment of their vessels at sea by French ships of war and privateers; (2) a distressing and long-continued embargo laid upon their vessels at Bordeaux in the years 1793 and 1794; (3) the non-payment of bills and other evidences of debt, drawn by the colonial administrations in the West Indies; (4) the seizure or forced sales of the cargoes of their vessels and the appropriating of them to public use without paying for them, or paying inadequately, or delaying payment for a great length of time; (5) the non-performance of contracts made by the agents of the government for supplies; (6) the condemnation of their vessels and cargoes under such of the marine ordinances of France as are incompatible with the treaties subsisting between the two countries; and (7) the captures sanctioned by a decree of the National Convention of the 9th of May, 1793, . . . in violation of the treaty of amity and commerce.

The decree of March 2, 1797, provided, for example, that an enemy's goods in a neutral ship should be seized, but the ship herself released; that Americans serving in an enemy's ship should be treated as pirates, and that an American ship, not having its "crew-list" on the approved French form, should be lawful prize. This was surely a pleasing prospect to an American sailor impressed into the British navy! Other decrees issued by local agents of the French government in the West Indies declared American ships lawful prize if bound either to or from British ports. Such measures naturally brought upon our unprotected commerce all the horrors of a mercenary warfare. We are not surprised to learn that the captain of the Cincinnatus was tortured with thumb-screws to induce him to declare his cargo British, nor that, upon his refusal, he was robbed of much of his private property and his store of provisions. Such cases of spoliation were to be counted by the hundreds. An imperfect list in Volume VI of American State Papers gives four hundred and forty-four instances. While the actual loss was great, the humiliation was intolerable. The worm turned at last.

In the spring of 1797, Congress provided additional armament for the protection of American trade; authorized the capture of French armed vessels; suspended intercourse with France, and on July 7 abrogated our treaties with that country. War was never declared, but during the next three years French armed vessels were engaged, American vessels recaptured, French vessels and property taken, and reprisals of all descriptions effected.

At the re-birth of the American navy we were fortunate in possessing in Joshua Humphreys of Philadelphia an able and far-sighted ship designer, whose influence is felt even to-day. To him is due the policy of building craft distinctly more powerful than those of the same class with which they might possibly have to contend. His views were accepted by the Secretary of War, Gen. Knox, then responsible for naval affairs, since it was not until April, 1798, that a separate Navy Department was formed, and placed in the charge of the capable, broad-minded first Secretary of the Navy, Benjamin Stoddert. Had Stoddert's wise and statesman-like recommendations for acquiring a respectable navy been adopted by Congress, the humiliation and bloodshed of the next score of years would doubtless have been largely avoided.

Dr. Allen adds little to our existing general knowledge of the misunderstandings and irritations arising out of our treaty obligations to France, but the details are given more fully and the operations of private armed vessels (quite ignored in the average naval history) are here accorded their proper place and importance. The principal theatre of this quasi war was the West Indies, although spoliations and reprisals occurred in every part of the navigable oceans, from the Straits of Sunda to the British Channel.

It was in Caribbean waters that the new navy won its earliest laurels, when the lucky Truxtun in the frigate Constellation captured the Insurgente and successfully engaged the Vengeance, of greater force, which he would also have brought into port had his spars not been so crippled in the action that his quarry escaped. The brunt of this warfare in the West Indies fell upon French armed merchantmen, which were almost indistinguishable in their acts from pirates, and which, as a rule, abundantly deserved the fate that befell them. Indeed, in this part of the world, and for a long time afterwards, our navy was kept busy in suppressing the buccaneers who preyed on shipping under all flags indifferently. The dependence of our merchant marine upon the navy is shown in Dr. Allen's statement that, during this period, our exports were above two hundred millions, the revenue from our imports above twenty-two millions, and the navy's cost less than three millions of dollars. Unquestionably, a large proportion of this profitable trade would have been lost by spoliation had it not been for naval protection.

Dr. Allen's account of this curious chapter in our history is brief and to the point. It abounds in references to authority; it contains a full bibliography and a careful index; its frequent quotations from the newspapers of that day give it a lively air of actuality; it is well written and well printed. Having erased "The Hostilities with France" from his list of unfinished topics in our naval history, we may indulge the hope that our part in suppressing piracy and the African slave trade will next engage the attention of this painstaking and accurate author.

American Exploration Society: Gournia, Vasiliki and other prehistoric sites on the Isthmus of Hierapetra, Crete. Excavations of the Wells-Houston-Cramp Expeditions, 1901, 1903, 1904. By Harriet Boyd Hawes, Blanche E. Williams, Richard B. Seager, and Edith H. Hall. Large folio. Preface; 60 pp. text, with 44 illustrations; two plans of Gournia, and xii monochrome, and xi color plates. Published by the American Exploration Society, Free Museum of Science and Art, Philadelphia.

This sumptuous volume is a monument of self-denying, scholarly work, and should be included in all reference libraries. The introductory chapters will be especially welcome to the general reader as a résumé of some of the perplexing questions relating to prehistoric Crete and the mainland. In the

"Outline of Minoan Civilization" reasons are urged for the use of the complicated, doubly tripartite "Minoan" subdivisions. Mrs. Hawes gives conjectural dates slightly different from those of A. J. Evans, placing the second period of "Early Minoan" at ca. 2500 instead of 3000 B. C.; the third period of "Middle Minoan" as closing with ca. 1700, instead of 1800 B. C.; and the three periods of "Lato Minoan" as 1700-1500, 1500-1450, and 1450-1200 B. C., respectively, whereas Mr. Evans extends this period to 1100 B. C. Mrs. Hawes treats as "sub-" or "post-Minoan" the period from 1250-1100 B. C. including the transitional, or Homeric Age. The excavations at Gournia point to the date ca. 1700-1500 B. C. or "Late Minoan, first period." Minoan civilization reached its second and greatest climax at about this date (namely 1700-1450). The full splendor of the bronze age is to be associated with a King Minos at this time when the influence, emanating from Knossos, was paramount in the Ægean and along the Greek littoral.

Under the second heading, "Minoans and Mycenæans," the "Mycenæan" civilization is briefly discussed. The steps leading up to "Mycenæan" civilization, the author asserts, have never been discovered in "Mycenæan" countries. The famous Vaphio cups, for example, are probably to be assigned to Cretan influence of this second climacteric of Minoan art. But Mycenæan architecture, as the writer admits, is not so obviously derived from Crete. The "Pelasgians" of the mainland, kindred to the native stock of Crete, were great builders and developed the beehive tombs first on the mainland. Successive bands of Achæans from the north gradually fused with the Pelasgians and introduced their "Aryan" (i. e., Indo-European) institutions, energy, and their all-conquering Greek language. The mainland palaces bear the stamp of greater simplicity than the more "oriental" Cretan, and "possibly of a stronger instinct for proporton, order, and symmetry—an instinct which may be an Achæan contribution." But "Mycenæan" art had its source in Crete, some of it imported by Phœnicians, some of it made on the spot in Greece after Cretan models. A hieroglyphic system of letters, evolved from pictograms, was developed, before the close (1700 B. C.) of the "Middle Minoan" age, into a linear script. The practical Phœnicians, appropriating a short series of signs from Oriental, Egyptian, and Cretan sources for use in their trade, became known as the "inventors of the alphabet" for the Western world.

The next section, "Homeric Problems in the Light of Cretan Discoveries," contains interesting re-statements of some of the old problems, and is more likely to elicit controversy. The conclusion drawn by Mrs. Hawes is that the "Homeric poems are a literary composite of the two (Pelasgic and Achæan) races, as the Homeric Age is a composite of their cultures." By the time of the Trojan wars the whole population of Greece was Achæanized, although in some districts, such as Attica and Arcadia, less thoroughly than in others. Incidentally this falls in with the ancient claim to autochthony of the dwellers in Attica. The author suggests that the martial lays, the nucleus of the Homeric poems, may have been a possession of the Achæans before they mingled with the native stock in Greece, while the "coastal records" (περίπλοι, *not* proparoxytone), furnishing material for the "Return of Odysseus," belonged to the older races of the Ægean long before the earliest known Phœnician period.

The text accompanying the beautiful and carefully drawn plates elucidates for the benefit of specialists the numerous objects and pottery discovered at the sites excavated. Those from Vasiliki belong to a much earlier period than those from Gournia, being assigned to "Early Minoan, second period," about 2500 B. C., or contemporary with Dr. Dörpfeld's second or burnt prehistoric city at Hissarlik.

Ireland under English Rule; or, a Plea for the Plaintiff. By Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., LL.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

Although announced as a second edition, these two volumes really form an almost entirely new work. The second volume, especially, which brings the historical narrative down to the present time, covering the period during which the Irish people have been strictly under English rule, is wholly based upon fresh material. Dr. Emmet has written an eloquent and scholarly plea in favor of Ireland. He never allows his indignation to get the better of his critical judgment, and his indictment is drawn with an evidently sincere effort at fairness and impartiality. He is not tender to the failings of the Irish, and admits candidly enough that some of their racial defects are largely responsible for their misfortunes. But he also insists that, even down to the present day, Ireland has been badly known and badly judged.

He refutes an opinion generally accepted until quite recently that the Irish before the Elizabethan conquest were an indolent people, governed by barbarous laws, and hopelessly superstitious. We are beginning to learn that, from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, Ireland was a country enriched by commerce, which kept up active economic relations with the Continent, produced literary men, scholars, and artists, and made for itself a place in the history of civilization. The ordinary principles of political economy will not enable us to understand its fall after the Tudor conquest. The brutalities, errors, lack of tact in even well-meaning Britons, sufficiently account for the misery of the distressful island during the last three centuries. The palliative measures of the last half of the nineteenth century always came too late, were granted grudgingly, and, admittedly, as concessions to threats and violence. An English statesman has said that Ireland should forget, and England remember. But oppressed nations have long memories, and the hostility generated by ages of cruel tyranny cannot be appeased in a day. It is to be hoped, however, that the transfer of the land to the people and the other remedial acts passed during the last couple of years will in time mitigate the bitterness of the antagonism between the two nations. After all, the Irish do not hate the English as ferociously as the English and Scotch hated each other during the eighteenth century, and some time in the near future we may find the two peoples living harmoniously together and working out their common salvation in a great federal union.

Of decided interest, especially at the present moment, is a casual allusion to Robert Fulton in the Diary of Thomas Addis Emmet, the grandfather of the author, printed at the end of the second volume. Emmet resided in Paris, from May, 1803, to March, 1804, as the agent of the Irish revolutionists, vainly trying to persuade Napoleon to send an expedition to Ireland. One of the entries is the following:

> Saw Robert Fulton, who promised if the affair should become so serious as to leave him room to work, he would go over and commence his plan of operations with his torpedoes.

The work contains an exhaustive index, and these two substantial and instructive volumes can be recommended as a reference-book to those interested in present-day Irish events.

Post-Augustan Poetry from Seneca to Juvenal. By H. E. Butler. New York: Henry Frowde.

The title of Mr. Butler's book arouses great expectations. The lamented death of Sellar cut short that scholar's plan of treating the Latin poets in a series of essays; the last was on Ovid, and that only partly done. Mr. Mackail wrote the book on Latin literature that had been intended by his master Sellar; brief as it is, it forms with Sellar's works the best introduction to Latin verse and prose that exists in English. We wish that Mr. Mackail had continued Sellar's larger undertaking as well. Information sufficient is given in manuals like Cruttwell's, but the style

of this writer is unpleasantly diffuse. Simcox is always good reading, but is so copious in epigram that dull subjects under his treatment have the value of great ones; we query whether we are getting the Latin poets, or all the clever things that Simcox can say about them. Nisard's immature work, "Etudes sur les poètes latins de la décadence," which even after the alterations of his second edition he considered youthful, is excellent reading, and has not unnaturally served as the basis for various later estimates; but as Nisard admitted, its judgments are unduly severe. In fine, we are ready for a new treatment of the Post-Augustans in the manner of Sellar.

Mr. Butler's book follows Sellar's chronologically, except that he omits Manilius and Phædrus. He has worked at his task conscientiously. He almost says that he read through the seventeen books of Silius Italicus, and he even devotes a section to "Lost Minor Poets." He gives clear and readable accounts of the poets' lives. For much of his information he draws inevitably on "those great works of reference, Schanz and Teuffel," and with a few exceptions only—notably in his account of the "Panegyricus" on Calpurnius Piso—he is abreast of recent studies. He has also the laudable intent of remedying the neglect and malediction which certain of the later poets have met; he means "to detach and illustrate their excellencies without in any way passing over their defects." This is a proper starting-point for criticism, and Mr. Butler shows good taste in discriminating evil and good. The illustrative examples are well selected; not a few of them have never appeared before in treatises on Latin poetry. As the text is accompanied by translation, they will give the English reader who knows Mackail further insight into most of the poets discussed. Finally, Mr. Butler has the benefit of Mr. Gilbert Murray's criticism; the latter read through the book in manuscript.

But somehow Mr. Butler's work lacks the flavor of the essay—the all-essential quality in an undertaking of this scope. The different parts of his sketches are not well fused; they remain subdivisions, as they rarely are in Simcox and Nisard. He gives us no literary criticism in the large. Isolated observations occur that strike the reader's attention, such as the remark that stoicism "prescribed the brotherhood of man and took away half the value of sympathy." But there is no enlightening discussion of the larger literary problems; he does not grasp the significance of Calpurnius's pastoral, or detect the most significant difference between the satire of Juvenal and of Horace, or throw light on a matter that cries for interpretation—the plot of Lucan's epic. The chapter on Valerius Flaccus is one of the best in the book, perhaps because the subject lends itself to Mr. Butler's methods; but on the authors who deserve the most—Juvenal, Martial, Lucan—he is least satisfactory. Nor has he the gift of the phrase; "straining for effect," "slavish imitation," "meretricious display"—these catchwords have become as tiresome as the faults to which they are applied.

In justification of the unfavorable part of our criticism, we may add a quotation, which suffers from ill-digested metaphor, and from a failing still more serious:

> He [Valerius Flaccus] is obscure, he is full of echoes, he staggers beneath a burden of useless learning, he overcrowds his canvas and strives in vain to put the breath of life into bones long dry; in addition, his epic suffers from the lack of the reviser's hand. And yet, in spite of all, his characters are sometimes more than lay-figures, and his scenes more than stage-painting. He has the divine fire, and it does not always burn dim. Others have greater cunning of hand, greater force of intellect, and have won a higher place in the hierarchy of poets. He—though like them, he lacks the "fine madness that truly should possess a poet's brain"—yet gives much that they cannot give, and sees much that they cannot see.

This is mock discrimination, suggesting the false antithesis of the rhetorics. What is the mysterious something that Valerius, but not his superiors, can give? And how differs the "divine fire," which he has, from the "fine madness," which he has not?

Not all of the book is as bad as this; pages of interesting description and helpful comment might be cited. But it contains nothing new for the scholar, and will not, we fear, gain the wide popularity deservedly won by Sellar and Mackail.

Biblical Criticism and Modern Thought: or, The Place of the Old Testament Documents in the Life of To-day. By W. G. Jordan, Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis in Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

Professor Jordan in this book emphasizes the fact that criticism was never a mere conceit of perverse and unbelieving minds, but was made necessary to lovers of the Book by the advance of knowledge which furnished both materials for work and problems for solution. Criticism has not made an attack upon religion, but rather upon the dogmatic views which limited the religious life as it sought to expand under the vital impulses of the nineteenth century. Religion, the author believes, is deeper than formal creed or church machinery, and the Bible which literary and historical criticism has found and seeks to interpret, is vastly more capable of ministering to man's religious needs than was the Bible of proof-texts and verbal inspiration.

Professor Jordan justly resents the attempt to bring literary criticism into disrepute by over-emphasizing divergences in the results of archæological discovery. There is no considerable opposition in the results obtained in these different fields, and it is noticeable that those who attempt to set up such an opposition are unskilled in the use of their materials. Professors Sayce and Hommel receive some well-deserved censure for their too-ready compliance with popular orthodox demand, and the author has not scorn enough to pour out upon that dabbler in all things critical and archæological, Professor Orr, whose "Problem of the Old Testament" would have confused all Biblical problems tenfold, had students of the Bible taken him seriously. Just as timely and earnest also is the protest our author makes against relegating Hebrew history to a subordinate division of Assyriology. New light bearing on the literary and political development of the Hebrews has come in great abundance from the Tigris-Euphrates valley, but, after all, the Hebrew people have made a specific and peculiar contribution to the life of the world, which can only be understood and interpreted from their own literary documents. Whatever materials they received from older civilizations—and the debt is great—they stamped with their individual genius. Perhaps the best chapters in the book are those devoted to "Struggles and Survivals" and "Historical Development." Here the author finds more freedom in discussion and makes a fine apologetic for the evolutionary view of religion.

The least satisfactory part of the book is that dealing with "The Message of the Prophets," partly, to be sure, because here we expect the most. The chapter lacks the glow and fire which must characterize any effectual presentation of the work of these great men. Yet as an aid to a better understanding of critical methods and results, this book has genuine value, and it will doubtless prove an incentive to more thorough preparation in Biblical studies on the part of preachers, to whom it is mainly addressed. Perhaps it was, in the present state of thought on the subject, quite to be expected that there should be repetition and a good deal of special pleading.

Rasplata (The Reckoning). By Commander Wladimir Semenoff. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

The latest contribution to the history of the Russo-Japanese war is by an officer in the Russian navy whose personal experiences are now set before us in an excellent translation. It is unfortunate that among the very first books on the

recent war laid before the English-speaking public, at least two should have been imaginative compilations pretending to a first-hand knowledge of their subject. As a result, suspicion attaches to every subsequent account of the war in the Far East claiming to emanate from a Russian eye-witness. We are not quite sure that the diary upon which Commander Semenoff bases his picturesque story of the Port Arthur fleet and the voyage of Admiral Rozhestvensky ever existed. We are not even sure that there is such a person as Commander Semenoff of the Russian navy. Internal evidence points both ways. The high literary excellence of the book argues a hand more trained to the pen than to the sword. The very precision of detail suggests an observer making his notes in the calm of a well-stocked library rather than on the unquiet fighting-deck. On the other hand, it is hard to conceive a mere compiler's catching the vivid touch of reality, the color, and the swing that mark the present narrative.

Whatever may be the case, we have in the bulky volume before us an exceptionally readable account of Russia's naval campaigns, written from the anti-governmental standpoint, with much grasp and authority and without excessive prejudice. The main facts are not new. It is the oft-repeated story of official lethargy, incompetence, and timidity which brought ruin on Russia's Port Arthur squadron, and then sent out the Baltic fleet to meet a similar and even surer end. In the diary of Eugene Politovsky, chief engineer on Rozhestvensky's flagship, we have already had a vivid account of the ill-fated voyage from Libau to Tsu-shima (see the *Nation* for May 2, 1907, p. 415). Commander Semenoff fills in the earlier story with much interesting detail, but adds little that the general reader would consider essential. His treatment of the naval campaign about Port Arthur covers fresher ground. The diary method is exceedingly effective here, without the appearance of any straining for effect. Minutiæ of naval technique are skilfully blended with much real fighting, a great amount of psychological data, and a good bit of denunciation.

The one figure that stands out in pleasant relief is that of Admiral Makaroff. What would have happened if Makaroff had not perished a few short weeks after he assumed command of the Port Arthur fleet, constitutes the one great "if" in which many Russians, our author among them, find some measure of consolation. Japanese luck from the very beginning of the war only meant Russian stupidity and neglectfulness. Had Makaroff lived, it is Commander Semenoff's profound conviction that luck would have speedily begun to distribute her favors more equally between the combatants.

Notes.

"The Motor Routes of England" is the subject of a new book by Gordon Horne, published with maps, plans, and illustrations, by the Macmillan Co.

"The Earthly Footprints of Jesus," sermons on sacred sites and scenes, by the Rev. H. D. S. Sweetapple, is promised for publication by Thomas Whittaker.

"Going Down from Jerusalem" is the title under which Norman Duncan's account of travels in the Holy Land is to appear, with the imprint of Harper & Bros.

On October 16 Houghton Mifflin Co. publishes a novel whose scene is twelfth century troubadour-land: "The Severed Mantle," by William Lindsey.

On March 11 of this year, we reviewed "The Gilds and Companies of London," by George Unwin, from a copy sent to us by the London publisher. The book is now on the regular imported list of Chas. Scribner's Sons.

"Pickwick" is to have yet another embodiment, Chapman & Hall (London) announcing its issue in two volumes, with all the original illustrations, besides 250 new ones. The additional pictures represent the places and characters from whom Dickens drew his imaginative sketches; and are gathered together from the collections of Mr. C. Van Norden and others. The notes and other matter of the "Victorian Edition" (edited by C. P. Johnson) are to be included.

Prof. Albert Schinz, writing in the *Monist* (October), offers a comprehensive treatment of "Jean Jacques Rousseau as a Forerunner of Pragmatism," and, specifically, of William James. In dealing with Rousseau's position with reference to the most contemporary of philosophies, Professor Schinz defines pragmatism as "a philosophy that judges of the value of theories and ideas from their consequences—*i. e.*, from the practical results which they yield to the thinker when he proceeds to apply them to reality." His comparative study of Rousseau and Professor James extends even to the length of developing a parallelism in their philosophical evolution.

The note of cosmopolitan scholarship is struck in the most recent additions to the Harper's Library of Living Thought, which are, in each case, English translations of continental treatises. We have two translations by the Rev. H. J. Chaytor, M.A., headmaster of Plymouth College: Bertholet's "Transmigration of Souls" and Becker's "Christianity and Islam." The "Jesus or Paul?" of Dr. Arnold Meyer of the University of Zurich is Englished by the Rev. J. R. Wilkinson M.A., while a translation of "The Origin of the New Testament," by Dr. William Wrede, professor of New Testament exegesis in the University of Breslau, is the work of James S. Hill, B.D. Perhaps the most interesting of these recent publications in "The Library of Living Thought" is "The Life of the Universe," by Svante Arrhenius of Stockholm (translated by Dr. H. Borns). Though this work is issued here in two volumes, the total number of pages is not great, nor are those pages large; and in small bulk Arrhenius has sketched the conception of the universe from the very beginnings. The illustrations are of an added interest, and will increase the attractiveness of this excellent popularization.

The "Wayfarer in New York" (Macmillan) is a little anthology of prose and verse, which attempts to bring out the romantic aspects of this city in something the same way as was done by "London's Lure" this season, and by E. V. Lucas's anthology some time ago. The field, as compared with that of London, is narrow, but the editor has succeeded in making a thoroughly readable volume. He could have done even better if he had not overlooked a number of striking poems and prose extracts—N. P. Willis's "The shadows lay along Broadway," for example, to which Poe has given no more than its just praise. Edward S. Martin has written a charming introduction, which is really one of the best things in the book. What could be neater than his opening words: "New York is a frontier city, situated about half-way between San Francisco and London"?

The "Life, Letters, and Journals" of George Ticknor, originally published some forty years ago, is now brought out by Houghton Mifflin Co. in two volumes, with a number of new illustrations. It may seem superfluous to praise a biography which has long been known as a classic of American literature, yet these classics are perhaps today just the books that need to be brought to general notice. The first volume of these memoirs is delightful reading, and one of the richest treasures in the language for anecdote and characterization of the period. Byron and Talleyrand and Madame de Staël and Humboldt and most of the great lights of the age—not to mention princes and princesses—were pleased with the company of this engaging young American, and talked to him with surprising intimacy. But even better than these anecdotal paragraphs is the account of student life at Göttingen, Ticknor being one of the first of our scholars to seek German training. The second volume falls off somewhat in interest, but is not without various attractions. Altogether, the book can be recommended to those who have not read it as one of the things not to be overlooked. Ferris Greenslet furnishes a happily turned introduction to this new edition.

Sir Charles Santley, who had already more than satisfied the public curiosity in regard to his personal history, has picked up another basket of chips and published them under the title of "Reminiscences of My Life." (Brentano.)

"From My Youth Up" is the title aptly given to her reminiscences by Margaret E. Sangster (Fleming H. Revell Co.). We have read some of these pages with very genuine pleasure, and one such page is that which tells of the old-fashioned prejudice against fiction—particularly as Sunday reading. "My sister and I were young girls when 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' appeared," writes Mrs. Sangster, "and it is not too much to say that it took us by storm. I began reading it on a Saturday afternoon, unfortunately for myself, and at late bedtime laid it reluctantly down. To finish an exciting book of this kind on Sunday was a thing almost impossible, considering

the habits and convictions of the household and my youthful principles. Nevertheless, on Sunday afternoon, as the book lay upon the bureau in my room, I could not resist the desire to peep into it and read just a little more about little Eva and Uncle Tom. To read standing did not present itself as quite so wrong as to read comfortably seated in a chair." Notwithstanding the undeniable thinness of certain chapters here, and the occasional ornateness of the writer's style, there is a quality of homely moral earnestness in this autobiography that will, with its flavor of sentimentality, endear it to a host of readers. The amiable personality of a writer the characteristics of whose earlier writings this loosely-strung narrative repeats, rather than the anecdote of Mr. Howells's pouring tea, or the account of Tennyson's poetry ("so profoundly philosophical, so devoutly religious, and so finished in style and diction, . . . like a great cathedral lifting its glorious height and its tapering spires to the vaulted sky"), guarantees this book popular acceptance.

Thoreau's "The Maine Woods" now makes a reappearance with an introduction by Clifton Johnson, and thirty-odd photographs of the excellent kind which we associate with Mr. Johnson's name (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.). Such persons as ordinarily find the illustrations of their favorite books a distraction, even a desecration, will be first to enjoy the photographer's visualization of just those scenes and natural objects which were dearest to Thoreau himself. The Maine woods are today no such *terra ignota* as in the lifetime of Thoreau; the most hardened metropolitan is likely to have paddled their rivers and shot their moose. It is not, then, very surprising that the public should show a widening interest in chapters which the author himself published only in the magazines—when he was able to publish them at all.

John Sheepshanks, now Bishop of Norwich, was from 1859 to 1865, the rector of Holy Trinity Church in New Westminster, British Columbia. From his diaries and letters, the Rev. D. Wallace Duthie has compiled a narrative, eking it out with interpolations of his own ("A Bishop in the Rough," E. P. Dutton & Co.). The young clergyman was of the heroic, muscular type, sincerely devoted to his calling, but otherwise indistinguishable from the army of colonizing younger sons, enjoying his hardships and dangers, at home with all sorts of men and conversant with a gun. When one has read of the zest with which he met the adventures that diversified the cure of souls in the Northwest in the sixties, one is not surprised to find that when the time came for his return to England the homeward journey took two years and included the Sandwich Islands, China, Mongolia, the Grand Llama and the Siberian post-road.

In the last quarter of a century many English women have broken away from the traditions established by Miss Strickland in her "Queens of England." Among the most noteworthy of these are Mrs. Sidney Webb, in her various works of collaboration with her distinguished husband, and Mrs. Dale, who a few years ago wrote a work entitled the "Principles of English Constitutional History." A new aspirant for like honors has now come forward, Miss A. M. Chambers of the Bedford High School, who has recently published, through the Macmillan Co. "A Constitutional History of England." If the main object of the work is to impress upon the British public the ability of women to think constitutionally, then it is successful, for the subject is presented with understanding, and with a considerable degree of fairness and good judgment. Miss Chambers has read her authorities with intelligence, and falls into few errors. But if it is the author's aim to supply a work that shall be of use to teachers and students, then she has failed, for her work fills no special gap. Its method of treatment, which is that of Medley's well-known manual, is not one to be commended, as such a topical and sub-topical arrangement destroys the essential and necessary aspects of continuity and development, and is always confusing to students. Because of its plan, the book is wrongly entitled a history; it might more justly have been called "Aspects of the British Constitution, Historically Treated," or "A Compendious Cyclopædia of English Constitutional History." As a reference book, the work is handy and useful, though it is necessarily incomplete. It is well written and in good taste, but is quite devoid of originality, and the author seems to be lacking in the power of interpreting her evidence. For that reason the book does not hold the attention of the reader. It has the faults of Medley's manual without its merits, and another work along these lines is not needed. It is a pity that Miss Chambers could not have taken Montague's elementary work as her model, and in clear and simple language have produced, on a larger scale, a constitutional history for schools based on the best authorities, with bibliographies and comments.

"Confessions of a Macedonian Bandit," by Albert Sonnichsen (Duffield & Co.), furnishes delightful reading. The only criticism to be made is that it should have been longer, for Mr. Sonnichsen gives barely enough information concerning the feuds and counter-feuds, plots and counter-plots, of the various revolutionary factors at work in Macedonia and across the frontier in Bulgaria. Certainly, his position as special adviser to the Macedonian Revolutionary Committee in Sofia gave him a unique opportunity of explaining those troubled events. There is, nevertheless, an atmosphere about the book which brings home to the reader, with a force of which the author is evidently unaware, the pitifully appalling nature of the struggle against Ottoman rule. It shows, too, with startling clearness, the difficulties of a passionate primitive people in their first unaided effort at self-government, an underground self-government at that. Here and there throughout the work are paragraphs and chapters that cast sidelights on the Bulgar character; and every page is shot with the peculiar dry humor of the man who is used to facing danger. Perhaps the best bits in it are those which tell of the surprise of a cheta and the death of Sandy, the author's comrade, and the personal narrative of the chief who kidnapped Miss Stone. For sheer humor, it would be difficult to surpass the latter incident. A number of photographs help to convey an idea of Macedonia and the Macedonians during the tense period of four or five years ago.

Examination of the third and fourth volumes of "The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) confirms and strengthens the judgment that the completed work will prove valuable for reference, especially in the field of church history and ecclesiastical biography. The editors are doing their work well, and the contributors include many of the most competent scholars of Germany, Great Britain, and America. The bibliographies are exceptionally good. Noteworthy articles in the third volume are "China" by Arthur H. Smith, "Christology" by D. S. Schaff and C. A. Beckwith, "Comparative Religion" by George W. Gilmore, "Concordats" by Carl Mirbt, "Creation and Preservation" by O. Zöckler, "Divorce" by George E. Howard, and "Dogma" by A. H. Newman. In the fourth volume one notices "Duns Scotus" by R. Seeberg, "Jonathan Edwards" by Frank H. Foster, "Erasmus" by Ephraim Emerton, "Enlightenment" by Ernst P. W. Troeltsch, "Eden" by Robert W. Rogers, and "Paulus Gerhardt" and a number of biographical titles by Carl Bertheau. The encyclopædia continues to evidence fair, non-partisan, and thorough scholarship, broadly evangelical in spirit, and scientific in temper. There are few articles of extreme length, and salient information is furnished in compact form, with accurate and abundant references to original documents and competent authorities.

To exhibit the diverse sources out of which the English Bible has grown, the contributions from Reformers and Humanists, Catholics and Protestants, orthodox and liberal, and to demonstrate that the Bible is "the most catholic thing in all literature," is the object of the Rev. Samuel McComb, D.D., in "The Making of the English Bible" (Moffat, Yard & Co.). The story is succinctly told, yet with emphasis where it belongs, and with sufficient illustration by way of parallel texts and exhibition of relationships. Dr. McComb contests that the present English versions are by no means final, but that the achievement of a better Hebrew text, more careful study of the Western group of New Testament manuscripts, and especially the discovery of Egyptian papyri, will result in subsequent versions which will embody many improvements in rendering the thought of the original, if not in finish of literary form.

One of the most perplexing problems in connection with the early history of Christianity is that of the Jewish Christians, and for that reason the work of Dr. G. Hoennicke, of the University of Berlin, entitled "Das Judenchristentum im 1 und 2 Jahrhundert," is particularly welcome. The lack of sources and the syncretic character of the several groups of Jewish Christians are the chief cause of these difficulties, and Hoennicke has evidently been successful in doing the best possible under the circumstances. (Berlin: Trowitzsch & Sohn).

Many teachers now prefer the Oxford (Clarendon Press) to the Teubner classical texts on account of the superiority of paper and type and the convenience of having the critical apparatus at the foot of the page. The Herodotus of Carolus Hude, of

which the second, and final, volume has now appeared, maintains the standards of the series. It records the readings of the Laurentian (LXX), the Roman, and the Vatican MSS., with selections from others, and a few new conjectures by the editor and by Theodor Gomperz. Professor Hude's aim is to reproduce the forms of the archetype manuscript rather than to impose upon the text any rigid theory of the Herodotean dialect. In the second volume the chapters have been subdivided into smaller sections for convenience of reference. This treatment will be extended to the first volume when a second edition is called for.

Whoever recalls Goethe's illuminating characterization of his mother tongue as *unglücklich* and even *barbarisch*, and his loud lament that, as poet, he was compelled to work with such a tool, will find considerable interest in Prof. Johannes Seiler's new book, "Die Anschauungen Goethes von der deutschen Sprache" (Stuttgart: J. C. Cotta), which has been awarded the annual medal of the Deutscher Sprachverein. To be sure, Goethe's tirades against the German language fall chiefly within the decade between 1780 and 1790, when he was busy with the problem of bringing over into German some of the treasures of other literatures, and was chafing under the contrasts between the rugged German and the more musical Italian. Although far from intending to give his days and nights to philology, Goethe seems, as a student, to have interested himself in the study of grammar and the questions of orthography and etymology then agitating scholars, and so it was natural, perhaps, that he early appreciated the study of dialects, recognizing their literary value, and maintaining the right of an author to compose in them. This makes it the more remarkable that he should have failed to observe dialectical conditions about him. As the expression of ideas, the inner feelings, Goethe laid but little value on language, maintaining that language generally, and perhaps the German language more than some others, fails to express adequately the real thought, with the evil result that the truth has no fair chance of utterance. More important than language, in the usual acceptance of the term, is *das Handeln*, or the language of Nature, and Goethe would emphasize spoken, rather than written language, holding as much as possible to the conversational style, even in writing. This probably accounts for his preference for committing his thoughts to paper through the medium of a secretary. Goethe considered the German language sufficient only for those in the middle station of life, without extended education, and maintained that the more highly cultivated person would find other languages necessary—the one for one purpose, the other for another. Goethe believed in literary translations, however, even while maintaining their inadequacy, and thought the English language so nearly related to German as to offer, notwithstanding some difficulties, much encouragement to translator and philologist. Goethe's knowledge of English remained very limited, as compared with his understanding of other languages, ancient and modern, although, as he remarks in his "Italienische Reise," he believed that English could be easily learned.

Sophie Jewett, assistant professor of English literature in Wellesley College, died at Buffalo, N. Y., October 11. She was born at Moravia, in the same State, June 3, 1861, and has held a position in the Wellesley faculty since 1889. Miss Jewett was the author of "The Pilgrim and Other Poems," the editor of one or more texts, and a frequent contributor to the magazines.

Napthali Herz Imber, the East Side poet—one might almost say the East Side Verlaine—died in New York city on October 8. His youthful poem "Hatikvah," expressing in simple lines the longing of the Jews to return to Palestine, became the Jewish national hymn; and its author has always been a picturesque figure at the Zionist conventions, wherever held. Born in Bohemia, the author was always a "Bohemian." At one stage in his checkered career he was associated with Israel Zangwill in publishing a short-lived weekly magazine in London. In this country, he posed as a mahatma, a "wise man of the Indies," and delivered ecstatic lectures on the Buddhist and Hindu religions. Imber's true philosophy was, however, that of Omar—as popularly interpreted.

Science.

The Making of Species. By Douglas Dewar and Frank Finn. New York: John Lane Co. $2.50 net.

A reader might well be pardoned for laying aside this book after reading in the preface a few such passages as the following:

We fear that this book will come as a rude shock to many scientific men. By way of consolation, we may remind such that they will find themselves in much the same position as that occupied by theologians immediately after the appearance of the "Origin of Species."

Fortunately, however, the bark of Messrs. Dewar and Finn is much worse than their bite. The book is in no way revolutionary; and it has singularly few of the faults and many of the real virtues peculiar to amateur science. The authors have a good acquaintance with the literature of biology and most of the important tendencies of the time receive due attention (with the exception, perhaps, of the work of the palæontologists on orthogenesis). They are in general accord with the position of most judicial biologists in recognizing the importance of natural selection as a sifting force, while emphasizing the fact that the origin of species requires the intervention of other agencies, among which more or less definite mutations and the factor of isolation are of obvious importance. Their own special contributions to the subject consist of valuable sidelights thrown upon the problem of evolution by the practical experience of the field naturalist (both have studied ornithology in England and in India), and by a somewhat indiscriminating survey of breeders' journals.

The objections to natural selection as an all-sufficient agent in species-forming are first reviewed (following Kellogg). Then come chapters on variation, hybridism, inheritance (with a suggestive analysis of heredity interpreted as a chemical phenomenon), coloration, and sexual dimorphism. The treatment of color is an effective summary of the arguments of Beddard and others against Poulton's extreme Neo-Darwinian position, and includes a review of some observations of Kay Robinson's, as to the effect of highly colored flowers in warding off herbivorous animals. In a final chapter the various factors of evolution are critically considered. Emphasis is well placed on the importance of climate and parasitic diseases in the struggle for existence; and it is maintained with reason that obvious specific characters may often be correlated with other characters, more obscure, but of higher selective value.

Altogether, this is certainly a fairer statement of the species problem than can be found in many of the books written by biologists of high standing but with a bias toward some special factor in the evolutionary process. For the general reader, however, its lack of proportion and self-assertive style place it far below such a book as Jordan and Kellogg's "Evolution and Animal Life." As reference books, Plate's "Selectionsprinzip" and Kellogg's "Darwinism Today" remain unsurpassed. The professional biologist will receive neither "a rude shock" nor "a fresh impetus" from Messrs. Dewar and Finn; but he will find in their field notes and in their quotations of breeders' gossip an occasional grain of wheat.

Hugo de Vries's "The Mutation Theory" (Volume I) will soon be issued by the American publishers, The Open Court Publishing Company, in a large volume containing twelve full-page color-illustrations, and over one hundred halftones.

"Experiments on the Generation of Insects," translated from Francesco Redi of Arezzo's Italian text of 1688 by Mab Bigelow, is to be issued this autumn by the same house in an illustrated edition limited to one thousand copies.

William Coles-Finch's "Water. Its Origin and Use" (Van Nostrand Co.) is an anachronism. It bears date of 1909, but in style and matter it belongs to the "Wonders of Nature" period, or even to that of the Bridgewater Treatises. The author evidently wrote it to please himself, and it will probably be of use to nobody else. It is a heterogeneous collection of facts and fancies which have caught his attention in the course of years, and which he has duly copied down and put together; statistics, descriptions of scenery, moralizing, historical anecdotes, bits of chemistry and engineering, and quotations from the Bible, the poets, Lord Avebury, and Dean Hole, nearly five hundred pages of the jumble. For his geology he relies mostly on Hugh Miller, Buckland, and Ruskin. He dis-

cusses mineral springs with no reference to hellum, and gives an anaiysis of the air carried out to the second decimal witb no room for argon. He adds, however, a parenthetical note that "according to Rayleigh, air contains one per cent. of argon," apparently implying that this opinion is an idiosyncracy of his lordsbip. In short, the book is commonplace, antiquated, uncritical, and erroneous.

The latest scbool of tbought on the bringing up of cbildren has laid it down as a basic principle tbat infancy sball largely eat wbat it likes and behave as it pleases. Tbe older view which places certain duties of guidance upon parents, is still upheld in Professor Holt's "Tbe Care and Feeding of Children," of wbich tbe fifth edition has just been brought out by D. Appleton & Co. There is quite a list of things that cbildren under tbe age of ten must not do. They should abstain from all ples, tarts, pastry, jam, syrups, preserved fruits, nuts, candy, and dried fruits. The child's reputed "natural" craving for sweets is declared to be an artificially created instinct. Eating between meals is bad; eating hurriedly or witbout desire is bad; cleanliness is always to be striven for; fresh air is to be courted. We have here in condensed and easily accessible form, the main teachings of tbe classical as opposed to the romantic or magazine theory of child hygiene.

The announcement of a book by Prof. William Ostwald always leads to expectation of sometbing new and extraordinary, and the reading of tbe book seldom brings disappointment. His latest work ("Fundamental Principles of Cbemistry," translated by Harry W. Morse; Longmans, Green & Co.) is no exception; in fact, it is one of the most satisfying of all tbe writings of this prolific author in the field of pbysico-chemical science. He here presents the principles of the science broadly and witbout entering in detail into tbe numerous properties of individual substances. He lays emphasis also on an aspect of scientific work too often slurred over, especially by those engaged in original research—tbe orderly arrangement, that is, of facts already known and a clear interpretation of their interrelations. Tbe book is not meant for young students, but every candidate for tbe doctorate would profit by its reading. Every modern teacher will recognize its value and see tbat a copy is in his library.

Dr. John Phillips Reynolds, for twenty years a professor in the Harvard Medical School, and in his time one of the foremost obstetricians of the country, died at his home in Boston on October 10, aged eigbty-three years.

Dr. Herman Endemann, who for many years served as an editor of publications of the American Cbemical Society, died on October 8 at bis home in Brooklyn. He was born in Germany in 1841, held tbe doctorate of the University of Marburg, and was for a time connected witb the Scbool of Mines at Columbia University.

Bryan Cookson, tbe astronomer, has recently died in England, at the age of thirty-six. Since this young English scientist's return from the Cape Observatory, under Sir David Gill, he had erected a zenith telescope at Cambridge for the measurement of variations in the latitude and the constant of aberration, and had joined the observatory staff of Sir Robert Ball.

Drama.

Roses: Four one-act plays by Hermann Sudermann. Translated from the German by Grace Frank. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

The finical detraction, which, of late years, Sudermann has suffered in his own country, makes any foreign tribute to his fame the more welcome. The German critics, who accuse him, not without reason, of an occasional lapse into the theatrical, have been in danger of forgetting the combination of elegance and passion that marks the best prose dialogue of the modern German stage. Because he verges at times on the neurotic, they withhold the praise due to his incisive knowledge of life, both in his own province (East Prussia) and the capital of the empire. To illustrate these qualities of his to an American public, a happier example of his work than "Rosen" might have been selected. A full-sized play, the admirable "Glück im Winckel," or the powerful, if somewhat crass, "Blumenboot," would have served better. If, on the other hand, a group of one-act plays was specifically desired, it is hard to understand the preference given to "Rosen" over the earlier "Morituri," with its perfect little masterpiece—already a classic—of "Fritzchen." But even the four plays in the present volume, highly characteristic of Sudermann's later manner, deserved a more fortunate rendering into English than they have here received.

Miss Frank, it is to be regretted, mistranslates plain words, fails to render the sense of obvious sentences, and blandly leaves out pregnant and characteristic expressions. One may illustrate almost at random. "Of a prosperous lawyer" (p. 47), should be "of a fashionable lawyer" ("eines mondainen Advokaten"); "what a luxury," (p. 52), fails quite to render: "Ist das eine Pracht!" ("what magnificence!" or "splendor"); "you can talk it into yourself" (p. 81), is neither sense nor English for "du kannst dir einreden," ("you can persuade yourself, talk yourself into the notion"). But these are not instances of Miss Frank's most unhappy blunders. The lawyer Ebeling in "Margot" says: "To-day every one is grateful to me, even . . . that poor, unhappy wife" ("ist mir jeder dankbar, selbst . . ."). Miss Frank turns this crucial speech into (p. 64): "To-day some one is grateful to me . . ." and wholly misses the sense. Again, and more flagrantly, Miss Frank writes (p. 122): "I suppose you never were courted by women as he was?" Is not that an incredibly careless rendering of "Hoffendlich haben Sie nie Erfolge bei Frauen gehabt wie er!" ("it is to be hoped that you never had his success with women"). The speech, extremely poignant and tragic, in its place, "as if, unawares, one looked into a blind man's eyes," ("unverwandt einem Blinden in die Augen sieht!") becomes in Miss Frank's version (p. 119), "as if I were looking a blind man in the eyes." The master word of the clause, "unverwandt," is simply left out. Similar examples could be indefinitely multiplied, but it is needless. Miss Frank misses utterly the tone of gorgeous courtesy used by the Prussian officer, and renders the difficult German prepositions with merciless indiscriminateness. Nor is this all. She is determined that Sudermann shall be proper and translates the intense cry of Julia in "Streaks of Light," "nicht Dirne sein müssen, selbst wenn man Dirne ist!" by "I shouldn't have to be a bad woman—even if I am one," which is nonsense. If Sudermann shocks you, it is permissible to leave him alone; it is not permissible to make him talk like a schoolgirl. We have far too few translations of the modern German dramatists, but renderings such as Miss Frank's can serve neither author nor reader.

The New Theatre management announces that so great has been the demand for seats for its subscription performances that an additional series has been arranged for the first-night performances of the twelve plays promised, all the orchestra and balcony seats being offered for subscription. The premières fall on the evenings of November 8, 11, and 17; December 4, 16, and 30; January 12 and 26; February 17, and March 3, 14, and 28.

Paris theatres will offer this season new plays by MM. Brieux and Bernstein (the American rights of M. Bernstein's "Après moi le Déluge" have been secured by Charles Frohman); and M. Bourget is giving the finishing touches to a play for the Vaudeville, "The Barricade." Meantime the season opens with a success for M. Pierre Decourcelle, who, in "Le Roy sans Royaume," at the Porte St. Martin, deals with the legend of the Dauphin's escape from the Temple. Another historical play that has much the same background, the spectacular "Révolution Française" of M. Henri Cain, is staged at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt.

Music.

Richard Wagner an seine Künstler. Herausgegeben von Erich Kloss. Berlin: Schuster & Loeffler.

Herbert Spencer pronounced Carlyle's definition of genius as a transcendent capacity of taking trouble "incredibly stupid," pointing out that, quite the contrary, genius is the ability to do with little trouble what ordinary mor-

tals cannot do with any amount of trouble. Yet, without the capacity of taking pains, genius is helpless. Wagner had this capacity, and he had what Edison has called the chief factor of success: "The power of sticking to a thing." For nearly a quarter of a century, he worked on the poems and the scores of his four Nibelung operas, and when at last they were done, he did not take the easy method of placing them in the hands of some royal manager for production, but planned and built a special theatre for them at Bayreuth, and took the additional trouble of personally engaging the artists for the forty-nine parts called for in these four works, as well as the players for an orchestra of unusual dimensions, and of superintending all the details of the rehearsals.

What a Herculean labor he thus laid on his shoulders we realize on reading these letters to his artists and other helpers at the Nibelung festival of 1876, and the "Parsifal" festival of 1882. There are 360 printed in this volume, about one-half of them for the first time, and it must be remembered that this collection is actually the second volume of his "Bayreuther Briefe," the first being devoted to the business letters relating to the festivals. Among the recipients are Hans Richter, Anton Seidl, Hermann Levi, Felix Mottl, August Wilhelmj, Julius Hey, Josef Sucher, Edward Dannreuther, Hans von Wolzogen, Lilli Lehmann, Amalie Materna, Franz Betz, Albert Niemann, Emil Scaria, and many others.

"I am obliged," he wrote to Niemann, "to devote this whole winter (1872) to visiting all the German opera houses, great and small, in order to find out about their singers." When he had found out, and had laid his plans, he invited the chosen ones separately to his home at Bayreuth to get preliminary personal instructions from him regarding their rôles. None could be trusted to find their way unaided in this new art. To the famous Betz, he wrote, in 1874: "I therefore expect you this summer, at your convenience, to come for the first perusal of your part at the piano, to lay the foundation for study." Karl Hill he begged not to look at the music of the parts assigned to him till he came to Bayreuth, "because I prefer that you should make your first acquaintance with them through me, as I consider myself the only one qualified for this." Of his method of imparting to these singers a correct conception of their parts, many interesting illustrations are given (*e. g.*, on pages 37, 56, 68, 157, 168, 201, 329, 332, 340, 360). In the case of the flower girls in "Parsifal," he availed himself of the assistance of Humperdinck, who visited each one separately in the town where she happened to live —for even these chorus girls were carefully selected from various opera companies. Then Lilli Lehmann and Heinrich Porges took charge of them, and Conductor Levi was told that if one of them could not sing the high B flat softly and tenderly, "away with her!" "A single shrill voice would spoil everything," he wrote on this point to Lilli Lehmann.

His missives to Lehmann—"the best of all Lillis," the "dear child and colleague," as he calls her—are perhaps the most interesting in the volume. She was all enthusiasm, and she sang and worked for love of what she knew to be a great cause, asking no compensation. This question of paying the famous singers who coöperated with him was a very serious one to Wagner; money he had little, and he trusted to their willingness to accept little more than sufficed to cover their expenses. Scaria alone made any serious trouble on this score; but subsequently he became the most devoted of friends. Betz was otherwise obstreperous. He vowed, in 1876, he would never sing at Bayreuth again; but Wagner implored him to reconsider this, as on his coöperation and Niemann's would depend the possibility of having another Nibelung festival in a year or two. It was during the preparations for the "Parsifal" performances, however, that the singers caused Wagner the most embarrassment. There were to be three casts, all of famous singers, and it took no end of diplomacy to arrange the question of precedence—who was to appear at the première. This, too, was finally arranged satisfactorily.

As intimated, Wagner was as careful in the choice of players as in that of singers. While visiting all the German opera houses he picked out a good flute-player here, a fine trumpeter there. One tuba player is discarded because his tone on the lowest notes is not strong enough. He has an alto oboe made to order, to be used in place of the English horn; he commends and adopts Ritter's improved viola (p. 174); and he writes to Dannreuther in London asking him to select a special variety of Chinese tamtam for the chimes in "Parsifal." Everywhere and always "a transcendent capacity of taking trouble."

In reading these letters one realizes once more vividly how lucky it was for us that Anton Seidl was the man chosen to make Americans acquainted with the later music-dramas of Wagner. In him the composer had unbounded confidence, as several of the letters in this volume show. "None of the conductors," he wrote to Neumann, "knows my tempi and the suiting of the action to the music. Seidl learned these things from me. He will conduct the Nibelungen better for you than any one else." Not that he considered him without faults; to Dannreuther he wrote: "Keep Seidl at it. He is very reliable, but—at times—careless." In copying manuscripts Seidl was capable of making errors, which Fischer had to correct. In a letter to Mottl, he refers to Seidl's "innate indolence"—a trait which he exchanged on this side of the ocean for true American strenuousness.

It is asserted that the new Milwaukee auditorium, opened on September 21, is "the most perfect and magnificent public hall in the world." The edifice contains, besides the great auditorium, seating ten thousand persons, several smaller halls, one of which is particularly suited for chamber music.

Prior to his appearance with the Philharmonic Orchestra in January, Dr. Wüllner's only recital will be that given at Carnegie Hall on the afternoon of October 16.

Last May ten prizes were offered by the Berlin *Signale* for the best compositions submitted before September 1; and eight hundred and seventy-one manuscripts have been entered in this competition.

Dudley Buck, who died in West Orange, N. J., October 6, at the age of seventy years, was equally famed as organist and as composer of sacred music. He was one of the few native musicians who had no reason to complain that the American composer is overlooked, although some of his most important works, including two operas, a symphony, a concertino, and an overture, have not been printed. His largest published works are two oratorios, "The Golden Legend" and "The Light of Asia." In 1876 he wrote a cantata, "The Centennial Meditation of Columbus." He is at his best in his compositions for male voices. He received his musical education chiefly in Germany, where he spent five of the most impressionable years of his youth at the Leipzig Conservatory and at Dresden.

Art.

The same revelation is made in Dr. Edwin Atlee Barber's "Maiolica of Mexico" (one of the art handbooks published by the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art) as in several recent monographs on Spanish colonial architecture. The vigorous creativeness of Spanish-American craftsmen contrasts with the meagreness of English colonial arts and crafts. The reader of this book discovers that a beautiful fictile art, based originally upon the practices of the makers of Spanish faience and influenced later by importations of Chinese and Japanese wares, flourished in Mexico for about three centuries. Though it became decadent in the nineteenth century, it is by no means dead. Much stanniferous pottery, some of it of good quality, is still made at Puebla, the centre of the industry from the beginning. That so little has been known about this art is surprising. Enamelled tiles were employed in the adornment of many of the cathedrals familiar to tourists. Pottery has been exported in considerable quantities. Yet, until Dr. Barber's researches proved the contrary, the assertion was frequently made that the enamelled pottery had never been produced in the western hemisphere. It has, however, been made in Mexico, and search among manuscript rec-

ords has revealed the conditions under which the industry was carried on at various periods, and has made it possible to classify styles and marks.

"Corot and his Friends," by Everard Meynell (A. Wessels Co.), is in its way a remarkable piece of book-making; few have succeeded in producing so large a volume with so very little in it. It is agreeably enough written, in a fluttering, touch and go, allusive manner, but all it really tells us about Corot might be put in two of its three hundred octavo pages. It is true there is a certain amount of rambling information about other people whose connection with the master, when it exists at all, is often of the slightest, but not all of this is accurate. It is somewhat startling to be told that Diaz, who is said to have lost his leg at fifteen from the bite of a viper, "ended his fit of existence" from the same cause in 1876. Two vipers in one life is too many. The only things in the book one is glad to have are the illustrations, though one hardly sees what the copies of two lithographs, one by Gavarni and the other by Daumier, have to do there. The reproductions of Corot's own works will be a revelation of his variety to many who think of him as the painter of one endlessly repeated picture, and the very fault of the reproductions, which are too black-and-white, tends to accent the solid skeleton of structure and of light and shade that underlies his vaporousness.

"Le Musée du Louvre" (H. Laurens) forms a series of five volumes by the curators. The present number, by Jean Guiffrey, describes the paintings, drawings, and engravings, with 105 illustrations. The four other volumes deal, or are to deal, with the Louvre palace; Egyptian and Oriental antiquities; Greek and Roman ditto; and sculpture and art objects of the Middle Ages, Renaissance, and modern times. With inevitable *lacunæ* and defects of organization, the Louvre still constitutes the art collection of widest sweep ever brought together. All these volumes belong to the general series of Les Grandes Institutions de France.

Charles-Antoine Fournier, "Jean Dolent," has died at Paris, the place of his birth in 1835. Known outside his own country as a collector and a writer on art, "Jean Dolent" was at various times an editor or contributor of the *Gaulois*, the *Revue contemporaine*, and the *Temps*. His "Petit manuel d'Art" appeared in 1873; he wrote, as well, "Le Livre d'art des femmes," "Amoureux d'art," "Nouvelles á l'eau-forte," and a number of romances.

The French caricaturist, Lemot, a pupil of André Gill, died last month at Asnières, near Paris. In recent years he contributed his best work to *La Croix*.

Finance.

THE TIGHTENING OF MONEY.

The somewhat unexpected advance in the Bank of England's official discount rate, last Thursday—the first advance since 1907—came with a rise in the Imperial German Bank's official rate from 3½ to 4 per cent., and was followed, on Monday, by a further advance at the German bank to 5 per cent. In the week before the London bank rate rose, surplus reserves of the New York Associated Banks were reported at $1,600,000, the lowest figure reached at the opening of October in exactly twenty years. Two days before the advance at the Bank of England, rates for demand loans on the Wall Street market went to 6 per cent., the highest rate touched since full payments to depositors were resumed at the banks in January, 1908.

All this sufficiently establishes the fact, which had heretofore been disputed in many quarters, that the tightening of money is a world-wide symptom. The new rates fixed in this series of advances are not high, if contrasted with the figures attained in such autumn seasons as those of 1906 and 1907. To-day's 3 per cent. rate at the Bank of England compares with 6 per cent. in 1906 and 7 in 1907; the Bank of Germany's present 5 per cent. rate compares with rates of 6 and 7½, respectively, in the two other years; and Wall Street paid on occasion 40 to 125 per cent. for its call loans in the same periods. But the importance of the movement lies in its indication of existing tendencies.

For this general tightening of money there are three causes. One of them is the recovery in trade, especially in the iron industry, from its after-panic prostration. Another is the immense amount of new securities, floated on nearly all the world's great markets during the twelvemonth past, with a view to taking advantage of an easy money market. The third, and at present the most potent cause, is the outburst of speculation for the rise in stocks, notably on the Berlin and New York markets.

The situation has, however, some aspects out of the ordinary. For nearly six months past, a speculation of unusual magnitude has been in progress on the German and American markets. At New York these operations for the rise, under the auspices of the most powerful banking interests in the country, have gone to great extremes. The market value of Steel shares in particular has been enhanced, during that period, $280,000,000, and, since the operation was conducted on the basis of loans raised on collateral of these very Steel shares, the capital tied up was of portentous magnitude. A similar process has, moreover, been at work in half a dozen other stocks. Conservative critics warned the powerful speculators, months ago, that to press this advance in the face of the harvest needs for money, and through use of the very reserve money which interior banks would presently require to move the crops, was to incur great risk; but the speculators treated the warnings with contempt. "Steel" touched its highest price a day after the bank statement showed a nearly exhausted New York surplus.

To help out their position, these easy-going financiers arranged for extensive shifting of loans and liabilities from the New York banks to inland institutions. When this expedient began to fail, as the call for harvest funds taxed the resources of the inland banks, the "shifting process" was diverted to the New York trust companies. But those companies, under the new law of 1908, are now required to keep a definite ratio of reserves to liabilities, and their assumption of bank loans, two weeks ago, nearly exhausted their own surplus. To save the speculation from collapse, therefore, recourse was had last week to the London market, and last Saturday's statement showed the astonishing decrease, in the loan account of the New York Associated Banks, of $49,400,000—the largest weekly decrease, by nearly $20,000,000, in the history of New York banking. It was perfectly understood, at London and on Wall Street, that this extraordinary contraction was effected, not by reducing credits granted to the Stock Exchange, but by wholesale transfer of Wall Street loans to London banks.

When the German bank rate advanced last month, the president of the bank publicly stated that the marking-up of money was intended to curb the excesses of stock speculation at Berlin. The rise in the Bank of England rate was as clearly recognized as a warning to speculative Wall Street. It now remains to be seen what the sequel on the speculative markets is to be. In 1905, when the Bank of England rate went up from 2½ to 3 per cent. on September 7, and to 4 on September 13, the London *Economist* remarked:

> The whole question hinges on the New York demand. The cardinal point is, that the withdrawals on American account are made for the support of Wall Street operations, and are not governed by ordinary exchange conditions. . . . The [New York] banks have piled up their loans to an unprecedented amount, and allowed their cash reserves to run so low that they are ill-prepared to meet the demand upon them for harvest purposes. They could, of course, strengthen themselves by calling in loans; but, as that would cause trouble in Wall Street, the financial magnates by whom the banks are largely controlled will seek rather to draw money from this side to replenish the depleted reserves.

Again, when the English bank rate, on October 11 and 19, 1906, rose from 4 to 5 per cent., and then to 6, the same financial authority thus described the situation:

> The gold drain which has led to the present situation has been largely due to the extent to which Lombard Street had financed commercial and speculative activity in the United States. . . . It would be well if those who have been lending so freely on American collateral would now curtail the facilities they are offering, and, if the

banks were to refrain, as far as poss bl from renewing American finance bills.

In a reminiscent way, it may be asked what followed. In 1905, the Bank of England's action did not obstruct the programme of the Wall Street pool, though it helped to cause the 12% per cent. call money market of December. In 1906, when 4 per cent., the high rate of the year before, proved equally futile in stopping Wall Street's extravagances in the European credit market, the bank raised its rate to 5 and then to 6, threatening 7 if the use of English money for the purpose was continued. It did not continue; the speculation broke down.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Albright, V. E. The Shaksperian Stage. Macmillan. $1.50.
Arms, M. W. Italian Vignettes. Mitchell Kennerley, $1.25 net.
Arpee, L. The Armenian Awakening: a History of the Armenian Church, 1820-1860. Univ. of Chicago Press. $1.36.
Bangs, J. K. The Autobiography of Methuselah. Dodge & Co. $1 net.
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Boswell, J. Life of Samuel Johnson. Newly edited with notes by R. Ingpen. 2 vols. Sturgis & Walton. $6 net.
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Brown, P. H. History of Scotland. Vol. III. From the Revolution of 1689 to the Disruption, 1843. Putnam. $1.50.
Burnett, F. H. The Land of the Blue Flower. Moffat, Yard. 75 cents, net.
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Cutting, M. S. Just For Two. Doubleday, Page. $1.
Dumas, A. My Pets. Newly translated by A. Allinson. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
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Dealey, J. Q. Sociology. Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.50.
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Gibson, G. H. The People's Hour and Other Themes. Chicago: Englewood Pub. Co.
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Haggard, A. C. P. Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Vols. I and II. Appleton.
Hamilton, J. S. The New Sophomore. Appleton. $1.50.
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Hapgood, H. The Spirit of the Ghetto. Revised edition. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.25 net.
Harris, J. C. The Shadow Between His Shoulder Blades. Boston: Small, Maynard.
Harvard College Observatory Annals. Vol. LXIV, Nos. iv, v, and vi.
Henderson, E. F. A Lady of the Old Régime. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Hichens, R. Bella Donna. Lippincott.
Historical Guide to the City of New York. Compiled by F. B. Kelley. Stokes Co. $1.50 net.
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Kauffman, R. W. The Book of Love: a Little Manual of Affection. Philadelphia: H. Altemus Co. 75 cents.
Keppel, D. That Ye May Know. Eaton & Mains. 35 cents net.
Khayyám, Omar. Fitzgerald Centenary Edition. Crowell. $5.
King, H. M. Sir Henry Vane Jr., Governor of Massachusetts. Providence, R. I.: Preston & Rounds Co. $1.25 net.
Kingsley, F. M. The Star of Love. Appleton.
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Kipling, R. Actions and Reactions. Doubleday, Page. $1.50.
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Lancaster, F. H. Marie of Arcady. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.25.
Leonard, A. G. Islam: Her Moral and Spiritual Value. London: Luzac & Co.
Lee, S. The Impersonal Aspect of Shakespeare's Art. The English Association Leaflet No. 13. London.
Lee, V. Renaissance Fancies and Studies. Second edition. Lane. $1.50 net.
Le Gallienne, R. New Poems. Lane. $1.50 net
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McMurry, F. M. How to Study and Teaching How to Study. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
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Metcalfe, R. L. "Bishop Sunbeams" and Other Stories of Service. Lincoln, Neb.: The Woodruff-Collins Press.
Meyers Konversations-Lexicon. Sechste Auflage. Sternberg bis Vector. Leipzig: Bibliographisches Institut.
Mings, J. J. The Morality of Modern Socialism. Benziger Bros.
Mitchell, H. G. Genesis. Macmillan Co. 90 cents net.
Morgan, G. C. The Analyzed Bible: Epistle of Paul to the Romans. Revell. $1 net.
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Odyssey. Printed at the Oxford University Press with the Greek Types Designed by Robert Proctor. Frowde.
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Oxford English Dictionary. Prophesy—Pyxis. Vol. VII. Frowde. $1.90.
Page, T. N. John Marvel, Assistant. Scribner. $1.50.
Paine, R. D. The Ships and Sailors of Old Salem. Outing Pub. Co. $3.50 net.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1909.

The Week.

The meeting of the President of the United States and the President of Mexico signifies more than a formal act of international courtesy. It typifies not only good feeling between the two countries, but the kind of relation that ought to exist between the great republic of the North and all the republics to the South of her. It is now sixty years since what the monument at Chapultepec calls "the North American invasion" dismembered Mexico, and it has taken all that time, with correct conduct on our part, to free the minds of Mexicans from the fear of further aggression. Today, happily, no intelligent man south of the Rio Grande believes that the United States cherishes any territorial ambitions at the expense of her neighbor. There is, indeed, an American conquest of Mexico going on, but it is peaceful. American capital has gone into Mexican railways and mines and manufactures, and more of it will go; but there is no thought of seizing the land or impairing Mexican sovereignty. What we see is simply friendly cooperation in developing the resources and advancing the civilization of an adjoining country. American enterprise and American ideas have gone where no one now thinks of making the flag go. This fortunate state of things has been publicly symbolized in the greetings of Diaz and Taft.

The tradition of democratic simplicity has not been entirely submerged in the national flood of monkey-dinners and imported sons-in-law. Unostentatiousness lingers where it best belongs, about the office of the President of the United States. When the President of Mexico crossed the international bridge over the Rio Grande, his wheel hubs and harness were of gold and his martial chest was refulgent with precious stones. When Mr. Taft crossed the Rio Grande, he rode in an ordinary specimen of what the West is fond of describing as a low-necked carriage, probably hired for the occasion. The Kansas farmer has his motor car and the Colorado miner sends his daughter to Vassar and Paris, but when the President of the United States is caught in the rain, he must go to bed while his clothes are being pressed. We must not be misled by the fact that the President's journey has traced a furrow of silk hats and frock coats across the primitive soil of Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico. The tall hat and the Prince Albert have been thoroughly democratized ever since it grew possible to get them from a mail-order house on the basis of one's own measurements. When the Germans call us a nation of materialists, they only exhibit their laughable ignorance of a people whose chief magistrate's trousers bag at the knee.

President Taft's advocacy of ship subsidies does not meeet with approval in the editorial columns of the central Republican organ of his own State, the *Ohio State Journal*. It is flatly opposed to subsidies as such, and not willing to accept them under some euphemistic disguise. "We are not concerned with exact definitions," it says. "When the government pays $500,000 for what costs $100,000, it makes no difference what you call the $400,000. It is a burden on the people by whatever name it is known." With a continually increasing display of independence among the Republicans of the Middle West, it is not impossible that the subsidy-hunters will find that they have already passed the zenith of their influence. It is hard to make out a reasonable argument for any gain by subsidy to any one except those directly interested, and it will certainly prove doubly hard with the hundreds of thousands of Republican farmers north of Mason and Dixon's line and between the Alleghanies and the Rockies. In that stretch of territory, the whole scheme can be nullified if sentiment already existing is kept alive and properly directed.

Signs of new life in the Democratic party were never so welcome as to-day. On Saturday, Gov. Judson Harmon of Ohio delivered a speech at Dallas, Texas, which is announced as the first gun in his campaign for the Presidency. Certainly, if any man in the party has such an ambition, he can do no better service than to let it be known. Since the death of Gov. Johnson, Gov. Harmon is the most influential Democrat in public life. His Administration in Ohio is apparently commending itself to Democrats and Republicans alike. His speech of Saturday was a reaffirmation of the sound policies which led to his party's two victories. He was radical enough, when Mr. Cleveland's Attorney-General, to carry forward to success the first important cases under the Interstate Commerce law, yet he has held fast to those fundamental Democratic principles, which are never outworn. Congressman Clark's avowal of the candidacy for the Speakership was to be expected. He is by no means romancing when he says that President Taft's tariff speeches are helping the Democrats. Certainly, there is every evidence that they have not sweetened the new tariff to the taste of thousands of disgruntled Republicans. The opportunity to win the next House lies plainly before the Democrats. It is for the new leaders to say whether it shall be seized.

We can remember no effort to hunt down criminals in high place more entitled to public interest and encouragement than that which the Federal government is now making to fasten the guilt of the Sugar Trust frauds upon the big men who were responsible for them. That persons high in the management of the American Sugar Refining Company not only knew of, but instigated and directed, these contemptible and systematic thefts, carried on day after day for years, is self-evident. The swindling was solely in the interest of the company; and it only remains now to procure legal evidence sufficient to convict some or all of the responsible criminals. One aspect of the crime which brands it with peculiar infamy is the color it gives to the widespread idea that the existing organization of society is too rotten to tolerate. If such callous disregard of all moral restraint, such shameless and sordid greed, were really representative of business standards, it would be about time for the whole thing to be cleared away. Nothing of the kind is true; but as it is not, there should be a united and determined demand that these high-placed

criminals be relentlessly hunted down and punished. Upon no work will the Federal Department of Justice do better to concentrate its energies.

The immediate investigation by the Public Service Commission of Sunday's accident on the New York Central Railroad is a vivid reminder of the kind of benefit resulting from the existence of such a commission. It is true that in recent years this particular company has shown a willingness to make public promptly the facts it has ascertained about any accident; but that disposition is not universal, and it is only a few years since the opposite attitude was regularly assumed by virtually all railway companies; they told as much or as little as they pleased, and when they pleased. Moreover, it is one thing for the company to furnish information, and quite another for public officers to make searching investigation and a disinterested report. But it is not only the matter of accidents that we have in mind in this connection; it is the whole operation of the railroads and of the street railways as affecting the public comfort, health, and safety. The power has always existed in legislatures to exact proper arrangements for the securing of these in all practicable ways, but there was no way to put that power into effective exercise until permanent special commissions were instituted and clothed with adequate authority.

In the *Outlook*, George Kennan, himself an experienced Siberian sledger, submits Dr. Cook's statements about his food supply to another searching analysis, with a resultant decision that "the story of the alleged achievement, therefore, must be dismissed as in the highest degree improbable, if not absolutely incredible and impossible." With this opinion most unbiassed people now, we think, agree. By that we do not mean to say that Mr. Kennan's demonstration is to be taken as the final disposition of Dr. Cook's claims. But it deals with a most important question, which, with many people, will carry much more weight than Peary's report of the testimony he got from Dr. Cook's Eskimos. When the time does come for an impartial scientific body to pass upon Dr. Cook's claims, Mr. Kennan's article is bound to be the basis of much cross-questioning of Dr. Cook. Mr. Kennan deals only with Dr. Cook's own statements as to the amount of food taken on the final dash—800 pounds of pemmican—and shows by simple arithmetic that three men and dogs which decreased in number from twenty-six to ten could not have been sustained on this food supply for the eighty days of the dash to the Pole and the return. It would suffice only for forty-two days, if men and dogs were allowed a pound a day. But even by reducing that ration and allowing for the consumption of some dog flesh, it is impossible to make the 800 pounds cover the eighty days during which, according to Cook's own statement, he killed no game.

If we could have a dozen new college presidents put into office in as many weeks, the fight for higher intellectual standards would receive an impulse that might insure victory from the start. Dartmouth's new president agrees with Harvard's new president on the need of fostering scholarship in college. His remedy has the advantage over Dr. Lowell's of greater concreteness. Give us more money, says President Nichols, that we may have more instructors, that we may have smaller classes, that each student may come into contact with a man who is learned and loves learning, and may catch something of the divine flame. Why should not leadership count in the field of scholarship as in every other sphere of life? As a rule, we become fervent believers in Martian canals, Browning, woman-suffrage free-trade, Peary or Cook, when we listen to some one who fervently believes in those things. Small classes will not do everything. They will not at once take freshmen who spell "earegular" and "aprentise" and turn them into lovers of Walter Pater and Horace. Compared with the European student, our sophomores must be half-baked, just as our millionaires and our theatres are half-baked. But if the small class shall teach nothing else but the futility of our worship of mere size, it will have done good service.

While the House of Commons was taking a recess, the Lords remained in session, and voted unanimously the second reading of Lloyd-George's development and roads improvement bill. This is taken as a sign that the Lords are making up their minds not to throw out the budget, since the money to carry out the projects of the development bill is provided in the budget. The particular inference may be fallacious, but it falls in with many other indications that the Lords feel their courage oozing out of them. One little token of this is a cartoon in the last number of *Punch*, which is certainly not a Liberal paper. It pictures a ferocious bull, labelled "People's Budget," coming down the road, and in front of it a coronetted spaniel which is saying: "They tell me that as a sportsman I ought to take this thing; but I'm not at all sure I shan't let it pass." The real reason for the hesitation of the Lords is, of course, not a scruple about their constitutional privilege, nor reluctance to precipitate the kind of financial chaos which would follow the rejection of the budget, but fear of what would happen to them if they forced a general election and got beaten. Agents of both parties have been scouring the country to ascertain popular sentiment, and it is understood that the Unionist inquirers have refused to guarantee Mr. Balfour a majority if he should go to the country on the issue of the Lords against the Commons. A "Unionist Peer" writes to the *Westminster Gazette* to point out that his party would have to carry 320 out of the 465 seats in England alone (they now have but 128), in order to secure a working majority, and records his protest "against the Unionist party playing for stakes it cannot afford to lose." In keeping with this is the telegram which the former Speaker, Viscount Peel, sent to the *Daily Chronicle:* "Hope Lords will pause before extreme step of rejecting Finance Bill."

Even in retirement, Prince Bülow cannot keep out of controversy. In the newspaper discussion of his fall and its causes, the assertion was widely made that the slackening of the Kaiser's confidence and the withdrawal of the Kaiser's active support led to the Chancellor's overthrow in the Reichstag. Then came a denial from Von Bülow himself, who gave a brief statement to a news agency saying that the political parties which were responsible for his leaving office could not "be allowed to shift the *odium* from themselves to the Crown." Thereupon the leading Conservative organ, the *Kreuz Zeitung*,

made the following significant comment:

> We have every reason to suppose that up to the time of his departure Prince Bülow believed himself to be assured of the complete restoration of the Imperial confidence, which had been temporarily shaken. But we have equally good reasons to suppose that in this belief Prince Bülow was mistaken.

Behind all these charges and insinuations there lies the really important question whether Germany is approaching anything like Parliamentary government, under which the Reichstag can practically dismiss a Minister. It appears that the German Conservatives and Centrists, who at first gloried over Prince Bülow's fall, are now a little frightened at their own success, and are willing to have it understood that it was the Emperor who did it, after all.

Airship crazy as they are, Germans have been deeply interested in what appears to have been the first dirigible race. It was between the Zeppelin III and the Parseval III, the latter being the latest army dirigible built by Major von Parseval, Zeppelin's greatest rival, and the course was from Frankfort to Darmstadt. The Parseval III won easily, although 300 feet higher than the Zeppelin III and using only half her power. It is only fair to say, however, that the Parseval III is built to stay aloft for only twenty hours, and so carries less fuel, and that its motors are much more powerful. This is due to the fact that the Zeppelin, being a rigid dirigible, sacrifices 40 per cent. of its lifting power to the structural weight, while the Parseval III, being of the non-rigid type, loses only 25 per cent. of its lifting power on account of its own weight, exclusive of supplies, passengers, and engines. The Zeppelinites have taken the defeat of their craft with such bad grace that Major von Parseval is eager to give them another sail for their satisfaction, if not for their money. Meanwhile, however, the Zeppelin III has again delighted its admirers by a twelve-hour flight from Frankfort to Düsseldorf by way of St. Goar, Coblentz, and Cologne. The airship made its way against a heavy west wind and a pouring rain. yet at all times was easily manœuvred.

It is somewhat surprising to learn that a movement is on foot in Berlin to place the tipping system in restaurants upon a systematic basis and to establish the practice as a matter of compulsion and not of choice. The amount of the tip is generally already regarded there as so nearly a matter of precise calculation, as well as of understood necessity, that one would think nothing more in this direction was called for. What makes the tipping system in our own country, and especially in New York, so great a nuisance is the wild vagaries to which it is subject, owing to the extravagant habits of people whose one idea about money is to show that they don't care how loosely they fling it around. This brings about a state of things in which sensible men, while giving more than they think reasonable, often have not even the comfort of being sure that they have come up to the mark. It would certainly be an improvement to have a generally accepted scale, which it would be "bad form" to exceed as well as to fall short of. But far from our entering upon any limitation of the tipping system, it is invading territory which, until recently, had been exempt from its operation. When it comes to levying toll at a public dinner, the line ought to be drawn; and yet that is a practice which is apparently on the way to getting established. It is to be hoped that somebody will have the courage to start a tipless restaurant—provided he understands his business, and also takes care to pay the waiters wages high enough to make their places desirable. If this be done, they will be quite as pleasant and as attentive as they are now with their mind's eye on the doubtful tip.

Paris and Rome, where the most violent of the Ferrer demonstrations have taken place, are the strongest centres of European anti-clericalism. In Italy the campaign against the Church schools has taken on importance during the last few years. The impulse came from France; the movement gained rapid headway after Rome elected a Free-Mason Mayor and a Radical Municipal Council. The secularization of the schools was brought up in the Italian Parliament last year. It had a spectacular advocate in the person of Don Romolo Murri, a former priest, who has given up the old faith but clings to his clerical vestments. It failed because public opinion in Italy is evidently not prepared for a complete break with the Church. In France, on the other hand, the anti-clerical campaign has been carried from Parliament into the schools. In a recent pastoral letter signed by the French cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, the faithful are warned against sending their children to the so-called neutral schools, whose neutrality takes the form of bitter opposition to church and religion. The Catholic schools must be kept up if the Catholic churches are to be kept up. "In proportion as the schools from which religious instruction is banished keep on filling up our churches will grow empty." The pastoral letter puts the ban on more than a dozen text-books in French history and civics whose views it finds pernicious. "If, therefore," the letter concludes, "parents perceive that the souls of their children are imperilled in the so-called neutral schools, they must not hesitate, under pain of forfeiting the sacraments of the church." French radicalism interprets the last sentence as a call to sedition.

The tone of the American press is decidedly favorable to Gen. Estrada, who is now pursuing the regular path of Presidential ambition in Nicaragua. And it makes no bones about saying why we are for Estrada and against Zelaya. Estrada will reduce import and export duties, Estrada will throw open government concessions to foreign capital, Estrada is for us, and, consequently, we are heartily for him. Our State Department has been scrupulously correct. The revolutionary leader's communications have remained unanswered because he is still a revolutionist, but we are told that it is practically certain that the Estrada government will be recognized as soon as decency permits. For "President Zelaya for a long time has been a thorn in the side of American diplomacy seeking to bring order out of the chaos in Central America." So here again we are for Estrada because he is for us, a justifiable policy if playing with revolutions were not a dangerous thing. Surely, the chaos in Central America will not come nearer to cosmos by our helping on the methods that make it. Six years ago, when this country and the moulder of its destinies wanted something very badly down in Spanish America, we made use of a revolution to get it. But that fine act of highway robbery at least carried no moral pretensions.

"RED-HOT" DIPLOMACY.

The abrupt termination of Mr. Charles R. Crane's career as Minister to China causes both surprise and regret. His appointment was looked upon as peculiarly fortunate. President Taft publicly expressed his pleasure at having found a man so well fitted for the important post. Successful in business, having a wide acquaintance with affairs in the Far East, independent in politics, Mr. Crane seemed to have a future of usefulness and distinction before him in the diplomatic service. But now for a single indiscretion his resignation has been demanded even before he set sail for China.

Mr. Crane's indiscretion is not denied by him, and we think its gravity is beyond doubt. He talked too freely with a newspaper reporter about State Department secrets, in connection with our relations to Japan and China. The Minister's name was not used in the publication of this gossip by a Chicago paper, but his inspiration of it was apparent at least to the officials of the State Department. Now, it must be admitted that the offence was serious. The standing instructions of the diplomatic officers of the United States forbid them, in general, to "correspond with newspapers." All the greater is the impropriety of conversing with reporters for the press upon important international questions still pending. Mr. Crane was gravely at fault, and his dismissal is technically justifiable. That can be conceded, however, without assenting to either the tact or the wisdom of the whole proceeding. There was unnecessary roughness about it; and if the Secretary of State has read a severe lesson in discretion, he has done it at the cost of exciting a certain public apprehension regarding our interests in the Orient. The offending publication had no wide circulation and had done no great harm. A private reprimand and warning to Mr. Crane might have been deemed punishment enough; or, he might have been allowed quietly to resign after an interval. To recall him imperatively from San Francisco and to dismiss him out of hand, seems too much like applying *peine forte et dure* to a minor crime. It may add to the reputation of our diplomacy for force, but not for suavity or dignity.

In Mr. Crane's statement, put forth in extenuation of his admitted indiscretion, he points out certain difficulties under which he had labored. He had never had a consultation with Secretary Knox, who was away from Washington when the new Minister to China went there for instructions. Not even with the first Assistant Secretary, Mr. Wilson, did Mr. Crane have a conference, though he sought repeatedly to arrange one. His sole interviews were with clerks in the Department. Such general instructions as he had came from President Taft, who urged him to do everything he could to interest Americans in the questions of the Pacific, and especially to accept all invitations to speak, and to "let them have it red hot." This, of course, was no warrant for speaking indiscreetly, much less for giving delicate information to a reporter, but it does betray the state of mind into which Mr. Crane had got under the highest prompting. And it illustrates the perils as well as the advantages of the "new diplomacy," which sometimes appears to be like the heathen of old in thinking that it "shall be heard for its much speaking." Especially is red-hot speaking by a diplomat apt to result in the burning of his own fingers.

A new tendency has plainly been setting in, and America has largely been responsible for it. If the practice is inclining to the selection of diplomats who can speak acceptably on public occasions, the number of examples that the United States has furnished must have had a good deal to do with it. Our succession of Ministers to England, from Lowell to Choate, able to lend a grace to literary anniversaries or civic festivals, created a sort of standard in the representation of one people to another, instead of merely one government to another. From that has seemed to follow the choice of Ambassadors to the United States—German, French, Brazilian, as well as British—who make themselves familiar figures in various parts of the country. More than fifty years ago, John Delane wrote to Lord Clarendon urging the selection of a British Minister at Washington who could make good speeches. Mr. Bryce would have satisfied him!

Our new school of speaking diplomats, however, should never forget that their oratory must always be seasoned with discretion. The highest praise that can be given to an address by an Ambassador is that it never once trenched on the proprieties, betrayed no official confidence, did not dim by so much as a breath the good relations between his own country and that where he was speaking. But such successes do not go with the "red-hot" method. This, on the contrary, is almost certain to lead to "blazing indiscretions," of the kind to which Lord Salisbury used to be so prone, but which it is certain that he, as Foreign Secretary, would never have tolerated in a subordinate.

SPAIN'S NEW TROUBLES.

Nothing could have been more unlucky for the Spanish government, just now, than such an alienation of foreign sympathy as has been caused by the execution of Professor Ferrer. It would be absurd to speak as if we had here the makings of another Dreyfus case, but that the affair is a serious and bad thing for Spain cannot well be denied. For one thing it prejudices her newly won place in the councils of Europe. Spain's importance in European politics has singularly increased since her catastrophes in the war with the United States. Diplomatically, she made a rapid rebound. The weight, or at least the strategic significance, which she has for the past six or seven years enjoyed in the chancelleries of Europe, is doubtless greater than she had known since 1870 and the resounding controversy over the possible accession of a German prince to the throne of Isabella. The English alliance, sealed by the marriage of Alfonso and Victoria; the close and good relations with France; even the long friction with Germany over Moroccan questions; the Algeciras Conference, resulting in Spain's becoming a mandatory of the Powers—all this indicates the international prominence which Spain had been slowly reconquering, or which had come to her in consequence of her position on the European chess-board. It is nothing less than a diplomatic blunder of the first magnitude, therefore, for her government to have taken a step which has inflamed against her the humane sentiment of France and Italy and England.

The suggestion that the events of last July were a blessing in disguise for Barcelona and for Spain generally, sounds almost too paradoxical. It is, however, the sober opinion of a contributor to the *Contemporary Review*. Writ-

ing in that periodical, Herbert Adams Gibbons defends the thesis that, notwithstanding the strong Catalan inclination to Republicanism, a desire on the part of these "Yankees of Spain" for industrial and commercial prosperity is an influence always powerful enough to prevent a political propaganda by an appeal to arms. "Separatism," he writes, "never more than an impractical dream, has disappeared for the present"; Carlism he qualifies as "a lost cause." The conflict of the future is to be a battle of the ballots, with Monarchism and Republicanism the rallying-points. Now is the time, cries Mr. Gibbons, "for the king and his Cabinet, and for the municipal authorities of Barcelona, to profit by the present frame of the public mind, and take measures which will insure the unbroken peace and prosperity of their nation and its Queen City."

There is in this at least the undoubted truth that Spain's great task is that of social and political reorganization. And it is a fact that many of her best minds have been giving of their energy to that labor. More than one acute observer has noted a kind of "intensive cultivation" in Spain since the loss of the last of her colonies. From grandiose but fruitless projects across the seas, the Spanish nation has turned its attention to the work to be done at home. Nor has a fair degree of progress been wanting. In the development of her mines and fields, the improvement and extension of her manufactures, and the solidifying of her finances, Spain has many advances to point to within the past decade. In all these matters, the experience of other countries has been carefully studied, nor have political conditions in other lands been neglected by Spanish students, reformers, and statesmen. Prof. Martin Hume of Cambridge University, a high authority on Spanish affairs, himself a member of the Royal Spanish Academy, recently wrote of the leading Spaniards of the present day:

> The result of their war with the United States has brought home to them incontestably that in order to vie with the enlightened nations, whose qualities they admire and whose prosperity they envy, their own domestic organization must be reformed. The mass of the people have long been convinced that the remedy they seek will not be found in mere political changes or by varying the nominal form of government; and on all hands it is acknowledged that the malady of the country, being to a great extent one of character, must be diagnosed by a close study of their social life and habits. This conviction has turned the best intellects of Spain in the last ten years almost exclusively to the analysis of social conditions at home and abroad, and more especially of those of the peoples of Anglo-Saxon origin whose institutions are most advanced.

In the light of such a promising movement in Spain, we can the more readily see how unhappy the effect must be of putting to death an intellectual leader like Professor Ferrer in a way to leave a cloud on the justice of his execution. We cannot, of course, pretend to judge the force of the evidence against him, but we know that before a civil tribunal he was acquitted, that it was a secret military trial in which he was condemned; and the outside world cannot be blamed if it believes that a judicial murder was committed. The motives to it were plain. Revolutionists were to be stricken with terror, while the dread and absolutist power of the government was to be exalted. But this is only to take counsel of frightened and stupid reactionaries. The King and his advisers must misread the history of their own country, to say nothing of others, if they imagine that a policy of blood and iron can win against indestructible human aspirations.

It is not, perhaps, strange that both the throne and the church in Spain should have been startled by the evidences of fierce animosity against them, during the terrible scenes in Barcelona and elsewhere. An affable and democratic monarch found himself the object of fury, and a Church which had been supreme in the religious life of the people ever since the expulsion of the Moors, discovered that thousands of Spaniards were only waiting to visit their ferocity upon it. An extreme reaction was natural, but the question is whether it is wise to persist in it. Temporarily, the army may be placed on a pinnacle and ecclesiastics made to appear all-powerful; but no one who knows the Spanish temper, or even understands anything of human nature, can imagine that the method of ruthless repression can long succeed. It is not a question of dealing merely with anarchists; though Professor Ferrer's blood will be their seed. What Spain needs to-day is a large and conciliatory and constructive policy.

WHERE DOCTOR COOK NOW STANDS

Let it be admitted at once that the affidavit of Barrill, the man who accompanied Doctor Cook on his alleged ascent of Mount McKinley, is not conclusive evidence of the falsity of the doctor's story; for, certainly, a man who signs a sworn statement that he had been a voluntary participant in the concoction of an elaborate and swindling falsehood cannot be accepted as an unimpeachable witness when he swears that he lied. However fully this may be granted, it is nevertheless manifest that the publication of Barrill's affidavit, to say nothing of other evidence, radically alters the position in which Cook stands as regards his claim to the discovery of the North Pole. That position should be set down in as plain language as possible, and this we shall attempt to do.

Seven weeks have passed since his first story of his exploit was given to the world. Since that time, he has added virtually nothing to the meagre evidence furnished in his account of the tremendous task which he claims to have accomplished, with the assistance of only two young Eskimos, after the most arduous and long-planned endeavors of all his predecessors had failed. These two Eskimos, the only companions of his journey, have given a circumstantial story of that journey according to which it was not even an attempt to reach the Pole, but a deliberate imposture—a mere dash a short way out over the land ice, followed by a long sojourn hundreds of miles south of the Pole. And now comes his only companion on the other extraordinary adventure that he claims to have carried to a triumphant conclusion, and swears that this, too, was a deliberate imposture. Thus two tremendous feats of endurance, skill, and daring—two achievements each of which had been given up in despair by all who had gone before him—are claimed by Doctor Cook, not only on the mere basis of his unsupported word, but in the face of positive and circumstantial statements to the contrary made by every human being who was with him on either occasion.

Such a situation would obviously provoke, on the part of any man who wished to retain the respect of his fellows, a demand for the promptest, most com-

prehensive, and most thorough investigation possible. The *Nation* has not permitted itself to pass judgment on his case on the basis of a mere balance of probabilities, however strongly it may have felt, at times, that that balance inclined in one direction. But the time has come, or will come very soon, when mere failure to press the question to a conclusion must be regarded as a confession of guilt. It is not for this or that scientific body, or this or that newspaper, to suggest to Doctor Cook the propriety of presenting his evidence and getting an authoritative verdict; it is for him to *demand* an inquiry, to insist on its being complete, to place not only his memoranda, but himself, unreservedly at the disposal of an impartial committee of investigation. Failure to do this, and to do it promptly, will, we warn him, very rapidly have the effect of causing those whose opinions are worth anything to set him down as a shameless impostor.

This is strong language, but it has been carefully weighed. We have not been anxious to have Cook's claim disproved; we have held out for fair play. But as time has passed, the spectacle presented by this unproved claimant to signal honors has become more and more offensive. He has been complacently going about the country taking in the people's money and enjoying the people's plaudits and leaving to the future the task of establishing his claim. To criticisms based on intrinsic improbabilities or defects in his story he has been offering indefinite or fragmentary answers. When his Eskimo companions are cited in evidence against him, he tells us that their talk was merely in pursuance of his injunctions to them to conceal the facts. Now comes the only witness of his great mountain feat, the only man whose testimony was available to him in confirmation of the ascent of Mount McKinley, and declares, under oath, that this claim is an elaborate lie from beginning to end. And this witness is not in the frozen North; he can doubtless be produced at short notice. If Doctor Cook is an honest man, he will demand that this be done, and that the whole case, North Pole and Mount McKinley both, be cleared up at once and completely. From now on, he ought to be spending his days and nights in the work of clearing his honor; and every dollar that he takes in henceforward by exploiting his claim when he ought to be removing the cloud on it, will be a dollar gained at the expense of his reputation for honesty.

LOMBROSO'S WORK.

A career of extraordinary mental activity, and of very marked influence on the currents of the time, has been brought to a close by the death of Professor Lombroso. Few men have done so much to stimulate interest, and call forth effort, in the study and handling of the problems of criminality; and if giving an impulse to inquiry is to be regarded as a cardinal service to progress, Lombroso is entitled to very high recognition. Restless energy in seeking new material to work upon and fearless readiness to promulgate whatever results his enthusiastic search for new truths seemed to furnish, formed a combination highly favorable to the effectiveness of such a propaganda as that with which Lombroso's name is associated; and it is a question upon which there will always be room for dispute whether the advancement of knowledge in matters having a human interest is more in need of such boldness and zeal as his to set things agog, or of that patient and thorough investigation, and that spirit of scientific rigor, which gain results more slowly, but with less admixture of error. The man of the Lombroso type becomes possessed with a general idea of which he is temperamentally incapable of seeing the limitations. His function thereafter is that of an insistent disturber of the peace, a man who compels others to give attention to what has been neglected in the past; and if he does this at the cost of disseminating a vast amount of inaccurate reasoning and exaggerated statement, it is for others to sift the good from the bad. In a domain of enormous complexity, he accepts a simple dogma upon inadequate evidence, and after that all individual facts are unhesitatingly interpreted in the light of that dogma. This is not science, as the modern man understands science; but it may be a powerful instrument for stirring up activity and bringing about improvement.

It is admitted on all sides that Lombroso's insistence on the part played in criminality by congenital physical attributes has strongly influenced both the theory of criminology and the practice of penal and reformatory institutions. It is even possible that, so far as the actual application of his principles has thus far gone, it has been productive of almost unmixed good. Practice is sure to lag behind theory, in such a matter; and as the practice of ages had erred so absolutely on the other side up to within two or three generations, there has been little danger in our time of excess in the direction of too great regard for the personal peculiarities or the inherited tendencies of prisoners in our penal institutions. But when it comes to the influence on general opinion, on the formation of that attitude toward the question of crime which, prevailing in one generation, is destined to be the basis of action in the next, the case is very different. If the habit were to become general of regarding criminals as a special type of the human race, and of placing the responsibility of criminal acts not upon the man who has committed them but upon his heredity and environment, there could not fail to result a gradual but steady undermining of the whole notion of personal responsibility for crime or immorality. And the danger of such a development is greatly increased by the widespread but entirely mistaken notion that the voice of Lombroso and his school is the voice of science. He and his followers—and his predecessors—have accumulated a vast aggregate of particular facts, and they have drawn emphatic attention to some aspects of those facts which had previously been insufficiently attended to; but they have established no broad scientific conclusion, they have undermined no great conviction previously entertained by thinking people in general.

Just where the line is to be drawn between absolutely unavoidable criminality and criminality that can be held in restraint by the operation of ordinary human motives is a matter for determination or discussion by persons who give their lives to the study of such subjects; for the every-day man it is sufficient to know that the cases are extremely few in which the criminal impulse is so deep-seated and imperative as to be utterly beyond the reach of what, for want of a better name, we call the will. With these extremely few cases he need not burden his thoughts, any more than he thinks of the albino

as one of the important varieties of man, or of death by lightning as one of the ordinary incidents of life. Leaving out such extreme cases, the doctrine of Lombroso, however useful his insistence upon it may have proved in the ways that have been indicated, is really nothing new. We all know that one man differs inherently from another, according to the inheritance he gets in his blood; we all know that the abjectly poor and the excessively rich have less chance for the development of a normal moral character than those placed in a more wholesome situation. But we also know that the very moment any of us ceased to regard himself as subject to the standards to which the mass of our fellows is held, he would lose the mainstay of his whole moral being. No piling up of technical particulars can obscure this central fact, or so much as diminish its importance by an iota.

Not observation or dogmatic theorizing is wanted for the illumination of a fundamental truth like this; in so far as it is an explicit intellectual quality at all, as distinguished from what we call insight, or common sense, it is the faculty for sound logic. And in this faculty the representatives of the kind of scientific activity of which the work of Lombroso is an example have always been signally deficient. It is the kind that used to tell us that women's intellectual powers were scientifically proved to be less than men's by the simple fact that their brains weighed less; it is the kind that thinks to establish the identity of genius with insanity by simply picking out the curious peculiarities of many men of genius. Qualitatively, we have known all along that criminality was partly heredity, that genius was more or less abnormal; quantitatively, it is to be doubted whether Lombroso's work, valuable as it may have been in some aspects, has advanced these theses far beyond Dryden's "Great wits are sure to madness near allied," or that still older declaration that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation.

CHESTERTON ON SHAW.

The wicked red beard of Bernard Shaw is turning gray. He permits himself the thread-bare conventionality of evening dress. He is about to reap the golden harvest of his American celebrity by a lecturing tour. Finally, enters Mr. Chesterton with a biography prefaced by the following note, which is not without a touch of that Renaissance impudence of self-praise occasionally deprecated in Mr. Shaw: "Most people either say that they agree with Bernard Shaw or that they do not understand him. I am the only person who understands him, and I do not agree with him." All these things have a significant look—can old Caspar's work be done? "Who was Hall Caine?" asked Mr. Shaw, when, as a younger man, he was industriously knifing his way toward the limelight. It is still too early to found a reputation as a wit by asking, Who was Shaw? It would even be unjust to suggest that this tour and this biography look like an attempt at a Shaw "revival." For the "few years of immortality" which this puissant jester aspired to enjoy before going into the darkness with Shakespeare and other out-of-date writers are not yet at end. The time has come, however, when the insolent Shavian advertising no longer fills us with astonishment or dismay, or disables our judgment from a cool inspection of the wares advertised. The youthful Athenians who darted most impetuously after his novelties are already hankering for some new thing. The deep young souls who looked to him as an evangelist are beginning to see through him and despair, as they saw through the exquisite and inexplicable Maeterlinck, and despaired when he took to the motor-car. It is fortunate, therefore, that at this critical time the one man who has really understood Shaw has spoken out and told us what part of him is of the earth earthy and what part immortal.

Mr. Chesterton loves to give the devil his due. He looks upon the subject of his biography as a kind of high-minded, keenly intellectual, but misguided angel. At heart, he insists, Shaw mysteriously unites Irish saintliness with Puritan austerity and a deep passion for progress. He labors with only moderate success to prove that the man is fundamentally consistent, serious, and responsible. With much greater plausibility he praises him for having made philosophy popular and popular amusement philosophical. Philosophy here needs a word of qualification; it means in this connection the latest German, Russian, and Norwegian views of religion, politics, society, art, morals, property, and, in short, all discussable objects of thought. In the years when Shaw was earning his bread as dramatic critic he went to the theatre with an enormous and omnivorous appetite for new ideas. He saw there plays with more or less excellence of dramatic technique but devoid of intellectual stimulus. He went away empty and disgusted and determined to reform things. The first step in reform is destruction, and for that he had a splendid talent. When he had insulted managers and public into giving him a hearing, he made them look at their daily lives from several angles which they had never before visited. "Shocking absurdity!" exclaimed some. "Delightful originality!" exclaimed others. "Not at all," replied Shaw himself in his singularly candid and almost pathetic preface to the "Plays for Puritans," "I am a crow who have followed many ploughs. No doubt I seem prodigiously clever to those who have never hopped, *hungry and curious*, across the fields of philosophy, politics, and art." Nevertheless he had accomplished his purpose; he had set every one by the ears. He had demonstrated the possibility of interesting jaded play-goers by a frontal attack upon their sense without assaulting their senses or their sensibility. He had broken the polite and bored silence of society with a peal of Aristophanic laughter. It is infinitely better to laugh than to yawn, especially if, with Mr. Chesterton, you define a yawn as a "stifled yell."

But in Mr. Shaw's laughter there has been a certain inhuman quality which is already telling against him. He has exhibited an unearthly delight in laughing alone. One is forced to suspect that the driving power behind even his positive ideas is his fierce desire to be ahead of the crowd. Mr. Chesterton is very charitable on this point; he finds in Shaw a genuine temperamental inability to understand the vitality and validity of tradition and convention. Thus, "That Marx was not with him was important. That Man was not with him was an irrelevant prehistoric joke." This is the generosity of an enemy. Mr. Shaw formed the conviction that there could not be "two Shakespeares in one philosophic epoch." He therefore attempted, with the help of Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Ibsen, and other dyspeptic aliens, to force upon the innocent English people a new philosophic epoch;

not because the new was better than the old, but because it was different; not because the English felt the need of being philosophical, but because Shaw felt the need of being Shakespeare. His love of intellectual adventure and his sheer lust to be first ally him less with the great dramatists and thinkers than with recent geographical explorers. In these days, the only undiscovered land lies in the uninhabitable regions around the poles. You may still figure in the headlines by reaching the South Pole. But you cannot plant colonies or found a new world there, because no one can live there. Mr. Shaw has been essentially a polar explorer. Having dashed through No Man's Land to the intellectual poles, he has cried to the rest of the world, "How funny you look down there!" And now the rest of the world, ably encouraged by Mr. Chesterton, is beginning to cry, "How funny you look up *there!*"

Mr. Chesterton's biography is not a joke. It is as serious as his life of Browning or his life of Dickens. Indeed, it is more serious: it is as serious as the "Life of Jean Jacques Rousseau" by Samuel Johnson, which, by the way, was never written, or as the "Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley" by T. B. Macaulay, which was never written, either. That is to say, it presents in sharpest conflict two totally different ideals; it is the Shavian Superman against the Chestertonian Englishman. Mr. Shaw trusts in himself and his foreign allies, and appeals to the future. Mr. Chesterton relies upon the bulk of the English race, and appeals to the past. Mr. Shaw wishes to be as unlike everyone else as possible, and to bring literature around to himself. Mr. Chesterton wishes to be more like every one else than any one in his generation, and to restore English literature to its central traditions. He is thinking of Dickens and Johnson and Fielding and Dryden and Ben Jonson and Shakespeare. He is very weary of the Pre-Raphaelites, the Paterites, the followers of Wilde, the Nietzscheans, the Ibsenites, and all manner of æsthetic dandies, neoterics, and exotics—of whom he is obliged to regard Mr. Shaw as one. If he praises beer with an exaggerated emphasis, it is because they have praised absinthe, and beer is English; if he extols beef, it is because they have extolled caviare or vegetables, and beef is English; if he glorifies marriage, it is because they have attacked marriage, and marriage is English. If he has declared for romance, it is because Shaw has declared against it, and romance is English; if he has spoken for patriotism, it is because Shaw has spoken for cosmopolitanism, and patriotism is English; if he accepts God, it is because Shaw rejects God, and God is English. Shaw has drawn out the strength of Chesterton as the arch enemy drew out the strength of the angel Gabriel. Putting the case in American terms, it is fun to spend the Fourth of July with Shaw, but it is pleasanter to keep Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's with Chesterton.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

According to the published extracts of the will, the late Robert Hoe has instructed his executors to sell his library and art collections at auction, leaving it to their option whether the material be offered in New York, London, or Paris. While the French books, and possibly the manuscripts, might bring better prices abroad, it is generally believed that the early printed books, as well as the English and American books, would sell as well or better here. It is hardly probable that the collection will be offered in one continuous sale. That was the old way. For example, the catalogue of the great Roxburghe library said that the books would be sold "on Monday, 18th May, 1812, and the forty-one following days, Sundays excepted." Nowadays, with values so much enhanced, the catalogues are divided into different portions and sales are held several months apart.

No copy of that very rare Thackeray item "Flore et Zephyr" (1836), a small folio pamphlet consisting of eight plates slightly tinted enclosed in a cover, has been offered at auction in this country since the Augustin Daly sale in 1900, when two copies were disposed of—one, with the original drawing of one plate inserted, fetching $850, the other, with the plates cut around and mounted, bringing $420. This latter copy will be again offered as one of the attractive items in the library of the late Wilhelmus Mynderse, to be dispersed by the Anderson Auction Co. on October 28 and 29. The Thackeray collection comprises seventy-six lots, and is one of the most extensive ever offered here. The two college periodicals, the *Snob* (lacking four numbers) and the *Gownsman* (lacking Nos. 1 and 2), also from the Daly library (where they brought $115), are included, as well as "Vanity Fair" (1848) in parts, a fine set; "The Second Funeral of Napoleon" (1841); "Comic Tales and Sketches" (1841); and "An Interesting Event" (1849). The Dickens collection is also extensive, including three copies of the first edition of the "Pickwick Papers" (1837), one being in parts; "Sketches by 'Boz,'" both series (1836-37); the Christmas Stories, 5 vols., first editions, in original cloth; and other items. Poe's "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," 2 vols. (1840); a set of Cruikshank's "Comic Almanacs," 19 vols. (1835-53); Fielding's "Tom Jones," first issue, 6 vols. (1749); Irving's "Sketch Book" (1819-20); Edward FitzGerald's copy of Goldsmith's "Life of Richard Nash" (1762); and first editions of Smollett, Scott, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, and Hawthorne, are other noteworthy lots.

Earlier in the week, on October 26 and 27, the same firm will sell the second part of the library of Collin Armstrong. In this portion are included some of the publications of the Kelmscott, Merrymount, and Roycroft Presses; collections of the first editions of Andrew Lang, William Morris, Stephen Phillips, Swinburne, and Charles Godfrey Leland; first editions of "The English Dance of Death" and "The Dance of Life," with other books illustrated by Rowlandson, etc.

On five days, October 25 to 29, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. will sell the second part of the library of Charles M. Wallace of Richmond, Va. Catesby's "Natural History of Carolina" (1754), with colored plates; Shelton's translation of "Don Quixote" (1620), the first edition in English; Humboldt's "Vues des Cordilleres" (1810), with colored plates; the first edition of the "Letters of Junius" (1772), and a collection of "Junius" literature, are notable items included in this part.

On October 27 and 28, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston will sell the libraries of Dr. James R. Nichols of Haverhill, Mass., and C. E. Tuttle, of Rockland, Maine. The Halliwell-Phillipps Shakespeare, 16 vols., folio (1853-65); Roberts's "Holy Land" and "Egypt and Nubia" (1842-46); Jardine's "Naturalists' Library," 40 vols. (1834-38), with 1,242 colored plates; Sowerby's "English Botany" (1853-72), with upwards of 1,800 colored plates; Meyrick's "Inquiry into Ancient Armour," 5 vols. (1842-54); Surtees's Sporting Novels, 5 vols.; first editions of American and English Authors, and a series of Maine town histories and genealogies, are included.

Correspondence.

SCIENCE AND INAUGURATIONS

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In an editorial on "Science and Culture," in your issue of June 17, you conclude as follows: "If those masters (of scientific technique) themselves see this (that the heart of education is still the knowledge of men and not of things) our humanist need not shudder over Dartmouth choosing a physicist for president." I felt moved at the time to remark that in other countries this tendency to shudder is not experienced. Among the physicists who are, or have recently been, at the head of British Universities there occur to me Lord Kelvin, chancellor of the University of Glasgow; Lord Rayleigh, chancellor of the University of Cambridge; Sir Oliver Lodge, principal of the University of Birmingham; R. T. Glazebrook, successor to Lodge as principal of University College, Liverpool, and now head of the National Physical Laboratory; the late J. Virlamu Jones, principal of the University of Cardiff, and his successor, E. H. Griffiths, noted for their determinations of electrical and thermal constants, respectively; and Principal Loudon of the University of Toronto. But Dr. Nichols has now been inaugurated

president of Dartmouth, with due pomp and dignity, and, apparently without a shudder. Dartmouth men, from the venerable ex-president to the youngest undergraduate, seem to be profoundly pleased and confident of the future. We may then leave this question for the present. I have lately attended three interesting inaugurations, which have given rise to some thoughts that are concealed in the following lines.

The inauguration of President Nichols, like that of President Lowell the week before, was a spectacle of great picturesqueness and imposing academic ceremony, worth going far to see, and never to be forgotten by the participants. Among the delegates from other colleges were upwards of a score of fellow physicists, who had come to show their loyalty and affection for their colleague. In the afternoon they were hospitably entertained in the laboratory, where those beautiful experiments on the pressure of light were made that had carried the names of Nichols and Hull to many a corner of Europe, where the name of Daniel Webster was unfamiliar. That the names of these delegates should have been, with singular unanimity, omitted from the press reports, is not to be laid to any snobbishness on the part of the press, which had room only for the names of presidents of universities, but is merely a symptom of the attitude of the public to the president and the professor respectively. In the eyes of the public, the professor, on becoming a president, is endowed with marvellous learning, and is an authority on all possible disputed subjects, from the spelling of a word to the settlement of labor disputes. He is an "educator"—the terms *savant* or *Gelehrter* not being needed in the English (or American) language, for these indicate a producer of learning, a notion which is still somewhat foreign, and under suspicion. To the public the president is the outward and visible sign of the university, he is the coal, the gasolene, the steam, the boiler, the engine, the dynamo, the light, the power. He setteth up and he putteth down. He furnishes policies, and he puts them through. He is the executive, the legislative, and the judicial. Is he—and, if so, why? European observers of our university conditions with one accord ask this question. Prof. Angelo Mosso, in his book, "La Democrazia nella Religione e nella Scienza," says:

> In Italy we are true republicans in the matter of instruction, for the professors vote for the choice of the rector, and the liberty of teaching is so great that the state pays republican and socialistic professors, who openly carry on propaganda against the institutions and the form of government wished by the majority. In America no one understands that this might be possible. The universities are under the despotic power of a president who has unlimited powers, appointing and deposing at will professors, who do not constitute, as with us, a corporation of learned men jealously protected by law. At first sight it seems a paradox to say that where liberty is greatest there tyranny is greatest, but really it is so.

The papers have commented on the fact that President Nichols, in his inaugural, did not announce a new policy. Why should he? Dartmouth seems to be getting on very well as she is. Dartmouth men seem to be enthusiastic and united, and to possess the traditions of democracy. I saw no automobiles in Hanover belonging to students. It is proverbial that "honesty is the best policy," and this we have had in the inaugurals of Presidents Nichols, Lowell, and Maclaurin. All have admitted that student conditions are not at present ideal, and all have expressed optimisim as to their becoming so. All favor general culture, which Maclaurin at least says cannot exist to-day without some acquaintance with science, while the others go nearly as far. What steps seem necessary to be taken is pointed out clearly by Dr. Lowell, and the theory so long prevalent at Cambridge, that equal volumes have equal weights, or that everything is as good as everything else, seems to have received a severe blow.

As I began with science, so let me end. What the colleges think of the claims of science may perhaps be inferred from a study of their honorary degrees. At Harvard, if my memory serves me, out of about thirty honorary degrees five were given to American scientists and seven to foreigners. Of college presidents degrees were given to about six. I am told that an effort is to be made to raise the value of the degrees of Doctor of Science and Doctor of Letters, and that the degree of Doctor of Laws is to be kept for distinguished public servants, and for college presidents. At any rate, this seems to be the plan at Dartmouth. Sixteen purple hoods were bestowed with this most honorable degree *ex-officio* on presidents of colleges, while one doctorate of science was conferred on a president who was also a scientist. An Englishman present called my attention to the different character of the degrees from those conferred at a Cambridge or Oxford convocation, where the *ex-officio* degree is usually absent. It may be questioned how much good these degrees do which presidents pass around to each other. I was told that one of them had upwards of one hundred, and used a card catalogue to keep track of his hoods. Into this purple curia or academy let no geometer enter. The scientists must be satisfied with the more modest yellow.

Is there any way to encourage men to go into science, or is there any place in this country for pure science? Science is, like virtue, its own reward. The scientist can obtain neither money, headlines, nor velvet hoods. Unless, indeed, he take out patents enough, when he can obtain all three. In France they do these things differently. At President Lowell's dinner, when Prof. Joseph Bédier was called upon he immediately launched into a panegyric of the Collège de France, recalling the names of the great men who were among its founders. Of these I recall those of Ampère, Regnault, Foucault, and Champollion. Perhaps we should have more such names if we earnestly desired them. I remember seeing upon the walls of the lecture room in the École Polytechnique the motto "Pour la patrie, la science, et la gloire." Surely an inspiring phrase for the young Frenchman, not as good, perhaps, as the motto "Veritas," but more concrete. We are told now at every breath that the watchword of the educated man must be "service." True enough. Did not Newton serve England when he invented fluxions and discovered the law of gravitation? And yet I suspect he was not thinking of that, but did it because he could not help it. A student once told me that he thought it was foolish to be always talking about cultivating science for the good of the world. "The reason we do it," said he, "is for the fun we get." I suspect he was right. On the title page of the works of one of the greatest living physicists are the words: "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." That we may have this pleasure, and that we may share it with generous youth, is the chief desire of the scientist.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Worcester, Mass., October 17.

A NEW ARCHÆOLOGICAL LECTURESHIP.

[To-day Mr. James Loeb, formerly of Kuhn, Loeb and Company, New York, endows the Charles Eliot Norton Memorial lectureship in the Archæological Institute of America. Previous gifts by Mr. Loeb have made it possible to secure several foreign scholars of note as lecturers for the institute; the new foundation will provide an income which will be expended in accordance with the terms of the letter to the president of the institution accompanying the gift. This letter, which outlines a type of endowment likely to be productive of lasting benefit, and expresses at the same time an appreciation of Professor Norton's services to art, we are permitted to print in full. —ED. THE NATION.]

Professor Francis W. Kelsey,
President of the Archæological Institute of America, Ann Arbor,

My dear Sir: I take pleasure in informing you that I have instructed my secretary to pay over to the treasurer of the Archæological Institute of America on October 21 $20,000 of the 5 per cent. bonds of the United States Steel Company for the endowment of the "Charles Eliot Norton Memorial Lecture Fund."

The annual income of $1,000 is to be paid as an honorarium to one or more distinglished archæologists for a course of lectures to be delivered before the affiliated societies of the institute. In choosing the lecturers preference is to be given to European scholars, but in the discretion of the council invitations may also be extended to American scholars.

The experience of past years has amply demonstrated that a constantly growing public eagerly avails itself of the opportunity which these lectures afford to keep abreast of the latest researches of a science which is constantly increasing our respect for the achievements of antiquity. I deem it a privilege to endow the institute with a fund that will enable it, for all time, to help, not only its members, but also the general public, to enjoy the fruits of future archæological discovery.

October 21 marks the first anniversary of the universally regretted death of Prof. Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard University, and this day seems peculiarly appropriate for the creation of the endowment. He was the real father of the Archæological Institute of America. Thirty years ago he had the satisfaction of seeing the idea which he had long and enthusiastically fostered in the minds of a small company of scholars, take concrete form in the estab-

lishment of the Institute, whose services to learning have amply justified his eager hopes. It is fair to say that one of the most far-reaching of these services lies in the opportunity given to a selected body of young students to inspire themselves at the actual sources of ancient culture. Our universities lose no time in appointing these young men, and their teaching is giving new life and vitality to an important branch of learning.

Two generations of Harvard students were privileged to hear from Professor Norton's inspiring lips what "man's sacrifice to beauty," as Mr. Henry James has well called man's artistic effort, has done for the uplifting of the race. To them the establishment of the Charles Eliot Norton Memorial Lecture Fund will, I hope, be a welcome event. To that larger circle who knew and valued Mr. Norton for his fearless devotion to his country, for the delightful essays and scholarly public addresses which marked the stages of a long and singularly distinguished life to the pursuit of *res humaniores*, it may serve as a token of the devotion and admiration of one of his pupils.

Yours faithfully, JAMES LOEB.

Villa Waldfried, Murnau a/Staffelsee, September 8, 1909.

ENGLISH AND CLASSIC VERBS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The September *Harper's* contains an interesting article by Mr. J. C. Fernald on "The Simplicity of English," in the course of which occur the following words:

> The Greek verb has 1,138 parts, which the simpler Latin was able to reduce to no less than 444. Here the English language has broken all precedent. The most complicated English verb, the verb *be*, has but eight different forms, *be, am, is, are, was were, being, been.* The verb *be* is alone in this proud distinction. No other irregular verb has more than five changes of form; as, *give, gave, gives, giving, given.* A regular verb has but four changes of form; as, *love, loved, loves, loving;* and out of at least 8,000 verbs in the English language, all except a little list of 200 are regular.

There are several remarkable things in this statement. First, we rub our eyes to see whether we have read aright. Only eight different forms? Where are the forms *art, wast, wert?* And why are *givest, giveth, gavest* omitted? And *lovest, loveth, lovedst?*

Again, it would be interesting to know how Mr. Fernald obtained his number 1,138 for the parts of the Greek verb. By assuming that some one theoretical verb could at the same time be in both the conjugations and exhibit all possible variations of pure, mute, and liquid verbs in all possible tenses, and by counting all duplicate forms, that number might be arrived at—possibly might be exceeded. But 507 is the number given by Curtius, "Das griechische Verbum," edition of 1877, page 5. This makes forms enough, in all conscience: Curtius calls this "Fülle" "eine erstaunlich grosse" (p. 3), and carefully gives his method of computation. He omits what he considers to be real duplicates, but he counts λύω twice, λύσω twice, and ἔλυον twice. In his enumeration of the forms of the Latin verb he gives 443, only one less than Mr. Fernald's number. I do not know the method of counting in this instance. *E. g.*, the series *es, et, emus, etis, ent* meets the learner of the Latin verb in three conjugations, in two different tenses and two different moods. Are these counted as 5 or as 15? A good illustration of the wide variation between truthful answers to the same question would be afforded in answering this: "How many forms does a boy have to learn in order to inflect a Latin adjective of the first and second declensions?" One person thinks (taking *bonus* as his model): "three genders, six cases, two numbers; 3x6x2=36." Another one reflects that *bona* and *bonis* each occur six times; that *bonum, boni, bonæ,* and *bono* are each found four times, and *bonorum* twice; so he replies "thirteen different forms," deducting nearly 64 per cent. of the other answer.

But when it comes to the method of expressing one's meaning by inflections, have not most of us felt that while we were about it we had rather learn more forms instead of fewer, in order to be sure of what we were saying? When the *Nation* itself was a boy, I dare say it (or "he") would rather have learned a separate set of forms for each of the three series *ēs, et,* etc., mentioned above, than to be obliged to determine whether it was dealing with a present or future indicative, or with a present subjunctive.

Nor is the English verb itself as easy as one might think, judging merely by the paucity of simple forms. The foreigner has to learn a double set of tenses for many verbs, and if the sentence is negative or interrogative, there is still a third mode of expression, which may have to be used. "Jack writes home once a week." "Jack is writing; don't bother him." "Jack is not writing." "Jack does not write often enough." "Is Jack writing now?" "Does Jack write home often?" In Latin and Greek *scribit* and γράφει serve for all of the variations. The foreigner may say: "I am believing both Cook and Peary," and then wonder why "am believing" will not work as well as "am receiving."

To go back to the Greek verb for a moment, its mass of forms may easily be made much less formidable than would appear at first sight. Thus Curtius counts 70 forms for the future, active and middle. Does a boy have to learn 70 new forms? Not a bit of it. He learns that an inserted sigma was the future sign; this one fact gives him all of the 70 forms instantly, the present tense, of course, being already known. And if we insert before the sigma of the future middle the syllable θη we have the future passive without more ado, which disposes of 35 more of Curtius's forms so that the learning of two facts gives a knowledge of 105 forms. I have often seen beginners look with dismay at the columns of contracted verbs, as if it were all entirely new material. But tell them that three "rules" (or statements) will show them how to get all the shortened forms of φιλέω, and three (it would be two except for the omission of iota in τιμᾶι) will serve for τιμάω, and the feeling of dismay is apt to vanish.

To close with a sigh: Just suppose our simple English had a phonetic system of pronunciation! ADDISON HOGUE.

Lexington, Va., October 12.

CHAUCER SPEAKS.

SIR: I have recently noticed what seems to be another of the rare cases in the "Canterbury Tales" in which Chaucer apparently forgets for the moment the supposed narrator of the story and speaks in his own person. It is in "The Squire's Tale" (F. 278-82), in the description of the dancing which follows the banquet of Cambinskan. The lines are:

> Heer is the revel and the jolitee
> That is nat able a dul man to devyse,
> He moste han knowen love and his servyse,
> And been a festlich man as fresh as May,
> That sholde yow devysen swich array.

It may be urged that the modesty of the squire leads him to speak thus, but, however this explanation might account for the "dull," it would scarcely do so for the third and fourth lines. In the "Prologue" we read of the squire:

> Singinge he was, or floytinge al the day;
> He was as fresh as is the month of May . . .
> So hote he lovede, that by nightertale
> He sleep namore than dooth a nightingale.

It seems singular that Chaucer should make the squire excuse himself because of his ignorance of the very things about which he obviously knew the most. On the other hand, Chaucer, "hore and rounde of shape," who often pleads his dulness, might very naturally speak in this way of himself.

RAYMOND D. HAVENS.

University of Rochester, October 4.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I notice among the entirely merited corrections of Miss Frank's translation of Sudermann's "Rosen" one slip of your reviewer. The translation (*Nation*, No. 2311, p. 364) of "unverwandt" should be "steadily" not "unawares." W. A. COLWELL.

Spartanburg, S. C., October 15.

Literature.

A NATION MAKER.

Sir George Grey, Governor and High Commissioner. By James Collier. (Makers of Australia Series). Christchurch, Wellington, and Dunedin, New Zealand: Whitcombe and Tombs, Limited.

Seventeen years since, September 8, 1892, we reviewed Rees's "Life of Sir George Grey," virtually an autobiography, touched up here and there by the hand of an ardent admirer and coworker. Since then other lives of Grey have appeared, notably this one by Mr. Collier, who, though an admirer is at the same time often sharply critical Grey has passed to his account: the Boer war, the federation of Australia, and at this moment of South Africa, have taken place, events with which his career stands in close relation. America, moreover, has taken on the character of suzerain and patron of "backward races" in the South Pacific. For the

whole Anglo-Saxon world, the story of this pioneer, "head and shoulders above all other colonial governors," as Mr. Collier asserts, has acquired new significance; his course was fraught with great successes, and also with mistakes. Both have important lessons for English and Americans, struggling in the difficult path, where he broke the way. We may appropriately consider him again.

Sir George Grey was allied (to understand him we must take into account his blood) with a famous English family. In him, however, there was a strong Irish infusion, and from his mother, a Vignolles, he derived a Huguenot strain. He was, moreover, not a native of England, being born in Lisbon, in 1812, shortly after his father, at the head of the Thirty-third Regiment, had been killed at Badajoz. Almost of course he became a soldier, but arms for the moment being silent, the laws prevailed with him, and he entered upon a great work of political development and administration, the preface to which was a bold exploring of western Australia. He was governor of South Australia, twice governor-general of New Zealand, and twice high commissioner in South Africa, involved as was no other man in the upbuilding and ordering of the vast English speaking societies of the South Seas. The account is full of thrilling and picturesque incidents, for which we must refer the reader to Mr. Collier's excellent book, confining ourselves to a description of some of Sir George Grey's policies. In projecting and carrying out these, he shows himself to be a wise and indefatigable statesman, though fallible, and a man before his time.

First, his dealing with savage races is a thing worthy of our study. Probably no other administrator has had to do with savage masses so numerous and varied—the Australian type, the Maoris of New Zealand, Kaffirs, Zulus, Hottentots in South Africa. A spirit of kindness and justice pervades his policy here from first to last. That "occupancy" merely, the roving over land by hunters without attempt to till or improve, constitutes for a wild tribe valid title to soil, is a doctrine held in small respect by Anglo-Saxon men. Dispossession has been ruthless; or if now and then a conscience has been sensitive, it has been easily quieted; a few bales of blankets, or cases of cheap trinkets, or casks of fire-water, have in numerous instances transferred to white newcomers areas that now have become States, and there has been no compunction. Not so with Grey. In his view the barbarian had a right to his habitat, though peopled only sparsely, and utilized only for the chase; it could not be justly taken from him without the return of an equivalent fully adequate, and an obligation was always recognized that a hand should be lent to the backward race that it might rise in the scale. Here Grey was charged with extravagance. The colonists did not agree with him, and even a man like Earl Grey, a foremost English statesman, disapproved, declaring that mere "occupancy" gave no valid title, and to assert otherwise was quixotic. Extravagant, too, most men will think, were Sir George Grey's ideas as to amalgamation. It was perhaps the Frenchman in him, always more prone to alien interminglings than the Anglo-Saxon, which led him to look with favor upon a blending of the English, especially with the Maoris, a race wild, indeed, but of peculiar aptitudes and promise. The blending has not come; probably in the nature of things such a blending never could come about. Here, as in various other ways, Grey was impracticable. Whatever his mistakes and fatuities, it remains that no other administrator has more endeared to himself the hearts of backward races, or managed them more effectively for their own good and the peace of the world.

In Australia, the response to the young governor's cherishing from tribes unusually debased was feeble. Far otherwise in New Zealand. Though Grey would always be master, enforcing his authority upon occasion by soldier's methods, his policy with the Maoris was that of a sympathetic friend and protector. He sought them in their huts, learned their language, studied deeply their traditions, stood between them and the land-grabber, schooled them, insisted upon their legislative representation, and though his scheme for amalgamation was futile, strove for a society in which the two races might amicably exist together. Good-will and confidence came in return from the capable and intelligent race, who, to this day, almost remember no other governor than Grey. In South Africa, too, the blacks were marvellously tamed, and brought forward by the governor's strict justice and kind, tactful discipline. A notable instance of his extraordinary control over them occurred during the Indian Mutiny. Recognizing the danger he stripped his own colony of soldiers and arms, and drew heavily on its resources, to reinforce, in time, the English struggling in Bengal. He believed that he saved India to the English, a claim which Mr. Collier thinks arrogant. At all events, the service was very great. But what we wish to note especially here is his curiously quixotic, dare-devil way of dealing with the natives in the emergency. He had just been at war with them; but confident in their complete submission, brought about no more by force than by kindness and justice, he visited each important chief, telling him frankly what had been done, that England was in a perilous crisis, that the colony was quite bare of defenders, and he relied upon the chiefs to observe in the strait the strict terms of peace. The policy was brilliantly successful. While those who knew of the governor's action trembled lest their late enemies might seize the opportunity to wipe out the colony, not a chief made trouble. All stood steadfast in their friendship, the dependency usually so turbulent was as quiet as England itself, while its fighting men were arrayed in distant Hindustan.

In the second place, Sir George Grey's dealings with his own people, the white colonizers of the new lands he was set to govern, were no less interesting than his dealings with the browns and blacks. In his youth in England he had been profoundly moved at the condition of the masses, and he undertook the exploration of western Australia especially in the hope of laying open regions into which might be poured the thousands who had neither room nor opportunity at home. He had always the welfare of the humbler classes in view in all his various fields; and when the rich and high-placed tried to establish land monopolies, the result of which would have been a feudal condition, a few rich proprietors on one side, a multitude of dependent tenants upon the other; or when ecclesiastical bodies unwisely projected a theocracy in which, while natives and immigrants stood in docile tutelage, a hierarchy was to control and direct, Grey withstood both priests and monopolists, however powerful, however well-intentioned in their mistaken zeal. His ideal was to constitute societies made up of modest homes—each settler with one vote in Anglo-Saxon fashion sending representatives to a central legislature, the heads of the polity to be magistrates with power derived from the suffrages of the freemen like themselves, whose interests they were set temporarily to administer.

Without dwelling upon the details of his interesting struggles here, we pass to the consideration, in the third place, of Sir George Grey's relations with the government at home, from which he derived his authority, and to which he was always held responsible. While the Colonial Office usually sustained him, and sent him repeatedly to deal with dangerous, sometimes desperate, situations, he was never thoroughly approved, and was sometimes discountenanced and condemned with wrath and disgust. We have space to describe only one of his high-handed proceedings, which was widely felt in England to threaten no less than the integrity of the British Empire. South Africa, it will be recalled, with a white population of Dutch, was taken from Holland and assigned to England as a colony by the Holy Alliance in 1815.

In the fifties of the nineteenth century its main divisions were Cape Colony, in which the Dutch element outnumbered the English, and the Orange Free State and Transvaal, almost entirely Dutch. Natal had at that time attained no great significance. Grey, set to rule here as high commissioner, found a land in which allegiance to England was naturally weak, fighting for existence with warlike Kaffirs and Zulus. To his pacification of the savages we have already referred. To content the colonists, he projected a remarkable plan. He was always proud of his own Huguenot descent, and kept it to the fore. This made him *persona grata* with the Dutch, among whom there was a large Huguenot infusion. Their good will he reciprocated, and he had much sympathy with their grievances. His project for South Africa was a confederation, in which, while the speaking of English was to be encouraged, Dutch must necessarily be the dominant language in legislature, society, and schools. The tie binding South Africa to England was, in fact, to be greatly attenuated: a population prevailingly Dutch was to receive a large measure of independence; a state set up in which the tongue, traditions, and allegiance had their root rather in Holland than in England. Downing Street found the scheme high-handed and intolerable to the point of treason. Grey was temporarily disgraced; yet, if his plan had been carried out, it would have saved England the humiliation of the Boer war, and from the point of view of world statesmanship, it would have been a happy consummation. At the present hour South Africa is confederating along lines which, except that he would have guarded more carefully the rights of the native races, are in the main the lines laid down by Sir George Grey—an impressive vindication of his breadth and wisdom.

Grey's proconsular career closed in 1867, after which he continued to figure, nevertheless, in England and in the South Pacific. His election to Parliament was thwarted by Gladstone, who thought dangerous his advocacy of Irish Home Rule, a policy which he did not himself adopt till some years later. Had he reached a seat in Parliament, his force and eloquence would have made him a power among the Liberals. In private, his influence was great with the leaders of church and state, as well as the masses, and exerted for human betterment. In New Zealand, he was active in subordinate stations, serving as representative, like John Quincy Adams, in the land he had once ruled as chief. As a delegate to the confederation of Australia, in 1891, he favored a course which was heavily disapproved. In several ways, it was radical, most so in advocating as head of the Federation, not a crowd-appointed governor, but a magistrate elected by the people, thereby almost sundering the last tie between mother-country and dependency. Mr. Collier does not mention it, but we believe it a matter of record that Sir George Grey dreamed of a much wider confederation—of English-speaking men, namely—and was quite ready to yield the primacy in such a bond to the United States, first by virtue of resources, numbers, and character.

Mr. Collier is nearly as often a drastic critic of his subject as he is a eulogist. He asserts Grey to have been arrogant, vindictive, disposed to claim credit which did not belong to him, and a falsifier of history through strange hallucination as to what he had really done; nevertheless, he finds him brave, nobly altruistic, brilliantly sagacious, of unflagging energy. He was a cosmopolite rather than a patriot, a world-statesman not to be pent within a circumscription as broad even as the British Empire. He was insubordinate almost to the point of rebellion; but in many ways the world came round to him, and it was held fitting at his death in 1898 to accord him a sepulchre in St. Paul's, close to Nelson and Wellington.

He was an Achilles, held by the heel when he was dipped and the hand that held him was very broad; he was very open to the arrow of the fault-finder—but an Achilles, nevertheless, the foremost champion in the wide and windy arena in which he played his part. Says Carlyle: "He was born of the Tetragonidæ, built four-square, solid as one fitted to strongly meet the winds of heaven and the waves of fate." To this it may be added that his character was marked no more by strength than by justice and humanity.

CURRENT FICTION.

La Catedral. Por Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. Valencia: F. Sempere y Ca.

The Shadow of the Cathedral. Translated from the Spanish by Mrs. W. A. Gillespie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Judging by the pages we have compared, Mrs. Gillespie's translation is reasonably adequate, though neither inspired nor free from blunders. Her rendering of *pordioseros* as "God's creatures" is not happy. "For-God's-sakers" would be better, if any word but "beggars" had to be sought at all. In one relief of the Toledo cathedral the translator professes to have found a figure of the Virgin "robed in the habit of St. Ildefonso." This would certainly be so great a curiosity that surprise alone should have led to a more narrow scrutiny of the text. It reads, "vistiendo una casulla á San Ildefonso," that is, "investing St. Ildefonso with a chasuble." It is to be hoped that not many slips in the book are so bad as that.

The novel itself is put into English dress at a time when its themes are even more to the fore in Spain than when the author wrote of them. For be it understood that we have here no ordinary *novela de costumbres* or romance, but a tract for the times. Señor Ibáñez chose the narrative form simply as a vehicle for the bold discussion of ideas which are fermenting in the Peninsula. In the person of Gabriel Luna, a species of combined atheist and philosophical anarchist, returning to his old home in Toledo to die of consumption, we have the protagonist of the plotless drama. Wide wanderings and deep reflection have given him a rooted distrust of the dominant principles in modern Spanish civilization, and in long discourses to friends and relatives he pours out his heart about the church and the army, education and politics, social organization, industry, Spain's past and future. Considered as a story, it must all be voted tedious. Too often does the reader find it recorded that "Gabriel habló largo rato." His monologues are frequent and wearying. Yet one sees a marked and significant *Tendenz* running through the rather poor imitation of a story. That is why this work of Señor Ibáñez's has had so great a vogue in Spain; and why, just at this juncture, it might well serve as a guide to the kind of intellectual and moral upheaval now going on in that country. With the greatest frankness the large topics of religion and government are debated in these pages; and one cannot help feeling that the recent terrible events in Barcelona, and elsewhere in Spain, have come as a sort of confirmation of many of the views here expressed in the name of Gabriel Luna.

The Faith of His Fathers. By A. E. Jacomb. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Among the multitudinous forms of the modern novel, there is one which, with a kind of dreary ardor, sets itself the task of studying some particular human character or situation of a kind both typical and humdrum. Its object is not to inspire a high pity or terror, but rather to put us in absolute possession of certain definite facts which, dingy enough on the surface, may or may not turn out to possess some hidden lustre of meaning. It is an exhibit, a "human document," presented in the true modern spirit of accumulation. To this class, a hasty reader might be inclined to ascribe "The Faith of His Fathers."

Its field of vision is at first glance narrow and flat enough—a middle-class nonconformist household in a dingy English small town. We seem to have beheld and heard it all before: the bigoted father the patient yielding mother, the rebellious son and daughter, the crisis which sets one generation against the other,

the final parting of their ways. The present treatment seems rather careful than emphatic. We see that these people and this developing situation are authentic, but no particular reason offers itself for our pretending interest in them. The stern faith of the father and the revolt of the son are alike untouched with charm. The son is, indeed, barren of grace to the end; but the father is gradually perceived as a figure of deep pathos, almost of tragedy. The absolute sincerity of his grim Puritanism reveals itself as untouched by petty vanity or self-will. Fidelity to his creed has prescribed for him a course of action inhuman to any mind not bound by the tenets of his own sect. But he is not inhuman, he accepts the crucifying of his natural affections in the martyr spirit. His fate is to make himself an object of pity and contempt to his children, to lose his place of usefulness in the world, and finally to incur the bitter hatred of the wife of his youth. Yet at the end of it all, one cannot imagine a different course of action for him, or a different fate. His is the mistaken martyrdom of the fanatic, not the *débâcle* of the weakling or the brute. The skill with which the dignity of the Puritan character is cumulatively impressed upon the reader marks this story, with all its dreariness, as a sincere and fruitful piece of interpretation.

The Man of Destiny. By Thomas Gold Frost. New York: Gramercy Publishing Co.

The civil war chieftain is not a new apparition in American fiction, but he has yet to win second immortality there. Why is it that the voices of our story-tellers grow strained and self-conscious the moment they undertake to sing the glories of a patriotic past? Why is it that the great personalities they attempt to reconstruct for us turn out such manikins? The greater the historic figure, the greater the difficulty of the fanciful chronicler. It is, in fact, we suppose, an easier task for the creative imagination to build a creature new than to illumine and project before one's very eyes a being who has undergone actual fleshly birth and dissolution. The Washington or Lincoln of the novelist too often bears grewsome resemblance to those "controls" of spiritism, who, vaunting great names, turn out to be after all such trifling fellows. No doubt there is a similar barrier to be surmounted. One is dealing here also with the creatures of two worlds, of two different sorts of reality. At their most coherent, these spooks and shadows are least impressive. The dust of Alexander is more respectably employed in stopping a bunghole than his spirit as pilloried by a Mrs. Piper, or dragged babbling through the pages of an historical romance.

We mean no serious personal reflection upon the author of the present fiction. He has a love for his theme, and he means well by it. He has written out of a commendable enthusiasm for a great figure of our near past. Why, with his minute attention to the fact, he chooses to call Grant "Burton" is not clear. If the chronicler left any doubt as to his hero's identity, the illustrator would settle it. The change of name has left the narrator free to provide dialogue, letters, and, above all, a "love interest" departing widely from the facts of Grant's life and character as stern history knows them. Nevertheless, the prefatory assertion that this is "primarily a work of fiction" is at least open to doubt. The author evidently did not know quite what he intended it to be "primarily." Eventually, it is an odd mixture of fact, fiction, and panegyric.

Pa Flickinger's Folks. By Bessie R. Hoover. New York: Harper & Bros.

Every one knows them, either in real life or in the magazines, whence they now come forth with additions, making a complete family circle. They live in a city on the shores of Lake Michigan and are the plainest of plain people—fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, babies single and in twinship; the common North American busy at common duties and diverted with democratic pleasures. The rudely candid American tongue holds a sway practically unbounded till the family's softer graces are brought to light by the alliance of Bill Flickinger with Sophie Budzbanowsky, "Catholic Pole," whose gentle counsels bring into harmony the turbulent Flickinger currents. The family hopes, fears, merrymakings, and misadventures brawl along in a channel of noisy humor, comic, cheerful, and clean.

AN ITALIAN NIETZSCHE.

On the Tracks of Life: The Immorality of Morality. Translated from the Italian of Leo G. Sera by J. M. Kennedy, with an introduction by Dr. Oscar Levy. New York: John Lane Co. $2.50.

Since Christ divided all mankind into sheep and goats, there has been no partition of society quite so simple as that of Signor Sera. For him all men are either aristocrats or workers or transitional—impure—types between the two. The aristocrat is born with an instinct for leadership and self-assertion. In sport, war, and love he spends himself extravagantly. He declines to be bound by the morals that the timid majority regard as necessary for their preservation. Requiring abundant leisure for the growth of his peculiar potencies, he is a parasite, living by the work of other men, upon whom he imposes himself by his superior readiness and force. Women yield gladly to his ardor. Indeed, an imperative and conquering sexuality is the symptom—or possibly the cause: the author is not altogether clear on this point—of his aristocratic prerogative. In conclusion, he rejects bounds except as they are dictated by his own instinct; and his ruling character is that of a splendid and efficient animalism. It is the southern temperament at its highest power.

The worker is, naturally, the antithesis of all this. Work is the great moral and physical depressant. Society requires of the natural man—who, presumably, was an inchoate aristocrat—the sacrifice of individual passions and ambitions. Thus by a steady depressant policy society forms the dutiful, self-sacrificing worker. In the process his egotisms, and particularly his sexuality, are attenuated. As he sacrifices initiative, egotism, all that means individual potency, he acquires social merits. He is fit to produce and save against the need of the great consuming and spending class of aristocrats. The worker is northern in temperament: cautious, tender, meditative.

Here surely is simplicity. If it be asked, Is there no intermediate class? the answer is, Only transitionally and in appearance. When the worker arrives at full consciousness of his subject condition, he will, if his intelligence suffices, try to better it. He will play cleverly within the prescribed bounds, or he will break them, in which case he is on the way to aristocracy. Again, when the aristocrat loses his potency, he loses his reality. Italy, in Signor Sera's opinion, has no real aristocracy to-day, the nobility being impotent. As for the artist, the genius, he is the purest sublimation of the aristocratic temperament. The working class, on the contrary, abounds at the top in merely clever, or elegiac men of talent.

A society, a nation, at any given stage, is merely an equilibrium struck in the eternal strife between worker and aristocrat. Nations lacking leaders simply lie fallow. The storehouses are being filled for future enterprise—for the use of leaders to come. Such nations, we say, have no history. Germany for centuries has been in this preparatory state of study and conservation. The national temperament, at the top, at least, is becoming aggressive, egotistic, sensual; the dawn of leadership is discernible. England has used up her aristocrats and a period of decline is at hand. History is merely a record of these balances between saving and spending. National success implies the aristocrat fully in control, but supported by the accumulated knowledge and wealth of generations of workers; and such a condition is unstable. The aristocrat spends too much of himself or the social store, the worker rebels, the leaderless nation lapses into social morality—and insig-

nificance. The ideal equilibrium was reached just once and for a brief time in Greece. As if to illustrate concretely the sensuousness of the aristocrat, an essay on Henri Beyle's amorous life is added, and by way of proper acknowledgment of inspiration, a paper on Nietzsche.

We have epitomized this argument fully and objectively because it offers a clear-cut picture of the world—a picture that to readers of Brantôme and the tracts of Machiavelli will even seem to have an historical verisimilitude. The potent aristocrat, the shifty or sheerly imbruted worker, have existed and do exist. The question is whether they exist in the purity of type, or in the preponderating influence, assumed by Signor Sera. Let us recall that his book is intended to be merely descriptive and analytical. He treats, as he often declares, the world as it is. His book is to be taken as a reasoned catalogue of human nature. Taken as such, its classifications appear to us brilliant, specious and superficial.

The magnificent animal which he imagines the aristocrat to be, seems to us a pure figment. To realize him intellectually required all the genius of a Nietzsche. In history, the leader has appeared from time to time. Even so, he has rarely been quite true to type, and never frequent enough to constitute what Signor Sera posits: a special species within the genus *homo*. For example, the depressant qualities of pity, moderation, altruism, and intellectualism have been present and even prominent in most of the actual leaders known to history. As to sexuality, while it is obvious that any powerful person will gratify his passions more boldly, it is doubtful whether the aristocrat is especially favored in this regard. Every class of society from top to bottom produces its Lovelaces. Signor Sera could find his sexual conquerors as readily in the stable as in the palace. So far is sexuality from being an index of general superiority that very inferior men will exercise an extraordinary adroitness and forcefulness in the pursuit of their pleasures. Is the village Don Juan an aristocrat after all?

The notion of the aristocrat seems to us, in fine, purely fictitious: a clever but obviously invalid generalization from such exceptional cases as Antony, Attila, Cæsar Borgia, the Marquis de Sade, perhaps. We have to do not with a kind of race within mankind, but either with sheer abnormalities, or with men simply a degree stronger, wiser, and more audacious than their humbler fellows. The term aristocrat—though alluring when the most imbruted sort of worker is cited by way of contrast, seems to us entirely without physiological or psychological significance. There is a good literary reason for cherishing this type. To assert that it moves the world is quite another matter.

Equally exaggerated we find the insistence upon the depressing effect of work and upon workers as a category to include the greater part of mankind. That work is a depressant, in many cases may freely be admitted. The coal fields, for example, tell that story only too well. But in whole classes of the community work not only produces value to society, which Signor Sera regards as a unique function, but enhances the value of the individual. The improved *morale* brought about by military and naval drill is thoroughly understood. It would be difficult to show that surveyors, engineers, drivers of horses, navigators of vessels, builders, or, indeed, professional men or fine craftsmen, are belittled by their work.

In fact, Signor Sera's notion of a quite untrammelled personality seems to us highly sentimental and unscientific. It is as if a changeling from Rousseau's loins had been foisted upon Friedrich Nietzsche. There has been no time when this superb unconditioned animal has constituted a ruling class. There have been the crazy Cæsars and the degenerate Bourbons, but no wise publicist will base his system upon them. No, from palace to hovel we are none of us free—society imposes bonds upon us and our class; our inner selves devise even more cunning trammels. Least of all has the aristocrat of history been free. Bound by complex codes of honor, by hereditary duties, by all the manifold obligations of nobility, his lot has been cramped, as compared, say, with that of his own clerk, or his shifty money-lender. So well did a better thinker, Nietzsche, perceive this, that he set himself to creating, not a ruling class, but a few portentous Supermen, to secure which he clearly saw that pity must first be annihilated. The fatal weakness of Signor Sera's argument is that, without exception, the major premises are not proved but assumed.

We have given more attention than it quite deserves to this sprightly book. Even under the veil of a translation that abounds in such barbarisms as "glottology" and "involucre," it is pungent, stimulating, and, to a plodding reader, disquieting. It presents a picturesque and suggestive, if hardly novel, notion of the rise and fall of nations. It puts into modern garb the old scarecrows of Machiavelli and Hobbes, and strips Nietzsche of most of his poetry, hence of his difficulty. We are willing to believe that Signor Sera is honestly fascinated by his own paradoxes. We can only say that his mirror of the world simplifies a complex image out of all familiarity. But his theses are clearly and vigorously expressed, his book is very diverting, or very shocking, according to the reader's temperament, and, after all, nothing sharpens the teeth of the mind like setting them firmly into a fallacy of the tougher order.

The Origins of Christianity. By the late Charles Bigg, Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford; edited by T. B. Strong, Dean of Christ Church. New York: Henry Frowde. $4.15

This is a disappointing book. The promise of the title is not fulfilled, for it is not with the origins of Christianity but with its history from Nero to Diocletian that the author deals. Nor is the work of the quality one might expect from the Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Oxford, whose Bampton Lectures on "The Christian Platonists of Alexandria" have long been well and favorably known. The book was not written for professional historians, but for a wider public, and so should not perhaps be criticised because it contains nothing new and unfamiliar, though it is certainly a mistake to suppose that an author must necessarily confine himself wholly to conventional material because he has others than scholars in view.

A more serious defect is the superficiality of treatment. Even as a summary of familiar matters, it lacks vitality, insight, and imagination. It is commendably accurate, and bears witness to the author's learning and to his acquaintance with the best modern literature—it is not in any sense a bad book. But just because of this its futility is all the more apparent and all the more annoying. The very arrangement of the material betrays the shallowness of the treatment. The book is divided into thirty-seven chapters, one of them printing but two pages, and more than a third of them carrying the name of an emperor as title, Domitian, Trajan, Hadrian, etc. It would be a miracle if with such a table of contents the book itself were anything but scrappy and superficial. External biographical details, bibliographical notices, and accounts of persecutions bulk large, while the really vital things, such as the inner meaning of the new faith, its appeal to the peoples among whom it spread so rapidly, the forces which shaped its development, its influence upon the world and the world's influence upon it, all these are overlooked or treated in a most casual and inadequate way. The chapter on the Apologists, in which an account is given of the principal writings and the arguments used without any attempt to get at the heart of the situation, or at the real significance of the Apologists' task, is but a sample of the unsatisfactory character of the whole book. Even a chapter with so promising a title as the Church at the Close of the Second Century yields little more than a series of details touch-

ing organization and liturgy, matters which properly belong in an encyclopædia of Christian antiquities, not in a history of Christianity. The final chapter, entitled A Review of the Third Century, is much better, but is all too brief and is taken up largely with such conventional topics as private confession, asceticism, and celibacy of the clergy. Though the old anti-Romish polemic has happily almost wholly disappeared from recent church histories, the traditional interests still continue to dominate them, and questions which were formerly bitterly debated between Catholics and Protestants, or between one and another Protestant sect still form the staple of discussion. This is particularly true in England, where perhaps the old differences have been longest in dying out, or where, at any rate, the historic spirit has been longest in outgrowing them.

It is to be greatly regretted that since the death of Edwin Hatch scarcely any work of importance has been done by English scholars in the field of early church history. Conventional, stereotyped, or apologetic treatments of the subject are about all that have appeared. Of freshness and originality, and particularly of large and constructive work, there has been little. Canon Bigg's book is no greater sinner than many another. It is simply one more mediocre book where there are already too many.

Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia. 1752-1755 and 1756-1758. Edited by H. R. McIlwaine. Richmond, Virginia.

This volume, the second issued by the present State librarian, consists of the Journals of two General Assemblies, the first comprising pp. 1-332, and the second pp. 333-551. There were eight sessions of the first Assembly, and four of the second. The custom adopted in the preceding volumes of printing the names of the Burgesses has been somewhat changed, as they are now given for the whole term of the Assemblies, with notes showing changes during the terms, instead of, as heretofore, appearing before each session of the Assembly: hence we have but two lists, instead of twelve.

As is well known to those interested in this publication, the printing was begun with the volume for 1773-1776, and has proceeded backwards, so to say, so that it has now reached the sixth volume. This plan was presumably adopted from lack of the earlier journals, which it was intended to supply as the printing continued. The importance of the publication has been heretofore commented on, and, indeed, is understood of itself.

The first session of the Assembly of 1752-55 began on February 27, 1752, being the first session of an Assembly since 1749. Gov. Dinwiddie arrived in Virginia November 20, 1751. In his address to the Assembly he recommended first "that some way should be found to prevent delays in the courts of justice," and, secondly, "that good relations should be cultivated with the Indians in order that the French and Spaniards—particularly the former—might not be able to carry out their designs of settling in the interior." The fact that "the King in council had repealed ten acts passed by the preceding Assembly," prevented the fulfilment of the first recommendation, but the Assembly, on April 6, 1752, passed "An Act for encouraging Persons to settle on the Waters of the Mississippi." Such settlements had previously been made in Virginia (as of the Huguenots at Manikin Town, King William County, and of the Germans at Germanna, in Spotsylvania County), as a protection against inroads of the Indians. This kindly feeling, however, soon changed on account of the dispute over "the pistole fee." The Governor required the payment of a pistole ($3.50) as a fee on the issue of a patent for land at the secretary's office. This led to a pamphlet by Richard Bland, "A Fragment on the Pistole Fee, Claimed by the Governor of Virginia," which has been edited by W. C. Ford. The claim angered the Burgesses, especially after their handsome present, and they inquired by what authority the Governor made this demand. He replied that the order was given "in accordance with the authority granted him in his instructions from the home government and with the advice of the Council," and that the matter was one with which the House of Burgesses could not constitutionally deal. This did not satisfy the Burgesses, but the House passed a resolution, "That whosoever shall hereafter pay a pistole as a fee to the Governor for the use of the seal to patents for lands shall be deemed a betrayer of the rights and privileges of the people," and they sent the Attorney-General, Peyton Randolph, to London to investigate the matter. The editor states that "in this dispute Dinwiddie was technically in the right," for the land was the King's land, and that the "fee was ill-advised, but not illegal." It, however, destroyed the amicable feeling between the Governor and the Burgesses, and affected the sum appropriated by the House of Burgesses after Washington's mission to the French commandant in regard to the disputed territory in the Ohio Valley.

The capitulation of Washington at Fort Necessity on July 4, 1754, caused another session of the Assembly. The House passed a bill to raise £20,000 for the campaign, but attached a rider for the payment of Peyton Randolph's claim of £2,500 in the matter of the pistole fee, to which the Governor would not agree, so the bill failed. The House eventually backed down and passed the bill.

The Assembly of 1756-58 first met on March 25, 1756. The Governor hoped for a change in the membership, and there was a change of about thirty-eight per cent. But "the old leaders were returned, and it may be doubted if the change in personnel was of any great advantage to the Governor in his efforts to control the House." It declined to send men to Crown Point on account of the danger at home; it passed a bill for the appointment of an agent in England, to which the Governor was opposed; and it offended him "by sending the sergeant-at-arms with his mace within the bar of the General Court, and compelling certain officials of that court who were members of the House to attend its meetings." It passed an act to raise £25,000 for the better protection of the inhabitants on the frontiers, and to erect a chain of forts. Among these one was to be immediately erected at Winchester, Fort Loudoun, the remains of which may still be seen there. Washington's letters set forth the alarming condition of affairs, and an act was passed to allow members who were officers of militia to repair at once to their respective posts. The Assembly did its best to meet the emergency.

The feeling between the Governor and the Burgesses was now more harmonious, and the Governor announced his intention of resigning on account of his health, which he did in January, 1758. Gov. Fauquier did not reach Virginia until June 7; in the meantime John Blair, president of the Council, was acting Governor.

There are still errors of proof in this volume, but the proofreading has improved.

Essays in Politics. By Andrew Macphail. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.80 net.

British imperialists who base their hopes on preferential tariffs are vigorously attacked in this book of Mr. Macphail's. The Canadian writer, who is here a student of economic and political conditions, offers not a grain of encouragement for politicians of the Chamberlain school. Mr. Macphail sees only danger in the forging of tariff links for empire welding, and relies upon race loyalty to open up the way to political coherence in any future British federation.

In the best essays in this book, which relates chiefly to Canada, the main argument is against the economic theory of protection. Certain phases of Canadian loyalty are criticised, as well as the impatience of advice and rebuke from headquarters that has so often

made a decision in the Foreign Office at London, or an award in which long views were necessary, the occasion of colonial discontent. Mr. Macphail shows how Canadian statesmen have sometimes failed to understand how complicated an affair is that great world in which Britain has to decide questions that must be regarded, not in the feebic light of the court room, but in the lurid glare of war. In other words, so long as Canada and the other young nations remain members of the empire without fully sharing its responsibilities, they must submit, in their negotiations with other countries, to compromise which in whole or in part rejects their claims. The opposition of Lord Alverstone to his Canadian colleagues in the Alaska boundary award is justified now by some who strongly resented it at the time. Lack of appreciation of the length, breadth, and thickness of imperial interests has too often vitiated colonial opinion of British diplomatic difficulties.

It will surprise American readers, we think, to learn that in this book confession has at last been made that the British government got what they were not entitled to in the Maine boundary case and came out ahead in the Oregon difficulty. Nor will they fail to season their humor with sober reminiscence when they read of Lord Elgin's festive hoodwinking of the Senators at Washington into accepting the famous Reciprocity Treaty of 1854-1866: one of the cleverest strokes in the history of diplomacy. This was the treaty "floated through on champagne." Mr. Macphail reminds his countrymen that, so far as this continent is concerned, certain limitations were inexorably imposed upon British diplomatic effort by the surrender of Cornwallis, and that Canadians must learn the lesson of compromise by which widely dispersed empire is maintained. The same lesson, he avers, must be learned by the United States. The book is well calculated to offset aggressive publications that assume preferential tariffs as the indispensable basis of federation. As might have been expected, there is a chapter on current political questions in the United States; and in this, Mr. Macphail makes many just observations on our shortcomings, while sometimes going far afield in his conclusions. He says in one place, for instance:

> That is why there is no public opinion in the United States and no political discussion in their newspapers—for the same reason that there was none in Turkey previous to July [1908].

We are not concerned to examine the reason or occasion for this statement, as its exaggeration is patent. Such a statement as this is quite sufficient to suggest the rashness of inference into which the writer of this book is sometimes betrayed. But, for all that, there is much in it that rings clear and true.

Notes.

"American Prose Masters"—essays by W. C. Brownell on Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, Poe, and Henry James—is an important new publication soon to be issued by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

New evidence of the serious appeal of H. G. Wells, in England if not in our own country, is offered in the issue, through Unwin, of a volume by the Rev. Alexander H. Crawford, entitled: "The Religion of H. G. Wells, and Other Essays."

A translation by W. S. Hough and W. R. Boyce-Gibson of Prof. Rudolf Eucken's "Die Lebensanschauungen der Grossen Denker," rendered in English as "The Problem of Human Life as Viewed by the Great Thinkers," is offered by the same publisher. The winner of the Nobel prize studies in this volume, much read in Germany, not merely the philosophies of the past, but also the present situation. Eucken belongs to the more conservative wing of modern pragmatism.

Joseph Pennell is as well qualified to draw as is Mrs. Pennell to discuss the "French Cathedrals," and the volume which is the product of their collaboration, and which the Century Co. will publish, is likely to prove one of the most beautiful of "gift books." The 183 illustrations from drawings by Mr. Pennell are after originals in the Luxembourg Museum.

The successor of Gaston Paris at the Collège de France, Prof. Joseph Bédier, will deliver a course of five lectures on "The French Epic Legend," at the University of Chicago, beginning November 29.

Sturgis & Walton Company will issue this month the first volume of the Court Series of French Memoirs, translated from the manuscript of Cléry, valet to Louis XVI, under the title, "The Royal Family in the Temple Prison: The Journal of its Confinement."

For Lacy Collison-Morley's "Giuseppe Baretti" (Scribner), the late F. Marion Crawford wrote an introduction which gives added interest to an account of the subject's literary friendships and feuds in the days of Dr. Johnson, Garrick, and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The Doves Press will issue in November "William Caxton," a paper read by George Parker Winship, librarian of the John Carter Brown Library, Providence, at a meeting of the Club of Odd Volumes in Boston, in February, 1908. The essay will be issued in small quarto, and printed in black and red. The three hundred copies to be issued will be bound in boards, paper sides, and vellum backs, at 10s.; or in morocco or sealskin at £2 10s. There will also be 15 copies on vellum.

On October 23 Houghton Mifflin Company will issue a volume, "American Foreign Policy," which seeks to analyze the present situation in world-politics. The author states the newly gained importance of America in international affairs, and makes his due proportion of suggestions for our future course. A certain added interest may, perhaps, be found by some readers in the circumstance that the title page bears no trace of authorship other than the words, "By a Diplomatist."

Hermann Hagedorn, whose "Woman of Corinth" was published last year by Houghton Mifflin Co., will make his reappearance as a poet in "A Troop of the Guard, and Other Poems," to be issued through the same publishers. The title poem of the new volume was read at the Harvard Class Day of 1907, and it is safe to say that it has not been forgotten, even now, by those who attended the academic performances in Sanders Theatre. The new book contains besides "A Troop of the Guard" and other verses, the Lincoln Ode read last February at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, other odes, and a one-act-play, realistic in action, although poetic in form, and philosophic in temper: "Five in the Morning."

The proposed British expedition to conquer the South Pole is enthusiastically approved by the Royal Geographical Society. The opening article of the October number of its organ, the *Geographical Journal*, contains a letter from President Darwin to the leader, Capt. R. F. Scott, in which he promises "every help it is in our power to give." The aim of the expedition is twofold, to cover the remaining one hundred miles between Mr. Shackleton's farthest point and the Pole, and the further exploration of the Ross Sea area. The start will be made not later than August, 1910, in order to be at the base of operations in December. It is hoped that much light will be thrown on the nature and extent of the great ice barrier, and that the study of ice-physics will be promoted as the result of the purely geographical work. The officers and crew for the expedition have been selected and arrangements have been made for the purchase of the whaler Terra Nova. In this number there is also a summary of the narratives of Cook and Peary without criticism or expression of opinion, which is reserved "till fuller information is available."

Nature intended Samuel McChord Crothers for the ideal celebrant of Dr. Holmes's centenary, as any one may learn by reading the little volume published by Houghton Mifflin Co., under the title "Oliver Wendell Holmes: The Autocrat and His Fellow Boarders." If the chief advantage offered in these centenary celebrations is to provide one generation with the opportunity to speak its mind of another with a candor and an insight not always given to contemporaries (and this is the suggestion of the London *Times* reviewer, in praising Lewis W. Townsend's biography of "the little doctor"), there is an appropriateness in its being Dr. Crothers who uses the "candor and insight" in writing of the earlier New England humorist. The essayist mentions the fact that Holmes began to write in college, and wrote on till, in extreme age, "the pen dropped from his hand"—adding that his pages were "meant more especially for readers who have a personal interest in the writer," as the writer himself asseverated. And, like other persons who write much about themselves for publication, he had little to say in private—in his letters, for instance. Every reader of the "Autocrat" series has, undoubtedly, a certain inti-

macy with Dr. Holmes: Dr. Crothers drives home this point. There is a crispness and brevity, however, to the essay which prove that the essayist has a will to apply his own maxim: "The writer who is unusually fluent should take warning from the instructions which accompany his fountain-pen: When this pen flows too freely it is a sign that it is nearly empty and should be filled." Dr. Crothers is at his best in his appreciation of his subject's nimble wit —which was, he tells us, "a safety-match which struck fire on the prepared surface of the box in which it came. Boston was the box."

The amateur spirit recognizable in Dr. Holmes's prose is even more marked in his verse. Indeed, "he was not a poet in the usual sense of the word," writes Dr. Crothers. To "The Chambered Nautilus" alone, among his poems, does the critic concede artistic completeness. And "The Chambered Nautilus" is, very properly, the eleventh and last of the sheaf of poems which, with Dr. Crothers's essay, makes up the little book. As for the essay itself, its satire is as harmless as the earlier Doctor's. And it brings that Doctor before us again in wonderfully clear definition—one is reminded of that pen-picture by a contemporary which gives him "a powerful jaw and a thick, strong underlip, that gives decision to his look, with a dash of pertness. In conversation he is animated and cordial—sharp, too, taking the words out of one's mouth."

In honor of Prof. Francis B. Gummere's twentieth year of teaching in Haverford College, ten of his former pupils have published a volume of studies in modern literature under the title "Haverford Essays." The articles, covering a wide range of subjects, will, for the most part, be of interest mainly to specialists in the various fields. C. G. Hoag discusses the logic of argument with particular reference to current text-books on argumentation, which he finds generally deficient in logical coherence. S. G. Spaeth argues that Milton possessed a rather highly technical knowledge of music. W. S. Hinchman contributes a gently impressionistic interpretation of George Herbert. C. H. Burr studies the original poetic impulses in the younger Wordsworth. A. G. H. Spiers offers a stylistic criticism of Dante's "Vita Nuova," chapters xxiv to xxviii. J. A. Lester points out some Franco-Scottish influences on the early English drama. C. W. Stork institutes a comparison of Heine and Tennyson as exemplars of national characteristics. W. M. Hart examines Chaucer's "Franklin's Tale" as a specimen of narrative art. C. H. Carter investigates the origins in universal folk-lore of the mediæval romance, "Ipomedon." W. W. Comfort treats of the Moors in Spanish popular poetry before 1600. The volume is privately printed and published. Copies may be obtained by addressing the secretary of Haverford College.

There have been so many books recently going over about the same field as John Fyvie's "Wits, Beaux, and Beauties of the Georgian Era" (John Lane Co.) that it is not easy to be fair to the latest comer. Mr. Fyvie's chapters will be lively reading to those who are not too familiar with their themes; they will sound pretty stale to those who have kept up at all with the recent anecdotal literature of the eighteenth century. The longest of the sketches is given to Samuel Foote, who ought to be very entertaining, but somehow is not. That on Elizabeth Chudleigh is virtually a reproduction of a sketch in "Seven Splendid Sinners"—not because Mr. Fyvie has plagiarized, but because he necessarily draws on the same limited sources of information. The chapter on George Selwyn is well informed, but fails—a fatal failure in a book of this sort—to take full advantage of so picturesque an incident as Selwyn's expulsion from Oxford for participating in the sacrileges of the Medmenham "Franciscans"; and, while setting forth the truth of Selwyn's taste for executions, it fails to draw out the psychological curiosity of combining such a taste with a genuine tenderness for children. The Countess of Suffolk contains at least one quotation that has not become stock in trade—the extraordinary letter of George II to the Queen on hearing that his "vieille maîtresse" had married George Berkeley. The chapters on George James Williams and the Duchess of Queensberry are an old, old story. Those on the Rev. John Warner, D.D. and Melesina Trench are comparatively fresh. Mr. Fyvie writes conscientiously and with a fair degree of vivacity.

Notwithstanding the voluminous literature of the later slavery struggle in the United States, no satisfactory explanation has hitherto been offered of the suddenness with which Congress and the country, after apparently general acceptance of the compromise of 1850, plunged into the great controversy over the Kansas-Nebraska bill. To most students of the period, the bill seems to have come, as Jefferson said the Missouri controversy came, "like a firebell in the night." The initiation of the bill has usually been ascribed to Douglas, notwithstanding Douglas's announced determination, in 1851, "never to make another speech on the slavery question." The customary explanation, to which even Mr. Rhodes lends the weight of his authority, has been that Douglas's action in the matter was a bid for the Presidency, though Professor Burgess ascribes to him the more worthy motive of believing that the principle of the bill was the true one for the United States to observe in dealing with slavery in the Territories. It has been reserved for Prof. P. Orman Ray, of the Pennsylvania State College, to examine the whole subject afresh, and to offer what we think must henceforth be regarded as the true explanation of this epoch-making bill. In "The Repeal of the Missouri Compromise" (Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.), Professor Ray uncovers for the first time the political conditions in Missouri which for several years had made the opening of the Nebraska country an issue of increasing importance, and which formed a large element in the opposition to Benton, with the resulting destruction of Benton's State leadership. However much the East and South might affect to regard the compromise of 1850 as a finality, the demand in Missouri and Iowa for the further extension of slave territory continued loud and insistent. Professor Ray's investigations seem to show conclusively that the real author of the Kansas-Nebraska legislation, though not its sponsor, was David R. Atchison, Benton's implacable political enemy, and successor in the Senate. The evidence in support of this contention is too detailed to admit of summarization here, and we can only commend Professor Ray's volume as a sound piece of historical work and a contribution of first-rate importance. Incidentally, the book is another striking illustration of the need more and more recognized by students, of reëxamining the critical episodes of our constitutional history from the standpoint of State politics.

The monumental compilation, "Poesie di Mille Autori intorno a Dante Alighieri" (Rome: Forzani), to which we have several times referred, is completed with the publication of the fifteenth volume, which appears after the death of the compiler, Carlo del Balzo. This volume covers the period which ended with the Dante celebration in 1865. It contains, besides a sheaf of productions in Italian, including Frigeri's drama "Psiche e Bice," poems in Slavic by Anna Vidovicena, in German by Julius Schanz, and in Dutch by E. I. Potgieter. An appendix gathers up several earlier pieces that were overlooked, among them Hans Sachs's "Dantes der Poes von Florenz." Each piece has biographical, historical, and bibliographical notes, representing an immense labor in research. Del Balzo spent twenty years on this monument to Dante, which is, so far as we know, unique: for no other world-poet has had such an anthology of tributes. Del Balzo was one of the most vigorous of the contemporary literary men of Italy. This compilation was his avocation; his chief original product consisted of ten novels in which, after the fashion of Balzac's "Comédie Humaine," he attempted to depict Italian life, high and low, as it is. He also served as a republican deputy, coming through ten years of parliamentary battles with the respect of all parties. He was born in 1853, and died April 25, 1908. His Dante compilation deserves a place in every important library. It embraces over 400 authors in some twenty or more languages.

The recent volume of Wilhelm Wünkhaus, entitled "Der Humor Jesus" (Evangelischer Verlag), is a reverent attempt to show that in the teachings of Christ genuine humor is a not unimportant element. The author investigates the contents of the gospels, maintaining what Kingsley already said of humor: *Hominis est, ergo Christi est, ergo Dei est.* It is questionable, however, whether the author does not at times find humor in Christ's sayings where none was intended.

Two volumes of Paul Hinneberg's "Kultur der Gegenwart" (Leipzig: B. G. Teubner) appear in second and enlarged editions, the valuable "Geschichte der Christlichen Religion," which includes sections by such distinguished authors as Harnack, Wellhausen, and Jülicher, and the interesting and weighty "Systematische Christliche Religion," which has such contributors as Herrmann, Troeltsch, Seeberg, and H. J. Holtzmann. In the latter the veteran and confirmed antagonists, Herrmann the Protestant and Mausbach the Catholic, expound on adjacent pages and from their distinct points of view the systems of morals which they regard as Christian. Impartial scope is offered also to both confessions in the exposition of doctrine and of disputed periods of ecclesiastical history. Bet-

ter department of each side toward the other based on more thorough mutual understanding, is confessedly one of the designs of the series. It is probable that the main topics of Christian history and doctrine, as held by the two great divisions of Christendom, were never expounded with greater clearness, thoroughness, and succinctness, and by men better qualified to treat him, than in these volumes. In the new editions fuller treatment is found of the Christianity of western Europe in the Middle Ages, and of the history of Protestantism and Catholicism since the sixteenth century, the latter from the pen of Albert Ehrhard.

In a book that is not to be taken too seriously, yet which does add to the material at hand for discussing either a possible *entente* or a possible war between the nations concerned, Karl Bleibtreu writes of "Deutschland und England," not as cousins, but as brothers (Berlin: Karl Curtius). It will not be Bleibtreu's fault if German and Briton are not soon swearing an eternal *Bruderschaft*. One result will be, he writes, to upset that balance of power which the Yankee has of late been so rapidly creating for himself. This author of war tales credits the Englishman with having stirred himself of late to study Germany more—the result of Germany's forcing herself to the front among nations; but declares that John Bull still knows far less of Germany than the Germans do of England. The hateful failure of English world-politics has caused many Anglo-maniacs in Germany to become Anglo-phobes; both nations cry out *Carthaginem esse delendam*, and yet the more the one knows of the other, the more must the desire be felt to prevent the retrogression of either. For Russia and France must ever remain England's rivals, and Germany is the only country (Bleibtreu can at will forget the Yankee in his calculations) which may be relied upon to stand over against the two, on England's side. This volume discusses, too, the salient differences in British and in German history, compares the military and marine power of each as it is to-day, and investigates trade conditions and colonial expansion, besides treating of matters of art and of literature. English sculpture is declared to be so *übel* as to give one a feeling of distress on seeing it, whereas English pictorial art leads the world; the scheme of the Kaiser in plotting his *Sieges Allee* may have got a little out of joint, but London, architecturally, is a monstrosity. This writer claims that only in their willingness to marry for love, and without any thought of money, are the English and Americans superior morally to the Germans; and suggests some caustic tests of the German and English ideas of liberty.

John Prentiss Poe, of the family of the poet, died at Ruxton, Md., October 14, aged seventy-three years. He was a former attorney-general of Maryland, dean of the law department of the University of Maryland, and codifier of the Public General Laws of Maryland, in two volumes.

Moses Grant Daniell, educator, died in Boston October 18, aged seventy-three years. He was the editor of many texts, had composed a number of Latin grammars, books of exercises, etc., and had for some years prior to his death held a position in the editorial department of Ginn & Co.

Elie Fourès, "cigalier et félibre," has died at Meudon, near Paris. His reputation as a poet depended chiefly upon his "Ondeline." For some years he has been working upon an exhaustive "Histoire des Troubadours" which he leaves unfinished.

Science.

Malaria and Greek History. By W. H. S. Jones; to which is added "The History of Greek Therapeutics and the Malaria Theory," by E. T. Withington. London: Sherrat & Hughes.

In the last five years the Victoria University of Manchester has printed about fifty volumes in several series, as the Manchester University Publications. This handsome volume, No. VIII in the Historical Series, is an effort to amend and enlarge the interesting hypothesis, set forth in an earlier essay, that in the decline of ancient Greece malaria played an important part. Such an explanation of the downfall of great nations, the hypothesis being evidently capable of wider application, throws new light on the perennial problem of the permanence of republics, and obviously has merit in proportion as it is verifiable.

A not inconsiderable part of the book is given up to a general discussion and to an account of the present existence of malaria in Greece. For the rest, the argument is that Greece was probably not malarious in early times—or, at all events, the number of cases was not great—but became so later when the influx of foreigners, including many infected persons, caused an increase of the disease in various fertile districts, as it almost certainly did in Attica in the fifth century B. C.

References to malaria by non-medical writers are lacking or most obscure before the second half of the sixth century, and even then the passage in Theognis is vague, and the evidence of Herodotus concerning Asia Minor for the same period dubious. After this, there is an increase of illness which may have been malaria or its results. At the beginning of the fourth century references to fever were much more frequent. In Thucydides, Xenophon, and Plato, Mr. Jones finds more numerous allusions to fever recognizable as malaria, and the later evidence from Aristotle points to its prevalence. The medical writings are more unsatisfactory because of the difficulty of determining to what extent older authorities are quoted; but the Hippocratic collection is judged to show "that the Greeks of 400 B. C. were perfectly familiar with intermittent fevers, remittent fevers, various pernicious types of malaria, and malarial cachexia." Much space is devoted to a consideration of the effects of these conditions in weakening the people and as a cause of extensive movements of the population into towns, in which, however, malaria may likewise have existed. Extended emigration may also be due to this cause, although Mr. Jones admits that other influences were at work. In fact, when he attempts to make a definite application of his hypothesis, he becomes cautious and seems to feel that he is offering a suggestion rather than a demonstration. Incidentally, the reputation of the Sybarites is reëstablished by the intimation that their apparent effeminacy was merely the extreme caution of a wealthy people—measures of protection rather than of profligacy.

Dr. Withington's essay, of some twenty pages, discusses the pronounced change in therapeutics in the fourth and third centuries B. C., the decline of the Hippocratic method and the development of temple medicine, the loss of the scientific spirit in medicine, and a renewal of the earlier confidence in religion, magic, and empiricism. This change is held to be no longer mysterious, if we accept the prevalence of a disease like malaria which often seems to yield to emotional influences or to some strong impression on the imagination, conditions which we moderns, with our specific treatment of the disease are apt to forget.

In another brief appendix the author attempts to show that the change of view regarding marriage and womanhood, which according to Benecke became evident in the fourth and third centuries B. C., may be explained by the increase in the activity of woman as a nurse when the necessity for such service became greater. This is a matter well worth more extended treatment.

A new series of publications is to be issued through the Putnams as the History of Science, each of the leading branches of science being treated in a volume. The plan is to deal first with the myths or fallacies which preceded the development of the given science, then to supply short biographies of the great men connected with it, and to discuss the social and political conditions which furthered or hindered its progress. Each volume, too, will record important practical applications of the science under consideration, and will contain a bibliography. The first two volumes of the series to appear will be a "History of Astronomy" and a "History of Chemistry," the work, respectively, of George Forbes and Sir Edward Thorpe.

The new volume of the "Atti della Società Italiana per il Progresso delle Scienze" contains the transactions of this society during its sessions at Florence (see the *Nation* for November 19, 1908). The insertion of sixteen full-page plates, reproducing more than seventy of the objects shown at Florence upon whose form, decoration, and associated religious rites Prof. Luigi Milani based his argument in favor of an Asiatic pre-Hellenic origin of the Etruscans, permits those who were unable to be present to judge fairly the line of thought developed in his paper, here printed in full. The earliest Etruscan tombs belong to a

civilization in the first stage of the iron age. What civilization existed in Etruria, while that of the bronze age prevailed among the "lake dwellers" across the Appennines on the lower valley of the Po, is still in doubt. The discussion of Professor Milani's paper was led by Prof. Luigi Pigorini, director of the Museo Kircheriano at Rome, and an authority on the inhabitants of the *Terramare*. Professor Pigorini admitted that, since tombs of the Italiat type, with pozzo, or pit, are found in every Etruscan necropolis, as well as in the Paduan plain, the problem whether there was a continuous evolution in the form of the tombs, or whether there was a sudden change in these forms, caused by the coming of a new people, can only be settled by a systematic and complete exploration of a single Etruscan necropolis. Immediate steps are to be taken to excavate at the point most favorable to the solution of this problem.

Major-Gen. Alfred Elliott Bates, retired, U. S. A., died in New York city October 13, aged sixty-nine years. He was graduated from West Point in 1865, and, after service as an Indian fighter, returned to the military school as an instructor in cavalry tactics. With Gen. Emory Upton he compiled the volume entitled "Cavalry Tactics of 1874." During the Spanish war he was American military attaché at London, and, later, at Paris, where he was created officer of the Legion of Honor. At the time of his retirement in 1904 he was paymaster-general.

The death of Auguste Choisy, French Inspector-general *des ponts et chaussées*, and an officer of the Legion of Honor, has recently been announced. He was for many years professor at the École Polytechnique at Paris, and at the École des Ponts et Chaussées, and a writer on architectural subjects. In 1903 he received the gold medal of the Royal Society of British Architects.

Cesare Lombroso, the Italian criminologist and alienist, died at Turin on October 19. The initiator and promoter of "criminal anthropology" was born in Verona in 1836. After graduation from the University of Turin, he practised medicine and lectured at the University of Pavia on medico-psychology. His publications include: "Pensiero e meteore" (1878); "Sull' incremento del delitto in Italia e sui mezzi per arrestarlo" (1879); "L'amore nei pazzi" (1881); "Omicidio e furto per amore pazzesce" (1883); "Sul mancinismo motorio e sensorio nel sano," etc. (1884); "Lettere politiche e polemiche," etc. (1885); "Delitti di libidine" (1886); "Studi sull' ipnotismo" (1887); "Le nuove conquiste della psichiatria" (1887); "Troppo presto" (1888); "L'uomo di Genio" (1889); "Palimsesti del carcere" (1891); "L'uomo bianco e l'uomo di colore" (1892); "Le piaghe d'Italia" (1893); "L'uomo delinquente" (1895); "La pazzia nei tempi antichi e nei moderni" (1894). These titles are only a few of those which might readily be cited. In recent years Professor Lombroso has made investigations of spiritualism; ultimately being converted from unbelief to an attitude of partial acceptance. In the course of his professional career he held positions as professor of forensic medicine and psychiatry at the University of Turin, and as director of the lunatic asylum at Pesaro. Earlier he had some experience as an army surgeon in the Austro-Italian wars.

Drama.

"The Incomparable Siddons" is the title chosen for Mrs. Clement Parsons's new biography of the actress, to be issued through the Putnams.

Hermann Bernstein, the translator of several of the Russian author's stories and essays, promises an English translation of Andreev's plays, "The Life of Man" and "Anathema."

Once more are we informed that rehearsals of Rostand's "Chantecler" are in progress at the Porte Saint-Martin. The list of interpreters includes Mme. Simone, and MM. Lucien Guitry, Jean Coquelin, Dorival, and Galipaux.

Among the romantic dramas to be produced this season at the Odéon will probably be included Balzac's "l'École des ménages," which has never been produced, or even published. The play was to have been interpreted by Frédérick Lemaître; its refusal by the director of the Renaissance, who preferred the "Alchimiste" of Dumas *père*, was a great disappointment to the author. Only one copy of the "École des ménages" is known to exist: that of Balzac himself, bearing his autograph annotations. This was formerly in the possession of M. Spœlberch de Lovenjoul, who willed it, with the rest of his Balzac collection, to the Institute.

"The Harvest Moon," which was produced in the Garrick Theatre on Monday evening, is in many respects worthy of the reputation of its author, Augustus Thomas. While lacking the romantic and dramatic interest of "The Witching Hour," it has qualities which will commend it to the crowd, as well as to intelligent playgoers. It is a piece with definite philosophic purpose, and although it cannot be accounted altogether satisfactory as a scientific demonstration, it does supply food for thought, and, being written in all seriousness with frequent passages of psychological analysis, is something quite different from the ordinary sentimental or sensational melodrama. In respect of construction it is exceedingly faulty, a number of incidental episodes being loosely strung together upon a very slight thread of dramatic motive. There is far too much talk and too little action, but it should be added that the talk is, as a rule, pertinent and interesting, and often witty. Briefly, the attempt is to show how the life of one woman was destroyed, and how the happiness of her daughter was gravely imperilled by the power of ignorant or malicious suggestion. The mother, divorced through misunderstanding from one husband and legally married to another, dies of a broken heart, when she is wrongfully informed that her second marriage was fraudulent, and her child nameless. The child, out of compassion, is adopted by the first husband, and is made miserable by a malicious spinster, who is always hinting darkly at her mother's worthlessness and the likelihood of her coming to shame in similar fashion. Losing all confidence in herself, and believing herself to be the victim of hereditary taint, the girl exhibits a wilful and capricious temper, and is threatened with complete wreck, when her spiteful aunt reveals to her the hitherto closely concealed facts of her parentage. Fortunately her actual father, the good angel of the piece, is present to disclose his identity, crush the scandal, restore her to happiness and love, and set her on the road to fame. This ending is purely conventional and theatrical, but throughout the play the effect of suggestion and environment upon the character and conduct of the girl is illustrated with admirable invention and dexterity. So far as the specific instance is concerned, Mr. Thomas makes out a good case, but his arguments necessarily fail, when he attempts to enforce a general application from a particular example. His facts are too clearly fashioned to fit into his arguments. It does not follow, as he seems to intimate in one place, that too assiduous warnings against the dangers of strong drink may drive a man into a drunkard's grave. A proneness to hasty generalization is one of his weaknesses. His results are apt to be convenient rather than inevitable. But "The Harvest Moon," in spite of its tendency to substitute theory for fact, and the disproportion between its talk and its action, is a wholesome, interesting, and indisputably clever bit of work, with attractions for all classes of playgoers. The moral deduced from it, by one of the leading characters, that it is the duty of playwrights to deliver an inspiring message, is altogether unexceptionable.

William Vaughn Moody's play, "The Great Divide," which in this country achieved one of the most notable theatrical successes of recent years, has just been published in book form (The Macmillan Co.), and will doubtless find its place in every well-furnished modern dramatic library. It stands the test of careful reading, which would be fatal to the great majority of contemporaneous stage productions. It is a pity that it was not printed earlier, in order that some of the English critics might have had a chance to examine the text before seeing the first representation of the piece upon the London stage. In that case they might have perceived in it the literary quality, the deeper meaning, and the intelligent purpose which distinguish it from the class of ordinary wild Western melodrama in which they seek to include it. That it is, especially in the opening scene—so far as the main outlines of its action are concerned—essentially melodramatic, need not be disputed. The same point might be made with reference to many of the noblest tragedies in existence. It may be admitted also that its psychological developments are not in all respects conclusive, or convincing. The true value of the piece lies in the dialogue, which is always simple, natural, compact, significant, and characteristic; in its effort to portray the effect of environment upon character, and the interaction upon each other of originally kindred natures—a woman trained in all the refinements and prejudices of Eastern culture, and a man left to follow his baser impulses in the wilder regions of the West—when thrown together under circumstances where the woman has only her cultivation to defend her against the lawless force of the stronger. Whether or not Mr. Moody's solution of the particular dramatic problem which he set himself is altogether in accordance with probability is not a matter of prime importance. The philosophy of the play, in its broader application, is sound, as the allegorical illustration of it is interesting. In London only the melodramatic externals attracted much attention.

Dr. Wallace's recent Shakespearean discoveries are largely discounted by Sidney Lee in a letter to the London *Times*. Mr. Lee holds that Dr. Wallace has greatly exaggerated the value of his finds, and that the single original document which has been brought forward is the *ex parte* statement of a plaintiff in a suit, unconfirmed by the testimony of witnesses or the findings of a court. The document in the case is the plea of Thomasina Ostler against her father John Hemyngs, in the matter of certain shares in the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres, of which the estimated value is given. "Daughters," says Mr. Lee, "when quarrelling with their fathers over money matters, have been known to misrepresent and exaggerate the value and nature of their claims." And he might have cited in support the celebrated case of Goneril and Regan. The real value of Dr. Wallace's work Mr. Lee sees in the fact that it calls attention once more to the vast stores of unexplored Elizabethan material in court registers, public archives, and private collections, which might be made to yield precious discoveries. The work is tedious, and, for long stretches, barren of results. In nature it is like digging for radium, but Mr. Lee believes that an investment of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars a year would keep ten capable investigators in the field. Here, indeed, is a chance for immortality offering itself cheap to some wealthy brewer or pork-magnate. The endowing of a fair-sized university cannot yield anything like the fame which would come to a name tied up with a new date or a new reading in Shakespeare.

Music.

A REGRETTABLE TENDENCY IN SONG RECITALS.

For some years the custom was observed of not giving any serious concerts or song recitals in New York until the first of November. Last year, David Bispham broke this rule, and again this year. Several singers have followed his example, while others have announced their intention of doing so. Doubtless this is due largely to the steady encroachments of grand opera. Formerly we had opera only three or four days in the week. This year the Tuesdays and Thursdays also will be "operized," to use a word coined by Oscar Hammerstein. What is left for the concert-givers unless they fall back on October, when there is no opera?

No one has any particular reason to regret this tendency except the concert-givers themselves, whose audiences are not likely to be quite so large in October as later in the season. But there is another tendency in our concert halls, which calls for emphatic disapproval. It is the outgrowth of a virtue. Until a few years ago, nearly all the singers revealed little more than the musical side of the songs they selected. To the poems they gave even less consideration than opera singers gave to their librettos previous to the Wagnerian era. Presently some of the composers began to write songs in which the music played second—sometimes twenty-second—fiddle to the poem. The singers tried them, and lo, the audiences applauded wildly, for they liked the poems, and the slender music did not worry them.

This species of song is composed and produced more and more frequently, and one feels like asking what is to become of music, of melody, if this continues? David Bispham is one of the chief culprits; he sings things like "Danny Deever," Walter Damrosch's cheap setting of Kipling's poem, on every possible occasion, with other "songs" of that description; and the audience roars with delight. Wetzler, Homer, and others in this country have written such songs. Not that they originated them. They were started abroad. Richard Strauss and Hugo Wolf are among the perpetrators, and Dr. Ludwig Wüllner, one regrets to say, is among those who sing them. At his Carnegie Hall recital last Saturday, he produced Hugo Wolf's "Der Feuerreiter," to a lurid poem by Mörike about a burning mill, with a mysterious rider and a skeleton found in the cellar. Wolf's music, regarded as music, is absolutely empty of content, yet, with his rare declamatory art, Dr. Wüllner made his rendering effective. Now this wonderful artist has been highly commended heretofore for showing that the very best songs are none too good for the public, provided they are interpreted with adequate art and eloquence. There are plenty of first-class songs in which the poem and the music are equally good. Why not sing and declaim those? Is music to be excluded entirely from our concert halls?

Hardly a recital is given now without several of these songs, in which the music is inane or superfluous. George Hamlin, a good tenor, had on his Carnegie Hall programme last Sunday a group of old English lyrics which were not improved by the music added to them by Roger Quilter. Still, they were not examples of the extreme tendency referred to—a tendency which, if persevered in, will degrade the art song to the level of the melodrama, in the sense of a dramatic piece in which the plot is of infinitely more importance than the music. Must the pendulum swing quite so far as that before melody and musical ideas again come to their own through a reaction?

Elise Polko's "Musical Sketches" are announced in an enlarged and illustrated edition by the Sturgis & Walton Co. The new edition is to include sketches never before Englished.

A distinguished collaboration finds expression in the opera, "Le Mariage de Télémaque," of which rehearsals are now beginning at the Opéra Comique; the music is that of Claude Terrasse, the libretto the joint product of MM. Lemaître and Donnay, of the Académie Française.

That great music is often allied with great poems is proved by the "Gems of German Song," a revised version of which is issued by the Oliver Ditson Company. The collection is made with taste and a regard for variety of style. It includes gems by Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Jensen, Liszt, Rubinstein, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, and seventeen other masters. The collection of "Sacred Songs" contains compositions by twenty-six writers, of whom Gounod is the most famous and original. The same firm has also issued a serviceable vocal score of Handel's "Messiah," carefully edited by Dr. Percy Goetschius, whose aim has been to eliminate all errors and additions that have crept into other editions, and not to alter or omit a single note of Handel's original score.

Sir Hubert H. Parry, formerly professor of music at the University of Oxford, is the author of a life of Johann Sebastian Bach, which the Putnams will soon publish. This work is a more condensed survey of Bach's life work, and of his unique artistic character than that of Philip Spitta.

Art.

EL GRECO.

I.

After nearly three centuries of neglect, varied only by dispraise, the Cretan wanderer Domenico Theotocopuli has been reborn into fame. Artists particularly make a cult of him. Museums pay the prices of a Velasquez for his pictures, which only a generation ago passed for the product of a diseased mind. Criticism deals with him in the most serious way. Two years ago, we had the remarkable biography of Señor Cossio, and recently a convenient monograph by Messrs. Calvert and Hartley.*

Note, however, that painters first made the fame of this great visionary. Unlike other revivals, the Greco cult has not been preached *in partibus* by the middlemen of art; it has grown among the studios of Paris and London, whence it has spread widely. Now all popularity implies a preparedness in the public, but equally it implies a propagandist or a group of champions. We talk as if the vogue of painter, novelist, or playwright simply grew. Instead, it is made, per-

**El Greco: An Account of his Life and Works*, by Albert F. Calvert and C. Gasquoine Hartley, is the latest addition to Mr. John Lane's Spanish Series. The moody Cretan has become a shibboleth with our ultra modern painters, so one opens such a volume with awakened expectations. But only disappointment lies, we fear, in the average reader's way. In fine this book is a conscientious but wholly uninspired compilation, negligible as criticism, but useful as a collection of facts not readily accessible in English. It lacks a few pictures, mostly in American collections, but nothing of great importance except the Last Supper in the Loeser Collection, Florence (with a smaller version in the Johnson Collection, Philadelphia), which is perhaps the earliest extant work of the master. There are one hundred and thirty-five good half-tone cuts.

haps, by a single seasonable word of one influential person. Mr. X, the present incumbent of the literary pontificate, tells Mesdames Y and Z over the ortolans that A's first novel reveals genius. The fundamental fact of a popularity is always the same. Somebody feels an enthusiasm and tells somebody else. I often think how much more vivid would be the annals of art if we but knew the real fathers of the great enthusiasms. There was, perhaps still lives, an obscure individual, who casually told Ruskin about Tintoretto. Somebody undoubtedly first mentioned Greco admiringly, and in recent years. I merely suggest that the studios began to hum with this new sensation about a dozen years ago when John Sargent, then planning the Christian subjects in the Boston Public Library, had returned from a prolonged visit to Spain.

But whether it was Mr. Sargent or another who first gave the impulse, somebody would have done it. We were ready for Greco. The rationalizing methods in art and letters seemed to have played out. Men had discovered that there was no salvation in the spots of Manet, nor yet in the dots of Monet. The older realism of Courbet had run its course, with the Rougon-Macquart of Zola. After Taine and his methodology, the impressionism of Jules Lemaître and Anatole France was giving the tone to criticism. In painting temperament was coming to be the most treasured quality. Too much of it there could not be. One yielded to the hieratic lusciousness of Gustave Moreau. The morbid precocities of Aubrey Beardsley were winning international repute. The wisest of dreamers, Puvis, was still active. Burne-Jones's fairyland had not reached its ultimate contour. Resurgent romanticism—a more feverish and disillusioned type than the old—required its own. And no painter of the past was more emphatically its own than the sombre Cretan who filled Toledo with visions of nightmare and ecstacy during the years when Cervantes was writing "Don Quixote."

II.

The record of Greco's life is scanty, yet on the whole illuminating. We meet him first in a letter of the Croatian miniaturist, Giulio Clovio. Writing in the late autumn of 1570, he begs Cardinal Farnese to give temporary lodging at Rome to an able young Candiote painter, a pupil of Titian. The Cardinal presumably accorded a more substantial patronage, for several of the earlier pictures are traceable to the Farnese collection. What chance called Domenico to Toledo and the service of His Most Catholic Majesty we do not know. By 1577, however, the stranger had completed an important picture, The Assumption, now wandered to Chicago, for the Church of Santo Domingo el Antiguo. Two years later he had completed for the cathedral the famous masterpiece entitled The Stripping of Christ (El Expolio), and was engaged in a litigation over the pay. During the trial he declined to tell why he had come to Spain, and though he must have been at least four years already in Toledo, declared that he did not understand Spanish and requested the services of an interpreter. The incident tells that his life had been a solitary one. In 1580 he received from Philip II a commission to paint for the chapel of the Escurial a Martyrdom of St. Maurice. This picture, the first that reveals the true Greco, was the subject of various disputes, and finally gave so little satisfaction that it was denied its position in the chapel and relegated to the chapter hall. His own Toledo at least supported him loyally. The Toledo where Jew and Heretic still roasted at the stake to the edification of Christian eyes and noses, knew how to appreciate the flame-like ecstasy of his brush. For nearly forty years he labored there. Not merely painting, but sculpture and the designing of architectural altar-backs, enlisted his energies. Pacheco visited the old man in 1611 and reports him as of philosophical bent, a writer on art, an inventor of witty sayings. He adds the really important information that he saw clay models for every picture Greco had painted. This shows that the distorted and exaggerated anatomy of Greco's figures was not due to careless improvisation, but was based on deliberate choice.* In 1614 he died intestate, comforted by the sacraments, and was buried in Santo Domingo el Antiguo, where time has effaced his epitaph.

From various scattered intimations it seems to me, we glimpse a personality. The contours perhaps are vague, as they are in Greco's own creations, but as in these, the emotional bias is unmistakable. An inordinate professional pride, a litigious bent, a dread of society, with a craving for luxury and suave sensations, a brooding philosophical disposition commanding eloquent words—here are the familiar traits of the superman. The profound melancholy that accompanied these capacities is written a hundred times with singularly unvarying lineaments in those portraits in which through the features of his patrons he celebrated the dignity of his own spleen. Pride, sensitiveness, inwardness—this equipment made him an ideal interpreter of the Spain of Philip II. They thought Greco mad, and perhaps they were partly right. No perfectly normal person could have lived himself so unreservedly into the religious ardors and ecstasies of the Spain of Teresa of Avila.

*Greco may have borrowed this practice from Tintoretto, who set up his compositions in wax models.

III.

But the story of the man is better surmised from his works than from documents and notebooks. Born in Candia, his first impressions of painting, and perhaps his first practice of the art, must have been limited by the Byzantine decadence. Yet there were strange stirrings within the body of that death. The Greek painters who lived along the Venetian trade routes had in excellent prints the compositions of Tintoretto and Michelangelo. Within the hieratic limitations of gold background, prescribed color, and calliographic modelling and drapery, some of them tried to emulate the grand style that they glimpsed from afar. No great pictures came of the endeavor. But I know few works more strangely piquant than certain of the sixteenth-century panels in which insular artists undertook to write back Michelangelo into the immemorial formulas of Byzantium. This was the art that first influenced Domenico, and, curiously enough, his own fully developed formula in Spain, with its contempt for reality and strong decorative intention, resembles more strikingly this perturbed form of Byzantinism than it does the Venetian painting in which he was actually schooled.

To have been a painter of repute in 1570, as Giulio Clovio assures us Greco was, implies several years of tutelage. Tintoretto, we are told, was the real model for the young painter, even if Titian was the titular master. This may be—the early Grecos have been easily confused with both Tintoretto and Bassano—but I fear the disclaimer rests upon the inveterate tendency to regard Titian chiefly as the author of Sacred and Profane Love, the Man with the Glove, the Flora, the Assumption, and the Pesaro Madonna. Nothing is stranger than the conspiracy of criticism to pass lightly over Titian's mature and most characteristic work. As a matter of fact, by 1565, when, roughly speaking, we may suppose Greco came to Venice, Titian was passing into his ultimate tragic phase. The old patient, beautiful methods of building up a picture in successive over-paintings and glazings, he had largely disused in favor of more direct, drastic, and expressive methods. The old full harmonies of crimson, blue, green, and umber, had given way to a general sombre tonality, varied by rich color, sparsely applied, and by flashes of cold light athwart the darkness. When we think of the Titian that aided Greco, we must summon up, not the creator of the Giorgionesque poesies, but the painter of the St. Jerome of the Brera, the Flagellation of the Louvre, the equestrian Charles V of the Prado. Technically, and spiritually, the affinity between master and pupil is so close at this time that we need not emphasize extraneous influences.

What Greco did in the Venetian manner requires, however, but passing attention. His earliest work, which has escaped the biographers, is a Last Supper in the collection of Mr. Charles Loeser, Florence. A similar replica is at Philadelphia in the Johnson collection. Here we find the careful, rather inexpressive work of a beginner. In Christ Healing the Paralytic, in the Scourging of the Money Changers from the Temple, pictures which exist in many versions, and in the Adoration of the Kings at Vienna, the real man begins to appear. If, on first glance, these canvases associate themselves with Titian, Tintoretto, and Bassano, a closer inspection reveals a more exaggerated elongation of the figures, notably small heads, a characteristic wildness in expression, a studied contortion of pose, with keener passages of crimson and green, than the current Venetian practice tolerated. These traits are not insistent or sensational. Without the Toledo pictures, the slight peculiarities of these early works would probably escape us. We have lost Greco's own portrait which Clovio assures us excited the admiration of artistic Rome, but Naples still keeps the fine likeness of Clovio himself, a sound product of the Venetian school, and the odd allegory "Man Is Fire, Woman Tow." The point to note in this not very admirable student work is that Greco had mastered the technic of Venice, and could readily have made of himself a second rate Venetian master. Such perhaps might have been his lot, had not some chance unknown to us taken him to Spain, withdrawn him from the criticism of his peers and even from the sight of fine Italian painting.

IV.

In swarming, gray Toledo, set high within its river loop, still ruled by the savage, gloomy, or ecstatic passions of the Middle Ages, there had been no revival of learning, no liberation of the human spirit; the tolerant Moors themselves had in the main merely provided material for religious fanaticism to work upon. Life was passed in the expectation of the miraculous. Hardly beyond the memory of the grandparents of very old people, St. Stephen and St. Augustine had come down from heaven to lay the pious count, Don Gonzalo Ruiz of Orgaz in his tomb in Santo Tomè. The sense of sin was oppressively strong. But for the blood of Christ and the martyrs guaranteeing the future, life would be one long intolerable terror. Here was a world of mysticism that still lacked its painter, and then came the Greek to appal and ravish the eye.

Yet even in remote Toledo, Venice was not easily to be renounced. Greco's first Spanish picture, the Assumption of the Virgin, is obviously based on Titian's masterpiece. Its rhetorical quality is the same. What is new and original is the drastic half-realistic treatment of the heads of the apostles and those adult angels transcribed from magnificent Castilian women with whom, in rather Oriental fashion, Greco continued to people his heavens. They are in some fashion his most original and gracious contribution to art. Their lithe and powerful figures never suffer the distortions that his saints undergo. They are the elder sisters of Velasquez's Venus. In many pictures they are the single element of materiality. The man who created them was undoubtedly a mystic, but at the bottom of his heart he assuredly was no ascetic. Indeed, one may say of the asceticism of Spain itself that it was like an anchorite who had by strange chance or instinctive design chosen his cave on the haunted steeps of Venusberg. The more famous Stripping of Christ, which is still in the Cathedral of Toledo, is again highly Venetian in its elements. All the forms, I think, even the over-praised Three Marys, could be paralleled in the school of Titian. Remarkable in this picture is its visionary detachment. No locality is indicated or needed. A menacing throng presses out of the gloom about the patient figure of Christ. This restless mass is balanced by the quiet group of the Marys and the workman who bends statuesquely as he bores a hole in the cross. Threatening hands surge out into the torchlight; the bodies to which they belong shimmer uncertainly in the shadow. The scene is a densely peopled no-man's land, where light and darkness contend. It is inhabited not by palpable forms, but by passions. This renunciation of realistic setting is crucial for Greco. In his early pictures we find substantial architecture, and landscape; now simply portentous folk plucked from surrounding darkness by shafts of spectral light. This formula brings Greco into strange associations. Spiritually, it allies him with Rembrandt, whose figures tend to become an incandescence within a luminous darkness. But here the chiaroscuro, while a potent means of expression, remains as well a sound and effective means of representation. Rembrandt's mystery is in essence a sublimated reality. In Greco, on the contrary, representation is soon left far behind. The chiaroscuro becomes a dissolvent, the figures flutter in the light like vapors, the limbs swell or bend as if composed of half-fused metal, the hands—frequently foreshortened—flicker like fronds blown in the wind. In the St. Maurice of the Escurial and the Entombment of the Count of Orgaz we have merely the first symptoms of such deliquescence. In The Adoration of the Shepherds of the Metropolitan Museum the process is complete. The triumph of this method we find in the Baptism, and Resurrection of the Prado, or, better yet, in the Vision of St. John in the Zuloaga collection.

It was the element of excess in the man that made him famous. If he thought his pictures beyond price, it was because no others proclaimed so emphatically the tragic contest of heaven for the possession of the human soul, and is it not this quality in his painting that commends it to the modern artist? The lambent movement of his compositions is an innovation and a piquant one. His world is interfused with a light all its own. At bottom what most of the great technicians have created is a fashion of lighting. The sulphurous reek of Tintoretto, the serene blue of Veronese, the amber obscurity of Rembrandt, the flushed mother of pearl of Tiepolo, the steely irradiation of Velasquez—these are what painters chiefly prize. The effects of an artist are determined by his conception of light. His act of creation is merely a *fiat lux*—he illumines a thing seen with the inner eye. The worst thing we can say of him is that his eye is darkness, creates no light of its own, cravenly accepts an alien or prescribed luminosity. No such reproach lies against Greco. He fills his canvases with a peculiar ashen radiance—Mr. Charles S. Ricketts, in his book on the Prado, has noted justly its charnel suggestion—that plays upon the underlying blackness in the most diverse fashion. The modulation of this pallor is Greco's secret. It bursts violently above his figures like a moon searching the rifts in a cloud; it falls in palpable rays as from a reflector; it flickers through the dark corners of the picture, moves tenderly upon upturned faces, settles steadily upon outstretched and almost translucent fingers, is drunk up by masses of moss green or glowing crimson stuff. Something theatrical there is in this, and something immensely able. Because Greco wrought so craftily with light itself as if there were no intervening pigment, because he contrived such various effects out of a single formula—a mass of rich color set below a subtile weaving of shadow with pallid light—because of these purely technical qualities Greco passes for a great artist in an age when light is king.

V.

We have seen why the modern artist usually admires Greco, and if the above analysis of his religious painting be correct, why, the man of taste cannot afford to dismiss him merely as a bad draughtsman. Greco knew what he was about. The element of excess and self-hypnosis was deliberately cultivated. We cannot well like him in spite of it. It is of the essence of his art. We may then at least test ourselves by asking which pictures we like best, those in which the emotion has assumed strange yet not abnormal forms, or those in which the dissolvent process is complete—concretely, do you care most for the Burial of Count Orgaz and the Martyrdom of St. Maurice, or for The Vision of St.

John and the various Baptisms? And this is a very personal question, for it comes to saying "Do you like him most when most himself, or when his passionate spirit is tempered by reflection on his theme and respect for the traditions of his craft?" In simple frankness I am bound to say that I remember best and could least spare the Burial of the Count of Orgaz. That great and unforgetable picture seems to me to contain at their height all of Greco's most valuable qualities.

St. Stephen and St. Augustine in magnificent vestments have come down from heaven to lay the body of good Don Gonzalo in its grave. It is the moment after their intervention. The celestial officiants bend tenderly over the mailed body, which lies, not stiff, like a corpse, but flexed in their arms, with the head falling sideways like that of one in a swoon. At the left one Capuchin friar points out the miracle to another. At the right a deacon gazes into the heavenly radiance above, while an unseeing priest continues to read the service for the dead. The gold embroideries of the saints and the priest—especially a superb moss green mantle—afford a sonorous contrast with the bluish reflections of the armor and the silvery sheen of the deacon's gauzy surplice. Between these flanking foreground figures stretches a row of solemn heads above white ruffs and black doublets—the mourners. Some gaze ecstatically into the opened heaven, their large eyeballs rolled high into cavernous sockets. Others, with a gentler sentiment, keep their eyes fixed on the dead man; a few maintain the impassive attitude of firm men yielding neither to grief nor surprise. The only overt indication of either emotion is three of those diaphanous hands waving flower-like before the steady mass of black breasts and shoulders. I can conceive nothing more poignantly self-contained, nothing more magnificently correct, nothing more completely Spanish. Above this file of mourners, and seemingly poised on the flames of torches right and left in the background, is heaven itself occupying the semi-circular top of the great canvas. There are permitted the gestures forbidden to knightly folk here below. Balanced on clouds, Christ reaches down in benediction to the Holy Virgin and the gaunt Baptist. Three strong-winged, cloud-compelling angels attend the group. Through rifts are seen the congregations of the saved ranged in their hieratic circles. The clouds are effulgent with the half-seen faces of the cherubim. All heads strain forward in adoration, the whole mass surges with light and motion.

Those persons who expect from art the stab that life itself deals in spiritual emergencies, will prefer Greco in his most undisciplined mood. I have no such expectation or desire. For me the sense of beauty admits all manner of excitement, but always an excitement contained within an enfolding serenity. Within limits many degrees of keen emotional experience are possible. But the moment the sheer excitement perturbs the serenity, the impression of art is tottering; the moment it prevails the sensation is no longer of art at all. Contrariwise, when the excitement departs the serenity becomes void of content—a complacency splendidly null. If this be true, the sense of beauty is akin to the feelings that we have at moments of greatest physical and mental efficiency. The orator riding the storm against hostile hearers knows the calm of throbbing nerves, and that, I take it, is the serenity of art. Thus every impression of art must end well in the sense of leaving us calmed and fortified—the meaning, I take it, of the much discussed term of Aristotle, *katharsis*.

VI.

If we measure Greco by this standard, we shall find him, save in a very few pictures, wanting. Through him we rarely win to serenity of any sort. He dismisses us amazed and troubled. He is called a great portrait painter. There could, I think, be no greater error, and yet few artists have painted more moving and impressive portraits. But these scores of likenesses come down to a single character. Always the haggard face, narrow forehead, uneasily rolling eye under sockets sharply arched—always an overt melancholy silently appealing for sympathy. The technical ability in many of these stern effigies is prodigious. Besides, these faces haunt one. Yet we remember merely a kind of composite of them all. A single ghost would fairly represent the portraiture of Greco, while the persons that one recalls casually from, say, Titian, Holbein, Velasquez, Bronzino, constitute a varied world. In exacting the last jot of wonder, Greco was something more or less than Spanish. It has frequently been said that he is more Spanish than the Spaniards, and in the sense of rejecting the reserve that veils their ardent emotional life this is justly observed. No one has expressed the ferocious ecstasy of Loyola's Spain so completely. But no Spaniard, I take it, would regard so reckless an exposure as quite dignified. Zurburan remains, after all, the finest and truest representative of the Spanish soul in post-Reformation travail.

I have suggested that there may have been in Greco some deliberate cultivation of the ecstatic mood, some rather conscious resort to self-hypnosis The fact that in his old age he returned to his quieter and more concrete manner—in the lovely St. Martin of San José and the Assumption of San Vincente, for example—suggests that his wilder manner may have been not quite spontaneous. At any rate, he was not its victim. When it pleased him that his pictures should no longer recall the melting-pot they readily regained substance and stability. There probably was about him some such element of mystification as we find in a Salvator Rosa or a Whistler. We must take such people only a trifle more seriously than they take themselves. From a sardonic or a wholly vehement person the finest art cannot come.

We must not expect it in Greco. But the art that misses equilibrium is by no means valueless. If we enhance ourselves most vitally through the art that has achieved a passionate serenity, we at least enrich our experience through the art which has missed its bounds. The cry of overstrung nerves and temperament is not uttered in vain when the sufferer is large enough to find in himself the aspiration, or the agony of many men. Certain pedants have written as if the world would be better without its disorderly geniuses. There could, I think, be no sorer error. We need the unbalanced talents, the *poètes damnés* of every craft. They strew the passions that enrich a lordlier art than their own. They fight valiantly, a little at the expense of their fame, against the only unpardonable sins, stupidity and indifference. Greco should always be an honored name in this ill-destined company. Nay, at times, he escapes them, and hovers uncertainly near the elect body of the greatest artists.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Capri, Italy.

Charles H. Caffin has written in "The Story of Dutch Painting," which is to be issued this month by the Century Company a book likely to interest both adult students of art and wide-awake girls and boys. It is to have twenty-five halftone reproductions of notable Dutch canvases.

Russell Sturgis's "History of Architecture" is to be completed by Arthur L. Frothingham, formerly of the Princeton faculty. The first volume of this work has been published; the second will appear about November 1. The third and concluding volume will be Mr. Frothingham's own work, and will not be published before the autumn of 1910. (Baker & Taylor.)

The Prix Chaudesaignes has been awarded by the Académie des Beaux-Arts to M Costel, a pupil of Louis Bernier. This *bourse* consists of two annual grants of two thousand francs, with which the young architect honored by the award is enabled to pursue his studies in Italy.

The seventh annual water color exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts will be held at the Academy, beginning November 8, and closing December 19. The Beck prize of one hundred dollars is offered for the best work exhibited that has been reproduced in color for the purpose of publication. Original work in water color, black and white, pastel, or drawing with pencil, crayon, or pen, or illustra-

tions in whatever medium, will be examined by a jury consisting of Thomas P. Anschultz, Albert L. Groll, Blanche Dillaye, James R. Hopkins, G. W. Dawson, and W H. Holmes.

Twelve years have elapsed since the Goethe Museum in Frankfort was opened as a kind of annex to the Goethe Haus, and in the meantime the library has grown to 40,000 volumes, together with a precious collection of manuscripts and drawings. Now it has been decided to supersede the unstable structure with two fine, fireproof edifices in the style prevailing in Frankfort in 1790, to be erected in the Grossen Hirschgraben and the Salzhaus, adjoining the birthplace of the poet.

The monument to Heinrich Heine by Hasselrijs, placed by the Empress of Austria in the Achilleion, in Corfu, seems fated to become as historic in its wanderings as some of the fabled heroes of old. The Kaiser disposed of it with a snap of his fingers, and there was nothing left for the Oberhofmarschallamt S. M. to do but to sell it to the highest bidder. Julius Campe, a quasi relative of the poet, secured control of the effigy, and straightway offered it to the city of Hamburg, promising to erect it on an imposing pedestal, provided a conspicuous place were given it in one of the public squares. Now the august *Senat* of the old Hanseatic city has refused Herr Campe's offer, remarking that a Heine Denkmal in daily sight of Hamburgians would be offensive! As a possible way out of the difficulty, the city fathers suggest the placing of the rejected masterpiece "in some corner of the Botanical Garden where it will enjoy a quiet background."

Francis Lathrop, an American mural painter, died at Woodcliff Lake, N. J., on October 18, in the sixty-first year of his life. He was born at sea, near the Hawaiian Islands; received his education, in part, at Dresden, and studied painting in London under Burne-Jones and Madox Brown, returning to this country in 1873.

Prof. Richard Engelmann, the archæologist, has died at Graz, in his sixty-fifth year. He was the author of "Bilderatlas zu Homer," "Pompeji," and other works.

Finance.

AFTER THE HARRIMAN RÉGIME.

A month ago, when the Union Pacific directors voted to replace on the board the late E. H. Harriman and the late H. H. Rogers by Jacob H. Schiff and William Rockefeller—both of them Harriman's old associates—and chose as chairman of the board Mr. Harriman's friend, Judge Lovett, the popular Wall Street theory of a contest for control between the "Morgan party" and what is left of the "Harriman party" received a quietus. Believers in that theory remarked sagaciously, however, "Wait till the shareholders' annual meeting on October 12"; and, in fact, there was a considerable body of opinion, on Wall Street, to the effect that the contest was only postponed until that strategic date. Even financial London listened to the interesting story that, at the October meeting, J. P. Morgan's son would become the chief of Union Pacific. The meeting occurred at Salt Lake City on Tuesday of last week, and the directors' action of September 13 was quietly approved.

But this was only one company out of the forty-one in which Harriman sat on the directors' board. There was the Erie, for example, which Harriman last year rescued from bankruptcy when the Morgan interests were about to let it go; the Illinois Central, which Harriman snatched from Stuyvesant Fish in 1907; the New York Central, whose stock he bought with Union Pacific money, and in which he was thought to be crowding out the Vanderbilts; the Wells-Fargo Express, where revolt against Harriman by shareholders, a couple of years ago, evoked from Nelson Cromwell the soothing assurance that Harriman "moves in a world into which we may not enter"; the Gould roads, where Harriman was about to become the guiding force. What was to happen in these boards?

Most of them have not yet acted on replacing Harriman. Last week, however, his vacant chair was filled at the New York Central board by Marvin Hughitt, generally classed as a Vanderbilt man. This was a blow to the market's theories of a "Harriman coup." Outside of the National City Bank, where last month Harriman's place was filled by J. P. Morgan, jr., three other corporations have acted in the matter. The Baltimore and Ohio Railway, where Union Pacific influence was powerful, has chosen Judge Lovett, who succeeded Harriman in the Union Pacific, to succeed him on its board also. In the Pacific Coast company, John I. Waterbury, hardly a Harriman ally, replaced him; in the Western Union board, Harriman and the late Gen. Eckert were succeeded by Mr. George Gould's son Kingdon and by E. T. Jeffrey, one of Harriman's old antagonists.

These are somewhat mixed results, and they left the Erie and Illinois Central changes undecided. What has already happened indicates that, in at least some quarters, "Harriman control" was lost when Harriman was himself no longer there.

There could not very well have been any other result. The extraordinary power and influence wielded by that remarkable man were derived, in perhaps fairly equal measure, from his individual force and prestige and from his dictatorial use of the Union Pacific's surplus funds to buy into other railway properties. Neither basis for a continued financial hegemony of the sort remains. Harriman himself, with the aggressive personality which used to overawe fellow-directors, and force a "Harriman policy" to a vote even on a hostile board, has gone. Union Pacific's treasury still contains huge blocks of shares in other railway enterprises; but all accounts agree that many of these have been quietly sold in the past few months, and the signs of the times indicate that, before very long, the railway company itself must part with the rest of them and confine itself thenceforward to its legitimate railway business.

What may be called the disintegration of the Harriman group of railways under a single personal control is altogether a wholesome tendency of the day. People who study fundamental causes, will recognize that the Union Pacific $131,000,000 purchases of railway stock in 1906, under the Harriman régime, was only a second phase of the effort of selfish and powerful financiers to get the country's whole railway system into their personal grasp. The first scheme was the enterprise of the Northern Securities holding company, against which Supreme Court Justice Brewer cast his deciding vote in 1904, on the ground that the device "might be extended until a single corporation, whose stock was owned by three or four parties, would be in practical control of the whole transportation system of the country." That scheme the courts of law have blocked. The next expedient was the use, by one bold financier, of a single railway's credit to buy control of all the other railways. To this the panic of 1907 and the death of Harriman have put at least a temporary end.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anderson, A. J. The Romance of a Friar and a Nun. Dodd, Mead. $2.50 net.

Andrews, M. R. S. The Enchanted Forest. Dutton. $1.50.

Aveling, H. F., and others. The History Sheet or Case-Paper System. London: P. S. King & Son.

Beard, D. C. The Boy Pioneers, Sons of Daniel Boone. Scribner. $2 net.

Bennet, R. A. A Volunteer with Pike. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.

Bennett, A. The Glimpse. Appleton. $1.50

Bingham, M. A. Overheard in Fairyland. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Brady, C. T. On the Old Kearsarge. Scribner. $1.35 net.

Brady, C. T. The Island of Regeneration. Dodd, Mead.

Bright, C. T. Life Story. Revised and abridged. Van Nostrand. $4.50 net.

Browning, R. Pippa Passes. Duffield & Co.

Bryant, W. C. Thanatopsis: Etched on copper after designs by Walworth Stilson. Tandy-Thomas Co.

Burr, A. B. The Autobiography: A Study. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

Calendar of Letter-Books Preserved Among the Archives of the Corporation of the City of London. Letter-Book I. London: Guildhall.

Canby, H. S. The Short Story in English. Holt. $1.60 net.

Cannan, G. Peter Homunculus: A Novel. Duffield & Co. $1.50.

Castillo, B. D. del. The True History of the Conquest of New Spain. Vol I. Second Series, Vol. XXIII. London: The Hakluyt Society.

Castle, A. and E. Diamonds Cut Paste. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.

Chamberlin, T. C., and Salisbury, R. D. A College Text-Book of Geology. Holt.

Clarke, E. G. Astronomy from a Dipper. Houghton Mifflin. 60 cents net.
Courlander, A. Henry in Search of a Wife. Brentano.
Crawford, M. C. Old Boston Days and Ways. Boston: Little, Brown. $2.50 net.
Cutter, Mrs. B. B. Practical Recipes. Duffield & Co. $1.25 net.
Davenport, E. Education for Efficiency. D. C. Heath & Co. $1.
Davis, J. Travels of Four Years and a Half in the U. S. of America During 1798, 1799, 1800, and 1801 and 1802. Holt. $2.50 net.
Deland, M. Where the Laborers are Few. Harper. $1.50.
Dickens, C. A Christmas Carol. Duffield & Co.
Duncan, N. Going Down from Jerusalem. Harper. $1.50 net.
Emerson, R. W. Nature. Duffield & Co.
Famous Cathedrals Described by Great Writers. Collected and edited by E. Singleton. Dodd, Mead. $1.60 net.
Flom, G. T. Norweglan Immigration to the United States. Iowa City, Ia.: Privately printed.
Gardner, W. J. A History of Jamaica. Appleton.
Garforth, W. E. Rules for Recovering Coal Mines After Explosions and Fires. Van Nostrand. $1.50 net.
Garrett, A. E. The Periodic Law. Appleton.
Gordon H. L. The Modern Mother. Fenno & Co. $2.
Gordon, K. Esthetics. Holt. $1.50.
Gray, J. C. The Nature and Sources of the Law. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Grimm, W. and J. Animal Stories. Trans. by L. Crane. Duffield.
Guizon, P. The Animals in the Ark. By Edgar Mills, from the French. Duffield & Co. $2.50 net.
Hale, William J. Calculations of General Chemistry. Van Nostrand. $1 net.
Headland, I. T. Court Life in China. Revell. $1.50 net.
Heck, W. H. Mental Discipline and Educational Values. Lane. $1 net.
Hewlett, M. The Ruinous Face. Harper. $1.
Hollister, H. A. High School Administration. Boston: Heath & Co. $1.50.
Hunting, H. G. The Cave of the Bottomless Pool. Holt. $1.50.
Hyrst, H. W. G. Adventures in the Arctic Regions. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Jerome, J. K. They and I. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Jones, A. L. Logic, Inductive and Deductive. Holt.
Jones, D. D. The Technique of Speech. Harper. $1.25 net.
Jordan, W. G. The Crown of Individuality. Revell. $1 net.
Keppel, F. Christmas in Art. Duffield & Co. $2.50 net.
Kilvert, B. C. The Kite Book. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Kniffin, H. H. Kentucky of Kentucky. Cochrane Pub. Co. $1.25.
Knowles, R. E. The Attic Guest: A Novel. Revell. $1.20 net.
Koren, W. Exercises in French Composition. Holt. 75 cents.
Krehbiel, E. B. The Interdict: Its History and Its Operation. Washington: American Historical Association. $1.50.
Lane, J. V. Marching with Morgan. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Lee-Hamilton, E. Mimma Bella. Duffield.
Lepelletier, E. Paul Verlaine, His Life—His Work. Trans. by E. M. Lang. Duffield & Co.
Letters from G. G. Holt. $1 net.
Lindsey, W. The Severed Mantle. Houghton Mifflin.
Little, Mrs. A. In the Land of the Blue Gown. Appleton.
Little, W. My Country: An illuminated and illustrated version of the American National Anthem. Tandy-Thomas Co.
Low, A. M. The American People: A Study in National Psychology. Houghton Mifflin. $2.25 net.
Luquiens, F. B. An Introduction to Old French Phonology and Morphology. New Haven, Conn: Yale University Press.
McFarlane, A. E. Redney McGaw. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Meredith, G. Last Poems. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Moffett, C. Through the Wall. Appleton. $1.50.
Münsterberg, H. Psychology and the Teacher. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Narrative and Lyric Poems for Students. Edited by S. S. Seward, jr. Holt. $1 net.
Oppenheim, L. International Incidents for Discussion in Conversation Classes. Putnam.
Osler, W. The Treatment of Disease: Address before the Ontario Medical Assn. June 3, 1909. Frowde.
Foe, E. A. Selections, edited with an introduction by F. C. Prescott. Holt. 75 cents net.
Priest, G. M. A Brief History of German Literature. Scribner.
Princeton Theological Seminary Biographical Catalogue, 1909.
Publications of the Princeton Univ. Archæological Expedition to Syria, in 1904-1905. Four parts. Leyden: The Late E. J. Brill.
Report of the International Opium Commission. Shanghai, China, February 1 to 26, 1909. Vols. I and II. Shanghai: North-China Daily News and Herald, Ltd.
Rietz, H. L. College Algebra. Holt. $1.40 net.
Rives, Amélie. Trix and Over-the-Moon. Harper. $1.
Rowe, S. H. Habit-Formation and the Science of Teaching. Longmans, Green. $1.50 net.
Ryan, M. E. The Flute of the Gods. Stokes Co. $1.50 net.
St. Paul Institute of Arts and Sciences. First Year-Book. St. Paul, Minn.
Sale, E. T. Manors of Virginia in Colonial Times. Phila.: Lippincott.
Schwartz, J. A. Wonderful Little Lives. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Scott, T. The Pleasure of Reading the Bible. Mitchell Kennerley. 50 cents net.
Shumway. D. B. The Nibelungenlied. Trans. from the German, with an introductory Sketch. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1909.

The Week.

President Taft uses no more emphasis than the case calls for when he declares his absolute opposition to any application of the "pork-barrel" idea to the great sums of money in contemplation for waterways improvement. The log-rolling methods that have heretofore governed in the annual appropriations for rivers and harbors were bad enough when the money had to come out of revenue from current taxation; if anything of the same kind were permitted when the money is raised upon long-time bonds the result would be utterly intolerable. And it is not only the piecemeal log-rolling as between Chicago and St. Louis, or Duluth and New Orleans, that the President objects to. He takes hold of the thing at its beginning, in the proposal to divide the prospective fund between the great sections of the country. "There is a proposition," he says, "that we issue $500,000,000 or $1,000,000,000 of bonds for waterways and then that we just apportion part to the Mississippi and part to the Atlantic, a part to the Missouri and a part to the Ohio. I am opposed to it. I am opposed to it because it not only smells of the pork barrel, but it will be the pork barrel itself. Let every project stand on its own bottom." That is sound doctrine; but nobody knows better than Mr. Taft himself how difficult it will be to devise a method for effectively putting it into practice.

The small proportion of the negro vote in Maryland—one-fifth of the total—is not the only thing that distinguishes the movement for a disfranchising amendment in that State from the like movements in the States further South. In these latter States, negro suffrage was indissolubly connected in the public mind with the corruption and misgovernment of the carpet-bag régime of the years following the civil war; in Maryland, on the contrary, the fight for a fair count of the negro vote was the very centre of the struggle to throw off the long domination of the Gorman-Rasin ring, which, for more than twenty years, held the State and the city of Baltimore in an iron grasp. The foremost leader of the fight for fair elections was Severn Teackle Wallis, the most distinguished member of the Baltimore bar, a man who had suffered imprisonment during the war on account of his Southern sympathies. When the victory was at last won, in 1895, an admirable election law was enacted and faithfully enforced; and Maryland enjoyed, for the first time in a generation, the privilage of fair and orderly elections. When the regular Democrats again got control of the Legislature and the Governorship, they made modifications of the election law, especially in certain counties, which have permitted gross trickery and fraud; but the elections in Baltimore, and in a large number of the counties, are still fair and clean, and the independent vote still holds the balance of power between the parties. In fighting the amendment, therefore, the Baltimore Reform League and great numbers of independent Democrats throughout the State are not only opposing a flagrant disfranchising trick, but are also seeking to prevent the restoration of that ring rule which was so long the shame and the despair of good citizens.

Gov. Harmon's best friends, in and out of Ohio, will rejoice to hear that the Democratic State bosses have declared war upon him. It is a good augury for the future of the man about whom centre the hopes of many old-fashioned Democrats the country over. No aspirant for the leadership of a reunited and revivified Democracy can start better than Cleveland did—with the hatred and the fear of the political machines to his credit. The outbreak against Mr. Harmon is due, of course, to blasted hopes and sadly empty pockets. The Governor has refused to be "manipulated." Republican officeholders have not been turned out of doors to make room for the hungry among the faithful. The cry for jobs has made the Ohio welkin ring, but the Governor's heart has been of stone. Whereupon the Democratic machine leaders have discovered that giving them the jobs was what Mr. Harmon was elected for, and that he has consequently violated his pledges to the people. "Gov. Harmon," says Ohio's indignant national committeeman, "was supported with the idea that a complete change would be made in the State House and all State institutions. Hopes, however, have been vain." Hence 40,000 Republicans who voted for him will not vote for him again, and 40,000 Democrats will cut him. But those who wish Gov. Harmon well must advise him to snap his fingers at these men in buckram.

The State of Washington is the latest to respond to the movement in favor of the commission plan of city government. Tacoma has already voted to adopt that method, and a campaign has been started in Spokane looking to the same end. The Tacoma election was disappointing in that it was decided by less than a quarter of the voting strength of the city; the vote in favor of the change was in the proportion of 4½ to 1. Perhaps the small percentage of the possible voting is due to the fact that Tacoma has been overburdened with special elections lately. The charter election was the seventh held in that city this year, and there are two more to come. In Portland, Ore., last summer, a proposal to take up the commission system was submitted along with more than thirty other questions. The electorate had no mind for so large a mouthful, and rejected practically the entire programme. It is worth noting that the saloon element in Tacoma was strongly against the new plan. The charter adopted is of the general type, providing for an administrative and legislative board of five men, elected on ballots bearing no party names or emblems. The initiative, referendum, and recall are provided for.

In a year prolific in reminders of America's debt to Champlain, to Hudson, to Verrazzano, it is now the turn of Don Gaspar de Portolá. Californians have, however, fêted not merely the first white man to gaze upon the Golden Gate, but likewise their own accomplishments:

> Hail to thy daring, to thy cheery mood,
> And stormy progress, brother multitude!

The cosmopolitanism of San Francisco's heritage appears in the merrymaking.

"The smelting pot of the races," Stevenson called the waterfront. One found there black men, yellow men, beggar men, thieves. There were Laskars in turbans and dis-bralded Chinese and Italian fishermen in tam o'shanters and wide, gaudy sashes—Greeks, Alaska Indians, and men of the South Seas. That was the old San Francisco—or a part of it. The new city is more American, and has fewer suggestions of the San Francisco of Bret Harte's Argonauts. It is their future to which Californians are looking even in celebrating Portolá. In a paragraph printed in the San Francisco *Call* of April 15, 1906—or just before the earthquake—it was said: "Our destiny is upon us. We cannot escape it." Fire and earthquake have done their worst, but San Francisco's destiny is upon her still.

A long and honorable judicial career is ended by the death of Mr. Justice Peckham of the Supreme Court. Special attention was drawn to him at the time of his appointment by President Cleveland, owing to the sensational rejection by the Senate, under the prompting of David B. Hill, of the two preceding nominations of Mr. Hornblower and Wheeler H. Peckham. Judge Peckham, however, gave himself with unremitting labor and unusual ability to the work of the court, and soon ceased to be thought of except as an upright and useful member of our highest tribunal. His service fell in a time when many important and agitated questions were passed upon by a court too often divided; but Judge Peckham's opinions were always without extra-judicial heat, and were marked by great lucidity and cogent reasoning. His death, with the fact that two or three of his colleagues are humanly certain to retire soon, suggests the probability of a reconstitution of the Supreme Court during President Taft's term of office. The promise of fit appointments is bright at the hands of an Executive who has himself been a judge, and who will not allow politicians to dictate to him the naming of the Federal judges.

The death of Henry Charles Lea, at the age of eighty-four, removes one of the very small group of American scholars and writers of true distinction and admitted importance. His life was as different from the common run as his work was superior to the ordinary literary output. The son of a prosperous Philadelphia publisher, and engaged in the publishing business himself from his youth up, he was the possessor of an ample fortune and the head of an important business concern; but he found no difficulty in leading a laborious life devoted to intellectual pursuits. In making himself master, and one of the world's greatest authorities, in a large field of historical research, he was continuing one of the most pleasing of English and American traditions, that of the man of wealth and business who is also a scholar or literary man of real merit and significance. It is a lesson of Mr. Lea's career that there are still great results which can be achieved by individuals unconnected with any organization for the systematic production of learning. And it is proper to mention that, while his interest was so largely absorbed by a subject very remote from the doings of to-day, Mr. Lea did not fail to bear his part as a citizen.

The advertising campaign planned by the Home Missions Council is more comprehensive than novel. Churches have long practised advertising, and clergymen of a certain type have been known to have the habit. The religious motto painted large on the landscape, or stuck in the form of a minute paster on the car window, goes far back in time. What is new is that the churches now intend to advertise "social, racial, and economic" truths as well as religious, and to do so through the regular medium of newspapers and periodicals. In such a case, what will there be left for the newspapers and magazines to put into their reading columns? We know how hard the passionate press-agent will work to smuggle a bit of advertising into the reading matter. We know what importance is attached to the three asterisks that separate the paid truths from the unpaid. We know what the man in the street means when he scornfully invites the bore to go hire a hall. Why, therefore, should the churches expend large amounts of money to get "social, racial, and economic" matter out of the columns where everybody reads it into the columns where, the presumption is, nobody looks for it unless he is strongly impelled? The magazines we can understand. Their best-read and most attractive pages have long been in the advertising section. An article on the race problem that would be lost between a spring poem and a Wild West story will make a mark if inserted between the picture of an automobile and the advertisement of a safety razor.

The fatal injury to one of the Annapolis football players will not, we presume, greatly disturb the equanimity of those who, like Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, believe that athletics are cheaply bought by the annual sacrifice of a few lives. This case is, however, bound to attract attention for several reasons. In the first place, the unfortunate midshipman was a trained player, and not, like many other victims, a member of a scrub team with insufficient teaching and control. Also this casualty indicates that, much as the game has been "opened up" by the new rules, the dangers still persist. The daily reports from the various football fields read as of old in their descriptions of the injured and their hurts. So long as violent physical contact is permitted, just so long will more or less serious injuries continue. But a further change of the game in the direction of the English contest ought to be of some help. Hence we regret to note in the games thus far a marked disposition to return to the "old-fashioned" style of play and a neglect of the onside kick and forward pass which did so much to lighten the strain on the players and increase the interest of the spectators.

When Prince Von Bülow decided to give up the Chancellorship rather than appeal to the country on his finance bill, he showed his customary sagacity. What would have happened to the Government's thin majority in a general election is indicated by the remarkable victories of the Social-Democrats all over the Empire. It did not take them long to recover from their heavy defeat of three years ago. Three years of Dreadnought-mania, a growing deficit, and the logical recourse to increased taxes on food, drink, light, and air, have swelled the ranks of German discontent. Where in 1906, after the famous Imperial victory, it was all talk of scotching the Socialist serpent by restricting the franchise in Hamburg, in Saxony, and Berlin, heavy Socialist gains are now reported, or have been recently reported,

from Prussia, from the Rhineland, from Saxony. In the Saxon Diet the Socialists bid fair to leap from a membership of one to a membership of twenty-five, possibly, or nearly a third of the entire Diet.

The German Governments have all the more reason to fear these results, on account of the possibility that the Socialists may consent to join hands with Radicals and Liberals in the Reichstag and the Diets. Opportunism, or revisionism, to give it its economic name, is making headway among Bebel's followers. The orthodox doctrine of complete abstention from the process of bourgeois law-making received a severe setback last year when the Socialists in the Bavarian Diet joined with the Centre to force through a number of progressive measures. In the Socialist Congress at Leipzig, last month, the new moderation was evident. There were none of the old anti-patriotic outbursts which more than anything else have driven the Liberals into the Government camp. There were no fiery onslaughts on religion. A proposal to establish Socialist schools for children of non-believers received less than 30 votes out of 300. The cause of all this is the natural weariness of a policy of mere negation carried on through decades.

The fall of the Spanish Ministry may have been inevitable for other reasons, but it was undoubtedly hastened by the agitation over the execution of Professor Ferrer. To the flood of foreign protests were added cries of shame and outrage in Spain itself. A political and moral atmosphere was rapidly created in which the Prime Minister, who was responsible for the extinguishing of one held a light of his country, could not breathe. Premier Maura's resignation involved the summoning of the leader of the opposite party to form a Government. How long Señor Moret's Ministry may go on without the need of electing a new Cortes is still doubtful. In any event, the new head of the Cabinet is not to be envied his task. Popular dissatisfaction with the slow progress and disappointing results of the Riff campaign is again mounting, and with internal discontent fed by other causes, the outlook is troublous not only for the Ministry, but for the monarchy itself.

It is natural enough that the meeting between the Czar and the King of Italy should bring up again our old friend, the break-up of the Triple Alliance. Royal encounters are always supposed to be fraught with tremendous matters of state, and surely, in the present instance, Nicholas II would never have undertaken that painful trip of a couple of thousand miles between two walls of bayonets, if he were not really eager to join hands with Victor Emmanuel against their common aversion, Austria-Hungary. But experience has shown that the Czar's momentous interviews with the heads of foreign governments have usually meant little for Europe at large, but a good deal of trouble for Russia. The Czar comes to take advice and get help, never to offer it, and Italy, for all her irritation against the Hapsburgs, is pretty sure to remember what a weak reed to lean upon the Czar turned out for France in her hour of need. It is typical of a blundering mis-government like Russia's that it will go far enough to exhibit its spite but seldom far enough to make its enemies take it seriously. Whatever may happen to the Triple Alliance in the course of years—it is beginning to show unmistakable signs of dissolution—at least no mortal blow will come from the side of Russia.

The assassination of Prince Ito at Harbin seems to bear out the old rule that the fanatic's knife or bomb most often strikes either when it should not or whom it should not. Such broken information as has come to us out of Korea, since the Japanese investment, has represented Prince Ito as the one Japanese statesman most concerned in mitigating the rigors of foreign domination at Seul. If that was the case, the death of the veteran statesman at the hands of a Korean patriot falls akin to the assassination of President Lincoln by a Southern sympathizer, or the assassination of Alexander II of Russia on the eve of his granting a Constitution. But we cannot press the point too far. The other tendency has grown up of asserting that every incompetent monarch who fell a victim to popular resentment was just on the eve of blossoming into an archangel and establishing elysium within his dominions. Nor does a murdered statesman become thereby retroactively the best friend his murderers really had. If the Korean people came to associate the cruelties of Japanese rule with the personality of the man who up to a few months ago was Japan's viceroy in the peninsula, the inference was a natural one. Certainly, they could hardly have registered their protest in more emphatic form. Not even an attack on the life of the Mikado would have roused the world at large as will the unhappy death of the best known and most gifted of Japan's statesmen, the one whose life has been most closely bound up with his nation's rebirth and imperial growth.

When an article on "The Public Debt of New Zealand" begins with pointing out that the net public debt per head of the population in that country is $314, as against $145 for France, $80 for Great Britain, etc., one rather looks for an exhibition of the Australasian experiment station as an awful warning. Such is not the case, however, with the paper in the *Journal of Political Economy*, signed by James Edward Le Rossignol of Colorado and William Downie Stewart of New Zealand as joint authors. The article is a quite colorless examination of the New Zealand public debt and its history. It explains at once that a very large part of the debt represents productive investments, and it mentions many other elements which must be taken into account before the true significance of the figures can be judged. One incidental remark is of special interest for this country. "The most common form of political corruption in the United States," it says, "the corrupting influence of railways and other business corporations, does not exist to any great extent in New Zealand, because of the prevalence of governmental and municipal ownership, but the concentration of economic power in the hands of the government has created a form of corruption which, while it may not be so bad morally, is far more wasteful from the economic point of view." The writers refer especially to the building of roads, bridges, etc., as a matter of local or personal favor, which is elsewhere referred to as "the current coin of political corruption." What dimensions this sort of thing would be capable of in our country, under government ownership of railways, it staggers the imagination to picture. It is prudent to watch these movements from afar.

THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.

When Mr. Taft returns to Washington he will find nothing more pressing than the reorganization of the diplomatic service. Ordinarily, the various posts abroad have been bargained off within a few days after a new Administration has assumed office. Mr. Taft wisely announced that he would take his time in selecting his ministers and ambassadors. Now, however, eight months have elapsed and some important appointments have not been determined upon. Several of them have gone begging in a way to cause considerable mortification, and the unfortunate affair with Mr. Crane cannot but add to the difficulty of obtaining a Minister to China, if not in choosing men for other posts. Moreover, there are many clouds upon the diplomatic horizon. Are we to have tariff wars with Germany, France, and Canada? Is there to be serious friction over Japan's policy in Manchuria? No one can at this moment answer these questions. That they can be asked is, however, in itself a strong reason why no time should be lost in filling the leading diplomatic offices.

Justice to the ambassadors alone demands this. No man can do his best work if he is in ignorance about his immediate future. Take the case of Dr. Hill, for instance. Is he to remain at Berlin, or to be transferred to another post or retired from the service? So far as we are aware, no official statement has yet been made as to his future. In Paris, Mr. Henry White, after remaining for months in a state of uncertainty as to when he would be relieved by Mr. Robert Bacon, has notified the State Department that he can hold his place no longer than November. Yet, despite Senator Aldrich's recent assurances, the question of a tariff war is apparently nowhere else so acute as in France. The situation in London is similar. Mr. Reid is obliging the State Department by holding on, though fully aware that his supersession may take place at any moment. But the President is unable to find anybody so eminently fitted for this post as would have been Dr. Eliot. That he has been asking many for suggestions has long been an open secret. No one can deny, however, that the failure to find the right man is injurious to the service and detrimental to the dignity of what is one of our greatest positions.

To Russia Mr. Rockhill has been sent from China, because, as was openly admitted, the Administration wanted a "live" business man at Peking. When it got one who was just of that sort, it treated him so roughly as to exasperate Mr. Crane's intimate friends. He was fairly dragged off his steamer, compelled to cross the country under public curiosity and suspicion, and then dismissed as one would discharge a commercial traveller. Before Mr. Crane was asked to take the mission, Stuyvesant Fish, F. A. Delano, ex-Senator Fulton, and others declined the position. He will be a brave man who will finally consent to fill the demand for a Minister in Peking. Meanwhile, the months drag on, and the United States, whose interests in the East Mr. Taft, above all others, deems of vast importance, is represented by a *chargé d'affaires* in China.

In Italy, Mr. Leishman has taken over the embassy in succession to Mr. Griscom; and Mr. Straus's appointment to Constantinople has been hailed with satisfaction by all interested in Turkey. The Japanese mission remains in Mr. O'Brien's hands; his pleasing personality makes him as welcome in Tokio as heretofore. But the office of Minister to Cuba, important now on account of our relations with that island, is yet to be disposed of, since the promotion of Mr. E. V. Morgan, the present incumbent, is understood to be impending. The Austrian and Mexican missions must also be re-manned, particularly the latter, in which Mr. Thompson has been occupying his leisure moments with the purchase of a railway to which he will hereafter devote his attention. Until all the places to be filled have been disposed of, the feeling of unrest will continue. Indeed, the whole situation must strengthen the hands of those who advocate a permanent diplomatic body, protected as a whole from the now inevitable upset on the inauguration of a President, and affording guarantees for a life career. As it is now, we have such a case as that of Mr. Riddle, lately Ambassador to Russia. Though a fluent linguist, master of Russian, and a graduate of the Paris School of Political Science, he has been dropped from the service after sixteen years in Russia, Turkey, Egypt, and Servia—not an encouraging example to the young American who aspires to fit himself thoroughly for diplomacy.

With the close of the holiday season it is to be hoped, too, that the State Department itself will be so fully manned as to make it impossible for any one else to charge, as did Mr. Crane, that he was started for his difficult and distant post without adequate consultation and instructions. Of this, Mr. Huntington Wilson's serious illness is, to be sure, a partial explanation. But there are disquieting rumors that, besides departing American diplomats and those awaiting orders, foreign diplomats also have had difficulty this summer in finding out just who is in charge of this policy or that negotiation. Mr. Adee is, of course, always on hand with all his valuable experience to aid him; but sometimes even an able second secretary does not quite take the place of his superiors. It will be a good thing for the whole Administration, not yet shaken down like a tested piece of machinery, when the holidays are over. Indeed, we are sometimes tempted to believe that a statutory prohibition of vacations during the first six months of a new Administration would not be amiss.

TROUBLED ENGLISH POLITICS.

No one can read the English press of both parties, or talk with Englishmen and others familiar with political conditions in Great Britain, without getting a pretty serious idea of the great controversy over the budget. It is a real crisis, though we cannot help feeling that it has been artificially created. The question of new taxation was difficult enough of itself; but the attempts on both sides to make political capital out of it, with the violence of extremists of either party, have blown the affair out of all natural proportions. It may yet serve as a classic illustration of what political passion can do to inflame and distort a problem of finance into something very near revolution.

Those are doubtless correct who maintain that no Chancellor of the Exchequer ever held such language as is the common stock in trade with Mr. Lloyd-George. Instead of dropping his old fighting and slashing manner, now that he is charged with weighty responsibilities, he has, if anything, intensified it. Of course, he does not lack provocation. Foolish dukes and reckless Tories are as much to blame for the political tension as are headstrong radicals and

swashbuckling Liberals. But when all is said, we look for more gravity and steadiness in the head of the British Treasury than the Chancellor of the Exchequer displays in his utterances whether in or out of Parliament. His speech at Newcastle, the other day, was a fine instance of how a great Minister of State should not harangue the public about taxation. Where Lloyd-George was defending the actual taxing proposals of the budget, he was sensible and defensible. The new taxes are really not very burdensome in themselves. They might be extended so as to be confiscatory, but it is not the English way to be logical in extending taxes or anything else; and the Chancellor might well have rested with the economic and fiscal defence of his measures. Instead, he launched into a violent attack upon the House of Lords—made up, he said, of men "chosen by accident from the ranks of the unemployed"—and indulged in language which gives point to the charge of his opponents that he is a Socialist at heart. We cite a few words from his peroration to show the kind of social dynamite that Mr. Lloyd-George tosses about light-heartedly:

> Who ordained that a few should have the land of Britain as a perquisite, who made 10,000 people owners of the soil, and the rest of us trespassers in the land of our birth; who is it—who is responsible for the scheme of things whereby one man is engaged through life in grinding labor, to win a bare and precarious subsistence for himself, and when at the end of his days he claims at the hands of the community he served a poor pension of 8d. a day he can only get it through a revolution; and another man who does not toil receives every hour of the day, every hour of the night, whilst he slumbers, more than his poor neighbor receives in a whole year of toil? Where did the table of the law come from? Whose finger inscribed it? These are the questions that will be asked. The answers are charged with peril for the order of things the Peers represent, but they are fraught with rare and refreshing fruit for the parched lips of the multitude who have been treading the dusty road along which the people have marched through the dark ages, which are now emerging into the light.

It is not strange that sober-minded Englishmen find it hard to reconcile themselves to a budget which has such doctrines tagged to it.

However, the practical question how the Lords are to deal with the budget when it reaches them remains very much what it was. As the time approaches when action must be taken, counsels are divided and the outlook is confused. It should seem a good case for English compromise; but recent declarations of responsible Ministers have been wholly unyielding. The measured and dignified Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, is as explicit as the impetuous Lloyd-George and the harum-scarum Winston Churchill in asserting that no interference of the Lords with a money bill can be tolerated. If they amend or reject it, the Commons will at once resolve that there has been a breach of their privileges; and then there could not fail to be an appeal to the country in which the whole veto power of the House of Lords would be the chief issue. It is fear of this and what might follow which leads the *Spectator* to think that it is better to accept the budget, disagreeable as it is, than to throw the British Constitution into the melting-pot of a general election. Notable, too, is the opinion of the Birmingham *Post*, which is, or at any rate was, the organ of Joseph Chamberlain. It advises the Lords that they have too much to lose and nothing to gain by rejecting the finance bill. The evidence that the country wants the land taxes, this Conservative newspaper thinks to be conclusive; and it adds that "a dissolution on the finance bill would almost certainly be followed by a return of the Government to power with a definite mandate which the Lords could not ignore." The Glasgow *Herald* is equally convinced of the bad policy of rejecting the budget. Of course, many Conservative organs, the London *Times* at their head, strongly urge the Lords to throw the bill out. Mr. Balfour, however, has not spoken. Till he does, the Lords will scarcely know which way to turn.

In their perplexity, they are expected to get new light from the bye-election that is held in Bermondsey to-day. This is a London constituency described by Charles Booth as the poorest in the city. The population is about 80,000, of which a large proportion depend upon casual labor, and many families are always upon the verge of want. It is thus a working-class constituency, and it was thought that it would afford a fine test of the "popularity" of the budget. But a three-cornered fight is raging, the Labor party having put up Dr. Salter, who appears to be that unusual combination, a Quaker of extreme Socialistic views, and it is quite possible that he, with his programme of the right to work, a minimum wage, and the nationalization of land, railways, and mines, with the municipalization of everything else, may win over both the Liberal and Conservative candidates. In that case, the Lords would be in greater doubt and darkness than ever. Even should the Tories win, it might be disastrous for them to pluck up courage from a single election. In 1880, when Beaconsfield was in doubt whether to go to the country, as Gladstone was challenging him to do, he carried a bye-election and that decided him to dissolve. But that bye-election was, curiously, also in Bermondsey, and after winning it, the Conservatives were badly beaten in the general election.

THE FUNCTION OF THE COLLEGE.

When it is stated that President Woodrow Wilson has written a magazine article of considerable length upon a fundamental question of college education, it is almost superfluous to add that a contribution at once substantial and attractive has been made to the discussion. In his article in *Scribner's Magazine* entitled "What Is a College For?" he surveys the present condition of life and study at the typical large American college, judged both by the end which the college proposes or should propose and by the efficacy of the arrangements actually in operation for the attainment of that end.

On the first branch of the question President Wilson's thesis is laid down with great emphasis and insistence. It turns altogether on the complexity of the modern world—on the demand for intense effort, and for the capacity to turn with vigor and effectiveness to any task, however unexpected, to any problem, however novel, which the changes of the time may present. A picture—decidedly overdrawn, we submit, whatever be the number of instances on which it may be based—is presented of the way in which the man whose only capital is some special skill is condemned to be a servant perpetually, and may at any time become a useless servant, his "skill gone out of use and fashion." To lead a life worthy of a young man's aspirations, he must prepare himself to meet and conquer all the chances and changes of the time; and the function of the college is to equip him for such a rôle. "To me," says

President Wilson, "the question seems to be, Shall the lad who goes to college go there for the purpose of getting ready to be a servant merely, a servant who will be nobody and who may become useless, or shall he go there for the purpose of getting ready to be a master adventurer in the field of modern opportunity?"

Into the other branch of Mr. Wilson's discussion it is impossible here to enter in a manner at all adequate; nor would it be proper for any but an expert in questions of college organization to pass judgment upon it. The breakdown of the old college discipline, based on the boarding-school idea; the development of the multiform activities —athletic, social, literary, business— which now absorb so large a portion of the student's time and interest; the dominant part played by college fraternities and other social groups—these are brought out vividly and are correlated with the main theme. In all this development President Wilson finds an inevitable process of evolution, due to the need of something that the college as such has not supplied; and he draws the picture not merely as a presentation of historical fact, but for a definite practical purpose. The absorption of time and interest involved in these extra-collegiate activities makes it impossible for the college to utilize the four years of precious opportunity for its own great purposes; and President Wilson proposes such a remodelling of the relations between faculty and students as shall turn all the vitality now scattered in these accidental ways into the right channel. "The organizations whose objects lie outside study," he says, "should be but parts of the whole, not set against it, but included within it."

With nothing that President Wilson says in regard to the ways and means of effecting a needed improvement in college life have we any quarrel; and there is in the whole article a high seriousness, both of substance and of form, that makes us regret the more that we find in it a radical defect. We submit that there is an issue deeper and more vital than any of those discussed by Mr. Wilson, however important these may be; and on this issue his note does not ring true. The preaching of the gospel of strenuosity has gone far indeed when one can read page after page of an essay so serious as this, and coming from such a source, yet find barely a hint that there may be a value in college culture other than what is measured by outward achievement. Of the effect upon a man's inner life, of the satisfaction he may get simply from a broader outlook or a deeper insight, of the heightened joy and added solace which the treasures of literature or the interests of science may afford him because of those four golden years, there is no word. Nor can it be justly answered that all this has been omitted because it is matter of course. In the first place, in our day, with the din of the preachers of efficiency as the one and only good ever in our ears, it is not matter of course. And secondly, Mr. Wilson sins not only by omission, but also by commission. Again and again, he strikes the strident note that is the fashion of the day: "To be a master adventurer in the field of opportunity" should be the purpose of the college student; and again: "We must distinguish what the college is for, without disparaging any other school, of any other kind. It is for the training of the men who are to rise above the ranks." Struggle, conquest, "doing things"—that, it should seem, is the be-all and end-all of modern education.

Against this view of the function of the college, we hold it to be the duty of all men of culture to protest. Unquestionably, the college should be a nursery of leaders, of men who go to the front both in the competitive pursuits of ordinary life and in the advancement of the welfare and progress of their country and of the world. But what of the score of youths who are not endowed—perhaps in ability, perhaps in temperament—for such a career, as against the one who is? Is there nothing for them in the college? Nay, is it nothing for the country and the world that the type which they represent shall be preserved? Are we to admit that "things are in the saddle" so absolutely that to be a gentleman of taste, or refinement, of a generous and unambitious interest in high and beautiful things is to "be nobody"? With all its restless progress and resistless changes, there is still, we trust, room in the world for the quiet and cultivated gentleman who is content to earn a modest living, or even to live a life of rational ease in unobtrusive performance of unpretending duties; and we do not think it would be going too far to say that the college will lose sight of what is the most beneficent part of its entire activity when it ceases to regard with pride and satisfaction the furnishing of this leaven to our overstrung and strenuosity-ridden society.

FIFTY YEARS OF VICTOR HUGO.

PARIS, October 12.

It is fifty years since Victor Hugo began pouring out to the world "La Légende des siècles." Its successive utterances, with minor poems of the same strain in between (1859-1877-1883) express that modernizing vision of the past which now most pleases official French thought. Popularly, there are fifty copies of Alfred de Musset's poems sold for one of Victor Hugo's. There are even signs of the newest Young France turning altogether back from the nineteenth to the seventeenth century—the *grand siècle* once more.

The Société Victor Hugo, which charges itself with the master's fame, seized the occasion of the half-centenary for a week of celebration. Sunday, September 26, the Comédie Française played "Ruy Blas" at the matinée. Then, on successive days, there was a visit to the poet's house, which has been turned into a Victor Hugo Museum; the inauguration, in the historic gardens of the Palais Royal, of Rodin's statue, which has been waiting fifteen years for the day; a pageant of the Cour des Miracles, which was to have illuminated the façade of Notre Dame with Esmeralda and Frollo, but was spoiled by desperate weather; and the final obligato banquet—all with occasional verse and discourse and speeches from Government.

Perhaps the importance of the anniversary has been overrated. In 1885 political and religious exaltation of the Republican and Freethinker made an international demonstration out of the poet's interment at the Panthéon, the church being expelled to make room for his corpse. In 1902, for the centenary of his birth, the desire to recognize nationally the one overmastering genius of French poetry in the century which was past gave a genuinely literary color to the celebration. The present interest in "La Légende des siècles," taken apart from the poet's complete work, should be rather to know the appeal which Victor Hugo's ideas and art have continued making to the changing literary judgment and feelings of France during fifty years.

In 1859 the old official criticism was still intrenched in the university citadel, in spite of thirty years of attack and defeat at the hands of the Romantics. Désiré Nisard was its spokesman in

his "Etudes d'histoire et de littérature" of that year:

> The history of the works of M. Victor Hugo is the history of ephemeral books which graft on to the day's commonplaces or imitate like works, and in which the merit of invention does not belong to M. Victor Hugo. I do not know one of his books of which the thought is his own. . . . You would almost say that M. Victor Hugo is condemned to be in truth but "a child of genius," as M. de Chateaubriand called him.

Nowadays, M. Doumergue, who as minister of public instruction is grand master of the university, begins his inaugural discourse for Rodin's statue:

> The government of the republic could not allow the fiftieth year of "La Légende des siècles" to be celebrated without taking part in it. The glory which Italy owes to Dante, which Shakespeare has given to England, France, without excessive pride, can give thanks for to Victor Hugo. . . . Some, I know, not understanding his genius or irritated by it, have denied him the thinker's glory. But his word at which the world wonders, could it so thrill us if he had lacked that inner flame which strong thought alone can kindle?

With a tone of combat, the minister wound up his eulogy:

> Glories of mediocrity do not resist the effect of distance and the intense life of our day. But the figure of Victor Hugo, as it withdraws in time, far from entering into shadow and obscurity, stands out in piercing relief, like the decided features with which the sculptor here makes him to live again for us. In the name of the government of the republic I make my salute, bowing with the homage of an admiration which has not weakened.

And yet, in the testy foolishness of old-fogy Nisard, may there have not been a glimmer of reason? Like Carlyle, the English writer whom he resembles essentially in more ways than one, Victor Hugo "always felt himself qualified *à priori* to crack and pick any philosophic nut extant; to discuss and determine the toughest providential problem conceivable, without a taking of testimony or investigation of any sort, but by sheer force of genius or æsthetic instinct." Better fitted still to Victor Hugo's case is this further judgment of Carlyle by the elder Henry James: "He did, indeed, dally with the divine ideas long enough to suck them dry of their rhetorical juices."

It would be difficult to find, in the expressions of French thought to-day, a single idea brought into it by Victor Hugo. The theism of his prime and the doubtful pantheism of his age are alike formless, with only the splendor of color; and, even his declamations on a practical subject so worked by him as capital punishment have left merely resonant emotion. Nisard, who saw only printed pages through his spectacles, might easily find chapter and verse for the original propositions of the poet's thoughts: his disastrous failure was in his inability to estimate at its proper value the transforming, often deforming, poetic imagination, of which Victor Hugo was all compact.

The poet seems to have had a glimpse of the truth in the name he chose for the great work which he assured Vacquerie, in a letter of March, 1859, "shall contain mankind, shall be mankind." Among unpublished notes for a preface, he wrote: "When you consider the human series parallel with the series of the centuries, man has two aspects—the historic and the legendary. The historic aspect borders on the drama; the legendary on epic poetry." The name for his work was to be "Petites Epopées." And he wrote his own idea of the work in characteristic lines, now published for the first time:

> Ceci sera la page énorme; et les vivants
> L'auront vue, au milieu du vaste effort des vents,
> De l'erreur, de la haine ardente, de la foule,
> De tout ce qui s'élève et de tout ce qui croule
> Et de tout ce qui va dans la nuit, emportant
> Le chiffre vain, le rêve obscur, l'homme hésitant,
> Demeurer, et garder son accent inflexible.
> Flèche, reste le roi, peuple, reste la cible,
> Jusqu'au jour où viendront d'autres hommes disant:
> Toi, sois la flèche, et toi, sois la cible à présent.
> Alors commenceront les sombres destinées.

Until then Victor Hugo had been the transformer of French poetry in general. For Sainte-Beuve, he was of "lyric renown"; for Théophile Gautier, whose "Histoire du romantisme" appeared only a few months before "La Légende des siècles," the turning point was the drama of "Hernani":

> A movement was wrought like that of the Renaissance. . . . We seemed to have found again the great lost secret; and it was true, we had found again poetry.

Two years later Baudelaire wrote:

> When we remember what French poetry was before Victor Hugo appeared and how it has grown young again since he came; when we imagine the little it would have been if he had not come, how many deep, mysterious feelings which have found expression would have remained mute; how many intelligences he has brought to their birth, how many men have shone by him who would have stayed in the shadow, it is impossible not to regard him as one of those rare, providential spirits who work in the literary order the salvation of all, as others do in the political order.

Voices were still raised in opposition. Common-sense, *bourgeois* Francisque Sarcey remarked in 1868 that he had "always professed mediocre sympathy for the dramas of Victor Hugo." In 1881 Zola, in the full success of his naturalism, while naming Victor Hugo "the man of the century," did not fear to pronounce his new work, "L'Ane," an *incroyable galimatias*. The theatre-going public has ratified Sarcey's judgment, while Racine still holds the stage. You seldom meet young Frenchmen who have read the lyrical poems of Victor Hugo; and the new education turns minds definitely away from his purely poetic imaginings. The verses of Richepin and many a lesser playwright do, indeed, echo the master's sonorous line; but his lack of social perception, without subtlety or suppleness or delicate shades of feeling and wit, has stood finally in the way of any Hugonian school among generations bred in psychology.

In the tribute which French men of letters presented to Victor Hugo for his eighty-third birthday, Zola, seemingly unconscious of its fundamental criticism, uttered what is still the truth:

> In Victor Hugo, I salute the poet victorious from ancient combats. To honor him with our worship to-day is to protest against those who hooted after him in those days.

The battle was already won. Four years later when the poet died, the unliterary Clerical newspaper, *La Croix*, amidst all the intentionally offensive apotheosis of the Panthéon, had nothing worse to say than this:

> Victor Hugo died at 1:35 o'clock.
> He was the greatest poet of our age.
> He had been mad for more than thirty years.
> May his madness be his excuse before God.

Now, after twenty-five more years, it is evident that the poetry of the years of madness—"La Légende des siècles"—towers high above all the other poetic work of Victor Hugo, as Paul de Saint-Victor, who had been Lamartine's secretary, prophesied it would. True, as the governmental speeches show, the odor of combat is still in the air. Yet even if the sympathy of France, official and popular together, should move away from him, French poetry and all literature can never again be quite as they were without him. When he died Henry Houssaye could say:

> All who wield a pen to-day, prose writers as well as poets, journalists as well as playwrights, in greater or less degree proceed from him. His imprint is on modern style.

Strip this celebration of the fiftieth year of "La Légende des siècles" of its factitious surroundings, and it is the genuine tribute of the new century to what Emile Faguet calls "the gong in Victor Hugo's brain. . . . Incident, anecdote, events struck upon it, and there was grave, sweet music or resounding thunder."

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

More than two years ago there were printed in this column some notes on the variations in several early editions of Sheridan's "School for Scandal," including particulars of two American editions, one printed in Philadelphia by Robert Bell, in 1782, and the other by Hugh Gaine in New York in 1786.

There has just been brought to our attention another Philadelphia imprint, with a similar title, "The School for Scandal. A Comedy. The Third Edition. London: Printed. Philadelphia; Re-printed and Sold by Thomas Bradford, at the Coffee-House. M. DCC. LXXIX." An examination of the text, however, shows that while the characters, so far as they appear, are the same, the text is not that of Sheridan's play at all, but is political in purpose, relating to English affairs during the American war. Washington is once referred to as "General Washinghall." Baker in his "Biographia Dramatica" enters "The School for Scandal, 8vo. 1778," and describes it as "a paltry catch-penny, intended to be imposed on the public as the genuine production of Mr. Sheridan. This despicable piece is political." Bradford's American edition is recorded by Hildeburn and copied from him by Sabin, but it is undoubtedly very rare. Baker notes another political piece with the title "The School for Scandal. As it is performed by His Majesty's Servants," 1784. "This," he says, "has no more relation to Mr. Sheridan's piece, than lead has to gold. It is a political satire on the India Bill and the Coalition." Sheridan's play was produced at Drury Lane Theatre on May 8, 1777. The first edition, printed in Dublin for J. Ewling, is without date and in booksellers' catalogues is usually ascribed to 1781; but, as Mr. Pollard has said, it is more likely that 1778 was the correct date. The title was an attractive one, and was appropriated for this political piece, which, by the way, is dedicated by its anonymous author to Richard Tickell, who was afterwards Sheridan's brother-in-law. There was reason for Robert Bell, in bringing out the first American edition of the play in 1780, to call it "The Real and Genuine School for Scandal."

On November 3, the Anderson Auction Company will sell a collection largely made up from the library of Mr. Sainshury Langford Sainsbury. A presentation copy of Mrs. Browning's "Poems" (1844); first editions of Sir Thomas Browne's "Hydriotaphia" (1658), and the first authorized edition of the "Religio Medici" (1643); first edition of Keats's "Endymion" (1818); a collection of books with Alken and Cruikshank plates, including "Real Life in London" (1821-22) and Ireland's "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," 4 vols. (1828), are notable lots.

On November 4 and 5 the same house sells the second part of the J. C. Chamberlain collection. The first portion, sold last February, was made up of the books of the ten great American authors. The first editions of Aldrich, Curtis, James T. Fields, Cooper, Halleck, Harte, Mitchell, Parkman, Stedman, Bayard Taylor, Walt Whitman, and other lesser lights are now offered, as well as some duplicate copies of books included in Part I. Among special rarities by minor authors we may note Aldrich's "Père Antoine's Date Palm" (1866), "Pansy's Wish" (1870), and "The Story of a Bad Boy" (1870) on large paper (six printed, of which three were destroyed in the Boston fire of 1872); Drake and Halleck's "Poems by Croaker, Croaker & Co." (1819); Howell's first book, "Poems by Two Friends" (1860); Motley's two novels, "Morton's Hope" (1839) and "Merry Mount" (1849); Stoddard's "Footprints" (1849); Taylor's "Ximena" (1844), his first book with title reading, "By James Bayard Taylor"; and Whitman's "Two Rivulets" (1876), the author's own copy, with many autograph corrections. Among the duplicate books by some of the ten great authors are Hawthorne's "Fanshawe" (1828); two copies of Lowell's "Poems" (1844) on large paper; and Longfellow's "Outre Mer" (1833-34). The "Rime di Michelagnolo Buonarroti" (Florence, Giunti, 1623), the very rare first edition of Michael Angelo's poems, is one of the few foreign books in the collection.

On November 1 and 3 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company offer a collection of Americana including about thirty-five lots on California, books on the Indians, first editions, a collection of Lincolniana, and a series of autograph letters, mostly of American authors. On November 4 and 5 they sell the library of the late Rev. Joseph E. Chapman of Perth Amboy. Books and pamphlets on New Jersey, the American Revolution, and several editions of the Book of Common Prayer are included.

On November 3 and 4 Messrs C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston will sell the libraries of James Brown and David J. Lord. Mr. Brown's Burns collection was extensive, including a copy of the very rare first edition "Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect" (Kilmarnock, 1786), the second edition (Edinburgh, 1787), and later editions, among them a fine extra-illustrated set. Another copy of Bryant's "White Footed Deer" (1844), a book which brought $285 in the Poor sale last year, turns up in this sale. Audubon's Birds (1840-44) and Quadrupeds (1849-54); Michaux's "North American Sylva" (1819), with the supplement by Nuttall (1849), and Wilson and Bonaparte's "American Ornithology" (1808-33), 13 vols. in 7, are important natural history books with colored plates. A long series of first editions of Bret Harte, collections of books on fencing and memory culture, Kelmscott Press and Doves Press publications, and a lot of book-plates and books on book-plates, including a collection of 1,200 cards describing additions to Allen's "American Book-Plates," are also offered.

Correspondence.

HENRY CHARLES LEA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The death of Mr. Lea is a great loss to historical science, of which he was the foremost exponent in this country and one of the world's recognized leaders. His subject, mediæval history, was in his deft hands, and with his exhaustive study, revived in the long series of volumes on church history and kindred topics. His reputation as a scholar and an author was greater abroad even than at home. His chief work was translated into French and Italian and German, and the scholars in those countries paid tribute to him. At home he was elected president of the American Historical Association, and was honored by degrees from our principal universities. Years of toil were spent by him in gathering great quantities of original material from Spain and Italy, from France and Germany, from Mexico and South America, and not only did he use it with advantage in his own volumes, but he gave access to it freely to younger students. His life was one of earnest research for the truth, and he put his conclusions in clear language, every statement supported by exact references to the sources of contemporary writings of authority.

But Mr. Lea was much more than a scholar; he was an active reformer and a masterful worker in every field for improving the nation, the State, and the city in which he lived. He was the leader in every real movement for improving the body politic, and whatever of reform spirit exists in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania owes its origin to him. During the civil war he was ardent in his zeal and his work for the Union, and his facile and graceful pen produced much of the useful literature issued by the Union League of Philadelphia, an important factor in guiding the war for the Union to a successful end. The son of a distinguished scientific man, Isaac Lea, who was a leading authority on many branches of natural history, Henry C. Lea in his boyish days contributed to the American Academy of Natural Sciences papers that attested his ability, industry, and originality. A small volume contained some verses and poems that attested his literary cleverness. It was in his maturer life, during an active business career as a publisher, that he began the collection of material for the succession of works on mediæval church history which surprised the scholarly world by their exhaustive and masterly character. His public benefactions to the University of Pennsylvania and to the Philadelphia Library and to many other institutions, showed that, although not himself a university graduate, he was fully alive to the importance and advantage of thus strengthening education.

The fact that the first and largest recognition of his work as historian and scholar came from abroad, ought to be a lesson to our own universities and the public organs of learning in this country. Great as is the praise given to Mr. Lea's works today, both at home and abroad, it was welcome to him only as an incitement to renewed study and authorship, and he leaves an unfinished volume on the subject he had made peculiarly his own, that ought to be published to show his method of work and his almost judicial impartiality in dealing with the material gathered in years of research from forgotten and neglected sources. He set an example of sound scholarship that has already been fruitful of good results in historical writing.

The *Nation* owes him this tribute, for he was among those who first took a substantial part in its establishment, and of more value than his money help were the literary contributions that he gave to its columns, when his time and his pen seemed fully engrossed by his studies and by his writings.

J. G. Rosengarten.

Philadelphia, October 24.

VERSE AND MELODY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am a little surprised this week to find condemned, in the music column of the *Nation*, a tendency which I had been accustomed to regard with not a little approval. If "Danny Deever" must serve as a point of departure for æsthetic discussion, at least the problem involved is by no means so slight as the occasion. First, I must confess that Damrosch's "cheap" setting of this poem, and its rendering by Mr. Bispham, have seemed to me pretty nearly what the piece required.

I believe, on the whole, there is a great deal of indefinite talk, and much more indefinite thinking, on the subject of what a "song" ought to be. The pre-Wagnerian librettists were not so far astray in one particular, at least; they recognized their limitations. They recognized—as many of us to-day have entirely forgotten—that one cannot attend to two different artistic appeals at once. The point has been discussed; sometimes, it is true, with little enough understanding; sometimes very ably. The latest and best treatment of it I know is in Mr. Yeats, the Irish poet's, book of essays, "Ideas of Good and Evil." Grateful indeed for the *Nation's* clear statement of the case, I find myself quite unable to accept your critic's final judgment. If art, as a French writer has said, is a species of hypnotism (allowing the epigram to contain at least this germ of truth, that artistic appreciation requires almost hypnotic attention), we must admit our inability to be hypnotized by two things at once. It is precisely as your critic says: there are "songs in which the music plays second—sometimes twenty-second—fiddle to the poem." Surely this is as it should be, in certain cases—most notably in "Danny Deever."

Either the poetic appeal predominates, or the musical. There can be no such thing as "two arts going hand in hand." In cases where they seem to do so, it is we who are deceived. Either the music forms a mere accompaniment, a chant as it were, for the poem; or the poem is a mere cord on which is strung the harmony. Of course, one thinks first of all of the Wagnerian opera, which I do not wish to discuss here in detail; I believe in this case we *know* the text, and rely on the music for the emotional appeal. Confining ourselves to songs, who is there who has not often felt, after listening to some elaborate musical setting of an intense lyric, that somehow it was all wrong, in spite of the excellence of the music—that the words did not require all this? I remember the first time I heard Debussy's music to Verlaine's magical revery, "La Lune blanche." Of course I knew the poem by heart, but I confess I did not listen to the words; I could not. The music held me entirely. And yet, as an artistic whole, I felt the performance to be unsatisfactory. The music did not—it could not—express exactly the same train and blendings of emotion evoked by the words. Instead of artistic unity there was a duality of appeal, a conflict.

It seems that we must either write music pure and simple, to a set of words that merely suggest the subject without exacting deep emotional effort; or, on the other hand, be content merely to *accompany* verse. Music written in the first of these two manners includes all legitimate opera and oratorio, together with such songs as, say, the sixteenth-century setting of "It was a lover and his lass," where a charming melody and movement (entirely different from the natural rhythm of the words) make the true appeal; or *Lieder*, such as many of Shubert's and Nevin's; or more popular songs, such, for instance, as "In Old Madrid." In the second class I am tempted to include the traditional music to Ophelia's "And will he not come again?"; and most certainly many modern songs, among which would be our "Danny Deever," "Mandalay," Mrs. Woodforde-Finden's "Less Than the Dust" and "The Temple Bells," and Tosti's "Goodbye."

It is asked: "What then is to become of music, of melody, if this continues?" One feels like retorting: "What is to become of verse, of poetry, if this opera business goes on?" I think the musical art, like the poetic, must either confine itself to its proper sphere, or be content with "playing second fiddle." Still, I can understand why such a view must be heresy to a musician. I suppose it is just because music is the most elusive of the arts that there is so little real musical criticism. That which calls itself "musical criticism" usually either confines itself to the discussion of technique, or wanders into the bypaths of "appreciation" and "interpretation." One yearns for more really intellectual dealing with musical problems; such as, for example, that least critical of critics, Mr. Arthur Symons, has given us in his essay on Strauss, in his "Studies in the Seven Arts."

C. H. Dickerman.

Philadelphia, October 21.

[Mr. Dickerman's remarks are worth pondering, but they do not answer our objections to the new tendency in song recitals. There are many poems, like "Danny Deever," to which it is a superfluity to add music. The fact that musicians formerly insulted poetry by using it as a mere scaffolding, is no reason why, now, meaningless music should be used as an excuse for bringing certain poems into the concert-halls. A song should be what it is in the Goethe-Schubert "Erlking"—an amalgamation of great verse with great music.—Ed. Nation.]

FRUIT-GROWING IN NEW ENGLAND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: During the past week in Boston the attention of the public has been called to the beginning of an organized attempt of the New England fruit growers to capture their own market. Of late years this market has been controlled by Western growers, notably those of Oregon. Their fruit is always perfect in form, highly colored, and well packed. It has been so attractive that New England orchardists have generally dropped their hands, feeling that competition was impossible. There have always been, however, men who knew better; and these men have at last, by preaching and by practice, succeeded in making people aware that New England has a chance after all.

This chance depends on five factors: (1) that New England orchard land is now cheaper than Western; (2) that the soil, as repeatedly proved, is not worn out, but with proper handling is excellent for fruit; (3) that the Eastern farmer can pick his fruit when it is more mature than the Western, and thus finer flavored; (4) that the cost of transportation is notably less; and (5) the answer to the question: Is the Eastern fruit as attractive as the Western?

To answer this question there has been held in Horticultural Hall, Boston, an exhibition devoted solely to New England fruit. No doubts of the possibilities of the New England orchard could survive an examination of the exhibits. Not only in flavor, but also in shape, in size, and in color, the fruits displayed were the equal of fruit grown anywhere else in America. This is, of course, the result of modern methods of spraying and general culture. What New England now has to learn is the common sense of marketing its fruit.

The first requirement here is proper limitation of varieties. Professor Craig points out that it is the part of wisdom to grow few varieties, but to become known for growing those varieties well. The *sense* of the fruit exhibition agrees with this, for while there were almost hundreds of varieties shown in small quantities, the large packages were all of a few varieties, in apples scarcely more than half a dozen. The second requirement is proper grading of the crop, so that inferior grades are either sold as such, or not brought to market at all. (It was a part of the purpose of the exhibition to illustrate means of the economical disposal of culled fruit.) The third requirement is attractive packing. Here the bushel box promises to supersede the barrel, while perhaps some day the basket of two or three dozen choice fruits will hold the retail trade. The sixth requirement is uniform branding, so that packages bearing the name of an individual or of an organization can be depended on year after year.

The most striking feature of this whole movement is that it has been endorsed by the Boston Chamber of Commerce. For the first time departing from its custom, the Chamber last week devoted one of its meetings to the encouragement and discussion of an agricultural enterprise. At its dinner there was presented a printed report on the possibilities of New England fruit-growing. Some 600 men, farmers and men of business, sat down together. The spokesman for the Chamber of Commerce promised help in securing legislation and fair railway rates; the spokesman for the farmers asked for capital. Nothing in the whole meeting equalled the roar of mingled delight and applause when J. H. Hale, the most prominent fruit-grower in the East, and, perhaps, in the country, referring to the preface to the printed report, cried: "Think of that, fellers—these city dudes showing us the chance that lies before us!" Then, turning to the bankers, he asked for confidence and support. "How much is Lee Higginson willing to put up?"

It is scarcely to be supposed that the movement will stop here. New England has in itself or within twenty-four hours of its borders a third of the population of the country, the third which is not only the wealthiest, but also—since it is the manufacturing portion of the country—the least

agricultural, wanting the best and ready to pay for it. The market is at hand, then, and not only the home market, but also the foreign, for New England is at the gateway of a great European trade in fruit. New England, let us believe, is coming again into its own. A. F.

Concord, Mass., October 23.

HETCH-HETCHY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As the meeting of Congress approaches, the public is concerned about its action on the pending bills, confirming the use of Hetch-Hetchy Valley as a reservoir to supply water to San Francisco. Although this measure failed at the last regular session, it will be pushed again before the new Congress.

Those who seek to turn Hetch-Hetchy into a reservoir are endeavoring to establish the new principle that a national park is merely a temporary sequestration of the natural objects contained within its boundaries. They hold that national parks must cease to exist in time, by the appropriation of the utilities which they contain; and that a municipality has a perfect right to invade a national park, if it elects to do so, in spite of the fact that the same utility may be obtained easily elsewhere.

Ex-Secretary of Interior Garfield, who issued a revocable permit to use Hetch-Hetchy Valley, stated in his permit that: "The present water supply of the city of San Francisco is both inadequate and unsatisfactory." But the evidence taken before the Senate committee, and before the House committee, proved that the present water supply is neither "inadequate" nor "unsatisfactory." It appears in this evidence that the Spring Valley water system, which now supplies San Francisco with water, is ample for present needs, and is capable of being developed sufficiently to supply a population three times as great as the present population of San Francisco. The supply now is 36,000,000 gallons a day; and according to the carefully prepared statement of a former city engineer, it can be developed to 109,000,000 gallons a day. It appeared, further, in evidence, that the San Joaquin River, close at hand, may be pumped from for an additional supply of 150,000,000 gallons a day. So that San Francisco has close at hand a water supply sufficient for a population of 3,000,000; which is more than the city has ever stated can be obtained from Hetch-Hetchy. Moreover, from the evidence, it appears that, by using a remarkable natural filter belonging to the Spring Valley system, this water can be delivered in a filtered condition, equal in quality, if not superior, to what may be obtained from the Hetch-Hetchy.

Ex-Secretary Garfield, in his revocable permit, also made this statement:

> I do not need to pass upon the claim that this is the only practicable and reasonable source of supply for the city. It is sufficient that after a careful and competent study, the officials insist that such is the case.

This is a startling statement, to come from a leading official of the United States government. He held that it was not his duty to investigate, in behalf of the nation, before destroying the integrity of a national park. It would be interesting to learn how much public business he did on these lines; and it is not surprising that his successor has found a serious work at hand, in restoring the administration of the Department of the Interior to a law-abiding basis. As a matter of fact, the evidence taken before Congress showed that no source of water supply, other than the Hetch-Hetchy, had been seriously investigated or even considered by the city officials. All these officials of San Francisco tacitly admit that plenty of water can be had elsewhere.

If the people of the United States believe that the national park system is a wise and permanent feature of our national policy, they must make that belief effective in Congress next winter. If they wish to preserve the Yosemite National Park, which contains the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, inviolate in its natural grandeur, they must insist that their representatives in Washington shall abrogate the revocable permit which has been so injudiciously issued by ex-Secretary Garfield.

George Edwards.

Berkeley, Cal., October 8.

A BRITISH ICARUS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We have often heard lately of Icarus and Darius Green as giving warning of the perils of aerial navigation. According to the legendary history of Britain, no less a person than the father of King Lear and son of King Hudibras was the first aeroplanist at whose flight the British neck craned and heart sank; and he suffered from adverse winds and treacherous machinery even more than the Wrights and Latham have done. Less wise than his near-namesake Blériot, King Bladud took his flight not above the Channel, but above London:

> He boasted that he would fly
> In the manner of a bird,
> That all his folk might see,
> And his flights behold.
> He made his feather-gear,
> And therefor he had mickle shame.
> To London he fared
> With his mickle folk.
> His feather-gear he put on him,
> And his flight there began;
> With his cunning flight
> He drew toward the upper air;
> He fared very high,
> To the welkin he was nigh.
> The wind came against him,
> His flights wavered,
> The strings broke
> That he stretched his wings with,
> And he fell to the earth,—
> The king was fated—
> Upon a place
> That in London stood,
> Apollin's temple,
> Which was the mighty fiend.
> The king fell on the roof,
> That he was dashed in pieces.
> Thus was the kingdom
> Of its king bereft.

Most of this is due to the imagination of our first distinguished poet since early Anglo-Saxon times, the twelfth-century country-priest Layamon (the original is in Madden's edition of his so-called "Brut," ll. 2870-97). Geoffrey of Monmouth's "Historia," his ultimate, and Wace's "Brut," his immediate source, have only a few words on Bladud's flight.

John S. P. Tatlock.

Ann Arbor, Mich., October 7.

PROFESSOR LOMBROSO'S CONFESSION OF FAITH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Professor Lombroso's latest volume on psychic matters ("After Death—What?") has a pathetic interest from the fact that it was issued in America only three days before his own decease. If there is any answer to his question he knows it now. In his volume he expresses throughout a most profound belief in the survival of the mind after the dissolution of the visible body, and his preface shows that he wished the work to be taken as his *confessio fidei*, or last testament, to the world.

Hasty and superficial critics, spying a table of a few errata in the book, have leaped to the unwarranted conclusion that they are all due to a careless translator and proof-reader. The fact is that Professor Lombroso's manuscript was honeycombed with mistakes in English and American proper names, due, I judged, largely to his copyists, but partly to be ascribed to his astonishing handwriting, in which both his copyists and I had a good deal to struggle with in the way of emendations, interlineations, and additions. If you will catch a small housefly, dip his feet in ink, and then let him walk over a sheet of paper, the minute trails made will give some idea of the microscopically fine lines of this eminent pathologist. But nothing except a facsimile would adequately portray it. An aggravating feature of the professor's cacography was furnished by his habit of writing only a part of a word ("dimens" for "dimension" and "psicolog" for "psicologia," *e. g.*, my eye catches in a letter of his now before me, in reference to my translation). I found him, however, very patient in writing over and explaining illegible words, to the slight extent he was able to do so in revised drafts of his copy. I must say, however, that the task of licking his manuscript into shape, and tracing out and verifying his references and correcting his errors in English and American names, was rather formidable. And it is this background of unrewarded work in a book of this kind that superficial critics rarely recognize or understand, even when they have been through similar experiences themselves—a thing to make one wonder.

William Sloane Kennedy.

Belmont, Mass., October 21.

A SCIENTIST TO DR. COOK.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Dr. Cook tells us that he needs something like two months in order to prepare his records for submission to experts. What the experts want is the records exactly as they were made in the Arctic regions. If Cook insists that they must be revised or explained, let him at once place them in the hands of some competent body, such as a trust company, who shall hold them for such use as Cook wishes to make, provided that he works on their premises and in the presence of a trusty witness, who shall at the end of the work testify under oath to the precise nature of the additions that Cook has made; and let this sworn statement go with the records when they are submitted to experts

at Copenhagen or elsewhere. Cook's friends in particular are just the persons who should insist on this method of working the records up for examination. Without some competent and impartial testimony as to the nature of two months' work on the records, the public will be in grave doubt as to what is original and what is "improved." X.

Cambridge, Mass., October 22.

Literature.

HARPER'S FERRY AND GETTYSBURG.

John Brown. By W. E. Burghardt DuBois. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.

That so gifted a writer as the author of "Souls of Black Folk" should be tempted to write a new life of John Brown from the point of view of the negro is easily understood. It also goes without saying that Dr. DuBois has made a readable volume of his appreciation of the martyr of 1859, the fiftieth anniversary of whose execution is now at hand. So little have the negroes themselves as yet done to honor the memory of John Brown that this book might have taken on a special significance. But Dr. DuBois's work is disappointing in that it betrays no original research and abounds in inaccuracies. This is partly because he has relied upon his predecessors in the field. His is the eighth serious biography of John Brown to appear and unfortunately only one or two of these were written in the spirit or manner of the historian who desires to be impartial and to go to original sources for his information. Thus Col. R. J. Hinton's book is frankly a brief for Brown, and Mr. Sanborn's biography, a treasure-house of material, suffers from the author's association with the preparations for Harper's Ferry. It is, moreover, twenty-four years old and since its publication much has come to light, both in Kansas and elsewhere, which is of importance to the interpreter of Brown and his times.

For this and other reasons, Dr. DuBois leaned upon untrustworthy staves when he relied upon his predecessors. A few examples will suffice. He accepts Col. Hinton's attribution to Edmund Babb of Cincinnati of the anonymous letter of August 20, 1859, betraying Brown's exact plans to Secretary Floyd. But it has been known for years that David J. Gue, now living in New York city, was the author of that letter and that it was written not to injure Brown, but to save his life by heading off the raid. The full story Dr. DuBois will find in Benjamin F. Gue's valuable "History of Iowa," published in 1903. Again, he follows Redpath in accusing the Border Ruffians of wholesale assaulting of women in the early Kansas days. In the entire range of Kansas literature and manuscripts now available, there are but two recorded instances of this crime, and these are by no means wholly established, for at least one rests only upon Redpath's word, when acting as correspondent of an Eastern newspaper. Dr. DuBois also assumes, with another biographer, that John Brown's victims on the Pottowatomie had the benefit of some sort of trial. But not a scintilla of evidence has yet been produced to confirm this belief. Indeed, the facts all make against it. Again, Dr. DuBois accepts without investigation the repeated statements that John Brown was descended from Peter Brown of the Mayflower, although this is denied by the foremost authorities on the Mayflower genealogies. Finally, it must be noted that Dr. DuBois follows Sanborn, Hinton, and others in justifying the abominable Pottowatomie massacre, which, had it been perpetrated by Border Ruffians, would have been denounced as a crime against humanity.

But Dr. DuBois's own errors are numerous enough. He makes of George B. Gill, Brown's Kansas follower, a Canadian (p. 223), whereas he was an American; to Jeremiah G. Anderson of Indiana, born of sturdy, white farmer parentage, he attributes negro blood (p. 282), and Lewis Sheridan Leary, a free-born negro, becomes slave-born on the same page and is dubbed Lewis Sherrard Leary as well. Of the twenty-two raiders, Dr. DuBois says that "six or seven" were negroes; he adds John Anderson, a mythical raider, and Jeremiah G. Anderson to the five actual negroes, Leary, Copeland, O. P. Anderson, Green, and Newby. Incredible as it may seem, Dr. DuBois records that seventeen negroes were "probably killed" in the raid, when, besides four of Brown's negroes, Leary, Copeland, Green, and Newby, but two slaves lost their lives, and neither of these while fighting. He accepts also, in all its absurdities, the narrative of O. P. Anderson, the negro who escaped, and endorses it as a trustworthy document. Yet Anderson insisted, for one thing, that there were thirty men killed on the Southern side, in the face of Col. Robert E. Lee's official report to President Buchanan that there were but five deaths, all told, in addition to John Brown's own losses; and Lee is yet to be accused of falsifying facts or failing to obtain them.

Dr. DuBois is not, however, to be bound even by John Brown's words, for he evolves the astounding theory that the raid failed through the delay of the rear-guard in Maryland in moving the arms into Harper's Ferry before the trap into which Brown had walked was sprung. But, unfortunately for this, Brown repeatedly stated while in jail that he deserved to be hanged for his military blundering (for instance see New York *Herald*, November 24, 1859), and he assured Gov. Wise and others that his care for his prisoners led him to delay too long, despite the warnings of his men that he must leave the town at once. Part of Dr. DuBois's difficulty here is due to his belief that William Thompson, Brown's messenger to the rear-guard, failed to reach it. If he should read Terence Byrne's testimony before the Senate Committee of Inquiry and John E. Cook's confession, he would not only ascertain that Thompson did carry out his instructions but find many details with which he is now unacquainted.

Coming to John Brown's trial, Dr. DuBois says that the jury "was empanelled without challenge," although, in fact, Brown's counsel used every peremptory challenge to which he was entitled. This is duly recorded in the minutes of the trial and attested by the presiding judge. Again, the author places Brown in Iowa in August, 1856, although he never entered the State at that time. But why continue? A page of the *Nation* would not suffice to record the other slips which make it impossible to accept this volume, readable as it is, as a reliable contribution to America's history. This is most regrettable because of Dr. DuBois's valuable sociological studies, upon the accuracy of which no doubts have been cast. His last chapter in the book before us is a notable discussion of the race question as it stands to-day in the light of John Brown's sacrifice.

The Battle of Gettysburg. By Frank A. Haskell. Wisconsin History Commission.

This account of the great battle of the civil war, written within a month of the engagement, has had a somewhat singular fortune. Though printed at once, it received little attention until after forty-five years. Then, in quick succession, two editions, somewhat garbled, were published in New England. These have been widely circulated, the narrative so long neglected being declared by high authority to be "far and away the best description of Gettysburg ever written." In view of this recognition, the Wisconsin History Commission does well to reprint the document once more, taking care that the text shall stand as originally written.

Since this long-forgotten story is suddenly receiving such attention, it will be worth while to consider what it is and what it is not. Haskell, a Dartmouth graduate of 1854, settled as a lawyer in Wisconsin, whence he went to the war, falling at last at Cold Harbor, in 1864, colonel of his regiment (the Thirty-sixth Wisconsin Volunteers), and in command of a brigade. His service had been constant and brilliant. In 1863 he was adjutant-general on the staff of

Gibbon, commander of the Second Corps at Gettysburg, and in that capacity went through the memorable three July days. Before the month ended, he set down what he had witnessed and endured in a letter to a brother, without thought of publication, and this letter constitutes the book.

As the personal record of a brave and capable soldier who was in the heart of the battle, the story deserves all that has been claimed; as a history of the event, however, it has inevitable shortcomings. What fell under Haskell's own eyes—and he saw much besides the work of the Second Corps—he describes with surprising accuracy and vividness; in what he reports from hearsay, he sometimes errs and sometimes omits, though he hits the truth more nearly than would seem possible, writing as he did almost at the moment. He represents Meade as having selected Gettysburg for the encounter, and as deliberately concentrating there for that purpose: it is now well established that the meeting of Buford's cavalry with A. P. Hill's corps, which brought on the engagement, on the morning of July 1, was quite by chance, and that Meade fought on ground of which he was ignorant, his plan for making a stand at Pipe Creek coming to naught. As regards the work of the wings, Haskell's report is neither full nor correct. The struggle on the left for Little Round Top, on July 2, one of the crises of this battle, receives slight mention, and the name of so distinguished a participant as G. K. Warren is not once given. The imminence of the danger which the Twelfth Corps warded off on the right, when the Stonewall division pushed to within an eighth of a mile of the Federal rear, on the Baltimore pike, has small appreciation. Haskell's necessarily hasty judgments as to men and events must sometimes be rejected. He denies to Sickles, commander of the Third Corps, both character and capacity, and holds his conduct, on July 2, in taking ground in advance of the line laid down for him by Meade, to be quite incomprehensible; whereas, though Sickles's disobedience may have been inexcusable, he nevertheless had, in the dominance in his front of the crest along which runs the Emmitsburg road, an excellent military reason for feeling uneasy. Our author never mentions the Eleventh Corps except in terms of disparagement; and yet no one circumstance probably contributed more toward the Federal success than Steinwehr's occupation, on July 1, of the crest of Cemetery Hill. The possibility of a counter-stroke, immediately after Pickett's repulse on July 3, does not seem to enter our author's mind, although he states that the Sixth Corps, the largest in the army, well commanded, not hitherto engaged, and burning for conflict, stood right on the field within a mile or two of the disordered Confederate retreat. He sets July 13 as the earliest moment when Lee could be attacked with any hope of success. Then at Williamsport the triumphant Federals held their discomfited foes in a narrow space, with the swollen Potomac behind them. Even here he declares Meade was not over-cautious in delaying attack till he had fully reconnoitred. The result of the delay, however, was Lee's complete escape. The world has come to feel that Meade's caution was untimely, and that the war thereby was sadly prolonged.

Gettysburg's great interest lies in the question it suggests: Why did Lee fail? As a soldier, Lee is indubitably a far greater figure than Meade. How could such a leader fail, in the prime of his power, with an army almost matchless, practically equal in numbers to the adversaries, whom he had repeatedly beaten? Did Lee's own management come short, or were his lieutenants at fault? What brought that proud spirit so low that he fell into depression, begged he might be allowed to resign, and that some younger man might take his place? It is hardly fair to look to Haskell for an answer to these interesting questions.

Haskell's record, therefore, is not at all a satisfactory history of Gettysburg. But as an account of what one man saw and went through in that battle it is perhaps unrivalled. His position was at the centre, in closest touch with the defence of the lines against Pickett's charge, the event in which the battle culminated. While on some minor points he is in conflict with other good witnesses of the event, his substantial accuracy cannot be doubted, while for vividness the description has not been excelled. We mention as passages especially graphic the council of war at Meade's headquarters on the night of July 2, with its pictures of the corps-commanders as they gathered; the repast on the crest, immediately before the Confederate assault, of which Meade, Hancock, Gibbon, and Picasanton partook, chatting meanwhile of what lay behind and before; and, finally, the breasting of the storm of attack. Here, by a miracle, Haskell, the only mounted officer, escaped with merely a severe contusion. His stout horse, though gashed by a shell and with three bullets in his body, did not fail him until the "high tide" rolled back from the "clump of trees."

The Wisconsin History Commission deserves thanks for printing entire and in authentic shape this invaluable document.

CURRENT FICTION.

Martin Eden. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The literary free lance is, as should be well-known, the butt of an unfeeling world. He eats behind the screen in the bookseller's shop, or below salt at the editorial table. Though he work at his unorganized trade twenty hours a day, he is looked upon as rather a shiftless person. People wonder why he does not get a job, and editors return his manuscripts quite as if he did not need the money. It very seldom falls to him to be avenged as handsomely as he now is *in re* "Martin Eden."

Martin came of poor and otherwise unspecified parentage, had a few years of public-schooling, and went to sea with his teens, already an accomplished hoodlum. He had thereafter a varied experience as hand before the mast, stevedore, pearl-diver, smuggler, and general rowdy of adventure. At twenty, happening to spend between voyages an interval at San Francisco, he met a young woman of higher social standing, and fell in love with her. One of two things might have been expected to follow: either the girl would scorn him for his uncouthness, and he, after a period of outer darkness, would find himself a mate of his own class; or he would raise himself to something approaching his beloved's level, develop business ability, and be taken into partnership with her father. Neither of these things did actually happen. Instead, Martin made up his mind to be an author. This naturally seemed a preposterous programme to the girl, who called his attention to the probability that an apprenticeship was necessary to the trade of letters as to any other. Martin did not see this; he began a stiff if random course of reading all by himself, progressing in a few days from Swinburne to Madame Blavatsky and Spencer. The girl advised him to study grammar, and, for a wonder, he took the advice, studying by himself throughout an eight months' voyage, and returning to San Francisco a master of English. Apparently the whole subsequent action takes place within a year or so. Martin wrote an extraordinary amount of copy and sent it the rounds of the principal editorial markets. He knew it was a good deal better than most copy, but for a long time none of it was accepted. This offended his sense of justice, but he kept on. After an immense interval (several months, apparently), one or two manuscripts were taken, and either not paid for, or paid for at starvation rates. A group of lyrics which he sold to a Chicago publication (at a dollar apiece) were horribly garbled by the tyrant at the editorial desk.

Meanwhile he had become betrothed to the girl, against her parent's wishes, against her own better judgment. She

considered herself his superior in every detail but physical strength. She had taken a university degree (in English), and knew the conventional thing to say on "culture" topics. But he refused to accept a place in her father's office, and went on writing copy which she condemned because it was unsalable. Finally she sent him about his business, and it was then that the tide chanced to turn. A book (a philosophical treatise) was accepted by an Eastern publisher, and made a big hit, on the strength of which Martin was able to unload every word of copy he had previously offered in vain. He wrote no more, but contented himself with the ironical occupation of piling up a fortune of a hundred thousand on the strength of work which had been done and despised before his *coup*. Martin was now a disillusioned man, and his startling end was near. In achieving it, he employed the only means by which he could adequately express his contempt for university people, editors, publishers, and the reading mob. Such of the reading mob as may be attracted to his history are likely to discern a good deal of autobiography therein, and to be stirred piquantly by its daring adumbrations of various well-known proper names. But nothing actionable!

The Way Things Happen. By Hugh de Selincourt. New York: John Lane Co.

And do they really happen in the world as they do in this gentlewomanly chronicle? Incontrovertibly they do; indeed, one might accuse Mr. de Selincourt of plagiarizing Real Life, that novelist who sticks at no improbability and to whom no canon of art is sacred. In its mild, low-voiced moralizing, its gracious and circumspect composure, its seemly emotions, this sudden idyl of London recalls the immortal "long, thin love-story of two old maids and an old bachelor," which some of us hold more truly the crown of Thrums than Tommy himself. Miss Paul, a gentle lady who has become a specialist in joy despite loneliness and poverty, meets with a man whose capacity for joy has survived the yet more crucial test of loneliness and wealth. The first time he steps from his six-cylinder Napier at the door of her lodgings, he proposes, after the manner of a prince in a fairy-tale, to carry her off straightway to a future of love and luxury. She is as frank and simple in the confession of her own need of him, but they are barely settled in their new home when he is brought dying from a street accident, and the gentle looker-on at life sees the close of her golden interlude. Her brave struggle to be true to his name for her—"my apostle of joy"—fills the rest of her life and of the book, which her chronicler closes with this fitting epitaph: "A little corner of the world was unquestionably cleaner and brighter and happier because she had lived. That is why her history is worth recording."

It is a pity that so charming a whole should be marred by a somewhat affected style; Mr. de Selincourt's pen picks its way at times with a mincing primness the example for which could never have been set by Miss Paul's feet.

The City of Beautiful Nonsense. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The web of this romance is spun quite in the French manner. And, indeed, the reader, from the first chapter, becomes a busy translator, re-turning to France the plot, the geography, the manners, epigrams, and language of this clever and entertaining little idyll. When by chance John and Jill meet at St. Joseph's altar on the eve of the saint's day, on candle-burning bent, it is hard for the reader to regard them as really at home in Sardinia Street Chapel, in London; his fancy carries the actors to Paris. The blended pathos and sentimentality of white-haired parents and young lovers—the wedded wit and humor—these qualities are equally deftly managed, equally Gallic. Even the language has at times the manner of a translation, as in such sentences as these:

> An ideal as high above the conception of life as it is good for the eyes of man to lift.
>
> Since he had come back from Venice the world might have been dead of her.

There is, however, an untranslated sound about "awfully cute," and it is a blow when John thus describes his little white-haired mother. Grammar too often suffers, and proofreading has failed to alleviate; but delightful sayings bubble freely and certain scenes have the lustre of fine enamel.

The Redemption of Kenneth Galt. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper & Bros.

There is a sort of playfulness occasionally indulged in by well-known publishers, that consists in launching a trashy book with a reputable imprint, to the great discomfiture of the too-trusting public. Harper & Bros., in such a mood, cast forth "Kenneth Galt." So might a staid and ponderous judge cast a paper-filled purse in the street on All Fools' Day, looking to his victims' wry faces for his jest's reward. This book has astonishingly little excuse for being, even in this age of incontinent pens. The plot and characters are as hackneyed as the title, and the quality of the English, which is richly journalese, differs sadly from that of mercy. Even the moral is of questionable value, though the writer's intention is evidently honorable. Kenneth Galt has ruined and deserted a simple village maiden; she has shielded him—at the expense of another man's reputation—through a series of persecutions that are at the present day the specialty of melodrama. He returns, to find her noble, talented, self-supporting, and more beautiful than ever. He yearns for her and for his child, and finally overcomes her natural aversion to his belated proposals of marriage by working on her desire to give their boy an unblemished name. She marries him, therefore, loving and respecting another man, who, we may remark in passing, seems to have done but little to deserve these sentiments. Such are the papers in the April Fool purse. Regarded humorously, the book may be enjoyed; and, after all, one could hardly be prepared to take the contents of such a cover seriously.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

Chapters on Municipal Administration and Accounting. By Frederick A. Cleveland. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $2 net.

Accounts: Their Construction and Interpretation. By William Morse Cole. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

We are only gradually awakening to understand that the management of a modern municipality is a matter of business. We have devoted much attention to the relative merits of the mayoralty and the commission scheme of government, to the composition of the commou council, to the appointment of certain municipal officials by the State, and the like; but in only one or two of our largest cities, and there only recently, have we come to appreciate that a municipality is a corporation with manifold and complicated activities, and that, to be directed in such manner as to promote the highest public welfare, it must employ the most approved and modern business methods. It is the purpose of this book by Mr. Cleveland, the director of the Bureau of Municipal Research in New York city, to advance this idea. The volume is a collection of magazine articles, and of addresses and reports delivered to various bodies during the last six years. It has the weaknesses which are necessarily found in a work of this sort: it is loosely constructed full of repetition, and in some respects out of date. However, its constant reiteration of fundamental principles will prove not to be a fault if it results in driving home the indisputable propositions so clearly and convincingly set forth. These propositions can be briefly stated.

First, good government is based on accurate knowledge. Legislation which prescribes the powers and duties of officials may be ever so carefully drawn, but it is impotent to accomplish its purpose if the public is without the information necessary to appraise the services of its officials. Secondly, this pub-

licity can be secured in the modern municipality, with its manifold financial, industrial, and social activities, only through a complete scientific system of accounts. Thirdly, such a system of accounts will fail of its purpose if it contemplates merely a scheme of checks and balances which shall protect the public against official malfeasance. Rather must the system be patterned after that employed by the large business corporation, and so present the facts that they will form a basis for wise administrative control. The administrative value of accounts—this is the doctrine urged throughout the volume. The skeptical have only to read the detailed description of the condition of New York's accounts at the time investigation was undertaken by the Bureau of Municipal Research to be convinced of the necessity of some new system that will let in the light. It is certainly a pitiful spectacle when the greatest city in the country is utterly unable to determine from its records whether or not it has exceeded its debt limit.

Chapters are devoted to the consideration of separate departments of municipal administration, such, for example, as the New York Board of Education, hospitals, and eleemosynary institutions. It is to be regretted that the work of the Bureau of Municipal Research is not described in greater detail. Yet its influence is apparent in all the reforms now under way, and its work should soon so commend itself to the body of New York citizens that it will be made an integral part of the city government. Chicago's experience is touched upon and its reform movement described.

The title of Mr. Cole's book accurately describes its contents. It is in no sense a discussion of accounting principles. It is rather a description of the various forms of accounts with detailed instructions as to their use. To be sure, much can be gathered from it concerning the fundamental bases of accounting, but it must be picked up by the way. The volume is written by an accountant rather than by an economist or a student of finance. The distinction between the two kinds of writing becomes clear if one consults, for example, chapter seven on the distinction between capital and revenue. Instead of entering into a discussion of fundamental economic differences, the author informs his readers to what accounts the various items there discussed should be carried. Again, chapter eight, entitled the General Principles of Depreciation, is concerned almost wholly with methods of handling depreciation. For the student of accounting practice, this book, clearly and concisely written, should prove a valuable guide.

Part one covers in an elementary way the principles of bookkeeping, in which the fundamental books and statements are described. Part two, called the Principles of Accounting, treats of Capital and Revenue, Depreciation, and the Balance Sheet. Then follow chapters which apply the principles to various forms of business activity, such as railways, banks, trust companies, insurance companies, factories, and municipalities. The book closes with a brief chapter on Auditing, and with appendices containing information concerning forms and statements.

It is difficult to understand why some of the chapters have been included in a book of this kind. For example, chapter fifteen, called Accounting in Reorganizations, is corporation finance, pure and simple; chapter twelve on Principal and Interest in Valuations is a discussion of the theory of annuities; chapter eighteen on Accounting for Insurance and for Life Tenures is a discussion of the fundamental principles upon which life insurance is based. No doubt, this is all valuable information to the young accountant, but if all these lines of investigation are legitimately within the field of accounting, one must revise one's conception of this growing "science." The best chapter is that on Factory Accounting, which makes a thorough study of the subject of costs.

Essays of Poets and Poetry, Ancient and Modern. By T. Herbert Warren. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

The nine essays composing this book are highly typical of modern academic criticism in England, in their leisurely movement, sound learning, and moderation, as well as in their inequality and occasional slackness of grasp. Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, President of Magdalen, author in prose and verse, Dr. Warren presents in collected form the occasional criticism—review articles, public addresses, and the like—of nearly fifteen years. All the better qualities of the *genre* he represents appear in the initial essay on Sophocles. The supremacy of the author is illuminated by parallels from many times and tongues. Particularly satisfying is the analogy with Goethe. In conclusion Dr. Warren stakes the case of Greek on Sophocles—a daring but a warrantable challenge to modernizing humanists. The historians, the philosophers, the other dramatists, even Homer, we may have in a fashion at second hand, or in measurable equivalents, but if "the world were ever to give up Greek as a part of the general culture of its most cultivated minds, the greatest treasure it would lose is Sophocles." To this, most Grecians will say amen. All that Dr. Warren writes about the Aristotelian distinction between "frenzied" and disciplined genius is excellent and for our times most salutary.

How the author of the brilliant essay on Matthew Arnold could have written the rest of this volume is a puzzle worthy the attention of Baconian cipher experts. It seems to us the best thing yet written on that most serious of Victorian poets and most dandified of recent critics. Dr. Warren has stated Arnold's paradox fully and frankly and has unravelled it with a clarity, lightness, and sympathy more suggestive of the Rue des Ecoles than of "The High." One realizes as never before the highly unstable equilibrium of Arnold—something quite different from the frivolity of which he was commonly accused. Too much the man of the world to be wholly the poet, he was also too much the moralist to become completely the critic, and perhaps too much the publicist *in petto* to enter far upon either pathway of the muses. Everybody knows that overmuch school inspecting and the *res angustulæ* hemmed him in at every point. But Dr. Warren rightly concludes that Arnold's limitations were rather of temperament than of conditions. He gives the impression of a protean talent that never quite found itself. But it is much to say of any man—and particularly of a vacillator—that in the triple capacity of poet, critic, and pedagogue-theorist, he will not wholly die. Towards Arnold's none too auspicious excursions into theology, Dr. Warren seems to us something short of fair and generous. As mere influence, "God and the Bible" and "Religion and Dogma" probably rank with any similar English books of the half-century. The gist of the latter book is also that of the Modernist movement. In fine, most of the present-day pragmatical religious positions were cheerfully occupied by Arnold a score of years before the term had been invented. All this will doubtless pass, but meanwhile the pioneer deserves his credit.

Six of the seven remaining essays—The Art of Translation, Dante and the Art of Poetry, Virgil and Tennyson, Gray and Dante, Tennyson and Dante, Ancient and Modern Classics—leave a little the impression that the author has said learnedly and gracefully just what might have been expected. In that on Dante and Tennyson, he emphatically overdrives the free horse of personal parallelism. The concluding study, In Memoriam After Fifty Years, is an elaborate defence and exposition along the orthodox lines of Tennysonian commentary. It reaffirms Genung, Van Dyke, and the rest. No critic, we feel, has perceived the real critical dilemma involved. We are told that no one can appreciate the poem, unless he has lived it, while obviously no one who has lived it is quite in a position to pass upon it as sheer poetry. No other very great poem refuses the approach from without. In the case of "In Memoriam," now nearly sixty years away from us, the opportunity for circumspection seems suspiciously postponed. Possibly, it would bear

objective treatment rather ill. In the long run, it may appear that the much berated reviewer who suspected "the widow of a military man" to be the author was less a fool than a knave. At any rate, the "In Memoriam" question is far from closed.

We have considered too briefly these learned and well matured essays. A seasoned reader will find pleasurable matter and suggestive judgments in all; a grudging Epicurean would perhaps hardly venture beyond the second essay. Academic critics and reviewers in America may well yearn for an air in which such casual flowers of scholarship may bloom in so dignified a seemliness.

The Human Way. By Louise Collier Willcox. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25 net.

"If all the peace and power and joy you can ever win, must be won now, and all fruit of victory gathered here or never"—then, what? To those for whom the ancient religious way of reconciliation with life is no longer available this book commends the quest, in the Ruskinian sense, of the crown of wild olive. It is written apparently by one who has effected some measure of harmony between the desires with which we are born and the knowledge which is thrust upon us; by one who is conscious of the results of modern thought and is not dismayed by them. Mrs. Willcox has what was formerly common enough among women—the religious temperament. She is sensitive to the influence of storied windows richly dight, to the splendor of Latin chants, to the intimate appeal of St. Francis and of Plotinus. But, what is distinctly less common, she also reveals genuine sympathy with the stoical utterances of Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus and with the hard sayings of Eastern moralists. Something of mystical fervor meeting with intellectual candor in a mind disposed to reflection lends to her style at its best a certain masculine energy and distinction. From her chapter on life out-of-doors, inspired, perhaps, equally by nature and Thoreau, this for an example of the poetically vigorous: "The wind is a fine companion for the striding heart." For an example of the plain austere, this from a passage on symbols: "An inspiration toward righteousness must be very vague indeed that does not result in a duty performed, an obligation accepted, or *some kind of commemoration.*"

The "human way" of reconciliation involves a fusion of pragmatism with a refined type of modern epicureanism and cosmic enthusiasm. It disposes of pain and evil by conceiving of creation as the "struggles of spiritual beings to come to higher and fuller consciousness." It insists that "progress is one movement of all humanity, not the separate jaunt of a sect or a party," and it finds, therefore, an uplifting solemnity "in the least task of so great a work as the unification of human endeavor." It rehabilitates the will, affirming the creative power of steadfast desire:

> The world-will is indeed without us, but it is also within. The universe pushes against us, and in the end, will surely overthrow our bodies and we shall lay them down to make some spot of earth greener and more fertile, but so long as the life-breath is in us, the world-will is within as well as without. So long as we breathe we can react against the push of the universe.

So far as Mrs. Willcox deals with fundamental philosophical ideas, she shows clearly the influence of Professor James's thought and even of his style. But her book is primarily an essay on the fine art of living, and in her plea for the decoration of the spirit, she looks to Pater as her master:

> If we will have life repay us, even to the last, when age and decay encroach, then *il faut cultiver son jardin*—we must be unremitting gardeners of life, we must hoard beauties, we must keep records of them as they flit, we must be ever alert to catch the essence of the rare and worthy moment and to prolong its life in memory and in written annals or imitative images.

These lines are little more than a restatement of a well known passage in Pater, and Mrs. Willcox is rather frequent in such reminiscences. This, indeed, gives interest to her work, that it reflects so many different aspects of contemporary thought and feeling. Yet in its total impression, her book seems not secondary and parasitical, but fresh and independent. She has assimilated, composed, and harmonized the elements of culture. She has written with an air of meditation and a note of conviction which awaken the perceptions of the reader to the finer qualities of his experience.

The City of Jerusalem. By Col. C. R. Conder, LL.D., M.R.A.S., R.E. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

Col. Conder has written this work with the object, as he tells us in the preface, of presenting in a convenient form the results of research and exploration, "which have accumulated during the last half century, but which are scattered in many expensive works, not easily accessible for the general reader." He has cast his material into the form of a history of "forty centuries," based chiefly on "monumental information," and "carried down to the present year." His opportunities for acquaintance with Jerusalem and its antiquities have been unusual. Connected with the Palestine Exploration Fund's surveys from 1872 to 1882, he spent in all three winters in Jerusalem itself, where he had the opportunity of seeing Warren's and Maudeslay's explorations, and, owing to the deconsecration at that period of the Dome of the Rock, for the purpose of repairs, of examining for himself portions of the temple area which the ordinary explorer must take on the word of others.

The changes which have taken place in Jerusalem since that time are extraordinary. Valleys have been filled up, new areas have been built upon, and ancient remains obliterated, so that the best trained scholar of to-day must take at hearsay much of what the man of forty years ago could see with his own eyes. Of course, even then the topography of the ancient city had been seriously obscured, as the excavations of Warren and others have shown, the surface of the Herodian period lying at places forty or even ninety feet below the present surface, while the rock east of the Haram area was 125 feet below the present level of the ground; but the changes in the last thirty years have been greater than those in the 300 years preceding.

Conder points out that, with the exception of the Herodian fortress by the Joppa gate, the temple site, the tower of Antonia, the Tyropoeon valley, and the Pool of Siloam, there is no absolute agreement on ancient sites in Jerusalem. He himself holds, with the older school, against the present dominant view, that the southwestern city, modern Zion, was the original city of David, and that the orthodox Calvary, the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, was Akra. He believes that the *sakhra*, the holy stone enclosed within the present Dome of the Rock, was not the site of the altar before the Holy Place, but the "foundation stone" of the temple, on which the western wall of the Holy of Holies rested. In front of this, eastward, the rock originally descended in steps, so that, viewed from that side, the original effect must have been much like that of a Babylonian stage-tower or *ziggurat*, the Holy of Holies occupying the place of the small shrine on the summit of the latter. The tomb of David was probably the ancient tomb discovered in the orthodox Golgotha, while the real Golgotha was the knoll near the Damascus gate, to the north of Jerusalem. The tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, in which the body of Jesus was laid, was not, however, the so-called Gordon's tomb, which is preserved and shown as such to-day by certain pious but uninformed iconoclasts, this tomb being in reality of a much later date.

The book is interestingly written. The author's views are not put forth in a dogmatic manner, and, while much that he has to say, especially with regard to ancient sites and ancient history, will not be accepted by the modern scholar, the work is full of valuable suggestions, from the author's own observations, and of much interesting and useful information, albeit the reader should at times

check the facts recorded by reference to other authorities. The least valuable part is that which deals with the pre-Herodian history and antiquities. The most interesting and vivid chapter is that which deals with the Jerusalem of the Herodian period; but probably the most valuable portion is the full account of mediæval sites, both Moslem and Christian, because it is precisely this material which it is difficult to find except by exploration of many and often inaccessible volumes and treatises. The perusal of his remarks on forged coins, contained on page 197, which are also true of Palestinian antiquities in general, might be useful to the tourist, if he could be induced to read them before visiting Jerusalem, and so be persuaded to desist from the purchase of "antiques." On the whole, the book is a welcome addition to Jerusalem literature by one of a generation which saw things before they were destroyed.

Lives of the Hanoverian Queens of England. By Alice Drayton Greenwood. Vol. I: Sophia Dorothea of Celle and Caroline of Ansbach. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

The second volume of these lives is reserved, presumably, for the dull and precise Charlotte of George III and for the foolish and badgered Caroline of the First Gentleman of Europe. And we may say now that, if the sequel is as well studied and written as the part before us, the whole will make a valuable work. Miss Greenwood's purpose is evidently to take a middle ground between the formal political histories, which tend yearly to become more documentally dull, and the popular memoirs, which tend equally to flimsiness and bad English. In both sections of the volume—whether her figures move in the courts of Hanover and Celle or in that of England—the political situation is kept well in view, although, naturally, persons rather than institutions are mainly considered. In this respect Miss Greenwood is particularly successful in unravelling the tangled relations of the electorate. She is more interesting here by far than when she comes down to the tragic story of Sophia Dorothea and the brutal Count Königsmarck, which is her real theme. It is a curious commentary on the essential dulness of all that surrounds the Hanoverians that not even the mystery and pathos of Sophia's love can make that tale anything but vulgar. If Miss Greenwood draws out the sentiment of the adventure to wearisome length, she at least uses notable discretion in separating the facts from the volumes of fiction that soon overlaid it. The riddle of Königsmarck's disappearance she does not pretend to solve, although she accepts the strong evidence of foul play. She evidently tries to believe that Sophia was innocent of real guilt, being led to this partly by natural sympathy and partly by her utter detestation of George I and her desire to present him always in the worst light possible.

This animus against George I, which the present reviewer shares quite heartily, forms in a way the dramatic motive of the book. His meanness, vindictiveness, and lack of kingly qualities ("he knows nothing of what is princely," wrote his caustic aunt, the Duchess of Orleans) throw an atmosphere of pity about Sophia Dorothea; they bequeathed "to his descendants, for four generations, the gloomy tradition of family hatred"; they are, if truth be said, the most human quality in the royal annals. To show them as dark and detestable as possible, the onus of the quarrel between George I and his heir is laid entirely on the father's shoulders. George II is made almost an attractive figure, and as a further consequence the nasty feud between George II and Frederick must be charged entirely to the frivolous impertinences of the latter. This is not precisely the historic temper, but it lends interest to Miss Greenwood's pages, while not leading her to make any real distortions of fact. We ourselves are inclined to accept Hervey's scathing ridicule of George the Second's private life as something closer to truth than mere fictitious satire; but if we would make George II more coarse and foolish than he appears to Miss Greenwood, it does not follow that his father was any better than she makes him.

It is rather the fashion for the historian of institutions to write of the first Georges as, on the whole, wise administrators. Such a view can be supported, but it does not affect their character as the heads of society or their influence on the intellectual life of the day. Caroline was a woman of liberal interests and gathered into her court a number of men, like Bishop Clarke, who discussed the religious and philosophical problems of the day. Miss Greenwood does bravely in her attempt to throw some literary value into the Queen's influence; but the result is small. As a matter of fact, one by one the really great minds of the age—in things of the imagination, that is, not of statecraft—drew away from the Georgian circle. A perusal of the correspondence of Lady Suffolk, Lady Sundon, and others of that set shows only too plainly that something more than political Toryism or rancor for favors unreceived, that, in a word, the inherent dulness and vulgarity of the court were responsible for this aversion. It would not be difficult to maintain the thesis that England's gradual lapse through the eighteenth century from her international leadership in ideas to a state of unideaed somnolence was in considerable measure due to the Hanoverian court.

Miss Greenwood, dealing with the Queens rather than the Kings of St. James's, is naturally thrown upon this social aspect of the court. On the whole, she does admirably with a not very entertaining material, although she might have made more of its literary associations, such as they are. We shall await with interest the story of Charlotte and the second Caroline.

Notes.

John Muir's "Our National Parks" is to be issued by the Houghton Mifflin Co. in a "New Holiday Edition," fully illustrated from photographs by Herbert W. Gleason.

Pierre de Coulevain's "Sur la Branche," translated by Alys Hallard as "On the Branch," is promised for immediate publication by E. P. Dutton & Co.

In "The New North," which the D. Appleton Co. promises for autumn publication, Agnes Deans Cameron writes of her explorations, in the summer of 1908, down the Mackenzie River in Canada to the Arctic Ocean. Miss Cameron gives here an account of the Eskimo and other Northern tribes, which should, at this time, have a peculiar interest. There are to be over a hundred illustrations, chiefly after her own photographs.

Dr. Robert M. Wernaer declares himself—in his "Romanticism and the Romantic School in Germany," now in press—enthusiastically in favor of that coming art which he denominates "humanistic," and in which he sees a reconciliation of the love of liberty in romanticism with the restraining influence in classicism. The German romantic movement as a tendency has not been very thoroughly examined by English or American writers: the study of it, which, forming the basis of this new literary essay, will be looked to, on its publication, with a good deal of curiosity. The writer treads here the mazes of Romanticism and Symbolism, Impressionism and Appreciation, Romantic Irony, The Golden Age and the Blue Flower, and Neo-Romanticism (D. Appleton & Co.).

We have referred to the inclusion in the Constable edition of Meredith in twenty-six volumes of the unfinished novel "Celt and Saxon." In his conversation no less than in his fiction and verse, George Meredith expressed pride in his Celtic heritage; "I have not a single drop of English blood in my veins," he once said to Mr. Shorter. The last named writer, who stands sponsor for this bit of anecdote, states also that "Translations from Homer: Experiments in English Hexameters," will be one of the unfamiliar elements of the new illustrated edition promised by Constable. The American publishers of this Memorial edition, Charles Scribner's Sons, announce further that inclusion will also be made of an unpublished comedy. "The Sentimentalist," other fragments, and several critical reviews. There will, too, be collected all the poetry published by the author over his own name, or with regard to the publication of which he gave instructions. One volume, furthermore, will

contain notes of various changes and rewritings, together with the bibliography to which we have made an earlier reference. The new edition will be printed from new type on fine paper, and will be sold by subscription. The illustrations will comprise reproductions of many of the original illustrations which accompanied the novels and poems when published in magazine form, the artists being Millais, Du Maurier, Sandys, Charles Keene, and H. K. Browne. A number of portraits will be added, and pictures of scenes associated by the author with many of his novels and poems. There will also be numerous reproductions of MSS. The first volume of this notable edition will probably be issued in November. The Letters of the novelist, which are to be edited by Lord Morley, will not be ready for publication for a year or more.

Dr. Fabian Franklin, who is writing the authoritative life of the late President Gilman, would be obliged for the privilege of reading any letters from him which are likely to be of service. Such documents may be sent to Dr. Franklin, in care of the *Nation*, and will be promptly returned.

Among the recent noteworthy additions to the Boston Public Library are some 900 volumes belonging to the late Louise Chandler Moulton. A special catalogue of the gift is to be found in the quarterly bulletin just issued, in which it is said that the library is now helpfully and significantly strengthened in the field of English and American poetry and belles letters. Many of the volumes are gift copies containing autographs, and frequently more extended writing of a personal nature. Some of them are copies of limited or numbered editions especially issued for the author's use.

The Macmillan Company has a new edition of Edward Caird's "Essays on Literature," which were first collected in a volume in 1892. The thoughtful and ripe style of the late master of Balliol needs no characterization at this day. While still good reading, it is true that most of the essays, as one comes to them in their new issue, seem somehow not quite vital enough to endure. If there are exceptions to this judgment, it would be the discussion of The Problem of Philosophy at the Present Time, which contains an excellent comparison of the reconciliation effected between religion and sophistry by Plato and Aristotle, with the reconciliation between religion and science needed in 1881, when Caird's lecture was given, and still needed. Even better is the essay on Wordsworth, with its admirable comparison of Rousseau and his disciple.

In his "Inns and Taverns of Old London" (L. C. Page & Co.), Henry C. Shelley, as we need go no further than the sub-title to discover, takes in also the chief coffee-houses, clubs, and pleasure gardens of the metropolis. Indeed, he includes rather too much, for his pages would be more entertaining if he allowed himself space for writing more fully about the houses that are richest in traditions. In a good part of the book he traverses the same ground as Timbs, in his well-known "Club Life of London," and the later work, by its too great jauntiness and rapidity, suffers from the comparison. But Mr. Shelley has a good subject, and his writing certainly cannot be condemned for heaviness. From Chaucer's old Tabard Inn, with which he starts, to Finch's Grotto Gardens, with which he closes, he keeps the reader almost in a state of bewilderment with the names of the great and the witty of England, and with anecdotes of their social life. Though his style is light, there is evidence that he has turned over many books to get his material together.

From Sturgis & Walton comes a new edition of Boswell's "Life of Samuel Johnson," edited by Roger Ingpen in commemoration of the great Cham's bi-centenary The two volumes are in quarto size, with the lines extending across the full page. This, with the weight of the paper, which is heavily sized for the illustrations, makes the books rather fatiguing to hand and eye. On the other hand, the type is fair and large, and the printing careful, with fewer errors in the foreign quotations than is common in English books. In fact, there are only one or two misprints in the Latin and Greek which will arrest the reader's eye—supposing that any reader to-day would be arrested even if a spelling board got control of such quotations. The notes, *variorum* and the editor's own, are judicious and sufficient; the index full and serviceable. The real feature of the edition is confessedly the illustrations. These Mr. Ingpen has culled from all sources, and made them a veritable visualization of the men and manners of Johnson's day. His notes take the form chiefly of brief biographical or topographical comments beneath these pictures, and are commonly much to the point. One error, or omission, we have observed, where the editor says (I, 325) that Bishop Lowth "defended Oxford against the attacks of Gibbon and Priestley," forgetting the famous quarrel with Warburton. The present reviewer is not much enamored of picture books, but must confess that this gallery of faces and scenes, many of them new to him, tempted him to a re-reading of the familiar story, and made him prefer these heavy volumes to his old favorite edition. Johnson and his friends never before seemed to him quite so living, nor that old London quite so real. And he may add, though it is scarcely pertinent to this notice, that as he finished the long record he was more than ever convinced of the greatness and, beneath the bear's rough coat, the tender-heartedness of the Ursa Major. It seemed to him that, if the moral of Johnson's long musing, and talking, on the meaning of man's life were to be summed up in a few words, it would be in the couplet which opens the Prologue so strangely prepared by the moralist for the comedy of "The Good Natured Man":

> Prest by the load of life, the weary mind
> Surveys the gen'ral toil of human kind.

Most readers of Dr. Washington Gladden's review of a long and variously active career ("Recollections"; Houghton, Mifflin Co.) will agree that the best wine is put before them early. The chapters describing the nature of the struggle for livelihood and for education, in a family of artisans and farmers seventy years ago, are more interesting than the later ones. This is not alone because the experience was rarer, but also because it is written out with more vividness. Dr. Gladden's memory of those rude years is not only retentive, but intense and visualizing. The price which poverty had to pay for bread and books is set down with detail that sticks in the mind. For the rest, the "Recollections" are discursive, part autobiography and part contemporary history, and stamped with that broad churchmanship and geniality, combined with the capacity to stand up stoutly for a firm conviction, which we have been accustomed to associate with the author.

Swinburne's life-long idolatry of his Stratford god culminates in a prose rhapsody of some eighty pages, entitled "Shakespeare," written in 1905, but now first published (Henry Frowde). At its best and at its worst Swinburne's critical work was always almost as lyrical in mood as his poetry. He always expressed a lofty scorn for students of the drama who went to their task with no other equipment than ability to count and patience and erudition. But thirty-five years ago, when he contributed articles to the *Fortnightly Review*—articles later incorporated in his "A Study of Shakespeare," 1880—he was himself an industrious student. His earlier utterances upon Shakespeare, as upon the other Elizabethans, though often tumid and ecstatic, were yet sprinkled with passages revealing a fine appreciation, discrimination, and insight. In his later essays, however, he occupied himself more and more exclusively with the expression of his own violent emotion in the presence of masterpieces. His last tribute to Shakespeare is, as nearly as possible, praise with the substance of praise strained away. He begins on a high note of rapture. Only the "supreme and crowning fools among the foolishest of mankind," he asserts, would deride the declaration that it were better to lose all other treasures of human genius and keep this one than to lose this one and keep all others. He does not attempt serious argument of the thesis; he simply passes in review all the plays, and affirms, in twinned epithets charging pair after pair like sea-horses up the foamy crest of his billowing sentences, that each drama of Shakespeare's, with one or two exceptions, is the most divinely and incomparably excellent thing of its kind in the world. He makes, to be sure, some distinctions among the children of the master's mind, but reverently, as a mortal distinguishes the differing glories of the seraphim. Now that Swinburne walks with Shakespeare among the fields of asphodel it is to be hoped that he regrets the intolerable turgidity of style in this effusion. The substance he will scarcely regret; for it is not a criticism—it is a Pindaric ode, a pæan, a *gloria in excelsis*.

J. Keir Hardie, the author of "India: Impressions and Suggestions" (New York: B. W. Huebsch), is an avowed socialist, and one of the leaders of the Labor party in the House of Commons. The subject matter of his book originally appeared in 1907 in the form of letters in the London *Labor Leader*, a Socialist weekly. Were one but to remove the writer's name from the title page, and an occasional reference to English scenes from the body of his book, it would be easy to imagine these "Impressions and Suggestions" to have been written by a native Hindu agitator. As for what Mr. Hardie learned in two months' time about the $150,000,000 India annually

pays as its tribute to England, about "probably not less than 75 per cent. of the harvest [that] goes in taxes," about the 70,000,000 Indians who eat "but one square meal a day," about the government spending 1½d. and one shilling per head, respectively, on education and militarism, about "the partition of Bengal [being] a huge blunder," about 5,000,000 Hindus succumbing in the last ten years to plague, which, "in the main, is due to hunger," and many other conditions of a similar nature—he could just as easily have gleaned all these statistics from the casual speeches daily delivered by Indian nationalists, without taking the trouble to go to India. Even in Mr. Hardie's suggestions for quieting the Indian "unrest," there is nothing beyond a rehash of the stock remedies advanced by Indian writers. But we have a more serious fault to find with this book. Mr. Hardie "went to India to see the people." His book gives the impression to the reader that all Indians are dissatisfied—which is not exactly true. His object in sojourning in India being "to learn of their [the East Indians'] grievances," he did not see much of the great work that Indians are manfully doing all over the land to give woman a new status in society, to implant the germ of modern habits in agriculture and industry, to vitalize the people by reformed education, to refashion the national structure on a less conservative and more approved model, and in a hundred ways to hasten the evolution of the country and the natives. The greatest lack of his book is that it is practically silent concerning these features of the India of to-day, which, in the last analysis, mean infinitely more to Hindustan than do verbal and picric acid bombs.

The "Proceedings" of the third annual meeting of the American Society of International Law, held last April, should command attention for the efficient loyalty of the Society to its declared objects, the fostering of the study of international law and the promoting of international relations on the basis of law and justice. The opening address by President Elihu Root has been alluded to in a notice of the July number of the society's quarterly *Journal*. The reasoning of the other papers is no less forcible. John W. Foster reviews the principal arbitrations by which the United States and Great Britain have sought to settle their differences, concluding that as a rule their determinations have not been judicial, or wholly satisfactory. The fault has lain in the method of selecting the tribunal. Mr. Foster cites the late James C. Carter in confirmation of the principle that a party should no more be a judge in his own case in an international matter than in a private litigation; drawing a lesson from the conduct of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn of England in the Geneva arbitration over the Alabama Claims, where this arbitrator assumed the rôle of advocate as well as judge, and as soon as the decision (from which he dissented) was read, seized his hat, and abruptly withdrew. Furthermore, the more recent arbitration over the Venezuelan boundary has, in result, given but scant satisfaction. Delegate Anderson of Costa Rica argues, further, that international differences should be settled by tribunals composed not of publicists, but of jurists; and Wayne MacVeagh pronounces in favor of the submission of international differences to a judicial tribunal in permanent session at The Hague. The two addresses on the constitution and powers which an International Court of Arbitral Justice should possess, one by United States Senator Burton of Ohio, the other by A. J. Montague, former Governor of Virginia, incidentally touch on the same subject.

Of the other matters discussed in the "Proceedings," we find space for passing notice of one only: that of extradition. Of the three papers on this general topic, the second, by F. R. Coudert of New York, discusses elaborately the question of what so-called political offences are; such offences, in fine, as justify our ministers abroad in affording asylum. He charges that the government, one of whose officials, J. Reuben Clark, jr., had read a paper, had followed no consistent policy. No one who reads Mr. Clark's paper can, however, fail to conclude that he sought to assume a judicial attitude, and succeeded. The paper read by Julian W. Mack of Chicago on this subject comes nearer to supporting the view of Mr. Clark than that of Mr. Coudert. Mr. Mack quotes with high approval from our treaty with Brazil: "Extradition shall not be granted if the offence for which the surrender is demanded be of a political character or if the fugitive prove that there is an intention to try or punish him for a political crime." He contends that it is but fair, in considering the rights of revolutionists, to consider the measures taken by the demanding government, in punishing revolutionists; that if it be known that the demanding government inflicts punishments that are inhuman, that fact should debar the granting of extradition of its fugitives. He alludes to the fact that in the Rudovitz case our government had official documents, even admissions in the reports of the Duma itself, of the commission by officials of the most outrageous crimes; the inference being that the possession of such evidence controlled in the refusal to grant extradition.

From R. Bemporad, Florence, we receive "Almanacco Italiano: 1909." Besides the usual chronological, meteorological, and official features, this handbook contains, for the jubilee, an account of the Italian campaign of 1859. There is an abundance of compact encyclopædic information, under such heads as aeronautics, agriculture, domestic economy, women's industries, necrology, etc. Naturally, these chapters are calculated for Italian readers, but the book, with its many illustrations and diversity of well-indexed data, will not come amiss to any one concerned with current affairs on the Continent of Europe.

Dr. Paul Carus has selected a number of the rhymes of the German mystic Silesius, rendered them into English in the original metre, and printed both German and English on the same page. The volume is an addition to the large library of mysticism, whose constant growth is one of the signs of the times ("Angelus Silesius." By Paul Carus; Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company).

In its deaconesses the Methodist Church has long had one of the most valuable forms of Christian service for social betterment, and at a conference held at St. Louis last autumn their work and other forms of philanthropic effort conducted under Methodist auspices were discussed. The papers are published under the title "The Socialized Church"; they are edited by the Rev. Worth M. Tippy, D.D., (Eaton & Mains).

In the third volume of "The Historical Bible," on "The Kings and Prophets of Israel and Judah" (Charles Scribner's Sons), Prof. Charles Foster Kent has performed the task necessary to careful study of the Old Testament, but difficult and involved for all but specialists, of weaving together in chronological order the narratives of the historical books and the sections of the prophetical writings which deal with the same period. Only the important passages have been included; and by means of brief introductory notes, which portray the historical situation, the reader is enabled to follow readily the sequence of events and discern the significance of the narratives.

German prose has very little that corresponds with the French *causerie*, yet Georg Hermann has no need of apology in offering the volume entitled "Sehnsucht: Ernste Plaudereien" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.) to the readers whose sympathies he has won by his novels. The book seems to have been written with no other purpose but that of fixing in the author's mind and conveying to his readers impressions received and conclusions arrived at in odd moments. There is here a genuine sentiment quite rare in the writings of modern Germany, so heavily laden with the supercilious cynicism of a generation drifting towards decadence. In one of his lighter papers, Hermann pleads for childhood; it is not half so essential for the child to become a man as for the man to remain at heart a child. Hermann has no sympathy with monarchy, army, clergy, bureaucracy. He is not even a patriot in the accepted sense of the word, and ventures the assertion: "Napoleon was a bearer of free thoughts, and the Rhine provinces looked upon him not as destroyer, but as deliverer. Leipzig and Waterloo are victories of reaction over progress. Had Napoleon been victorious, they might have been the last battles of history." He protests even against the exaggerated worship of fatherland and mother-tongue. Among other heresies is his doubt of the vitality of serious drama. He sees in the theatre a place of amusement which should never attempt to be anything but play, and in reality does not want to be taken seriously.

"Grosse Männer" is a collection of essays and lectures by Wilhelm Ostwald, published by the Akademische Verlagsgesellschaft, Leipzig, and worthy of careful digestion. The giants of the centuries are, of course, themes for the philosopher's attention, but there is a conscientious, if not always sympathetic, consideration of "the great" in very recent times, and some interesting references to contemporaries and associates of the writer himself, including Zeppelin. Dr. Eliot and Benjamin Thompson are, perhaps, the only Americans mentioned, but Ostwald includes them both among the men who have rolled the world along apace. Thompson (Count Rumford) he credits with having given an early impetus to scientific research everywhere, while in Dr. Eliot's refusal, some years ago, to accept the football autocrats as the proper persons to

bring about reform in American football, he finds a somewhat surprising argument in favor of looking to a new set of men to bring about German school reform. The volume concludes with effective summaries on the woman question, the German professor taking kindly to the idea of woman's advancement—"when properly kept within the ropes." He admits her power to do much that man alone has generally done, but doubts if she can attain to the highest in science.

Few autobiographies contain such a variety of strange adventures and singular reminiscences as "Helene von Racowitza: Von Anderen und Mir, Erinnerungen aller Art" (Berlin: Poetel). The maiden name of the autobiographer was Helene von Dönniger, and she was born in 1845 in Munich, where her father held the post of tutor of the Crown Prince (the future Maximilian II). Her first husband, von Racowitza, she married when she was under twenty years of age. He died soon afterwards in a state of mental depression at having killed in a duel Ferdinand Lassalle—a rival for the hand of Helene. (See "Ferdinand Lassalle and Helene von Dönniger: A Modern Tragedy," by Elizabeth E. Evans; London, 1897). After her first husband's death, she married an actor, Siegwart Friedmann, from whom she was divorced. Some time afterward she became the wife of Baron Serge von Schewitsch, with whom she is now living at Munich. In the course of her most recent matrimonial engagement, the writer of this autobiography has toured the United States with her husband and a theatrical troupe organized by him. She has also assisted him in his journalistic and literary ventures. These memoirs of a fascinating and versatile adventuress bring the reader into contact with her most celebrated contemporaries in literature, music (Liszt), the fine arts (Lenbach and Makart), as well as in politics and social life.

Prof. Edward Heyck has published as volume 29 in the series of which he is the editor, and which is known as Monographien der Weltgeschichte, a popular account of Luther, based on the latest researches, bearing the simple title "Luther." The author is a master of precise and condensed style. The illustrations, 114 in number, are mostly excellent reproductions of contemporaneous pictures.

The death of Henry Charles Lea removes one of the most widely known of American scholars. He was the third of a distinguished family to gain a literary reputation. His maternal grandfather was Matthew Carey, the publisher, who in the last years of the eighteenth century and in the early part of the last had some reputation as a writer, and his father, Isaac Lea, also a publisher, was noted as a naturalist. Henry Charles Lea was born in Philadelphia on September 19, 1825. He never attended school or college, but received, long before the end, the honorary degrees of Harvard, Princeton, the University of Pennsylvania, Giessen, and Moscow. From 1843 until 1880 he was engaged in the publishing business, although in seasons of what he called "intellectual leisure" he undertook historical research. Before, however, he attained his reputation as an historian of mediæval Europe, he wrote several scientific articles and books. Among his earlier productions were essays on "Superstition and Force" (1866) a "Sketch of Sacerdotal Celibacy," which so recently as 1907 was reprinted in London, and "Studies in Church History" (1869). In 1888 appeared the "History of the Inquisition in the Middle Ages," in three volumes, of which a French translation has been made and German and Italian translations planned. Mr. Lea's other works were "Chapters from the Religious History of Spain, Connected with the Spanish Inquisition," 1890; "A Formulary of the Papal Penitentiary in the Thirteenth Century," 1892; "A History of Auricular Confession and Indulgences," three volumes, 1896; "The Moriscos of Spain: Their Conversion and Expulsion," 1901; "A History of the Inquisition of Spain," four volumes, 1906-7; and "The Inquisition in the Spanish Dependencies," 1908. He found time also to engage in labors of social reform, and he was elected president of the Philadelphia branch of the American Social Science Association. In 1871, he helped to organize the Citizens' Municipal Reform Association, the aim of which is and has been to bring the public business to the same degree of efficiency and economy as is obtained by a private corporation. He was also president of the Reform Club and was an early advocate of civil service reform. In 1889 he made a liberal contribution to the Philadelphia library, and in 1892 he aided largely in founding a department of hygiene in the University of Pennsylvania by erecting for it a laboratory.

Brevet-Col. Theodore Ayrault Dodge, U. S. A., retired, died at Versailles, October 26, in his sixty-eighth year. He was born at Pittsfield, Mass., and was a graduate of the University of London and of the law department of Columbian University. His military education he received in Berlin under Major-Gen. Von Frohreich of the Prussian army. He served as a volunteer throughout the civil war, receiving several wounds, and afterwards served in the Bureau of Enrolment in the paymaster's office, and in the regular army. He was a distinguished military writer, being the author of a "History of the Art of War," in twelve volumes; "The Campaign of Chancellorsville"; "Bird's-Eye View of Our Civil War"; "Patroclus and Penelope"; "Great Captains," and "Riders of Many Lands."

Lieut.-Gen. Oliver Otis Howard, U. S. A., retired, a distinguished veteran of our civil war, died at his home in Burlington, Vt., October 26, in his seventy-ninth year. He was a graduate of Bowdoin College and of the Military Academy at West Point. After the civil war he served in the Seminole campaign in Florida, and, at West Point, as a professor of mathematics. He was largely instrumental in establishing Howard University at Washington, and has served as its president and trustee. Gen. Howard was long a popular lecturer, and was the writer of a number of books, among them "Life of Agenor de Gasparin," "Life of Zachary Taylor," "Isabella of Castile," "Fighting for Humanity," "Our Wild Indians," and "Autobiography" (two volumes).

A former vice-president of the Société des Gens de Lettres, the novelist Charles Diguet, has died at Mantes, *ætat.* seventy-three years. He was born at Havre, and began his literary career with the publication of "Rimes de printemps." He was the author of many books on a variety of subjects; one of those on hunting, "Mémoires d'un lièvre," was crowned (1885) by the French Academy.

Science.

The Foundations of the Origin of Species. By Charles Darwin. Edited by his son, Francis Darwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

This interesting volume comprises two essays written respectively in 1842 and 1844. The first is the more significant, and especially suggestive of the wonderful mind of the man; indeed, the second, while much longer, is avowedly only an elaboration of the 1842 sketch. This first essay, covering about fifty pages, while only now given to the public, was printed in an *édition de luxe* earlier in the year for presentation to the delegates of universities and societies who attended the celebration at Cambridge of the centenary of the birth of Charles Darwin. An account of the successful programme of this interesting occasion has already been given in the pages of the *Nation* (July 15). The significance of the occasion was enhanced not only by the presence of Darwin's three sons, but by the giving to the world of this unpublished digest of the principles, embodied seventeen years later in the most famous book of the last century. The finding of this was rather dramatic—a small package of manuscript being unearthed in a cupboard under the stairs at the house at Down long after the death of Darwin. We have had volumes tracing the growth of the ideas embodied in evolution, from the days of Anaximander and Aristotle, but in this short essay we first realize the last steps which led to the fully formed presentation in the "Origin." The editor has gone carefully over his father's manuscript, clearing up abbreviated sentences, tracing out almost illegible words, even reproducing phrases which have been crossed out and rewritten. From a perusal of this we realize more fully than ever before the great patience and the powerful concentration of thought which this pioneer brought to bear on the thousands of loose facts at his command. One by one they fell into place in the mosaic of his mind, and gradually formed the complete image which was given to the world. Almost nothing in his biography brings us into such intimate appreciation of Darwin's methods of work as this stray outline or "Foundation," cast aside and never intended for publication.

In regard to the elaborated second essay, while showing more finish than the hurried and condensed manner of the 1842 sketch, it yet gives the impression of an uncorrected MS. rather than of a proof-read book. It lacks much of the force and conciseness of the "Origin,"

but is interesting as showing a "connecting link" of reasoning between the generalized theories of the first sketch and the splendidly rounded-out material in the "Origin."

In a letter to Mrs. Darwin, the author requests that, in the event of his sudden death, she will devote £400 to the publication of this second essay, thus showing a reluctance to publish it in its present state except as a final necessity.

The "Physical Laboratory Handbook," by George A. Hoadley (American Book Co.), and the "Laboratory Manual," by Charles F. Adams (American Book Co.), are designed respectively to accompany the authors' well-known preparatory texts. There is not much to choose between them, as the subject matter and its treatment are pretty much the same in each. They are fairly good, and will answer the needs of the ordinary school. It is something of a pity, if physical laboratories are to be maintained in preparatory schools, that the same excellence is not attained in this part of the subject as in chemistry. The reason is probably that physics does not lend itself readily to elementary laboratory instruction without considerable expense.

Ernst Haeckel, as the first work since his retirement from the Jena professorship of zoölogy, publishes a brochure entitled "Das Weltbild von Darwin und Lamarck" (Leipzig: Kröner). The purpose is to contrast the investigations and aims of the great English and the great French defenders of the evolutionary theory. He shows that the exact scientific methods of the author of the "Origin of Species" and the more or less fantastic ideas of the author of the "Philosophie zoölogique" have been the main facts in the popularity of the former and the comparative unpopularity of the latter. Haeckel's brochure is partly a plea for a better recognition of the merits of Lamarck.

The third edition of L. P. Gratacap's "Geology of the City of New York" (Holt) is enlarged, and is, besides, improved in appearance over its predecessors. An introductory chapter on North American geology in general has been inserted before the local descriptions, and much fuller treatment is given the boroughs outside of Manhattan Island. The reader for general information, the engineer seeking local details, and the teacher needing instruction and guidance for excursions with classes, will all find much of interest and value in the book. Since, however, this work is primarily intended for readers not specially skilled in geology, the treatment should have been somewhat simpler and clearer than we find it. There are, too, occasional lapses into a rather pedantic style, where such words as salic, femic, anamorphic, katamorphic, crenitic, and the like will only serve to mystify readers not learned in the science. Perhaps, if a fourth edition is called for, the author may be expected to remove these difficulties and to add an index.

News comes of the death of Hugh Blackburn, professor of mathematics at Glasgow University, 1849-1879. He was, with Lord Kelvin, an editor of Newton's "Principia," and was the author of a treatise on trigonometry.

Drama.

The production of Stephen Phillips's tragedy, "Herod," in the Lyric Theatre on Tuesday evening—whether it prove a financial success or not—may safely be set down among the most important and interesting dramatic events of the current season. All intelligent playgoers owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. William Faversham, whose praiseworthy ambition has given them an opportunity of witnessing a work of such fine literary and dramatic quality. To say that the representation was in every respect ideal would be a grave exaggeration, but it was generally adequate, often excellent, and in places exceedingly impressive. No prolonged description of the piece itself is necessary at this time. All students of the modern stage have been familiar with it, in printed form, since it first excited the admiration of the English critics some years ago. It is genuine tragedy of a very high order, dealing with certain incidents in the reign of the great Herod—connected with the killing of his wife, Mariamne, and her brother, the high priest, Aristobulus—in a vein of rare and passionate poetic imagination, but with sufficient regard for the known facts of history. The central figure of Herod, tempestuous in love, crafty and bold in council, swift and remorseless in suspicion, and imperial in the madness of despair, is depicted with vivid power. Mr. Faversham is incapable as yet of interpreting the king in the full measure of his heroic proportions, but his impersonation was intelligent, consistent, and picturesque, and marks an upward step in his professional career. It was deficient chiefly in elocutionary skill and in dignified gesture. The Mariamne of Miss Julia Opp was a distinctly capable performance, as was the Sohemus of Burton Churchill and the Salome of Olive Oliver. Mr. Cooper Cliffe did not grasp the possibilities of the part of Gadias. The blank verse, as was to be expected, proved a stumbling block to most of the performers, but if the rhythm and emphasis suffered, the meaning, as a rule, was preserved. The piece was lavishly and tastefully mounted, and several of the stage pictures were uncommonly beautiful. A more striking tableau than that of the stricken Herod standing rigid beside the bier of the dead Mariamne is not often seen upon the stage. The house was crowded, and the applause frequent and hearty.

The production of an English version of Henri Bernstein's play "Israel" in the Criterion Theatre, on Monday evening brought disappointment to those who expected to find in it a fresh and vital treatment of the Anti-Semitic agitation. The piece must have suffered badly at the hands of the adapter. At all events, in its present shape, it comes to a most feeble and conventional conclusion. Actually, the play is built around a particular situation, and probably originated from it, or rather from the idea that suggested it. The importance of it is far more theatrical than sociological. Thibault, a young French aristocrat, distinguished for his abilities, his charm, his energy and his hatred of all Jews, is resolved that the object of his especial detestation, one Gutlieb, a rich Hebrew banker and philanthropist, shall be socially obliterated. Therefore he insults him publicly in his club, fully intending to kill him in the duel which must follow. He thinks that he will thus do the Christian world a service. But his mother, the proud, venerated Duchess de Croucy, intervenes, and from her he learns, after an excruciating interview, that he is illegitimate, that the loathed Gutlieb is his father, and that he himself is also, therefore, a Jew. It is upon the scene in which this confession is made, or rather extorted, that the success of the play here must depend. Undoubtedly, the situation is a harrowing one, and it is elaborated with great ingenuity. But it is this very ingenuity, with all its transparent artifice and its multiplication of melodramatic device, that detracts from its tragic significance and its artistic value. The whole contrivance smacks too much of the theatre to impress any but the most unsophisticated playgoer with a sense of reality or reasonableness. In Paris, this scene was enacted by Madame Réjane, with great subtility and eloquence of feeling, and the effect was remarkable. The part of the mother is played here by Miss Constance Collier, a far less accomplished actress, whose effects are due more to physical prowess than intellectual or artistic suggestion. She roused a storm of applause by a fine burst of passionate abandonment. But all this has very little to do with Anti-Semitism. This, indeed, is discussed at great length in the first act, but with a careful observance of opposing prejudices which is more like managerial astuteness than philanthropic purpose. The latter certainly had nothing to do with the happy ending, in which Thibault, after saying that nothing was left for him but death or the cloister, finds happiness in the arms of a devoted girl, plainly provided as an afterthought, to secure a blissful curtain.

Rudolph Besier's "Don," which has been secured by the New Theatre management for New York production, has attained success in London, and seems to be a bright and original piece of work, with a significant moral behind its humorous fancies. Stephen Bonnington is full of generous impulse and apt to act upon it, without weighing consequences. Moreover, he is fearless. When, therefore, he hears that a young woman of his acquaintance is treated abominably by her husband—a dour old Second Adventist—he promptly carries her off to his own home, amid a variety of suspicious circumstances, and hands her over to his mother. With the arrival of the outraged husband, the situation becomes semi-tragic; but it does not end so. The rash hero explains to his betrothed that it is his love for *her* that has made him so chivalrous an admirer and defender of her sex; he finds a way, too, to deal with the angry husband. A generous idealism underlies the whole merry piece, and differentiates it from our imported farces, made over from French models.

The latest play by Björnstjerne Björnson is entitled "When New Wine is in Bloom," and the theme is the glorification of love and youth. A chorus is employed, as in classic drama, and serves as the background to love episodes, one being the reunion of a husband and wife who have lived apart. The play will be staged in due course at Copenhagen, the famous Danish actress, Mme. Hennings, playing the leading part.

On the withdrawal of the spectacular

"Révolution française" from the stage of the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, the "Jeanne d'Arc" of Emile Moreau will be substituted. Rehearsals of this latter play are now in progress, and are said to have inspired the participants with an unusual degree of enthusiasm.

A chatty and very personal little book, entitled "Eugène Scribe, d'après sa correspondance avec Ernest Legouvé," has been compiled by Charles Martel and enlightens the reader as to the methods of dramatic collaboration the correspondents used. The construction of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," of "Les Doigts de fée," of the "Bastille des dames," etc., is treated in anecdotal style.

"Suzette," the new piece, by M. Brieux, now seen in Paris at the Vaudeville, is to be followed, in due season, by a play in four acts by M. Nozière. The playwright has drawn upon the novel by Paul Reboux, "La Maison de danses," for dramatic material, and his third act is described as being "une représentation dans la Maison de danses," with a hundred *figurants* in addition to the regular cast.

Music.

Standard Concert Repertory. By George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.75.

Mr. Upton is not particularly happy in the choice of titles for his books. Last year he prepared the "Standard Concert Guide," a handbook of symphonies, oratorios, cantatas, and symphonic poems, uniting under one cover, together with some new material, the contents of his earlier "Standard Symphonies," "Standard Oratorios," and "Standard Cantatas." There was a gain in convenience, undoubtedly. Now he appears with another volume in hand containing brief analyses of overtures, suites, symphonic poems, rhapsodies, fantasias, etc., in the modern concert repertory. Such a volume was much needed; but why call it the "Concert Repertory"? Would it not have been possible to find titles indicating that the "Guide" related to longer works, the "Repertory" to the shorter pieces?

There are no other reasons for finding fault with Mr. Upton's new book. The works chosen for analysis are selected judiciously and with catholic taste; the analyses are brief, lucid, and free from technical jargon or pedantic "parsing"; and concert-goers will be able to find here information regarding most of the concert pieces they are likely to hear. If anything, Mr. Upton is too liberal; there are a dozen or more compositions in his list that might have been left out without being missed. There are pictures of fifty-seven composers, three on a page, and as the arrangement is alphabetical, it results in some odd groups, such as Beethoven-Balfe-Balakireff, and D'Albert-Auber-Bach. An introductory chapter treats briefly of the different kinds of overtures and suites. It is interesting to note the names of the composers represented by the largest number of works: Beethoven, Berlioz, Dvorák, Grieg, D'Indy, Mendelssohn, Tchaikovsky, Wagner, Weber.

America gets not only the greatest European singers, but also the players, the best of whom give more concerts on this side of the Atlantic than on the other. Prominent among these best players is Fritz Kreisler, who is with us again, after an absence of a year. He gave his first recital last Saturday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, before an enthusiastic audience which filled the auditorium; and once more he showed that he has no superior, probably no equal, among living violinists. He shares the popularity of Paderewski, with whom he also has in common the contempt for mere display, the technical mastership, and the subjection of technique to expression. He is the most emotional of violinists, as Paderewski is of pianists; and he knows how to fill the hall without making the slightest concession. The ordinary violinist and pianist often wonder why high-class concerts do not pay as well as vaudeville or musical comedy. As a matter of fact, they do pay as well if the music is as adequately rendered as the low-class music usually is. The success of Kreisler and Paderewski proves this. Kreisler's programme included, as usual, some of those quaint eighteenth century tunes which he has exhumed. A Handel sonata and a Viotti concerto were also on his programme. He gives a second recital this week, on Saturday afternoon.

Oscar Hammerstein's preliminary season of what he called "educational opera" comes to an end at the Manhattan this week. It was confined entirely to French and Italian operas, which the public is supposed to favor particularly; but although the orchestra, chorus, and scenery were the same as those employed during the regular season, when seats cost more than double the prices asked during the preliminary weeks, the pecuniary results were so unsatisfactory that the manager has decided not to repeat the experiment. Some of the leading singers were quite good; but the New York public has shown many a time that it wants nothing but the best, and is willing to pay any price for that. It was also, no doubt, a mistake to begin so early; September and October are never likely to be good opera months here. The regular season at the Manhattan will begin on November 8, with the first performance in America of Massenet's "Hérodiade." After the American season, Mr. Hammerstein intends to take his company to Paris. The Metropolitan company also has announced that it has secured a theatre in Paris for a series of Italian performances next spring. With Caruso to head the list of singers there can be no risk involved in such an experiment. If it succeeds, the German wing of the Metropolitan will in the following spring give the Parisians a chance to hear the real Wagner.

Edward MacDowell wrote mostly for piano, voice, and orchestra. His admirers, however, have converted some of his compositions into chamber music. The latest of these arrangements consists of five of the "Woodland Sketches," which Julius Klengel has adapted for violoncello and piano. Arthur P. Schmidt of Leipzig and Boston, who publishes this novelty, has also recently printed a piano quintet by Mrs. Beach and a trio and a suite by Arthur Foote.

The first new opera of the present season of the Opéra Comique—which is the twelfth season of M. Carré as director—will be "Chiquito." These "scenes from Basque life," after Pierre Loti, have for their librettist Henri Cain, and the music is by Jean Nouguès. This will be the first opera of the composer to be sung in Paris.

Art.

A NEW EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS.

London, October 8.

The National Loan Collection at the Grafton Gallery is the first important show of the season. It is called "National," no doubt, because its profits are destined for the National Gallery Funds. The need is urgent. Love for art is not one of the average Briton's qualities, and for long he bore the loss of masterpieces with decent composure. The government's grants to the national collections are less than small—they are miserly; and private bequests do not go very far in an era of tremendous prices. The only hope seemed to be in some action on the part of the public, and already the National Art Collections Fund has been established on the lines of the French Society of the Friends of Art. The excitement last summer over the Duke of Norfolk's sale of his Holbein—the Duchess of Milan, which he had loaned to the National Gallery for so long that it was looked upon as national property—drove into a panic a good many people who had never before been interested in the problem. I believe that the present exhibition had then already been planned, but as it was to be held frankly "in aid of National Gallery Funds," the excitement probably attracted more attention to it and made it easier to obtain the loan of important works.

It is appropriate that the show should be of the old masters which its object is to save from the clutches of the barbarian. There has been no attempt to represent any one school or period, but rather to arrange a series of masterpieces of many schools and periods, and to supplement these with an equally fine series of drawings. The number in both cases is limited to about a hundred, for it is beginning to be understood that it is better to show a few pictures well than many badly. The selection, on the whole, is admirable, as it ought to be, the Royal Academy having long since prepared the way. The one great work the Royal Academy has accomplished in the last half century

should not be forgotten, whatever its summer shows may be, for the winter exhibitions of old masters have often been of the utmost interest and splendor, and, if the more recent have proved less remarkable than the earlier, it is not to be wondered at. The supply of old masters in the country, though large, is not inexhaustible. The majority of those shown at the Grafton are already well known, and the great pleasure is in the opportunity given to see again masterpieces which, belonging to private collections, it is not always easy to see.

I confess that I went to the Exhibition with some misgivings. Pictures have seldom looked well in the Grafton, hitherto an over-decorated and poorly-lighted gallery. However, several members of the committee now in charge are also members of the International Society, and have inherited the Whistler traditions of arrangement and hanging. The gallery has been redecorated, and a much quieter scheme invented for it. The walls are now covered, in two rooms with gray, in the other two with a dull reddish gold that makes a neutral background. The pictures are never crowded, and each has around it the space which is as important to a framed painting as the margin to a print.

No strict chronological order has been observed: you must go into the third room before you come to the earliest work. Even here there are not many primitives, undue prominence not having been given to "the cock-eyed madonnas" in which the maker of attributions delights. Even as it is, the carefully compiled catalogue seems to challenge the Morellian to combat. After all, however, the masterpiece remains a masterpiece, and new attributions would not lessen the beauty of the Holy Women at the Sepulchre, now attributed to Hubert Van Eyck, from Sir Frederick Cook's collection. The color would not lose in brilliancy nor the design in fine dramatic lines, the towered and turreted mediæval town against the luminous sky would be as picturesque. More beautiful still and one of the most beautiful works in the whole collection, is the Holy Family with Donors by Carpaccio, lent by Lord Berwick. You almost resent finding it in a gallery, so clearly was it meant to decorate a certain definite space. The great Venetians who came later seldom exceeded the splendor of this harmony in brown and gold, seldom surpassed the rhythm of the lines and masses. The road winds along the hilly background, and down it the little figures of the Magi, each in rich robes on a richly caparisoned horse, are seen as they come riding from out of the distance to where the child lies low on the ground between the kneeling mother and the kneeling donors, a man and woman, who are devoutly worshipping; that both are portraits you are sure without knowing their names or who or what they were. The subject was one only too often painted by Carpaccio's contemporaries, but the master could create a masterpiece out of the most hackneyed theme. A Virgin and Child by Crivelli has not a little of the same decorative sumptuousness of color, and one can but feel how it must have glittered and glowed and shone in the place above the altar which originally it was intended to fill. These old masters never would have allowed their work to be seen, as we see it, separated from the surroundings for which they designed it, for they were, above all things, decorators. In this same room there are two portraits of the greatest distinction, about which there has already been much discussion: attributed by the present catalogue to Giorgione and to Titian, respectively. The first, known as the Temple-Newsam Giorgione, is the portrait of a youngish man; his face, clean-shaven, has both charm and power, and his pose, as he stands behind a parapet, his hat in one hand, his gloves in the other, is of great dignity; while the color throughout is quiet, with beautiful passages of sombre red in the sleeves. The Titian, which came up for sale three years ago at Christie's, represents an older man, whose face has less charm but whose pose is as dignified, and who wears a wonderfully painted fur-trimmed cloak. He has been described as Lorenzo de' Medici, but it makes little difference who he is, or who actually were the painters of two portraits of such rare nobility and distinction.

The many other pictures in this same group—by Luini, Ghirlandaio, the Maître des Moulins, Fra Lippo Lippi, Bellini—all have their interest, if not always artistic at least historical. There is another Giorgione, the subject of even hotter dispute, the large Adulteress Brought Before Christ, lent by the Glasgow Corporation; although the most disputed Giorgione of all is the Giovanni Onigo, in the adjoining room, already referred to by the critics as "the problem picture." There are also two characteristic Raphaels, the Cowper Madonnas, as they are called—characteristic, that is, of the popular Raphael; they might hang as pendants to the Sistine Madonna. Near them, however, is the group of Cardinal Ferry Carondelet and his Secretary, with such strong individuality expressed in each of the figures, even in the third who peers out from the shadows of the background, that, like his portraits in the Uffizi, it makes one wish that Raphael had left his followers to paint the Madonnas then in demand and had himself kept to portraiture.

The most distinguished feature of the largest room is a wonderful wall of portraits by Rembrandt and Frans Hals, only five in all, but each a masterpiece. The Man with a Hawk, from the Duke of Westminster's collection, so superb in its beautiful golden glow, and the Man with Close-Cropped Hair, loaned by Sir Edgar Vincent, that looks as if painted with a brush steeped in light, are the Rembrandts, and are so well known that it would be useless for me here to do more than mention them. The three Halses come from the Kann collection. Two are of men, both half-lengths and both severe in color, the black of the dress lightened only by collar and gloves. The third is of a woman, and is no less severe, the collar, cuffs, cap, and a handkerchief in her hands the sole relief to the severity. They are catalogued simply as Portrait of a Man, Portrait of a Burgomaster, Portrait of a Woman. But the portraits would gain nothing in interest if the name of each subject had survived. These men and women live for us as surely as if they had been identified. They have character in their faces, their pose, the way they carry off the fashions of the period; beauty in the expression of this character, the vivacity of the handling, the sense of design with which each is placed on the canvas. Hals was no less a master of decorative design than Carpaccio, though he used it for so different a purpose. The vigor of Hals's work sometimes blinds one to the delicacy of his detail. After this series of portraits, the Van Dycks on the opposite wall strike you as artificial and lifeless, and, indeed, finer examples might, without much trouble, have been chosen. Reynolds's Sterne, too, loses by the comparison; El Greco's portrait of his daughter seems but a decorative arrangement, and Goya's Duke of Wellington but the Spaniard's failure to paint an Englishman. Though portraits predominate, there is one beautiful though not entirely untouched Ver Meer, Soldiers and Laughing Girl, one of the gray interiors he loved, with two figures, and on the wall a marvellously painted map. In a large canvas like Rubens's Queen Tomyris with the Head of Cyrus, one looks for other qualities than Ver Meer's tenderness of tone and exquisiteness of surface; one finds them, too, in his tremendous vigor, dramatic action, swaggering pose, elaborate composition — the elaboration, perhaps, too evident—splendor of color. The flamboyancy and vitality of it put to shame the *machine* of the modern weakling. The handling is so masterly that one is inclined to agree with the critic quoted in the Catalogue, that all the principal figures are by the master himself, which cannot often be said of the pictures Rubens designed on so large a scale. Velasquez is not very well represented. His Water Carrier and Old Woman Frying Eggs are early works, their interest mainly biographical, and the small Portrait of a Man, never previously exhibited, is certainly not to be ranked with many of the other paintings by

him, owned in England. More than one of the early Italians could have been spared for the masterpieces of the great Spaniard, and it is hard to understand the committee's apparent indifference to them.

The English pictures, with a few exceptions, have been hung together in the small octagon room, the first to be entered. Here, Reynolds towers, making up in a measure for the disappointment in his Sterne, where it faces the great Dutchmen. The most important pictures by him are the two large groups of The Dilettanti Society, painted with a straightforwardness not invariably inspired by the women who posed and languished for him. In both the color is perhaps a little forced, keyed up too high in an apparent and quite unsuccessful effort to vie with the golden glow of Rembrandt. But the figures are vivid and well arranged, and all the details are painted with a joy in the work that is unmistakable. These pictures should have a place in any and every exhibition where the eighteenth-century British painters are hung with the old masters of whom they were students and followers. I have space only to add that Gainsborough and Lawrence are also included; that Chardin, Nattier, and Watteau are represented, that El Greco's extraordinary Supper in the House of Simon hangs with the portrait of his daughter; that there are several of Rubens's fine sketches, and that Tiepolo appears as his rival with an enormous Finding of Moses, in color and design less flamboyant and vigorous, but subtler and, used as mural decoration, probably more decorative. If there is no landscape at all, it is simply because some sort of limit was necessitated by the available wall space.

No such limit was imposed in the selection of drawings, which almost all come from J. P. Heseltine's collection and are of the French school. The Claudes are many, chiefly in pen and sepia on white or tinted paper: notes, or rather elaborate drawings, of broad landscapes with classic buildings and placid waters, with goatherds and goats, with large graceful trees just where trees should be, and skies filled with light. Most of them are carried almost as far as his pictures, a few are simply studies and not one more marvellous for the etching than the carefully worked out two ships in a storm, The Shipwreck, a proof of his scrupulousness as student as well as skill as draughtsman. The Watteaus, dainty, and learned in their daintiness, are still more numerous. There are fewer Fragonards, but these few have no less grace and even greater freedom, and the slightest are proofs of the invariable knowledge of his craft and sense of style. There are also Bouchers, Largillières, and Lancrets, and originals by Gravelot and Moreau le Jeune, who are better known in engravings; and, finally, this marvellous collection is brought down to David and Bailly, Ingres, and Géricault.

The Exhibition will remain open four months. It seems one of the little ironies of life that the Englishman who patronizes it will be giving freely to the government in alms, even while the country is fighting over the means to force him to give to the government in tax. N. N.

"The Art of the Belgian Galleries," by Esther Singleton, is the ninth volume in the Art Galleries of Europe series, and is to be issued by L. C. Page & Co. on October 30.

Five more volumes in the International Art series are promised for autumn publication. Edgar Degas is treated by Georges Grappe, the Great English Masters by Fritz Stahl, Eugène Delacroix, and Auguste Rodin by Camille Mauclair and Gustave Kahn, respectively, while Fritz Boehle, a young German artist of remarkable distinction, whose work is not yet widely known, is the subject of a volume by Rudolf Klein (Unwin).

The frontispiece of the September number of the *Burlington Magazine* is a Madonna and Child, by Fra Angelico, recently purchased by J. Pierpont Morgan from the collection of the King of the Belgians. It is said to be "the only single picture known of the painter's last Roman period," and should be a revelation, to many, of the serious artistic accomplishment of the Frate, while it has all the devotional feeling and sweetness of his earlier works. The rest of the number, both text and illustrations, is devoted almost wholly to the minor arts, such as French Renaissance furniture, Sheffield plate, Kentish chests, crewel-work hangings, and Oriental pottery. The important exception is an article by E. B. Havell on "The Symbolism of Indian Sculpture and Painting."

Volume XXVII of the *International Studio* (John Lane Co.), including the numbers for July, August, September, and October of 1909, is "true to type," being something halfway between a popular magazine and a serious technical publication. It is profusely illustrated, has a patchy air which comes from short articles and a poor decorative sense in the printing of the page and the spacing of illustrations, and deals with current art production, good, bad, and indifferent, pretty fully. It is not quite popular, because it prefers art that is new or startling or significant to that which is pleasing; not quite serious, because its criticism is seldom written by persons of real competence and never written for real students. What it presents, at best, is a popular account of unpopular art, and where the art is good as well as unpopular (which is sometimes the case, though not so often as the unpopular artists would have us believe), such an account has its uses.

A Greek marble, "the most beautiful statue in the world," has been snatched from "the envious greed of foreign millionaires" and from "finding a place in some enormous collection of recent antiquities and bastard chefs-d'œuvre," and placed in the Museo delle Terme, at Rome. This statue, popularly known as La Fanciulla di Anzio, represents a girlish figure standing turned a little towards the left, her head slightly bent downward, her hair knotted over the forehead. She wears an *himation* and a *chiton*, which falls, leaving the right shoulder bare. She seems intent on some objects on a large disk which she supports with her left hand. The attitude suggests the presence of another figure. It is not clear whether she represents a priestess or some mythological character, but she is full of the warmth and truth of beautiful youth and of fine Attic grace. This statue was discovered in December, 1879, when a heavy storm caused a landslide in the Grotto of Nero on a farm belonging to Prince Ludovico Aldobrandini-Chigi, at Anzio. The waves exposed a wall of reticulated bricks, with a niche, covered with stucco, in which this statue was still standing. It had been seen by only a few foreign archæologists until an application for permission to export called the government's attention to it, and resulted in its purchase (it is reported) for 450,000 lire.

From Paris comes news of the death of Henri Bellery-Desfontaines, a landscapist, and of Edmé Antony Paul Noël ("Tony Noël"), a well-known sculptor. M. Desfontaines was but forty-two years of age, and was an artist of varied talents. Tony Noël was a professor at the Beaux-Arts, and a former recipient of the Prix de Rome, being a pupil of Lequesne, Guillaume, and Cavelier. He was in his sixty-fifth year.

Finance.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND AND WALL STREET.

Last Thursday's advance of the Bank of England's official discount rate to 5 per cent. was one of those events which cause a flutter of interest throughout the financial world. In the first place, a 5 per cent. English bank rate before the close of October is unusual. Except for 1906, this is the first year in which the rate has gone to that figure at such a date since London's "Boer War panic" of 1899, and 1899 was the first year in which it had been reached in October since the "Baring panic" of 1890. Even this, however, is not the chief consideration. The Bank of England rate has been raised this month in three successive weekly advances, from the 2½ per cent. rate which prevailed up to October 7, to the 5 per cent. rate of last week. So rapid and violent an advance, though not unparalleled in the Bank's recent history, is quite out of the ordinary.

The particular interest which our own market takes in the Bank of England's action arises from a more or less prevalent idea that the Bank had entered the field expressly to curb the American stock speculation. Now the average man will be apt to ask what business it is of the Bank of England whether Wall Street

chooses to gamble excitedly in securities or not, and what right a London institution has to force high money rates on its own market, with a view to impeding speculative operations three thousand miles away. To answer this, a brief review of very recent financial history is necessary. Throughout the past five or six months, a stock speculation of extraordinary violence has been raging on the New York and Berlin markets. Six weeks ago, the Imperial German Bank at Berlin took official cognizance of this speculative situation. During the last half of September and the first half of October, that bank raised its official discount rate from 3½ to 5 per cent., and its president plainly stated at the time his belief that absorption of capital in the Berlin stock speculation was seriously impairing bank resources, and declared his purpose of checking that speculation by making it more costly.

This effort at Berlin appears to have been reasonably successful. But the German bank's position was in some respects peculiar. Its weekly statements showed plain evidence of an extraordinary strain; at the time it made its second advance in rate, the actual status of the bank was the weakest in many years. Its so-called "emergency note circulation" had reached, that week, the largest total in its history. This was not the situation at the Bank of England. Even its statement of last Thursday, submitted when the 5 per cent. rate was fixed, showed the ratio of reserves to liabilities in the London bank to be not far from the usual average at this time of year, and its stock of gold to be as large as it has been at this date in several recent years.

It was at the opening of autumn that the rise in prices on our Stock Exchange reached its pitch of especial violence. Now, ordinarily, speculation halts on the approach of autumn. Experience has shown that when the crop-moving season comes and Western banks have abundant use for their funds at home, their New York balances will be heavily drawn upon. The prudent speculator always reckons, therefore, on a period of restraint until the harvest movement is completed. No such restraint was in any sense exhibited this autumn. The speculation, converging as it did on shares of the Steel Corporation, grew to wholly abnormal proportions; prices continued to move up by leaps and bounds. Not only did the stock market as a whole show signs of feverish activity, but the Steel shares alone, on days when total transactions in all stocks on the Exchange exceeded a million shares, made up at times no less than 40 per cent. of that enormous trading.

In accordance with experience, the interior banks began some weeks ago to call home their New York funds; as a consequence of this, and of the rapidly mounting liabilities, surplus reserves of the New York associated banks approached exhaustion. It was under such conditions, three weeks ago, that our bankers entered the London money market with exceptionally large demands for funds on the basis of Stock Exchange collateral. In a single week, when the local situation ought to have been expanding New York bank loans, the bank statement at the end of the week, showed $49,000,000 loan reduction —a contraction greater than had ever before been witnessed in this city. This meant unquestionably that an enormous sum of credits had been shifted from New York to London, as an alternative to actual liquidation of loans in speculative Wall Street.

Here was the phase of the situation, which is alleged in Europe to have had its part in inspiring the Bank of England to mark up its discount rate, and thereby raise the general London money rate for restrictive purposes. Wall Street inquires exactly why the Bank should feel compelled to meddle in a borrowing operation in which the London lender and the American borrower equally profess themselves to be content. The answer probably will be found in the experience of both markets during 1906 and 1907.

In the earlier of those two years, an equally extensive borrowing operation on the London market, to support a Wall Street speculation, had created a huge foreign credit for American account. Things did not go well in the United States. The New York money market fell into disorder, deficits in bank reserves occurred, and the holders of these London credits promptly drew on them in the form of gold, draining the London market in enormous sums and impairing seriously the Bank of England's gold reserve at the most awkward moment of the year. In 1907, a somewhat similar result ensued, emphasized by the panicky nature of the American demands.

To all such reasoning on the question, it is frequently replied, on Wall Street and in certain quarters of financial criticism, that the American speculation cannot really have cut a figure in the Bank of England's action, and that the Bank itself must be frightened about its power of maintaining a sufficient gold reserve, and is doubtful as to the future situation of the London market. But nothing could very well beg the question more completely. Even granting that such a delicate situation had arisen or was anticipated on the London market, what would be said of a central institution which did not then employ all its power to obstruct a sudden and large demand on home resources by foreign borrowers, whose demands had no other basis than an extravagant Stock Exchange speculation?

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Foreign Policy. By a Diplomatist. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Archibald, R. C. Carlyle's First Love, Margaret Gordon Lady Bannerman. Lane Co. $3.50 net.

Arnold, G. W. A Mother's List of Books for Children. Chicago: McClurg.

Bacon, J. D. In the Border Country. Doubleday, Page. $1.

Bailey, L. H. The Nature-Study Idea. Third edition, revised. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Beard, A. F. A Crusade of Brotherhood: a History of the American Missionary Assn.; The Story of John Frederic Oberlin. 2 vols. Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net each.

Bell, L. The Concentrations of Bee. Boston: Page & Co.

Beruete, A. de, and others. Eight Essays on Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida. 2 vols. The Hispanic Society of America. $7.50 net.

Blaisdell, M. F. Polly and Dolly. Little, Brown. 60 cents.

Britton, W. The White Slavery: A Study of the Present Trades Union System. Akron, O.: The Werner Co.

Brown, A. F. John of the Woods. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.

Buffington, B. E., and others. The Circus Book for Children. Sanborn & Co.

Cabell, J. B. Chivalry. Harper. $2 net.

Cable, G. W. "Posson Jone'" and Père Raphaël. Scribner.

Carroll, L. Through the Looking Glass, and What Alice Found There. Dodge. $1.50.

Chamberlin, G. L., and Kern, M. R. Child Religion in Song and Story. Walks with Jesus. Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press. $1.38.

Chancellor, L. B. The Players of London: A Tale of an Elizabethan Smart Set. B. W. Dodge & Co.

Chatterbox for 1909. Boston: Dana Estes. $1.25.

Christmas in the Heart. Illustrated. Hodder & Stoughton.

Clouston, J. S. The Prodigal Father. Century Co. $1.50.

Conn, H. W., and Budington, R. A. Advanced Physiology and Hygiene. Silver, Burdett. $1.10.

Conway, A. E. and M. The Children's Book of Art. Macmillan. $2 net.

Daggett, M. P. In Lockerbie Street: A Little Appreciation of J. W. Riley. B. W. Dodge & Co. 50 cents net.

Davenport, H. My Quest of the Arabian Horse. B. W. Dodge & Co. $2 net.

Days with the Poets: Browning, Burns, Keats, Longfellow, Tennyson, Wordsworth. Six volumes, illustrated in color. Hodder & Stoughton.

Deland, L. F. Imagination in Business. Harper. 50 cents, net.

De Voe, W. The Doors of Life. Funk & Wagnalls. $1. net.

Dewing, E. B. Other People's Houses. Macmillan. $1.50.

Drummond, H. A Golden Month; A Golden Week. 2 vols. Hodder & Stoughton.

Eells, E. A Mission to Hell. Boston: Sherman French. 80 cents net.

Ellis, Mrs. Havelock. Steve's Woman. McBride Co. $1.50.

Financial.

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Ewell, A. W. A Text-Book of Physical Chemistry: Theory and Practice: Phila.: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. $2.25 net.

France, A. Penguin Island. Trans. by A. W. Evans. Lane Co. $2.

France, A. The Life of Joan of Arc. In two vols. Lane Co. $8 net.

Gask, L. The Wonders of the Zoo. Dodge. $1.25.

Gray, T. The Buried City of Kenfig. Appleton.

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Gwatkin, H. M. Early Church History to A. D. 313. 2 vols. Macmillan. $5.25 net.

Hagedorn, H. A Troop of the Guard. Houghton Mifflin. $1.10 net.

Hancock, A. E. Bronson of the Rabble. Lippincott. $1.50.

Heart Songs. Boston: The Chapple Pub. Co.

Henry, O. Options. Harper. $1.50.

Hickman, A. An Unofficial Love Story. Century Co.

Hofmann, J. Piano Questions Answered. Doubleday, Page. 75 cents.

Howells, W. D. Seven English Cities. Harper. $2.

Howe, H. A. Elements of Descriptive Astronomy. Revised edition. Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.25.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1909.

The Week.

The intrusion of Mr. Hearst into the New York campaign at the head of an independent ticket made up otherwise of Fusion candidates brought about a threefold contest chiefly characterized by mutual defamation. The result has been to elect Judge Gaynor, Tammany's Mayor, by a plurality of 70,000 (though a minority of 80,000), but to bring in with him all the rest of the Fusion ticket. In effect Tammany has received the most shattering blow in its history. The city now has a Board of Estimate of able and honorable men, elected over the dead bodies of the whole line of Tammany nominees. It is true, of course, that the great deliverance is largely due to a happy accident of politics. Yet it is only fair to say that this tremendous break-up of parties, this new demonstration that Tammany's mercenary hold upon its followers can be broken, this unexampled independence in city voting, were all the while in the situation as a threat to the power of Murphy, and a warning that the old order of things was passing away. That all the anti-Tammany elements could not be united in support of a Fusion candidate for Mayor was merely the misfortune of the campaign. The proof remains clear that Greater New York is ready and eager to throw off the yoke of Tammany. It can never be said again that this city wallows in misgovernment unashamed. Meanwhile there is a wonderful chance for Judge Gaynor. If he is the reformer his friends say he is, he will bend every effort to work harmoniously with his high-minded associates in the Board of Estimate.

The defeat of the disfranchising Constitutional amendment in Maryland is the most important single result recorded in the State elections of Tuesday. It ought not to be too much to hope that this second emphatic rejection of the proposition by the people of Maryland will put an end, for a long time to come, to the mischievous agitation that has been kept up by the Democratic politicians for the purpose of securing their hold on the government. The matter is of national interest, for more reasons than one. The adoption of the amendment would have brought about what, in spite of the existence of similar Constitutional provisions in States further South, would have been essentially a new thing in our political history; for the nullification of the Fifteenth Amendment, defended in those States on the plea of necessity, and backed by the almost unanimous sentiment of the white population, would in Maryland have resulted from a mere majority vote, in the face of the vigorous protest of a strong minority, which has behind it a record of beneficial political achievement. Another, and a most unfortunate, aspect of the success of the disfranchising amendment would have been the addition of Maryland to that body of Southern States which has, ever since the war, ceased to be debatable ground in national contests; whereas Maryland has been a notable factor in such campaigns as that of 1896, not to speak of earlier ones. As for the effect on home politics, a leading feature of the fight on the amendment has been the opposition of those who represent uncompromising hostility to the Gorman machine, or its successor, and the result is therefore not only a victory for honest observance of the Fifteenth Amendment, but also a defeat for ring rule.

As an indication of public feeling on national issues, however, nothing in the returns is so striking as the close shave by which the Republicans carried Massachusetts. The plurality for Governor was only 8,000, against 60,000 last year; while the Lieutenant-Governor's plurality was cut down from 96,000 to only 5,000. Nor is the difference to be explained by the fact that this is an off-year; for in the election of two years ago the Republicans carried the Governorship by 106,000, an even greater plurality than that of the Presidential year. There seems to be no possible explanation of the slump other than dissatisfaction with the course of the Republican party on the tariff. Now this showing in the Massachusetts election gives new prominence to the matter. The pity is that the Democratic party is so lamentably unprepared to profit by its opportunity. Its record in the recent extra session of Congress—especially that of the Southern members with a few honorable exceptions—is not calculated to excite enthusiasm or hope. Never has the havoc wrought in that historic party by the Bryan folly of 1896 been more forcibly brought home.

Further testimony to the fact that Mr. Taft has neither pacified nor intimidated the insurgent West is brought forward in the first of a series of articles in the Chicago *Tribune*. Throughout the entire sedition belt—Indiana, southern Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, and Missouri—the *Tribune's* special investigator finds the Republican party broken up into two hostile camps on the question of Aldrichism and Cannonism. And the determination on both sides is to rule or ruin. Where the conservative element still holds its own, it has been helped largely by the prevalent prosperity. But as it is, there is quite an army of nervous Congressmen sitting on the fence, and ready to drop off into the insurgent camp when Cannon's sun begins to sink. We do not expect President Taft to offer help. The very reasons of party unity which made him stand with Aldrich on the tariff bill, now demand that he should recognize what the sentiment of the West is in the matter of Cannon.

Secretary Knox got back to Washington barely in time to receive officially the members of the Japanese Commercial Commission. As it was, the death of the secretary's wife's aunt stood in the way of his offering the Japanese visitors any closer hospitality. And as Secretary Meyer, "who was to have received the delegation," was out of town over Sunday, and as Secretary MacVeagh was at his home in New Hampshire and Secretaries Dickinson and Nagel and the Postmaster-General were with the President, it fell to the lot of the Japanese visitors to be entertained by certain assistants in the State Department. Such a wretched exhibition of official manners is sharpened by contrast with what the Japanese government, under similar circumstances, would have done. As the case stands, it will be necessary to ex-

plain to the Japanese that our manners never were very good, and that upon this second of November, the President of the United States and five out of his nine ministers of state—new men who presumably should be busy learning their business—had not yet returned to the capital from their vacations.

Judge Holt is as sound and fearless a Federal judge as we have, and his decision that two of the men indicted for criminal conspiracy, in connection with the shutting up of the Pennsylvania Sugar Refining Company by the Sugar Trust, must escape under the statute of limitations, will be accepted as a conclusion to which he was driven by the law and the facts. Whether the others will be able to get off on the plea made for Messrs. Kissel and Harned, does not yet appear. The question will turn on the doctrine of "continuing offence"—that is, of overt acts subsequent to the original conspiracy and in execution of it. The statute of limitations is not a very exalted defence for a man charged with crime, but still it is the law. It is for the good of society that criminals shall be prosecuted promptly; and if the authorities laxly permit the statute of limitations to run its term without beginning a prosecution, the blame falls upon them, not upon the law. For "crimes not capital," an indictment must be filed within three years. When, therefore, Judge Holt found from the evidence that Mr. Kissel's part in the sugar refining conspiracy was completed before January 4, 1904, there was nothing for him to do but decide that an indictment more than five years later would not hold. If the other indicted officials of the Sugar Trust also escape, people will say again that rich offenders cannot be punished under our laws. That is not true: witness the recent cases of Morse and Walsh. Moreover, in this particular instance, complaint ought to be directed not against the courts or the laws, but against the supineness of those set to enforce the laws. Who was President in 1904? Who was the Chief Executive to whom Mr. Earle of Philadelphia in 1906 addressed an urgent letter setting forth the precise evidence on which these men were indicted in 1909? If the guilty now get off scot free, it is due to the fact that the Roosevelt Administration would not proceed against these rich men.

Meanwhile Attorney-General Wickersham has announced that the government will appeal from Judge Holt's decision. His ground is that "where the law enacts that every person who engaged in a conspiracy to restrain trade is guilty of a misdemeanor, it means that so long as the conspirators are continuing in a course of conduct which restrains interstate trade or commerce, they are violating the act, and that where the restraint of trade may be terminated by their voluntary act and not otherwise the statute of limitations does not begin to run in their favor until they perform the act which terminates the restraint and allows the current of trade which they had interrupted to resume its course." The issue thus raised is evidently of far-reaching importance, and the possibility of making the appeal furnishes pointed evidence of the utility of the act of March 2, 1907, which permits appeals by the government in criminal cases against judgments rendered on a special plea in bar.

The most persistent self-advertiser in New York city, who cannot even lose a trunk without having at least a column printed about it in the newspapers, Collector Loeb is now the subject of very disagreeable publicity. One of the ablest judges in our courts has deliberately censured him for his action in retaining in the government service three men who had confessed to taking money for defrauding the government by entering false weights. The granting of immunity to criminals who turn state's evidence is familiar, but to allow self-confessed rascals to remain in office is a public scandal. That the taxpayers, thanks to Mr. Loeb's bad judgment, have got to pay the salaries of confessed thieves is a trifle too much for endurance. The explanation is that they could not get employment elsewhere—as if that mattered. They are richly enough paid for any service they have rendered by the waiving of the punishment they deserve. We cannot believe that Mr. Taft and Mr. MacVeagh will approve such a confession of the ineffectiveness of the Treasury detectives, or consent to this degrading of the government service.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller's gift of a million dollars for the purpose of investigating and combating the hookworm disease, is a piece of enlightened philanthropy. Only two or three years ago, the existence of this disease was hardly understood; the first announcement of the discovery of the parasite gave occasion for unending merriment by newspaper jesters the country over. Now, however, the extent of the evil has been discovered to be so great as to call for prompt and vigorous action. As in the case of tuberculosis and other preventable diseases, the evil done by the hookworm can be estimated in dollars and cents. Hence the value of the gift will appeal especially to business men who have heretofore looked upon the discovery of the hookworm as the latest medical fad. Following the usual form of his more recent benevolent undertakings, Mr. Rockefeller has appointed a board of twelve members, most of whom have been influential in administering his great gifts for education and medical research, many of them of the very highest professional standing. There is, therefore, every guarantee of wise and scientific administration.

The theatre is coming into its own, if the progress of civilization among the American people may be judged from the magazines—and who is there that would dare to question that fact? With the opening of the new institution on Central Park West as a text, pretty nearly every November magazine has something to say on the drama, and some magazines say it twice. But the tendency has been manifest for the last year or two. Nearly all the popular magazines have their monthly dramatic review, each after its own fashion. The sprightly publications have run to chatter and merry quip. The uplift magazines dilate on the advent of the American playwright and how much money he makes. The Excelsior-and-never-say-die magazines point out how many tens of thousands of dollars it costs to stage a play, and urge the unrecognized playwright to be patient. All the magazines run to pictures, and most of them to excess. It may be that reasons of economy are behind the sudden development of the theatrical department in the monthly publications. A handful of photographs of handsome women costs almost nothing. But whatever the fact may be it is apparent that Puritanism in the

rural districts must be rapidly declining, if the number of chorus-ladies photographed for the popular periodicals is an index.

In reading the detailed account of the proceedings in the House of Commons when the government was challenged to justify its failure to make representations to the Spanish government concerning the prospective execution of Ferrer, one cannot fail to be impressed by the contrast with what would have taken place in our own House of Representatives. There was, the report states, a condition of strained expectancy when, amid profound silence, the leader of the Labor party put his question. Sir Edward Grey, secretary of state for foreign affairs, replied in a few brief sentences which, however, fully covered the ground. "His Majesty's government," he said, "cannot depart from the rule not to interfere or to express opinions concerning matters of internal administration in other European countries when no British subjects or treaty rights are involved. . . . This rule is one observed, so far as I am aware, by all European governments in their dealings with each other, and to depart from it would serve no useful purpose." Additional questions and comments failed to draw from him another word of any kind, and the completeness with which the issue had been disposed of, in the judgment of the House, was made manifest when, on a test question, only eighteen members out of the whole House voted with the mover of the protesting motion. It is quite certain that among the members of the House there are many who could talk with great liveliness on various phases of the Ferrer case, but the habit still prevails there of regarding the proceedings as a matter of carrying on the country's government and not as an opportunity for getting one's thoughts—or words—on things in general into print.

The bye-election in Bermondsey last week can fairly be interpreted only as a severe blow to the Liberals. No one expected them to hold their tidal-wave majority of 1906, but that a seat which they then carried by above 1,700 majority should now go to the Conservatives by a plurality of more than 900 cannot be taken except as a decided reverse. It is true that the contest three years ago was straight-out, while last week it was three-cornered, and that if the Socialist-Labor vote of Dr. Salter, 1,435, were added to the Liberal vote of 3,291, it would leave the Conservatives in a minority by more than 400. But this is cold comfort for the Liberals. On a total poll increased from the 7,791 of 1906 to the 9,004 votes cast last week, the Conservatives gained 1,217 while the Liberals *lost* 1,484. And to say that the third candidate drew off enough votes to decide the election is only to say that the Liberals have not been able to arrange a working-agreement with the Socialists and the Labor party. One bye-election does not make a party defeat, but the triumph of the Conservatives in a strictly working-class constituency will make them more ready to force a general election on the issue of the budget. Unless some compromise is patched up an appeal to the country may be looked for not later than January.

The throwing of acid upon the Bermondsey ballots by the suffragettes illustrates clearly the danger of Mrs. Pankhurst's policy. True, the organization which tried to spoil the ballots was not Mrs. Pankhurst's, and the reports vary as to whether acid or coloring fluid was used; one of the inspectors was, however, injured and his eyesight imperilled. The suffragettes, who assert that they never have injured anybody by their stone-throwing, may offset this act by citing the playing of a hose upon an imprisoned suffragette for which Mr. Gladstone has apologized in the House of Commons. But the point we would make is that a policy of violent obstruction is apt to be carried too far by the ill-balanced people who attach themselves to every cause. Maria Weston Chapman once said that the good Lord used as His tools in the anti-slavery cause some persons that she would not touch with a twenty-foot pole; and some might say the same of a few of those connected with the suffragette movement. The right to lawful assembly, to voice their protests, to approach the government which taxes them without representation, ought to be granted to every Englishwoman. Even the disturbing of meetings by heckling speakers is a time-honored British custom. But an actual deed of violence may put Mrs. Pankhurst's cause back for years by depriving it of public sympathy.

In our ignorance, we do not know what a "whist-drive" is, but we note with interest that English bishops are pronouncing against it as a means of raising money for church purposes. We infer that it is a form of gambling. Its condemnation marks a certain advance since advertisements were published beseeching English society people to set aside one-quarter of their winnings at bridge for holy objects. The whist-drive, however, must be more offensive, for the Archbishop of York "rather deprecates the practice" of putting churches in funds by means of it. Other ecclesiastics are reported as "intensely disliking" it, or "declining to accept money raised by this means." The Bishop of St. Albans "could not use the proceeds of whist-drives for any kind of spiritual work." This would seem to limit the application of sums won at cards to the purely non-spiritual work of the churches.

German newspapers have been discussing an interview which the new Chancellor recently gave to a French editor. In it, Herr Bethmann-Hollweg intimated that he had taken office with an absolutely free hand, so far as political parties were concerned. He should hold fixed relations with no party group in the Reichstag, but should maintain a position of entire independence. This may be taken in two ways. It may be intended to convey the meaning that the Chancellor regards his power as derived exclusively from the Kaiser, and that he is opposed to the idea of a responsible Ministry, or anything approaching it. On the other hand, it may signify that the Chancellor wishes to notify the combination of Conservatives and Clericals and Poles which upset Prince Bülow that their rejoicings are premature, and that Bethmann-Hollweg will not be their obedient servant, but will feel at liberty to rule by means of any other groupings in the Reichstag. Party backing of some kind he must have; since no divine right can get taxes voted except by a majority. There is, of course, the possibility of dissolving the Reichstag, but there is also the certainty of great gains by the Social-Democrats, whenever a general election is held. All told, therefore, the oracle of the new Chancellor is sufficiently Delphic.

JUDICIAL PROCEDURE IN AMERICA

Among the problems that are constantly clamoring for attention, there is one which, while among the most important and the most difficult, presents a refreshing contrast to most of the others. In almost every field of remedial agitation, the dominant element is the moral crusading, the denunciation of selfishness or turpitude, the exposure of corruption or dishonesty. In one matter, however, the evil is discussed by responsible critics in an objective and impersonal way; and for this, in these days of much muckraking, good and bad, there is reason to be grateful. Such an article, for example, as that by Mr. George W. Alger on "Treadmill Justice," in the November *Atlantic*, is simply a presentation of facts and an analysis of causes, not an arraignment of individuals or a homily on national morality. It perceives that a certain state of things has grown up which is full of the gravest faults and fraught with most serious mischief; but it brands nobody as a malefactor and attacks no class or section of the community.

This by no means implies that the article is wanting in emphasis or in moving quality. On the contrary, the examples it cites of the delays and perversions of justice bred by our methods and habits of judicial procedure are calculated not only to impress but to amaze the average reader. When we read of the case of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce, few of us imagine that anything bearing a remote resemblance to the story of "Bleak House" can even now be going on in our own country; and yet Mr. Alger gives in detail the history of a simple accident case, involving no difficult question of law, which came to an end in New York State only three years ago, after having been in the courts continually for twenty-two years; of another case—a complex case against an insurance company—which was tried no less than nine distinct times and which the plaintiff abandoned in despair, refusing at last to go to his lawyers about it or to appear when the case was being tried; and of other cases comparable to these in their intolerable protraction. Nor are these cases so exceptional as to furnish no indication of the ordinary operation of the system. The report made to the Governor of New York in 1904 by the Commission on the Law's Delay not only exhibits the extent of the evil by a great mass of particulars, but voices also a general opinion:

> The condition of our own courts recalls that of the courts of the Roman Empire before the reforms instituted by Justinian, and of which Gibbon wrote, as if describing our own situation:
>
> "The expense of the pursuit sometimes exceeded the value of the prize, and the fairest rights were abandoned by the poverty or prudence of the claimants. Such costly justice might tend to abate the spirit of litigation, but the unequal pressure seems only to increase the influence of the rich, and to aggravate the misery of the poor.
>
> "By these dilatory and expensive proceedings the wealthy pleader obtains a more certain advantage than he could hope from the accidental corruption of a judge."

It would be of little use to dwell on these evils if there were no prospect of remedy. That they will not be mended in a day is certain; but that improvement, and radical improvement, will come in a reasonably near future, there is ground for believing. In the first place, in the past few years there has been a remarkable growth of serious interest in the subject, of which the most notable manifestation, perhaps, has been the emphatic recognition of its urgency by President Taft. Secondly, it is always possible to point to the example of England, which in the course of a few decades advanced from a point of backwardness in judicial methods far behind our own to a condition in which she is a shining example of efficiency, promptness, and good sense. As Mr. Alger points out, it was possible, at the end of a half-century of Queen Victoria's reign, for Lord Chief Justice Bowen to say, what we are very far from being able to say in America to-day: "It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that it is not possible in the year 1887 for an honest litigant in Her Majesty's Supreme Court to be defeated by any mere technicality, any slip, any mistaken step, in his litigation. . . . Law has ceased to be a scientific game that may be won or lost by playing some particular move." And what England has done, America can do and must do.

But there is a third reason for hopefulness. It lies in the practical unanimity of all who have considered the subject as to the main defect to be remedied. Two things are at the root of the evil: The absence of a reasonable limitation of the right of appeal, and the minimizing of the functions of the courts of first instance which goes naturally with absence. The ramifications of this pervading defect are shown in many ways in Mr. Alger's article. Not only does it lead to intolerable delay, and not only does the usual practice of our higher courts produce unnecessary hardship in ordering a new trial even in cases where the law empowers them to end the litigation by their own decision. The omnipresence of the idea of appeal operates to lower the tone and impair the effectiveness of the judges in the lower courts all along the line. The judge who must ever tread gingerly lest he slip into saying something that may be made a ground for reversal is unable either to confront the real problem with full vigor or to address the jury in language adapted to the requirements of the case and to the limitations of their knowledge. And, as in all such matters there is a vicious circle of cause and effect: the judges of the lower courts, shorn of their rightful power and dignity, seem comparatively unimportant officers; as a consequence, men of inferior calibre are supposed good enough to fill these judgeships, and hence results a further decline in their importance. From every point of view, therefore, the centre of attack must be not only the law, but the habitual practices of appeal procedure; and in this direction of reform the efforts of the leaders of the bar, throughout the country, must grow in volume and intensity until the end is attained.

THE FOOTBALL DEATHS.

For a long time past defenders of football, as it is played to-day, have been saying frankly: "If a player on a first-class football team is killed, it will be all up with the game." Well, Cadet Byrne, the acting captain of West Point's eleven, a first-class team, is dead, and the Annapolis quarterback is lingering with a broken spine, there being a bare possibility that an operation will restore him to health. Yet we have the usual protestations that such accidents, deplorable as they may be, are inseparable from manly sports, and that the game is necessary to develop the right qualities in the future soldier or sailor. There is even a dispatch from a Chicago college president putting the blame on the short hours of practice of the West Point team, as if the cadets, with their rigid drills, were not always

in the pink of physical condition. No; the myth that football is fatal only to members of scrub teams is now exploded. Everybody familiar with the game knows that a player may be stretched out in the Harvard-Yale game precisely as was the poor fellow at West Point on Saturday.

Surely, the moving spectacle of that dying boy ought to be enough to bring about a final reform of the game or, if the present rules are clung to, its abolition. For it is the mass play which is responsible. Throughout this season, the whole trend of the play has been towards the old massing of men against one spot in the opponents' line. From Harvard particularly have come telegraphic reports of a resort to the "old-fashioned game." At West Point before the tragedy Harvard's team displayed little else besides brute ability to plough through the cadets' defence. Its chief reliance is a 200-pound plunging halfback who is repeatedly hurled into the line. According to a trustworthy report, the forward pass, from which so much was expected two years ago, came into play only three times, and with indifferent success. In other words, the game is drifting back to the old conditions, when it was wholly a question of shoving the ball forward by mass-play, when the light, agile man was excluded, and skill and speed discounted. The make-up of the teams this year is in itself a confirmation of this reaction, for most of the players are of the "beefy" type.

All this can be stopped if those in control of the game wish to end it. When the Rules Committee last "opened up" the game, they made ten yards the distance to be gained by a team with the ball, in default of which the ball must be surrendered. Now, if ten yards are not enough to stop mass-play, let them make it twenty yards, so as to make necessary kicking, forward passing, and long end-runs. The difficulty is that the Rules Committee is in the hands, not of critics of the game, but of men who desire to make just as few changes as possible and are quite averse to reconstituting it in such a way that it will resemble the English or "soccer" game, in which players are not allowed to run carrying the ball. The chief argument we have heard against this change is that the English game is not an exciting enough contest for the young American, precisely as cricket can make no headway against baseball, because it lacks sensational possibilities.

We are not denying that the football of 1909 is a great deal better than that of 1905—so high an authority as Walter Camp brings that out in his article on College Football in the current *Century*—any more than we overlook the fact that there are fatalities in baseball as well as in football. But the killing of a man in mass-play is a different thing from an occasional death from a pitched or batted ball. Mass-play means injuries in every practice and every game; any one who has followed the daily dispatches from the football field must admit this. Harvard, for instance, was without three of her first-string players on Saturday, all veterans of last year's successful team. A baseball team deprived of three of its players is a rarity, indeed. What is needed is the elimination of all unnecessary risk, if the game is to persist; and when the danger disappears it will be an infinitely better and more interesting sport. One thing is certain, the deaths in this season's football are not due to any features of the open game.

In the hands of the supine college presidents lies the power to insist on the needed changes. Let them but notify the Rules Committee that Columbia's example will be followed if the game is not reformed once for all, and that committee will become overnight the busiest set of inventors in the United States. Then, with the game ordinarily safe, the question of the desirability of continuing intercollegiate contests on their present scale can be discussed with greater calmness than is now possible. Meanwhile, we trust right-thinking men and women the country over will bring all pressure possible to bear upon college authorities for a radical change. Football is not merely a sport now; it is a contrivance for injuring and maiming—for more men go through life with "game" knees, battered shoulders, and broken tendons than the public has any idea of. And no one, we trust, will be misled by to-day's West Point manifesto that football "fosters the manly virtues that are especially necessary in war." The chief thing aimed at in war is to kill, and kill quickly, and—shades of Gettysburg!—there were manly West Point cadets and the bravest and most virtuous of American soldiers long before football was ever heard of. We have, indeed, such faith in Col. Scott and his West Point corps of teachers as to assert that, without football, the cadets they would turn out would be neither vicious, nor effeminate, nor cowardly.

CLAUDE LORRAIN: TEACHER.

A book that has had its day in Germany describes Rembrandt as teacher ("Rembrandt als Erzieher"), but we think an honest survey of the group of his paintings now at the Metropolitan Museum would only warn off the wise artist in whatever medium. Rembrandt seems so solitary, inapproachable, inimitable. In his wake lies nothing but shipwreck for us. Possibly our painters and men of letters would do better to take counsel of that more accessible genius, Claude Lorrain, a small but precious collection of whose sketches is now being shown at one of the prominent print-sellers.

It is hard to imagine anything more edifying than these little notes in ink and sepia. On a palm's breadth of paper you see a river valley winding its way in to the roots of distant mountains. Or again you catch the sense of wind and rain and broken light over square miles of rolling champaign. Or, perhaps, a few spare objects—a tree, a castle, a mountain ridge—are set down so justly that one feels the vast stretches of intervening air. These, despite his detractors, are the well recognized merits of Claude in his slightest as in his monumental work.

But the defects of these drawings seem even more instructive. Yes, Ruskin, brutally in error on the main issue, was right in minuter specifications of dissent. How perfunctory are the tree forms and foreground indications generally; any one of a score of League students could give these objects more character. The handling of the wash is slow, timid, and almost casual; fifty contemporary illustrators could do the thing more crisply. In short, the magic of the hand is almost absent from these sketches. They are in a manner ill-done—and supremely, inapproachably lovely. The fact may well give pause to a generation of artificers that has sought salvation mainly in the cunning of the hand.

The superlative detail has long been

assiduously preached. It has almost been assumed that the law and gospel of the literary art were summed up in the commandment: Make unique and lovely phrases; of painting in the formula: Let your touch be exquisite. Perhaps this particularism is based on a rather stupid adherence to the talk—not the practice, mind you—of Flaubert in letters and of Manet in painting. There seem to be souls simple enough to imagine that "Madame Bovary" is a great book because of its incidental rhetoric. As a matter of fact, only its relentless movement and massiveness have kept it alive. The intolerable labor of the file with which Flaubert tortured himself is largely labor lost. Manet is, indeed, exquisite in every detail, but the merit lies always in the balanced impact of the whole composition. In other words, it is the intellectualized vision of the man, and that only, which gives worthy employment to the sensitive hand.

Now, the dilemma of every artistic life is to strike the just balance between reflection and execution. Obviously, execution cannot safely be neglected. Even Claude attained to a placid adequacy in this regard. And because he refused to do more, his case is peculiarly instructive. It is as if he felt so keenly the importance of the original constructive vision that he declined to blunt or complicate it through executive processes too painful or too prolonged. Ingres once said rather stupidly that to draw a picture was everything, and that the painting went of itself. Claude may be imagined as saying that to see pictures was everything—to see them with utmost clarity and fervor—and that the rest was largely a tedious superfluity. The doctrine is perilous, but, as a personal maxim at least, Claude's practice fully justifies it.

Yes, the constructive side of art is the important one, and, to-day, whether in criticism or in formal instruction, the most neglected. Let no one who has thought and felt a work clearly despair lest adequate means of expression be denied him. Let him merely beware of mistaking diffused ambition for clarified vision. History gives us no record of a truly creative soul denied adequate means of expression. We may amuse ourselves by wishing for a more athletic Claude or a Watts obedient to the teachings of Couture, but it is folly. What painter who talks glibly to this end would venture practically to alter or efface a single stroke of a Claude seaport or a Watts portrait? No, we must take our geniuses as they come. The danger is quite the other way—that hundreds of aspirants with really nothing to say may attain a specious technical facility, and thus impose their emptiness upon us.

And right here we advise every young person who is painting or writing to go and see the Claude drawings. You, sir, accomplished spinner of phrases; you, sir, skilful combiner of planes and values, may test yourself against these little sheets of yellowed paper. If you loftily scorn these modest works for the phrases you fancy you could amend, there is no hope for you. Go on being just one more clever futile person, and pray merely that the abyss of your own emptiness may never be fully revealed to you. If, on the contrary, you can feel the large harmony of design, the fervid sanity of conception, in these little drawings, the visit may mark for you the beginning of artistic righteousness.

Two new buildings, one in Boston, one here, are each the product of most intelligent and tasteful architects. These buildings are scholarly and refined in detail, even exquisite in the proportions of the order, adjustment of decoration, etc., but each looks as if it could be covered by an inverted soap box. In other words, they have been conceived in paper, not in stone, in the parts and not in the whole. To regain the lost position of monumental design is the problem of modern art in whatever branch. Claude may well be a leader to take us from the levels of cheese-paring ideas to the upland of genial creation. From him, and partly, as we have seen, in virtue of his defects, we may learn that it is composition and mass that really count in picture, novel, or pediment. Withal—again by reason of his defects—Claude is a most available guide. What heights he reached, although troubled by a certain weakness of heart! Some such vantage point surely must be accessible to those of us who boast of our temperament, if only we can subordinate it to a fine and purposeful intelligence. We need, in short, to look inward towards the springs of vision, and concern ourselves less with doing. Long before Claude, the ordeal of the artist was suggested in the words, "As a man thinkth in his heart, so is he." When an artist thinketh nothing in his heart, the art, whatever its specious appearance or repute, will be—according.

THE CHILD'S LIBRARY.

As the season for publishing children's Christmas books sets in, we note again a pamphlet, artistically printed and designed, entitled "The Child's Own Library: A Guide to Parents." Ambiguous though the sub-title may seem, the purpose of this publication by the Brooklyn Library is heartily to be approved. "This list has been compiled," we read, "in answer to a demand frequently made upon this library by parents and friends of boys and girls who desire to present their young people with the best of books, yet who realize the snares laid for purchasers in the enormous yearly output of mediocre 'juveniles' and in the glittering bargain-book counters of the department store." Included in the catalogue of "The Child's Own Library" one finds, not books of science and art and history, but the "books of power"—to apply De Quincey's phrase to these children's classics. There are sixty titles in all, among them the Kate Greenaway books; Hans Christian Andersen, Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales"; Kingsley and Bunyan and "The Arabian Nights." It would be pleasant for grown-ups to linger over some of the books, in the spirit of Hazlitt re-reading old favorites in maturity. But the real subject is the Child's Own Library, and how it is made up.

The old recipe was simple enough. It was, as those of us remember who read, as children, books especially prepared for us, a matter of writing down to the proper level. Instead of taking his readers up into a hill country, with widening horizons, the manufacturer of juveniles felt it his obligation to sink himself to the supposed ineptitude of the untrained mind. Hawthorne was among the first to permit his theme to soar, "whenever such was its tendency." He wrote in a preface of 1851 that "children possess an unestimated sensibility to whatever is deep or high, in imagination or feeling, so long as it is simple." They are bewildered only by the artificial, the complex. With what dismay must Hawthorne's calm assertions have struck the juvenile-purvey-

ors, the international brotherhood of Berquins! And yet perhaps they fancied him no real adversary; only a misguided enthusiast, who had stepped out of the House of the Seven Gables by mistake. If so, time has proved them wrong.

Hawthorne's principle was to rise with his subject. Probably Anatole France knows Hawthorne only by reputation, and for his greater tales: it is not to be supposed that he ever read the sentences we have quoted from one of Hawthorne's prefaces. And yet they agree so perfectly in this matter, the New Englander of yesterday and to-day's French cosmopolitan, that the slave to the parallel-column method of criticism would be tempted to allege a borrowing. It is the simple truth that men's feelings have changed on this subject of juveniles: a new kind of books *pour la jeunesse* is now demanded, in France as here at home. When the maker of "Le Livre de mon ami" wrote that children resent a writer's attempt to enter their own peculiar kingdom, but call for admittance to the wider world of the adult, he was expressing his own thought. And this little piece of child-psychology explains why books like Mr. Kenneth Grahame's, however exquisite, rarely appeal to children. Something of artifice repels them, though their elders accept it freely. Old-fashioned books of generous sentiment—"Lord Fauntleroy" and other Victorian child-romances—they do not refuse. The ultimate requirement is the child in a grown-up world, not the adult in the children's palace of youth. In nature-books and the like, the case is only slightly altered. If grown-ups count for little in Mr. Kipling's "Jungle Books," one has a world of other non-childish characters: Rikki-Tikki-Tavi and the forest brotherhood.

The writer of books for children must not condescend. His task is not to be thought of as a bit of relaxation. To have something to say, to say it without artifice, without complexity, is his problem. Nor is it a case of inventing a "special style." Anatole France, who writes so delightfully of his own childhood, has set down all the really expressible specifications. "Think well," he counsels; "write well; give life to everything you write, and let it be powerful, broad, big." Most of the books published this autumn will doubtless fall to stand these tests; but what of that? Also, the fact remains that the best books for children are the books written for men and women; not, of course, *all* the books written for them, but those neither over-written nor over-subtilized. Boys there are who have enjoyed their elders' "Don Quixote" and Cooper. Boys have got as much pleasure as any one out of "Robinson Crusoe"; yet that was a book composed for gravest merchants, and bearded sailormen detained in port. The nucleus of the Child's Own Library is a precious heritage that was his father's before him. The books most unquestionably good for children are good for all the world.

NOTES FROM SWITZERLAND.

NEUCHÂTEL, October 21.

The new University of Neuchâtel was inaugurated with some ceremony on October 19, when Prof. Arthur Piaget was installed as rector. By the authority of the Neuchâtel government, and with an increased endowment, the old "Academy" now assumes a more ambitious name. A faculty of medicine is still wanting; but as there are several hospitals in or near the town, it seems probable that this department of the university will soon be equipped. This makes a fifth Swiss institution of the kind: the others are at Bâle, Geneva, Lausanne, Berne, Zürich, and Fribourg.

Neuchâtel has for many years been a favorite centre of education. It has, in addition to its Collège Latin, a large school of commerce which attracts many students from England and Germany, as well as from Russia, and even from Cuba. Americans are conspicuous by their absence. The town literally bristles with *pensionnats* for boys and girls. There is an excellent and well-managed public library. The French spoken by the educated class is not inferior to that of Geneva.

At the opening of the new university, there were no representatives of foreign institutions. The proceedings began with the delivery of an elaborate address from the rector and senate of the University of Geneva. After congratulatory speeches by a councillor of state and by Meckenstock, the vice-rector, Dr. Piaget made an inaugural address on "The Library of the Counts of Neuchâtel." It was rather too academic for such an occasion; but the new rector is also a professor of history, and it was perhaps fitting that he should discuss the literary traditions of Neuchâtel from the days of Philippe le Bon and the Burgundian dominion. Unfortunately, he spoke not of the books themselves, but only of an inventory found in the château here. This inventory mentions a number of early editions, such as the works of Aristotle, of St. Augustine, and the Decameron, all of the fourteenth century. There are now in the library remnants of the ancient collection—fragments of Bibles, missals, and romances of the Round Table, beside a number of curious old bindings.

After this antiquarian discourse, the festivities usual on such occasions took place. There was a "banquet" on the beautiful terrace which overlooks the town and the lake. There were congratulatory speeches and, of course, many reminiscences. In the evening a grand *Commers* was held. To this came in procession a long procession of students of Neuchâtel, past and present. The two chief corps of the Swiss universities, the Zofingiens and the Bellelettriens, made a brave display. Some of them were on horseback; and all wore their colored caps and other insignia. There was much military music, and a profusion of banners. The procession, in spite of the torches and enthusiasm, was not so interesting as are functions of this kind in Germany. But the Swiss have a great liking for pageants. Among the floats were three representing the discovery of the North Pole. One of these was an elaborate globe with Peary perched on top holding the Stars and Stripes, the singular blue and red of which were a marvel to one's patriotic soul.

Even if Switzerland has already too many universities, it must be acknowledged that, for those who wish to work, Neuchâtel is an ideal academic town. Its quiet streets remind one of Philadelphia in its less degenerate days. It is singularly free from drinking-places and low resorts. Its theatre, although built apparently to cremate the audience in case of fire, gives performances well-adapted to the morals of the British and German maidens who come to study French amid strait-laced and economical surroundings. All who know Northern Switzerland can recall the fine environments of the town. The graceful Gothic spires of the Collegiate Church, and the ancient tower of the château rise above the blue lake across which appear the white summits of the Bernese Oberland. In the direction of Geneva can be seen the jagged ridge of the Dents du Midi; and still farther to the south, Mont Blanc shows itself like a white cloud above the intervening hills.

The old Neuchâtel Academy, which forms the nucleus of the new foundation, has a peculiar relationship to two sister universities in America—Harvard and Princeton. To the former it gave Agassiz; to the latter, Guyot. Collections and books, maps, and busts show that these men of science are not forgotten here.

By the death at Geneva of the palæontologist, Perceval de Loriol le Fort, the public and university library there

has acquired a collection of rare and valuable books and plates relating to the Protestant Reformation, including many fugitive publications and controversial pamphlets chiefly of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The bequest comes rather strangely from one whose main work had been in natural science. The remainder of his library and some palæontological collections of considerable importance were left to the Geneva Museum.

The cathedral at Lausanne, destroyed by fire in the twelfth century, but rebuilt in the thirteenth, has been undergoing a thorough restoration according to plans of Viollet-le-Duc. After passing into the hands of the Protestants, the church by the dismantling of the sanctuary lost much of its original beauty. But aside from the fine Gothic interior there are two things which have given the cathedral wide celebrity: the finely carved wooden stalls in the choir, and the splendid rose window. The latter, however, fell into a deplorable state, owing chiefly to the negligence of the Lausanne authorities. About twenty-five years ago a committee on restoration decided to reconstruct the window. All the glass was removed, carefully arranged, and then replaced by Eduard Hosch, a Bernese artist. But to make the work successful, it was found necessary to effect a radical reconstruction of the entire façade of the church. The work has lately been completed. The result is that the splendor of the old window reappears; and its colors of extraordinary brilliancy illuminate every part of the cathedral. The design is an *Imago Mundi*. The sun and moon, the four seasons, the twelve months, the signs of the zodiac, the rivers of paradise, and the winds are represented by allegorical figures; while a religious touch is added by an image of Jesus appearing to John the Baptist. The window always provoked the admiration of connoisseurs, and is now a fitting decoration of the severe interior, making the Lausanne church one of the finest in Switzerland.

A Swiss Saul has appeared among the minor prophets of Christian Science. Professor Dubois of Berne, whose work, "Les Psychonévroses," has just reached a second edition, speaks a good word for Mrs. Eddy's methods. Although an agnostic, Dubois regards the Christian Science method as a species of his own which he calls "moral treatment." He employs it chiefly in functional diseases, and claims for it remarkable results. The dispute between Dubois and the hypnotic school of Nancy has already been noticed in the *Nation*, and is as keen as ever. But the latest attack on Dubois and defence of the hypnotic against the moral treatment of disease is a monograph, "La Suggestion hypnotique et la psychothérapie actuelle," by Dr. Bonjour of Lausanne, who not only assails Dubois's methods, but casts doubt upon his results. Dubois is a seceder from the hypnotizing school of Nancy, having been a disciple of Bernheim, and now argues that hypnotic treatment is dangerous and even immoral. Bonjour, who writes logically and vigorously, maintains that Dubois's "moral treatment" differs only in degree from hypnotic suggestion, and seeks to prove by statistics that the latter is far more effective.

Those who like to sup on horrors should read a realistic novel lately published at Lausanne (Payot et Cie.). It is entitled "Jean-Luc persécuté" and is by C. F. Ramuz. The scene is laid high up in the Valaisian Alps, and the book abounds in graphic descriptions of life in that region. As for the story, it is the narrative of an unhappy peasant *ménage*, told in quaint and very simple language. The wife is unfaithful, the husband becomes insane, and the dénouement of the tragedy is fire, murder, and suicide. It is by no means a "penny thriller." The author knows Valais and its peasantry well. Almost at the same time with the publication of this novel, appeared a beautifully printed and illustrated account by the same author of life in that picturesque district, which tourists as a rule know only as they pass along its *grandes routes* during the summer months. A. A.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

More than once reference has been made in this column to important manuscript acquisitions of Stephen H. Wakeman. Now we have to chronicle the sale of these manuscripts through George S. Hellman to J. Pierpont Morgan.

Mr. Wakeman began purchasing the books and manuscripts of the great American authors less than ten years ago, and in this short period he has brought together the most notable collection within its limits that has ever been formed. Mr. Morgan already possessed a number of manuscripts of American authors, notable among them being Holmes's "Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," Lowell's "A Year's Life," and Emerson's "Representative Men"; and this new addition makes his collection unapproachable. The Hawthorne manuscripts are by far the largest body of these in existence, the entire manuscript of "The Blithedale Romance" being the most important single item. This passed in 1897 from the possession of the Ticknor family, the publishers, and was bought by the late Bishop John F. Hurst, who, however, never had it in his possession. All the time of his ownership it rested in the safe of the New York booksellers from whom he secured it, and who later purchased it from him at a large advance, reselling it to Mr. Wakeman. The manuscript of "The Scarlet Letter" was destroyed, excepting only the title-page and table of contents, a single leaf, which was preserved by Mr. Bigelow of the University Press, where the book was put into type. From his family it passed into the Hawthorne collection of George M. Williamson, whose manuscripts were sold at auction in 1904. Two other Hawthorne manuscripts were acquired at the same sale, "Feathertop" (20 pages), and "The Ancestral Footstep" (88 pages). But the bulk of the Hawthorne collection came directly from the family through the intermediary of one or more booksellers. This comprises the original journals or diaries from which selections were made by Mrs. Hawthorne for the "American Note Books," the "English Note Books," and the "French and Italian Note Books." These thirteen volumes include much unpublished material. Some day, no doubt, they will be printed entire, as written. A commonplace book and three private diaries from which some selections were made for the "Hawthorne and His Wife" are also included, as also the manuscripts of Hawthorne's later novels: "Septimius Felton" (three different drafts of 88, 90, and 57 pages, besides two series of notes for the story); "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret" (two different drafts, one of 78 and one of 47 pages), and portions of "The Dolliver Romance."

The Thoreau collection is next in importance to the Hawthorne. Thoreau's manuscripts were bequeathed by his sister, Sophia, who died in 1876, to H. G. O. Blake. On his death they passed into the possession of E. H. Russell of Worcester. The diaries or journals consist of thirty-nine volumes enclosed in a wooden case made for them by Thoreau himself. Besides these journals, Mr. Wakeman secured many other Thoreau manuscripts, among them eleven volumes (between two and three thousand pages) of extracts from various authors on the life and customs of the American Indians, copied out by Thoreau, with comments.

Among the Poe manuscripts is a large fragment of "Tamerlane," differing very materially from the poem as first printed in 1827, and undoubtedly an earlier draft. This manuscript was formerly in the collection of Bishop Hurst. One of the few existing specimens of Poe's tales in manuscript, "The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether," was formerly in the Williamson collection. The most important of all, the manuscript of his play, "Politian," in large part unpublished, was described in the *Nation* of September 5, 1907. It was formerly in the possession of John H. Ingram, the English editor of Poe's works, although it passed from his hands many years ago. Mr. Morgan already possessed autograph manuscripts of "The Bells," "Annabel Lee," and a portion (all extant) of "The Raven."

The Whittier manuscripts also comprise the largest body of his writing extant. For the most part they come from Whittier's literary executor and biographer, Samuel T. Pickard. They comprise about fifty poems, many early drafts, besides letters and prose pieces.

The other great authors are represented, but necessarily to less extent. The Longfellow manuscripts are still in the possession of the family and are likely to go ultimately to Harvard University, which already possesses the bulk of Lowell's manuscripts. Mr. Wakeman, however, was able to secure several manuscript poems in Longfellow's autograph, and two poems by Lowell.

Emerson's manuscripts are for the most part preserved in Concord, and there is an agreement among his children that none of his books or manuscripts shall be sold without the consent of all of them, this agreement to be continued to future generations. As already stated, Mr. Morgan owned the manuscript of "Representative Men"; he has now added from Mr. Wakeman's collection the manuscripts of several important essays, including "Eloquence," "Considerations by the Way," and "Progress and Culture," as well as one poem, "The Titmouse."

Holmes destroyed most of his manuscripts, and Bryant's work was in large part journalistic, but the Wakeman collection includes fine specimens in both verse and prose of these two authors.

On the afternoon of November 8 the Anderson Auction Company will sell a collection of Americana, including Champlain's "Voyages" (1640), lacking the map; Trumbull's "History of Connecticut" (1818), Hazard's "Historical Collections" (1792), uncut; Colden's "Five Indian Nations of Canada" (1750); Proud's "History of Pennsylvania" (1797), uncut; and various items on the discovery and settlement of the West, captivities, local history, etc.

On November 9, afternoon and evening, they will sell the most extensive series of imprints from Horace Walpole's private press at Strawberry Hill, and Walpoliana generally, ever offered at a sale in this country. The collection was formed by Lewis Buddy, 3d, while he was the proprietor of the Kirgate Press, one of the most praiseworthy of the numerous private presses which were in operation all over the country eight or ten years ago. The press at Strawberry Hill, established in a cottage near his home and carried on under the direction first of William Robinson and later of Thomas Kirgate, as practical printer, was one of Walpole's chief amusements during the latter years of his life. Besides the seventy-seven lots belonging to Mr. Buddy, described under Walpole, the catalogue includes long series of first editions of Oscar Wilde and Richard Le Gallienne, publications of the Caxton Club of Chicago, several Aldines and Elzevirs, and other interesting titles.

On November 10 they sell a small collection, including some much-sought titles, among which "The Vicar of Wakefield" (Salisbury, 1766); "Paradise Lost" (1668), with the fourth title page; "Paradise Regained" (1671); Gray's "Odes" (1751); and Spenser's "Fowre Hymns" (1596), "The Faerie Queene" (1596), and "The Shepheard's Calendar" (1597); Shelton's translation of "Don Quixote" (1620); and Montaigne's "Essaies" (1588), are the most notable.

On November 9, 10, and 11, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company sells a miscellaneous collection, including first editions, publications of the Grolier Club, literary sets, etc.

On November 25, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge in London dispose of the library of the late John Mitchell Marshall, which comprises an extensive collection of books illustrated by Thomas and John Bewick, together with original water color and pencil drawings, and several autograph letters of Thomas Bewick. Among other books in the sale we note the first edition of White's "Natural History of Selborne," Lilford's "Coloured Figures of the Birds of the British Islands," seven volumes (1885-97), and a few first editions of Dickens.

On November 29 and 30 they sell a collection containing many French books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, mostly in fine bindings, old herbals in English and French, rare works on music, English dramatists and poets, fine art works, etc

Correspondence.

MR. CRANE'S INDISCRETION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In an editorial in your issue of October 21, entitled "Red-Hot Diplomacy," it is possible that you have done an injustice to Mr. C. R. Crane. Your central point is that he was guilty of an indiscretion, in that "he talked too freely with a newspaper reporter about State Department secrets in connection with our relations with Japan and China." This is a serious charge by a journal of the standing of the *Nation*. Possibly you may have evidence on this point not known to others; but, after looking into the case myself carefully, it does not seem that the evidence will support the claim of an indiscretion. You say "Mr. Crane's indiscretion is not denied by him." I think what you call the indiscretion of talking too freely about State Department secrets is flatly denied by Mr. Crane. He admits that he was asked certain questions by a newspaper reporter, and that he gave certain answers, but he expressly states that "the publication referred to did not mention my name, nor in my judgment would it have been a mistake if the Department of State had not chosen to vouch for its accuracy and give to it an official significance by its own conduct. It certainly contained nothing of substance that was not matter of common knowledge or deducible by any competent newspaper reporter from facts commonly known." If it should appear that any well-informed Washington correspondent could have written the now-offending article without having a word from Mr. Crane, it would be clear that Mr. Crane exercised due diplomatic reserve in this case, as he admittedly had in hundreds of other interviews. It is obvious that the newspaper world, from the time of Mr. Knox's sensational telegram recalling Mr. Crane from San Francisco to a certain later date never thought of connecting his recall with the article which was regarded as common property by writers of the press. Moreover, there is no evidence that Mr. Taft even regarded the article itself—no matter from whom it came—as important. If you will canvass the best of the Washington correspondents it will be found that they believed any one of them could have written the article, so far as its contents was concerned. Moreover, Mr. Crane had only a very brief interview with the writer of the article, just as he was leaving Washington, September 24. I believe an impartial examination of the evidence will show that Mr. Crane was not guilty even of a technical indiscretion.

Those who have known Mr. Crane for many years have always been impressed by his reserve and discretion, in business matters, in the delicate affairs of municipal politics (in which he was an efficient leader), and in his personal relations with distinguished men and diplomats of other countries with whom he had intimate connections. The report of an indiscretion of this sort belies the whole past reputation of the man, and is incredible to the best men in this community. It is stating a commonplace to say that the management of our foreign affairs has been badly "queered" in this whole region; and that the barbarous treatment of Mr. Crane is regarded as an affront to the city and to its business men, and that its effect must inevitably be to discourage those who are not professional politicians from accepting public service.

Then why should the rattled State Department have made such an extraordinary noise about the affair? It is not just, doubtless, to assign motives in such a case. But suppose that the Secretary were wilful, and touchy at not having been sufficiently consulted in this appointment, and possibly touchy at the intimate personal relations which seem to have been established between Mr. Crane and President Taft; suppose that Japanese interests realized that a man as strong as Mr. Crane at Peking would be difficult to handle; suppose these interests were fully aware of Mr. Crane's intimate knowledge of Japanese affairs during the war with Russia; suppose they grasped the importance to Japanese credit and bonds of the necessity of getting an increasingly stronger hold on Manchuria as a means of enlarging their industries and their sources of taxation; suppose these interests were influential in our financial markets; suppose that Japanese diplomacy and these financial forces wished to defeat the probable pro-American and pro-Chinese influence of Mr. Crane at Peking; suppose they raised the cry of "jingo" war-talk—then, under all these suppositions, might we not explain the curious action of the State Department? We may not insist that these suppositions have any basis; but they would explain every step in the unfortunate affair. They would explain why, at a late day, the interview was made an excuse for a calculated scheme to unhorse Mr. Crane. As the matter comes to be better understood, may it not be followed by a general exasperation at the extent to which a foreign country can carry its intrigues even to the pass of trying to humiliate a distinguished citizen of our own land? In this part of the world it is already clear that the Administration, and not Mr. Crane, has suffered. A few more Winona speeches, a few more defences of the Aldrich-Cannon combination, a few more such bulls by the State Department, and the next House of Representatives ought to pass into the control of the Opposition.

J. Laurence Laughlin.

Chicago, October 23.

[Mr. Crane's exact language was: "A brief conversation of mine with a newspaper representative contributed to the publication by him of a discussion of this agreement"—*i. e.*, between China and Japan; also: "As I was hurriedly leaving Washington a representative of an important paper asked me about the China-Japan agreement and I said the matter was under consideration . . . and I may have said that obviously no

statement would be prepared in the absence of Mr. Hoyt."—Ed. Nation.]

CONCERNING GREEN EYES AND GLASS SLIPPERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Is it possible to find any connection between green eyes and glass slippers? A little gossip may perhaps throw some light on this problem.

If to-day a British or American lover in praising the beauty of his beloved one declared that she had green eyes it would not seem to most of us an attractive portrait, and the lady, even if favorably disposed to him, might possibly think that he had sacrificed politeness on the altar of truth. There are some exceptions as we shall see, but since Shakespeare spoke of "green-eyed jealousy" emerald-tinted organs of vision have become almost impossible for attractive English-speaking damsels. Yet Dante's Beatrice had eyes which are likened to emerald. And in the modern languages of the Latin races green eyes are not held to be incongruous with either masculine or feminine beauty. Alain Morsang describing a Breton peasant girl, who is the heroine of his story, speaks of her green eyes smiling on her lover ("La Petite Yvonne dont les yeux verts lui souriaient"). There is a song by René Niverd which has been translated by R. H. Elkin. The French poet says:

> Tes yeux malicieux
> Ont la couleur de l'émeraude.

The English translator instinctively feels that this "will never do," and therefore renders it:

> The glint of your clear eyes
> Is as the light the emerald flashes.

This may be true to the spirit, but it is not faithful to the letter, for the French poet speaks not of the emerald's flash, but of the emerald's color. In Arsène Houssaye's story "Les Filles d'Eve" one of the three sisters whose history is recorded has "les yeux verts." This fact indeed plays an important part in the narrative of the tragic death of M. de Parfondval. Musidora, the heroine of Théophile Gautier's "Fortunio," has green eyes, and the fact is frequently mentioned. Alfred de Musset, in his "Namouna," has the phrase:

Sur les bras du jeune homme et sur ses pieds d'ivoire.
La nalade aux yeux verts pleurait en le quittant.

Mme. du Deffand describes Voltaire as having "petits yeux vert de mer." To La Fontaine Minerva is "la déesse aux yeux verts." Clement Marot describes Venus as having green eyes, and Ronsard speaks of the water-nymphs in the same way,

Vairs ot les oils e mult fier le visage ("Roman de Troie," 5157.)

Les yex ot plus vairs c'uns faucons ("Roman de la Rose," 533.)

There has been discussion as to the precise meaning of the phrase. No doubt it was sometimes held to refer to the piercing or shining quality of the glance, but in other cases it is quite clearly a color adjective. The passage from the "Roman de la Rose" is rendered by the old English translation:

> Hir yen grey as is a faucon.

Froissart describes that mediæval ruffian Gaston Phœbus, Comte de Foix—one of whose murders was that of his own son—as the handsomest man he had seen; and he had green eyes from which there came from time to time loving glances! This beautiful gentleman varied his atrocities by hunting, of which he was so enthusiastic a devotee that it drew him into literature. He was also most punctilious in his religious observances. In Old-French the phrase "yeux verts" is one of the commonest in describing the eyes of a beautiful woman; indeed so common that it became a mere convention.

Green eyes are found in Iberian lands. Thus José Rivera Indarte, a South American poet, puts into the mouths of the courtiers of Belshazzar these words:

> Los verdes ojos del rey
> Parecen dos esmeraldas,
> La purpura de la rosa
> Sus rojos labios no iguala.

And in old Spain there is in the description given by Cervantes of the gypsy girl Preciosa, a phrase which may have suggested to Victor Hugo the name of Esmeralda for his Romany maiden in "Notre Dame." For Doña Clara says: "Este sí que se puede decir cabello de oro: estos sí que son ojos de esmeraldas."

Longfellow has taken the same name of Preciosa for his gypsy girl in the "Spanish Student." Victorian describes her as

A pretty girl; and in her tender eyes
Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see
In evening skies.

Green was thought to be a hygienic color, and for this reason, as we are told by Isidore of Seville, the ancient libraries were paved with marble of that color. Dr. W. H. Engelmann states that the Portuguese and the Spaniards have a special word for a woman with green eyes. It is *zarca* and is borrowed from the Arabic. This precise meaning, however, does not appear in the ordinary dictionaries.

Nor are green eyes altogether unknown to English poets.

Don Adriano de Armado tells us that "Green indeed is the color of lovers" ("Love's Labour's Lost," Act 1, Sc. 2). This is not Shakespeare's only reference, for the Nurse, in "Romeo and Juliet," declares

> An eagle, madam,
> Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
> As Paris hath.

Swinburne also, in his "Felise," says

> O lips that mine have grown into,
> Like April's kissing May.
> O fervid eyelids, letting through
> Those eyes the greenest of things blue,
> The bluest of things grey.

Such references are not so common in English as in French literature.

But the Old-French *vair* had another meaning in addition to that which has been described. It was the name of a particular kind of fur—that of a species of squirrel called *vair*. This fur, which was dove-colored above and white underneath, is now known as *petit gris*, as we learn from Littré. The peasants are represented by de Joinville as saying: "Ils sont fourrés de vairs et de gris, et nous sommes vestus de povres draps." Thus we have:

> *vair*, a kind of fur, and
> *vair*, green, or piercing
> *verre*, glass.

And to this identity or approximation of sound the English Cinderella and the German Aschenbrödel owe the famous glass slippers.

Cinderella's fragile foot-wear must have been a difficulty to many children. But if glass slippers are not comfortable for a ball-room, fur or furred slippers do not seem very appropriate for dancing. Cinderella's story had no doubt been long current orally before it was written down by Perrault. Is it just possible that the real word should be *vert*? If green is a beautiful color for a lady's eye it cannot be an ugly one for her dancing shoes.

And thus we see that there is a possible connection between green eyes and glass slippers.

William E. A. Axon.

Southport, England, October 12.

DEMOCRACY AND LEARNING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Professor Webster's communication in the *Nation* of October 21 on "Science and Inaugurations" raises once again the interesting question whether our college and university life is necessarily less free than that of other countries. The quotation from Angelo Mosso's "La Democrazia nella Religione e nella Scienza," was especially to the point. That author says that no one expects to find real freedom in an American university! Is this true?

I call attention to this statement of Mosso not to air any personal views, but in the hope of eliciting the opinions of others who have had opportunity for wider experience in our academic life. The functions and powers of American college presidents, to which Professor Webster refers, are, at least, not difficult to account for; and one is not puzzled to understand how a leading university president could speak to a European audience last summer of the "poor college professor." But why Europeans should think there is little *academische Freiheit* in the United States, is a matter of more concern. It implies a criticism which goes to the very heart of our American life.

Is it the case that in a democracy, if there be such a thing, the wealthy and the privileged classes identify themselves with the university life—not as professors, but as trustees or benefactors, both of State and privately endowed institutions—and otherwise assume the position of authority which in monarchies or the older kind is occupied by the court or its hangers-on? In England, the universities have always been hostile to reforms and nearly always friendly to the court; in Germany, the university asserts its position as against both court and aristocracy; in Italy, it is the seed plot of Socialism; with us the academic life is said to be a bulwark of conservatism. If these statements are true, shall we admit that in England and the United States, the great teachers, the scientists, will generally be found on the side of reaction, of restraint, of privilege?

One thing is certainly true, all the colleges of the South before 1860 were positively and aggressively on the side of slavery in the prolonged conflict which ended in war; and I believe it is correct to say that nearly all of the schools of the North were opposed to Lincoln and the party of reform in 1861; and few will deny that the overwhelming majority of university and college men were, and still remain, indifferent or hostile to the reform movement of 1896.

This brings us back to the query: Is expert opinion, trained thinking, necessarily opposed in democracies to the feelings and

aspirations of the masses, who, in the final analysis, pay the bills, whereas in aristocratic societies, the reverse is true? It should seem to be so; and for the avowed reason that some one must "take care," some one conserve the heritage of the past, say what is true and what is "good form." If there be no king, we must create one. As Professor Mosso says, "where liberty is greatest, there tryanny is greatest." If this is the case, do we not run a very much greater risk of discord and civil war than the Germans whose teachers hold nothing quite so sacred as their privilege—and this privileged status, not high salaries, is what gives them their authority—to "say their minds" on all proper occasions?

How is democracy to get the greatest good from learning and from highly trained minds? Can we, for example, build up a public sentiment like that which supported Mommsen in his famous fight with Bismarck, a sentiment which will guarantee the greatest possible freedom to the best thinkers? How shall we attain a freedom independent of environment, of large endowments, of social fashion, and of popular feeling, so that a college teacher may publicly avow socialistic views in the South or vote the Democratic ticket in the North? Such liberty exercised with scholarly balance and with the firmness of real learning might be a priceless boon to us in the way of avoiding revolutions or wars like that of 1861.

WILLIAM E. DODD.

University of Chicago, October 25.

"THERE IS NO PEACE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of September 23 you publish a letter from Mr. Edward Ginn, in which he sets forth an elaborate proposal for the founding of a school of international peace. As a Hindu, I cannot but view with joy the progress that the world is making towards large and noble humanitarian ideals. But as an Indian Nationalist, I beg permission to record a most emphatic and unqualified protest against a proposal that is dishonest, immoral, and subversive of all true humanitarianism. Peace and humanity, sir, are words indulged in by Saxon, Latin, and mongrel races as a cloak beneath which to conceal their aggressive militarism, their spread-eagle imperialism. Being free and independent themselves, they seek to support each other, by pretensions of mutual amity, in the work of robbery and vandalism that they have accomplished at the expense of "weaker" races. But the fact remains that there are subject races groaning under the tyranny of unscrupulous alien despots. There are the Irish, the Poles, the Indians, the Egyptians, and the Africans that have yet to be emancipated to take their proper place in the work of the world. And so long as their subjection continues we shall destroy every vestige of international peace in the Old and the New World, until every country shall be free, independent, and self-governing.

Peace and Humanity are very different things from this European cant of peace and humanity—born of colossal ignorance, unfathomable irreligiousness, unscrupulous selfishness, and inordinate conceit. There can be no peace until every race now subject shall have trod the red road to national freedom by the ruthless destruction of all tyranny and despotism. Not until there is national independence and international equality can we allow any talk of international peace and the abandonment of the horrors of war.

VIRENDRANATH CHATTOPÁDHYÁYA.

London, October 15.

SOPHIE JEWETT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Sophie Jewett was almost a member of my family from her childhood, and her life and the plans she cherished for future work are well known to me. For this reason only, I beg to add a few lines to your brief and appreciative notice of her in a recent number.

Ad carmina condenda nata, her poetic feeling found expression throughout her childhood. More than one of the poems in "The Pilgrim" were written before she was twenty. She was only a few years older when she wrote "To-day's Daughter" for a Smith College commencement. During more than twenty years her poems, and quite recently her prose, have been appearing in the periodicals. Her poetic gift enriched her teaching. She was, too, an eager student; a frequenter of the libraries of Oxford and London, Rome and Florence, no less than of Boston. Milton's soleeism, "fairest of all her daughters," might be applied to her by a slight change, "most devoted of all her students." Yet she brought more than erudition to her Wellesley College classroom, and there was always something creative in her interpretation of poetry.

Miss Jewett's ready wit and her literary enthusiasm were never more brilliant than during the last months of her life. She had just published her masterly translation of "The Pearl" from the middle English into stanzas of the original complicated form and reiterated rhyme. She was at work on the transcription and translation of representative groups of folk-ballads in Romance languages and dialects. She might have added a few other ballads, but the collection as it stands is complete, and material is left for introduction and notes. This book will be published at an early day. Another piece of unfinished work is her translation of D'Annunzio's "The Daughter of Jorio." Extended passages are completed.

All of her critics have spoken of the wide range of her poetry. Her descriptive poems reproduce with vivid fidelity the very colors and sounds of nature, and the familiar outlines of the cities she loved:

> I see the far, fair city swim
> Through mists of memory bright yet dim
> Shining, even as it shone of old
> Through Arno's haze of subtile gold,
> By witchery
> Of distance, light and evening spun.
> Tall cypresses against the sun
> Distinct I see,
> Defiling darkly up the hill,
> As when we wandered at our will
> In Italy.

Splendid notes of indignation, courage, and faith are sounded in the poem "To Catherine Breshkovsky" (published two days after Miss Jewett's death), and in the ode which commemorates "the story of the Narva Gate." Even more characteristic are the poems which express an abiding consciousness of the endlessness of love and the victory of life over death. One finds this feeling in the rondeau, "If Spirits Walk," and in the lyric of simpler form, "Tasting the Wine of Death":

> Tasting the wine of death he found it sweet;
> Drank deeper draughts and only smiled the more;
> As if he touched the hand that held the cup,
> As if he saw the Christ look down on him,
> Content he whispered, "Lord, I drink to Thee."

WOLCOTT CALKINS.

Newton, Mass., October 29.

"THE WAY TO RESUMPTION."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial note, October 14, on abolishing tips, you allude to "Horace Greeley's maxim," "The way to resumption is to resume." Was not Salmon P. Chase the true author of the phrase? It occurs in a letter from Chase to Greeley, dated May 17, 1866, which can be found in Schucker's "Life of Salmon P. Chase," p. 410 (D. Appleton & Co., 1874).

NATHAN J. MILLER.

New York, October 25.

Literature.

"OLD UNHAPPY FAR-OFF THINGS."

Recollections of a Long Life. By Lord Broughton (John Cam Hobhouse). With Additional Extracts from his Private Diaries. Edited by his daughter, Lady Dorchester. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6 net.

Byron: The Last Phase. By Richard Edgcumbe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

The books that Hobhouse published in his lifetime are now well forgotten, nor do we commonly stop to think that the elaborate notes to "Childe Harold" were from his pen. He is remembered as the friend of Byron, who travelled with his lordship in his first long journey to the East. Yet Hobhouse was a man of some note in his day, was fairly effective in Parliament, and a supporter of more than one beneficent reform. As early as 1817 (he was born in 1786) George Ticknor, who met him in Venice, speaks of him as one "who, after a youth of dissipation, has now become a severe student." The two volumes here edited by his daughter, and published (in London) by the descendant of Byron's "My Murray," are made up of selections from a vast mass of papers—autobiographical records, diaries, books, etc.—and bring his life down to 1822; there are indications that other volumes are to follow.

It must be confessed that as a whole these pages are pretty thin reading, being filled out with the ordinary "dined here," "went there," "met so-and-so," which a man records for his own memory and not for the world. The account of the first journey with Byron, for instance, is particularly jejune. Here and there a good anecdote slips in, such as the remark of Schlegel (Heine's "Au-

gust Wilhelm") to Madame de Staël's complaint that German literature was on the decline: "Quoi, Madame, vous oscz dire ça du pays de Frederick Schlegel devant William Schlegel!" Here and there, too, we get a glimpse of the older society, such as this curious comment on the narrowness, the family exclusiveness, so to speak, of eighteenth-century England:

Lord Holland told that such was the aversion formerly to foreigners that old Meynell said one day, after the American peace was made, "I wish we were all safe and at war again." Lady Holland mentioned, she remembers, when it used to be said on the invitation cards: "No foreigners dine with us."

But altogether the most interesting sections of the book are the chapter that gives Hobhouse's impressions of Napoleon at Paris during the Hundred Days, and the vindication of Byron written after the divorce. Napoleon was Hobhouse's hero; he misses no opportunity of recording what he hears of the great man, including a really extraordinary conversation between the prisoner in Elba and John Macnamara; and after the escape hurries over to Paris, in defiance of all his friends' warnings, to see the Emperor face to face. His portrait gives the usual traits, picked out with considerable vivacity. Evidently, he gazed at Napoleon with a whole-souled curiosity which even that commander of men found a little embarrassing, for twice it is recorded that Napoleon withdrew his gaze. But there is something more than the curiosity of the idle sightseer in Hobhouse's feeling. The awe and tragedy of power are not often more finely expressed than in these words:

I positively found my eyes moistened at the sight of the world's wonder—the same admiration of great actions which has often made me cry at a trait of Greek or Roman virtue caused this weakness; but I do not know that if Napoleon had not then stood before me as the man against whom all Europe was rising, and as the single individual to dethrone whom, or rather to destroy, a million of men were rising to arms from the banks of the Tanais to the Thames, that I should have felt such a sensation. No; there was something of pity, however unreasonable and unnecessary perhaps, which made me look upon him with such gratification and melancholy delight. Add besides the reflection of his recent exploit, the most wonderful of all his actions, and I am not astonished or ashamed at having experienced such feelings at the sight of the man who has played the most extraordinary, gigantic part of any human being in ancient and modern times.

But by far the most important section of these two volumes is the long concluding chapter which contains a detailed account of Lord and Lady Byron's unfortunate marriage and quarrel. The document was written by Hobhouse in 1816, immediately after the divorce, as a justification of his friend, to be published in case any attempt were made to fasten upon him the crimes which were not only the common scandal of the day, but the unavowed cause of Lady Byron's action. Though no allusion is made by the present editor to the infamous "Astarte" privately circulated in 1905 by the late Lord Lovelace (Byron's grandson) but everywhere discussed, it may be supposed that its attempt to prove the old charges against Mrs. Leigh are the occasion of the present publication, and of this renewal of the *infandum dolorem*. It should be premised that Hobhouse does not undertake to exculpate his friend of conduct which would justify Lady Byron in seeking a separation on grounds of incompatibility of temper. It is evident that Byron at that time, owing to pecuniary annoyances and to restlessness under the restraints of a marriage upon which he entered with misgivings, if not with repugnance, was in a state of excitement approaching phrensy. On that ill-fated day, January 15, 1816, when Lady Byron with her child left Byron's home to visit her parents, she believed, and was fairly justified in believing, that her husband was suffering from that form of mania (it is a common trick of hysteria) which turns its victims to hatred of those nearest and dearest to them. Throughout his life, as can be proved by abundant testimony, Byron affected a kind of diabolism which only amused his intimate friends; during his year of marriage he evidently displayed this trait to his humorless and unimaginative wife in the most exasperated manner. She thought it insanity; on being assured by medical counsel that he was morally responsible, she accepted his diabolism as a fact and was ready to believe any charge against him. She refused to return to him, and forced a separation. Hobhouse asserts positively that while his wife was with him Byron, with one passing exception of which Lady Byron was apparently ignorant, had given no statutable cause of divorce. She was forced, therefore, in applying to the Commons for separation, to place secretly in the hands of her "civilian," Dr. Lushington, what evidence she possessed of those charges of guilty connection with his half-sister, Augusta Leigh, and of another crime which Hobhouse characterizes as "more enormous" but "less terrific," *i. e.*, less likely to be believed. Into the details of the affair we have no desire to enter. We believe that Hobhouse's document gives ample proof, if such proof were necessary, that these accusations, particularly the former, were unfounded. They seem, at least the former of them, to have sprung from the evil imagination and prying curiosity of Mrs. Clermont, the servant-friend, who lived with the Byrons in London, and whom Byron has sketched as

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head.

. . . . . .

Exalted o'er thy less abhorr'd compeers—
And festering in the infamy of years.

At first Byron sought to keep the quarrel out of the courts, but when, after much inquiry, he discovered the true nature of the charges against him, he took the advice of his friends and demanded complete legal investigation. He desisted from this demand only when Lady Byron appealed to him in a letter to forego; that letter is given in full by Hobhouse. Further, Wilmot secured the signature of Lady Byron to a paper stating that she had not spread the rumors injurious to Byron's character, and that neither of the two specified charges would have made part of her allegations in court. Lady Byron, indeed, cannot be exonerated from a certain taint of duplicity through the whole affair and through her subsequent conduct. As a single example, the letter (now first published) may be quoted which Lady Byron wrote to her husband the day after leaving him:

DEAREST DUCK,—

We got here quite well last night, and were ushered into the kitchen instead of drawing-room, by a mistake that might have been agreeable enough to hungry people. . . . [There is nothing in the printed text to indicate what these points signify.] Of this and other incidents Dad wants to write you a jocose account, and both he and Mam long to have the family party completed.... Such . . . ! and such a *sitting*-room or *sulking*-room, all to yourself. If I were not always looking about for B[yron] I should be a great deal better already for country air. *Miss* finds her provisions increased, and fattens thereon. It is a good thing she can't understand all the flattery bestowed upon her. "Little angel" . . . and I know not what. . . . Love to the good goose [their pet name for Mrs. Leigh], and everybody's love to you both from hence.

Ever thy most loving,
PIPPIN . . . PIP . . . IP.

It is not surprising that Byron was astounded when five or six days later, Lady Noel (his wife's mother) and Mrs. Clermont came to London to secure a separation between the couple. Lady Byron scarcely mended matters by stating, afterwards, that she had written the letter under a physician's advice to soothe Byron and save him from a paroxysm of madness. The abruptness of Lady Byron's change of front, despite her own explanation, is a mystery which has not been cleared up.

Two entries in the journals of George Ticknor show in a measure the fearful effect on Byron of his public disgrace. In the summer of 1815, the American traveller visited Byron and his wife in London, and records that his "manner to her was affectionate; he followed her to the door, and shook hands with her, as if he were not to see her for a month." In October of 1817, Ticknor was

in Venice and was asked by Lord Byron to spend some days with him. The entry in the journal is brief and sufficient: "An invitation I, of course, felt no inclination to accept, in his present circumstances." Nor was Ticknor particularly Puritanic in his acquaintances.

It is the purpose of the first half of Mr. Edgcumbe's book to give a fuller account than has ever before been brought together of the last episode in Byron's life, which was a kind of redemption of those degraded Venetian years. It cannot be shown that Byron accomplished much for Greece beyond the encouragement lent by his great name to the Grecians and to their friends in England. Death cut him off too soon. But the documents collected by Mr. Edgcumbe do at least set his prudence and tact and humanity in a high light. Nothing, indeed, became his life like the leaving of it, and we regard this portion of Mr. Edgcumbe's work as a thoroughly desirable addition to the Byronic literature. Of the second section of his book, one must speak more cautiously. It is an avowed answer to Lord Lovelace's indiscretion, and if blame is to be properly distributed, the heavier share must fall on the shoulders of him who first reopened the whole scandalous debate. The negative part of Mr. Edgcumbe's argument seems to us fairly convincing; he has rescued Mrs. Leigh from the old infamy, but only by making her an accessory after the fact of an intrigue of Byron with the Mary Chaworth whom he loved as a boy, and from whom he has been supposed to have been entirely separated by her marriage to John Musters.

We cannot, for manifest reasons, go into all the details of this new theory. It has, however, important literary bearings which must be our excuse for touching its main points. In 1808-9, Byron, according to Mr. Edgcumbe, had not forgotten the Mary of his boyhood, but was seeing her at Annesley. Recognizing the danger of this intercourse and driven by her husband, she now avoided Byron, and during this time of separation (1811) the poet wrote to her the Thyrza poems, which have caused so much mystification. In 1813, Mr. and Mrs. Musters were estranged. At this time, Byron and she were again drawn together, and more intimately. On April 15, 1814, a child, Medora, was born to them, which Mrs. Leigh, then with Byron at Newstead (near Annesley), took as her own to prevent scandal. Mary repented bitterly of her fault and was afterwards reconciled with her husband. At the time of the divorce proceedings, she was driven temporarily, by fear of exposure, into a state of mental alienation. To shield her, Mrs. Leigh allowed the charges against herself to go unanswered.

The proofs of this story are in part flimsy; this must be admitted. Mr. Edgcumbe regrets "being unable more precisely to indicate the source of information," and in claiming unrevealed authority, he has, at least, this justification, that Lord Lovelace did not print the letters which would have made his argument, according to his own account, incontrovertible. One surmises that Mr. Edgcumbe has had access to documents preserved by the Leigh or Chaworth-Musters families. He has, on his side, indications that Byron's journal was destroyed because of its revelation of this secret; he draws also strong corroboration from the poems. Even "Manfred," which Lord Lovelace used as a support to his accusation, can be made to fit more perfectly into the new theory. On the whole, without being finally convinced of the part of Mr. Edgcumbe's story bearing on Mary Chaworth, we think that he has made out a strong case. It will be remembered that Moore, who had read Byron's journal and who otherwise was better acquainted than any other man with Byron's whole career, made this declaration in the Biography:

> It may be questioned whether his heart had ever much share in his passions. Actual objects there were, in but too great number, who, as long as the illusion continued, kindled up his thoughts and were the themes of his song. But they were little more than mere dreams of the hour. *There was but one love that lived unquenched through all.*

Critics have commonly held that Byron's profession of a single life-long passion for one named Mary was but a part of his romantic pose. It will be a curious outcome of a disagreeable, if not nauseating, dispute, if he shall be established as one of the great lovers of literature. Such a result would add a new meaning to the words "sincerity and strength," which to Swinburne and Matthew Arnold were "the splendid and imperishable excellence" covering all his offences and outweighing all his defects. It is because the negative testimony of Hobhouse and positive theory of Mr. Edgcumbe may possibly bring about so important a revolution in literary criticism and so enhanced an appreciation of the works of one of England's greatest poets, that we have written at such length and with such frankness of these far-off unhappy things that might otherwise have been best judged by silence.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Moccasin Ranch. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Bros.

Here Mr. Garland has afforded what many of his early admirers must have been waiting for: another adventure upon those "main-travelled roads" to which he first guided us now a good many years ago. No one had made us feel certain aspects of Middle Western pioneer life as he made us feel them—its racially composite nature, its toil and sweat, its everyday romance. These early stories were, as Mr. Howells said at the time, "full of the bitter and burning dust, the foul and trampled slush of the common avenues of life, . . . full of those gaunt, grim, sordid, pathetic, ferocious figures whom our satirists find so easy to caricature as Hayseeds, and whose blind groping for fairer conditions is so grotesque to the newspapers and so menacing to the politicians." The reader may recall one of those tales named "A Branch Road," dealing with the rescue of a faded drudge by an old lover from the killing morality of wedded slavery. Mr. Garland did not then point a moral; he stated a case; and in "The Moccasin Ranch" he states a similar or analogous case.

Here also an elopement and a desertion are involved, and here also the implication is that events have followed their necessary and normal course. In the later instance, however, the woman's provocation is far less, and the dénouement a mere making the best of a pretty bad bargain. The odd thing about it is the fact that the husband should be left, a mere pathetic fourth person, in the background. The third person, he who, after an impulse to stop and punish the runaway pair, forgives them and sends them off with his blessing, seems to have rather too little at stake to support the rôle of magnanimity thrust upon him. There is, in fact, a touch of strain in the speech and conduct of these four persons. The moving thing is that atmosphere of place which Mr. Garland knows how to make us breathe. These people are settlers in a newly opened stretch of prairie, and their personal drama is a mere incident in the scene:

> The smell of the fresh pines was around them. Geese were flying over. Cranes were dancing down by the ponds; prairie-chickens were booming. The open doorway—doorless yet—looked out on the sea-like plain glorified by the red sun just sinking over the purple line of treeless hills to the west. It was the bare, raw materials of a State, and they were in at the beginning of it.

Along the Way. By William W. Canfield. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

The steady increase and multiplication of books of this type must be a challenge to the attention of the reader who takes his fiction respectfully. He must be wholesomely reminded that the function of the modern novel is manifold. It is a tract, a chronicle, a vaudeville turn, a "human document"—least commonly of all a work of art. How judge it, then? The difficulty is somewhat like that of judging the drama. Even if it is to be taken as a work of art, who is the right reader, ὁ χαρίεις, the ideal person at whom fiction should be aimed, and by whom it may be right-

ly estimated? Is it the professional critic, the reader of ordinary or extraordinary cultivation, or the man in the street? The literary critic can find little to say for "Along the Way," for example. It is crude, obvious, half-tract, half-melodrama; its persons have little reality, its didacticism is a nuisance. The action is supposed to take place some ten or fifteen years in the future. The hero is a young engineer who has been abroad in Russia for ten years working at his profession, and who now returns to his native land. Apparently, he has allowed himself to read no American news during his absence, for his surprise at the condition of things in his beloved land is complete. It seems the railways have been turned over to the government, and the government is in process of making a frightful mess of things. Railway officials are now an army of grafters and incompetents. Trains no longer run even approximately on time. Politicians work their wicked way with time-tables as well as with employees, and there is no counting upon anything for the downtrodden public.

Of course, it becomes our young engineer's business, and pleasure, to correct these evils. There are exciting doings in connection with two fair young ladies from Denver, only one of whom, unfortunately, the hero is free to marry; but he rescues them both from a very awkward situation, in which they have been involved by the villain, a high railway official. The villain is driven to earth and gets his deserts, and the railways are restored to private ownership. The quaint and original detail of treatment is that this restoration is brought about by a popular uprising led by a band of patriotic multimillionaires, who have pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors" to the cause of "assisting this stupendous re-transfer" for the good of the people. Their victory is not bloodless. Preaching and sensationalism, fustian and platitude! sighs the critic. Yet the book is written with good purpose, and will no doubt find its own respectful audience.

The Eagle's Nest. By Allan McAulay. New York: John Lane Co.

The justification needed for a novel about Napoleon is that it shall be interesting. This condition is honorably fulfilled in Mr. McAulay's story, which has, besides, two other points of distinction: the nominal hero is not Napoleon himself, but a young Corsican, who is bewitched by him; and the action takes place wholly on Corsican soil. As a sullen, combative child, the conqueror sets out for school in France, and returns an argumentative idealist, a shabby student, a writer of romantic essays, a reader of Boswell and Rousseau—to his fellow-men "a queer fish," an *esprit sec et sententieux.* Yet the piquant mystery of this personality is felt through all these formative days—the power that even now made men follow his smile to bitter ends. There are vivid pictures of the political unrest, as well as of the private life of the untamed island. Paoli, banished as a patriot twenty-odd years before, is here restored to his islanders, and entertains secret schemes of English aid in ousting France. The Corsican-Italian-French-English tangle makes a stirring theme, while counter to it run the private pipings of the young "Nabulione" with his family interests and his as yet unformulated ambitions—and of the young Domenico, who walks down from the hills to Ajaccio and into the intimacies of the Buonaparte circle. The whole is written with a controlling sense of proportion in the distribution of history, geography, manners, landscape, character-drawing, and invention. This happy art, added to a fine dignity of construction, puts the novel quite above the too fluid current of modern historical romance.

The Wares of Edgefield. By Eliza Orne White. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

This story leaves one with the impression of real power somehow missed; one is interested in the uneventful but human chronicle of the Wares and their connections, and pursues from page to page an elusive beckoning hope of the genuine master-touch that will give it all authority and significance. But though the writer plainly states her keynote—Sympathy—at the story's end we are left disappointed. The vital spark is lacking. It is something, however, to hold the reader's attention through an amiable ambling narrative of little doings, whose occasional attempts at lurid contrast are but too evidently mechanical shifts.

THE NEW WEBSTER.

Webster's New International Dictionary of the English Language. Editor-in-chief, W. T. Harris, Ph.D., LL.D.; General Editor, F. Sturgess Allen. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam Co.

The standard books of reference have reached a point in evolution where further growth must run to thin paper and small type. We may regret the passing of the heavy page with its ample margin and generous print, just as we regret the lofty ceilings and broad staircases of our ancestors; life grows crowded with many people and many words. Dictionary, biographical lexicon, political almanac, and handbook of statistics, in every new edition, corroborate Malthus. The editors of the newest Webster, "the latest authentic quarto edition," call attention to the successive accretions of time, from 70,000 words in Noah Webster's first edition, to 114,000 words in the Unabridged of 1864, to 175,000 words in the International of 1890, to nearly 400,000 words in the present "New International." In 1900 a supplement of some 25,000 words was added to the 1890 edition. The latest revision, therefore, holds double the vocabulary of ten years ago. The great increase is largely accounted for by the expansion of encyclopædic matter, which constitutes one of the important changes in the volume before us. The publishers have aimed to make their dictionary a handbook for "the common man, woman, and child as they read their newspaper, book of travel, or novel." Consequently, where the edition of 1890 gave a column and a half to "grass," the "New International" gives more than a page with a list of, we should say, five hundred species.

A novelty of make-up, introduced, we are told, for greater convenience in consultation, is the division of the page into two sections. The upper section holds the main vocabulary; to the lower division, a sort of lexicographer's limbo, have been relegated unfamiliar words, obsolete words, and all the encyclopædie matter contained in the special supplements to the 1890 edition—proper names, foreign phrases, etc.—with the exception of the gazetteer and biographical lists. On æsthetic grounds, the change does not eommend itself. It is probable, on the other hand, that when the reader has learned to look for the more familiar term in the upper section and for utterly queer-looking words among the proletariat below stairs, there will be a saving of time. It is evident that there could be no hard and fast rule for separating the sheep from the goats. We find, for instance "Delzenne's Circle" in the upper section of the page when we should be inclined to look for it below the line, or, better still, among the encyclopædie data under "circle." In the edition of 1890, "delftware" was followed by "deliblate." In the new edition the two are separated by "Delia," a goddess and a shepherdess; "Delia," a Greek festival; "Delian," the adjective from "Delos," and, below the line, "Delhi boil," "Delhi sore" and "Delhi work."

The new edition is conservative on the mooted question of spelling and decidedly progressive on the question of neologisms and slang. The Websterian prefcrences of "meter" and "center," and the single "l" in "traveler," are retained. The claims of reformed spelling are thrown out of court. The forms proposed by the Simplified Spelling Board are unsafe to deal with, "since not only is it impossible, as yet, to tell what the result of the movement will be, but also the changes proposed by this board are being added to so rapidly as not to admit of their being recorded." Thus, while the changes recommended by the Philological Society of

England and the American Philological Association have been incorporated, and "program," "catechize," "criticize" have the preference, there is no mention even for poor "thru" and "tho." An innovation that calls for notice is the admission of "labour," "honour," etc., to equal rights with the American forms. For an international dictionary the step may be proper enough, but the American reader might have been warned that the "u" forms are English usage, and not alternatives for the shorter spelling.

A "chronicler of existing usage" in spelling, the New International is extremely susceptible to the appeal of slang. We are reminded that "historically, slang has been one of the experiment stations in which verbal candidates are tried out." Hence the inclusion of "bluff," "stand-pat," "cinch," "rough-house," and "make good." Do the editors imply that all those terms have been tried out in the laboratories of philology and received a title to immortality? We doubt it. We find no aspect of inevitability about "gold-brick" and "peach," to which the book extends its hospitality. As a matter of fact, the editors fall into speedy contradiction. "Their test-question has been: Is this word likely to be looked for by enough readers, within the next few years, to entitle it to a place?" But the reader who would turn to Webster's pages for "rough-house" or "peach" might also look for "talkfest," "hot air," and "pazaza," and be disappointed. Virtually "within the next few years" means that if a bit of slang has failed to hold its own we can drop it in the next edition. That was not Dr. Johnson's idea of the functions of a dictionary.

In the revision of the definitions, the editors' claim that they have reinforced the existing lucidity and exactness with a "closer analysis, a more historic order, and a fuller presentation," is, on the whole, justified. Since the Oxford Dictionary, no lexicon can overlook the importance of copious citation. We notice, however, that often the changes in definition have been changes of arrangement. The subdivision of definitions has sometimes been carried to an exaggerated point of refinement. It is doubtful, for instance, if the increase in the number of separate definitions for "baby," from two to seven, has brought a corresponding increase in the value of the article as a whole. Under "delicacy," the single obsolete usage of 1890 has grown to three. That, however, involves a fine point of lexicographical technique on which we do not care to pronounce. We do find the treatment of synonyms very satisfactory. The subject is handled with a degree of completeness that raises up a formidable competitor to the thesaurus. The etymologies have been revised by Professors E. S. Sheldon and Leo Wiener of Harvard.

The Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania. Series A. Cuneiform Texts. Edited by H. V. Hilprecht. Vol. VI. Part 2. Babylonian Legal and Business Documents from the Time of the First Dynasty of Babylon. By Arno Poebel. Philadelphia: Published by the Department of Archæology, University of Pennsylvania.

This volume follows the same plan as the preceding volumes of the series. Dr. Poebel, to whom we owe its preparation, was formerly Harrison research fellow in Assyriology at the University of Pennsylvania; and from his preface we learn that the present book grew out of the dissertation presented by him in 1906 for the degree of doctor of philosophy.

The body of the work consists of facsimile reproductions of tablets, 138 in all, with a few half-tone reproductions. These are preceded by a series of dissertations, suggested by the contents of the tablets. We have, first, the transliteration and translation of tablets displaying the various schemes of legal documents; from which it would appear that regular blank forms were in use, differing slightly at such places as Nippur, Sippar, Babylon, etc. Then follows an explanation of the peculiar form of seal impressions on certain of these documents: impressions taken, not from the usual small cylinders of hard stone, the personal and often inherited property of the signer, but from small, rectangular slabs, made, expressly for the occasion, of some soft material easy to cut. Particularly interesting is a list of the date formulæ used by the Kings of the first Babylonian dynasty, with a discussion of the method pursued in naming the year: either after events of importance; or after religious ceremonials, or the dedication of statues and the like, at the feast of the new year. In Hammu-rabi's reign the dates generally stand for events—the year in which he took Erech and Isin, the year in which he built such and such a canal—and reveal the steps by which that monarch established and organized a kingdom stretching from the Persian Gulf up the middle Euphrates almost or quite to Carchemish, and up the Tigris to and beyond Ashur. The tablets of the later kings, on the other hand, are dated, rather, after religious events, the erection of statues, and the consecration of temple ornaments; indicating the decadence of the dynasty. Next we have a discussion and, to a certain extent, a reconstruction of the political history of a part of this period, in the light of these date formulæ. There is also a concordance of the proper names found in the tablets, a subject to which much space has been given in all these volumes; and, finally, a table of contents and a descriptive catalogue, showing, so far as it is known, the provenance of each tablet, the king to whose reign it belongs, and its year in that reign.

The tablets here published cover the reigns of five kings of the first Babylonian dynasty, from Hammu-rabi to Ammi-zaduga, with two kings of the dynasty of Larsam, Warad-Sin and Rim-Sin, Hammu-rabi's great rival and opponent. The Nippur tablets are derived almost exclusively from the earlier expeditions of the University of Pennsylvania (1888-90), like virtually all the material published up to the present time. The provenance of the tablets is very imperfectly given, but, from the introductory remarks of the editor, it appears that they were found, for the most part, in that part of "tablet hill" claimed by Hilprecht to have been the business section of the temple library of Nippur. As Dr. Poebel points out, the contents of these tablets prove the contention of the earlier excavators that there was no temple archive here, but that this section of the city was occupied by private houses of bakers, carpenters, and the like, in which the documents were preserved not in one or several large collections, but two or three in one place, half a dozen in another, in jars, or buried under the floors. But wherever the owners of these tablets lived, whether in "tablet hill," to the east of the great canal, or in the still more extensive ruins to the west, from which some of the tablets were derived, their business was largely connected with the temple of Enlil, the great god of Nippur, or with the minor temples of other gods of the same city. Clearly, Nippur was at this period a sacred city, not a political centre.

Some of these tablets deal with the sale or transfer of temple offices, which were treated as property inherited and transferable in the same manner as house and land. The oldest brother received a special portion, apparently half of the total estate, in which the temple offices were rated at a money value, and the remainder was distributed share and share alike. Among the more interesting documents are those dealing with adoption. This appears to have been a regular business procedure, by which parents provided for their support in old age. The person adopted was obligated to pay a certain annual sum to his adoptive parents, he on his part inheriting their property or a certain specified portion of it at death. In some cases the adopted child was purchased from his real parents, and in case of his failure to pay to the adoptive parent the specified annual sum, he was liable to be sold as a slave. Daughters, also, might be adopted. So we have one case where a woman purchased the daughter of another, to make her a "votary," with the stipulation that she should "eat" the "votary's" earnings.

Besides the tablets from Nippur, this volume contains also a considerable number discovered at other sites, notably Sippar and Borsippa, and purchased by the earlier explorers. There are also two or three documents discovered by the second expedition in a ruin-mound called Yokha, at two days' journey from Nippur, the ancient name of which has not yet been identified. In execution, this work maintains the high standard of handicraft and calligraphy established by its predecessors, while the introductory dissertations add considerably to our knowledge of ancient Babylonian history, domestic and religious life, and legal right.

The Life and Times of Master John Hus. By the Count Lützow. With illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

This life of Hus by a fellow-countryman, written in English and addressed especially to English-speaking people, is an obviously partisan work. Its apologetic tendency is, in fact, put forward as an additional reason why the author should have taken especial pains to examine carefully and weigh thoroughly all hostile criticism of his hero. This rather unusual claim is well sustained by the book itself. It is written in a spirit of ardent admiration for the man who stands in the author's mind as the chief representative of their common fatherland, yet with admirable temper and evident anxiety to do justice to all reasonable opposition. Count Lützow's thesis is that the work of Hus was, in a very complete sense of the word, independent, a truly national and personal movement. He has felt himself called upon to open the subject at this time on account of vigorous efforts that have been made to reduce the personal merit of Hus to the lowest point, by showing his dependence upon others, more particularly upon John Wycliffe. The epoch-making work of Palacky, published more than fifty years ago, brought out clearly enough, one would suppose, the essentially Bohemian character of the Hussite movement; but since then a wave of German criticism led by Johann Loserth has almost swept away this fundamentally national quality of the Bohemian struggle. In his striking little book, "Hus und Wiclif," Loserth undertook to show that all that was significant in Hus's thought was derived by an almost purely mechanical process from Wycliffe. Even the "deadly parallel column" was invoked to make it perfectly clear that Hus actually copied word for word from Wycliffe in many extended passages. All that had a very convincing sound, but it required no very great familiarity with the literary processes of the time to show that even direct copying of literary material was no proof of dependence or even derivation in thought. What was written became common property and was freely appropriated by any one who found it serviceable in supporting his own ideas. The ideas were not, on this account, any the less his own. Such criticism as Loserth's was a challenge to the admirers of the Bohemian saint, and Count Lützow has accepted it.

It cannot be said that he has contributed any considerable amount of new material to the discussion. What he says has been said before, but he has put it in attractive form and has directed his argument straight toward the criticism designed to undermine it. We are inclined wholly to agree with him that Hus represents the culmination of a long and deep-seated discontent with the administration of the Church in Bohemia, and also with the existing doctrinal teaching of the Church in so far as that was used to support the practices then being called in question. Hus had his forerunners in Bohemia as obviously as Wycliffe had his in England. The movement in each case was complicated throughout with national considerations. It is no derogation from the merits of Hus to admit, as Count Lützow freely does, his obligations to Wycliffe, but it is a long way from that to making him an almost servile copyist whose work could not have been done without the help of his English predecessor.

Perhaps the most vivid impression retained by the general reader will be that of the conflict of the pure Bohemian element against the apparently rapid Germanisation of their country in all that pertains to the higher life. It is easy to describe this as evidence of a narrow Chauvinism, unwilling to receive the light except through a nationalist medium, but it is a conflict bound to appeal to every reader who values the force of a true patriotism that prefers its own way of salvation to the most benevolent assimilation.

The Hisperica Famina. Edited with a short Introduction and Index Verborum by Francis John Henry Jenkinson. Cambridge: University Press New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75 net.

One of the most interesting problems in the history of the early Middle Ages concerns the nature of the contribution made to civilization by Ireland. According to roseate accounts of the matter, culture, including a substantial knowledge of Greek, flourished in the isle of saints from the middle of the fifth to the seventh century, during most of which period the continent lay buried in utter darkness; from Ireland proceeded the enlightening influence that brought learning back to Europe. M. Roger, in his careful but unsympathetic work, "L'Enseignement des lettres classiques d'Ausone à Alcuin" (1905), vigorously attacks this view. He acknowledges a familiarity with Greek on the part of Pelagius at the beginning of the period, and of John the Scot after its termination, but seeks to show that what culture Ireland possessed in the interval was insignificant, and may even have come to it from without.

The "Hisperica Famina," which Mr. Jenkinson, librarian of the University Library at Cambridge, has carefully edited, with its various texts, is one of the wildest things in literature. The strange dialect is a fusion of classical Latin, vulgar Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and perhaps some independently created elements, all cast in a mould that in general is Latin, but not what Cicero would have recognized as such. It is evidently an academic, not a popular product, and may be located on the borderland between esoteric refinement and drivelling nonsense. The subjects treated are simple enough—the praise of the scholar, a description of the daily life at the school, and what appear to be set themes, such as *De cælo*, *De mari*, *De taberna*, etc. The name Hisperic, scholars recently have believed, emphasizes the fact that the *Famina*, or diction, is Roman, in contrast with the base vernacular. In the "Glossæ Collectæ" of the Echternach manuscript, *Hisperica* is the last word explained, but, tantalizingly, the explanation is not legible. Bradshaw thought he read *scotica*, but nothing can be made out now. There are approaches to the new style in several late Latin authors, particularly Martianus Capella and Virgilius Maro, but it goes far beyond anything in such authors. Various specimens of it exist, the earliest published by Cardinal Angelo Mai in 1833, and all conveniently assembled in Mr. Jenkinson's book.

His edition is a distinct improvement on that of Stowasser, for more reasons than that it includes more. It contains facsimiles and reproduces the text exactly, without the disfigurement of emendation. The text is for the first time printed as lines of poetry, the nature of which has long been recognized by Bradshaw, Zimmer, and Wilhelm Meyer. The manuscripts themselves give a continuous text, but generally mark the ends of verses by punctuation, and their beginnings by capital letters; and Mr. Jenkinson's introduction includes a more careful description of these manuscripts than had before appeared. The complete Index Verborum has also something of the nature of a glossary, including references to the Echternach glosses; this feature might well have been developed still farther.

Now the significance of these curious documents for the problem stated at the beginning of this review is just this. If Ireland, as is probable, may be accredited with the invention of Hisperic

diction, we have apparent evidence that the knowledge of Greek, which it presupposes, was not altogether at second-hand. Mr. Jenkinson shows that there is no dependence on the Græco-Latin glossaries of the early Middle Ages; he believes that "the jargon represents an isolated growth or tradition of which whatever literary product there may have been has mostly perished." Further, if Gildas, the British historian of the sixth century, was acquainted with Hisperic—and Mr. Jenkinson adds a bit of confirmatory evidence on this disputed point—the existence of the dialect is proved for the very period when, according to Roger, Ireland was destitute of Greek. Finally, may it not be, after all, that the movement had a more popular nature than we suppose? After we become accustomed to the peculiar verbiage, we find it not inconsistent with poetic feeling. Mr. Jenkinson, after quoting the verse, *multiformis solifluis: pretenui nubium vapore sicmicatur arcus radiis*, remarks:

> We are left to wonder how such a vocabulary came to be associated with such artistic feeling. It is not enough to suppose that behind the Latin expression may stand thoughts conceived in native Irish. That seems likely enough. But apart from that, there is a directness and freedom in the expression itself which, as far as I know, cannot be matched among other remnants of contemporary literature.

It is easy to ask questions on a subject about which we really know next to nothing. As most of the fragments have come to light in most unexpected ways, it is not too much to hope that some *felice scopritore* may add others still, to supply more evidence on this fascinating subject.

Economic Heresies: Being an Unorthodox Attempt to Appreciate the Economic Problems Presented by "Things as They Are." By Sir Nathaniel Nathan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

The sub-title indicates the purpose of this volume: it attempts to depict the industrial world from a positive, or objective, standpoint in contradistinction to the *à priori* idealization which its author imputes to the professional economist. Sir Nathaniel Nathan has some unusual qualifications for the task he has set himself. He has had a long acquaintance with public affairs. As a former burgess of Birmingham, he knows municipal trading from the inside. As attorney-general in Trinidad, he has seen much of the practical side of international trade. He knows the "service traditions" of the Crown's civil servants to perfection. His long absence from England has emancipated him from partisan allegiance, and his weighed deliverances upon England's national policy, financial and industrial, are courageously impartial. If in fairness one ought to temper this praise, it may be suggested that the author's views of foreign trade may have been unduly colored by his knowledge of the struggles of the West Indian sugar-grower; also that a busy officer of the Crown has hardly time to keep in touch with much of the best recent work in economics. In particular, Sir Nathaniel's acquaintance with American economics, so far as one can judge from this book, seems largely confined to Henry George, Upton Sinclair, and W. J. Bryan.

In a treatise so comprehensive as this, it is impossible to notice more than two or three of the important positions assumed. Perhaps its quality may best be indicated by noting, first, its somewhat novel use of the concept "means"; and then by scrutinizing its theory of tariff reform; and its verdict upon Socialism.

There is much to justify the insistence upon some such term as "means" in contradistinction to the term wealth. Wealth is employed by the author to cover what are generally known as commodities—"desirable material things susceptible of appropriation, excluding money . . . and also [excluding] . . . land" (p. 20). "Means," on the other hand, denote "the man's power to obtain commodities, . . . the whole of the accumulation of varying evidences of his title to participate in wealth" (p. 22). This distinction between two aspects of wealth has been implied, or even explicitly exploited, by several modern economists. F. A. Cleveland's "funds" are the analogue of Nathan's "means." The same is true of Davenport's "loan funds" which he contrasts to actual material "wealth used as an aid in the reproduction of wealth." T. Veblen's "loan credit," portrayed as "a pecuniary fact, not an industrial one," is also akin to Nathan's "means"; and Irving Fisher's "rights" of "obtaining some or all of the future services of one or more articles of [material] wealth" are of the same genus as "means."

The relation of "means," or claims upon wealth, to actual goods is a *locus vexatissimus* of economic casuistry. The view commonly imputed to Macleod that the creation of such claims is tantamount to the simultaneous creation of an equal amount of wealth is certainly one extreme of error. Making out the title-deeds to a farm and putting them on the market is certainly not a doubling of wealth. On the other hand, the view of Professor Irving Fisher that "existing property rights (claims) are rights to the use of existing wealth, so that *existing* wealth underlies all *existing* property rights" seems also extreme. A government bond promising interest for fifty years is, at least in part, a claim on the income to issue from the labor of the unborn. *To that extent* no existing property, either material goods or human producers, underlies the bond. The truth seems to be that "means," "claims," "credits," "rights," may or may not imply the contemporaneous existence of correlative material wealth; may or may not connote well founded correlative expectation of future income.

Without attempting to index the various places where his conception of "means" betrays our author into what seems to us to be error (as, for example, pp. 251, 252), it will suffice to say that it leads him to deny the essential truth of the barter theory of trade, either domestic or international. Thus he declares that "any attempt to treat of commerce as a regulated process of 'barter' or 'exchange of commodities' *inter se*, simply facilitated by the employment of money as a sort of denotation of market values, issues in fallacy and confusion" (p. 119); and again that "neither nations nor communities conduct commercial operations by way of barter or exchange of goods at all . . ." (p. 308). It follows logically that a nation's power to obtain imports depends not on its material exports, but on its "means" available for purchasing foreign produce. Apparently then a nation can obtain goods from abroad without selling goods to the outside world. So far as an accretion of "means" arises from the income on investments abroad or from freights earned on carrying the world's commerce, no one would dispute the allegation. But it seems almost a childish proposition to insist upon, that apart from the credits arising from sources similar to the two just mentioned, the export of commodities creates the claims that suffice to defray the cost of the residue of imports. If certain commodities, instead of being imported, begin to be produced at home, and if the productive power of the nation is thus diverted from producing goods for export to supplying the domestic demand directly, the "means" for paying for residual imports is diminished *pro tanto*. So that, after all, the essential core of truth would seem to lie in the traditional statement of the theory of foreign trade—that it is essentially an organized and elaborate system of barter rather than what it seems to be in the individual instance, a purchase or sale of goods for money, or "means." If our author can propound no more plausible "economic heresy" than his doctrine of foreign trade, it should seem that he might content himself with the economic "orthodoxy" he so fiercely impugns. One is reminded of Bacon's remark that "a little philosophy inclineth man's minde to *Atheisme;* but depth in philosophy, bringeth men's mindes about to *Religion.*"

Sir Nathaniel's advocacy of tariff reform, however, is infected with no blind worship of colonial preference by

treaty. "The day for" commercial treaties "that will be economically effective has passed away" (p. 299). The "inflated cant" about the "British Empire" moves him to contemptuous pity (p. 198). His argument for a limited dose of protection is based on the desire to absorb the unemployed proletariat in industry. He thinks internal competition will keep down undue profit, and that improved productive processes will prevent any permanent enhancement in prices to consumers. The "real danger attendant on the adoption of Protection; the principal real argument for adherence to Free Trade," he declares, is the danger of corruption and abuse best illustrated in the United States (pp. 310 sq.).

The best part of this vigorous treatise is the analysis of Socialism. Its attitude to many of the specific proposals of state Socialism is open-minded. One would guess that the pending budget would not necessarily find an enemy in the author. But long experience in office has given him an insight into the limitations of bureaucracies which makes him quite impervious to the blandishments of collectivism. His long official activity in a Crown colony has taught him that "officialdom is essentially the domain of safe and mediocre respectability, the sanctuary of 'use and wont,' discarding all initiative and entrenching itself in precedent" (p. 356); and that "by no process known to us can we attain to the cruel accuracy of the automatic selection of private adventure, which has brought productive industry, competitive commerce, and regulative finance to their effectiveness" (p. 358).

The Historic Exodus. By Olaf A. Toffteen, Ph.D. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

In a former volume, entitled "Ancient Chronology" (noticed in the *Nation*, May 14, 1908), Professor Toffteen discussed the chronology of Palestine, Babylonia, Assyria, and Egypt down to B. C. 1050; here he undertakes to give the component parts of the Pentateuch, to determine their dates and demonstrate their historical trustworthiness. After examination of a great mass of particulars he reaches the conclusion that P, the Priestly document (which comprises most of Leviticus and Numbers, half of Exodus, and parts of Genesis), was composed in the time of Samuel, Saul, and David; the book of Deuteronomy (D) in the time of Joshua; and the Elohist (E) and Yahwist (J) documents in the time of Moses (that is, they were received by Moses from God). He recognizes the apparent discrepancies in the account of the exodus and gets rid of the difficulty by assuming two "exodi," one in 1447 B. C., described in J E D, the other in 1144, described in P. All the documents, he thinks, are fragmentary and defective, and he prefers the Greek text to the Hebrew.

To discuss all the details of this volume would require another volume of equally formidable size. Professor Toffteen is well acquainted with the Egyptian and cuneiform material, and seems to be embarrassed by its richness—in the dense collection of facts he fails to get the perspective. The search for points of connection between the early Biblical narratives and other ancient records is a fascinating, but sometimes treacherous, pursuit; Winckler was thus beguiled into his astralism, and Toffteen has not entirely escaped the pitfalls of his subject. He has no sense of the differences of spirit and tone in the various parts of the Pentateuch. The elaborate ritualism of the priestly document seems to him to be quite appropriate to the time of David in spite of the crudeness of that period as it is described in the historical books. He has lost sight of the fact of historical development, allows practically nothing for Phœnician, Assyrian, and Babylonian influence on the Israelite cult, and uses the book of Chronicles (a late idealization) as an authority for very early times. He cites many Biblical passages, but does not refer to the decisive statement of Jer. vii, 22, where Jehovah is represented as saying: "I spake not unto your fathers, nor commanded them in the day that I brought them out of the Land of Egypt, concerning holocausts and communal sacrifices," which can only mean that the writer of this passage (about B. C. 604) did not regard the sacrificial ritual as of divine appointment, knew nothing, that is, of the P legislation at Sinai. In regard to the priestly document in general, Professor Toffteen seems not to understand exactly the position of the critics he opposes—he appears sometimes to suppose that they hold this document to have been composed *in toto* in the time of Ezra (fifth century). This, however, is not the case; the view of recent writers is that, while it received its present shape in the fifth century or later, it contains some material belonging to an earlier time; and different strata (P1 P2, etc.) are distinguished.

The author's apologetic aim sometimes leads him into questionable forms of argumentation. The absence of Persia in the P list of Japhetites in Gen. x, 2 has long been noted. A country Parsua appears in Assyrian inscriptions of the ninth century, and Professor Toffteen thence infers that it is improbable that the P document should be much later. But the list in Gen. x is Israelite, not Assyrian, and it is not probable that the Jews knew of the Persians before the advent of Cyrus. Of another people mentioned in this list, Tiras (which Toffteen persists in writing "Tirash"), the ethnological character is confessedly doubtful. This people, says our author, is undoubtedly identical with the Teresh who appear on Egyptian monuments in the twelfth century; and he adds: "We are inclined to identify this Teresh . . . with the Etruscan people of Italy—now, the Etruscan migration into Italy can hardly be placed later than 1100 B. C. . . . At least this portion of the P document must depend upon a written document which is not later in origin, or at least not very much later, than this date." Here, within the space of a short paragraph, with a Biblical name misspelled, an inclination is converted into an historical fact. The contention (p. 23) that P's "polytheism" points to a very early date is not well founded. The term "Elohim" in Gen. i, 26 ("let us make man in our image") is not "used in a polytheistic sense"; Elohim addresses certain subordinate supernatural beings, who are to be identified with "sons of the Elohim" and angels, figures that run through the Old Testament; and the Psalter recognizes the existence of the gods of foreign nations (Ps. xcvi:4 *al*). The refusal to refer the Aaronic priesthood to the postexilic time is nullified by the whole history of the priesthood, which shows a steady differentiation and organization of sacerdotal functions. The assumption of two exodi is a counsel of despair.

Professor Toffteen has brought together many facts of importance; as to his theory, we must agree with him (p. 282) that it "may and probably will have to be modified on future investigation."

Notes.

The issue of Miss M. E. Lowndes's "The Nuns by Port Royal: As Seen in Their Own Narratives," through Henry Frowde, coincides with the bi-centenary of the final suppression of the convent; whose history is touched upon, also, in a biography of Pascal by Viscount St. Cyres, which Smith, Elder & Co. (London) have now in press.

The diary of Ethan Allen Hitchcock, edited by William A. Croffut, Ph.D., is announced for publication by the Putnams. This grandson of the Ethan Allen of Ticonderoga was engaged in our Seminole wars and in the Mexican campaign; during the civil war he was the military adviser of Secretary Stanton and of President Lincoln. His diary is said to contain the most vivid and complete account of our Mexican war ever written and is to be entitled "Fifty Years in Camp and Field."

The first section of Doubleday, Page & Co.'s "Every Child Should Know Encyclopædia," which comprises ten volumes on "Manual Training, or Practical Things Every Child Should Know," will be ready for distribution in 1910, and will be followed by sections of ten volumes on literature, and ten more on nature, science, and art.

Fisher Unwin (London) is issuing in Alfred Perceval Graves's "Irish Fairy Book" a companion volume to Jenkyn Thomas's

"Welsh Fairy Book" of two years ago. Mr. Graves is known as a poet; and here he brings together a rich treasure of fairy-lore. Illustrations by George Denham are one of the promised features.

It is announced that the library of the late Henry Charles Lea of Philadelphia, which is exceptionally rich in unpublished manuscripts, will pass into the possession of the University of Pennsylvania.

William Hamo Thornycroft, R. A., is the sculptor of the statue of Tennyson recently unveiled in the ante-chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge, in this, Tennyson's centenary year. Arthur Sedgwick delivered an oration on the occasion.

In the appointment of the Rev. George Adam Smith, a representative of the Higher Criticism at its best and most distinguished, to the Principalship of Aberdeen University we find a fitting recognition of one eminently fitted for his new position by services as geographer, theologian, and Orientalist.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle issues, through Hutchinson & Co. (London), "The Crime of the Congo," with a distressing picture and the price of the volume—sixpence—prominently displayed on the jet-black cover.

Lewis Melville's new "Life of Thackeray" is promised for early publication by the John Lane Co. It is said that Mr. Melville has been able to make use of many hitherto unpublished letters.

It is rumored that the Nobel prize for literature will be awarded this year to Anatole France. Former recipients of the prize have been Sully-Prudhomme, Theodor Mommsen, Björnsterne Björnson, Frédéric Mistral, José Echegaray, Henry Sienkiewicz, Giosué Carducci, and Rudyard Kipling. No Russian writer has as yet received this distinction, and no American.

Popular novels at a shilling is the latest experiment of the London publishers. Stanley Paul & Co. announce a full-length novel by Mr. Le Queux ("The Fatal Thirteen"), to be published at that price. It will be interesting to see whether going to the other extreme will prove a successful step in the land of the six-shilling novel, and whether the example set is followed in this country.

Austin Brereton's excellent "Literary History of the Adelphi and Its Neighborhood," first published in 1907, has been reissued in this country by Duffield & Co., with a new introduction. Mr. Brereton divides the Adelphi estate of three acres and a quarter into three parts as follows: houses only, 78,400 sq. ft.; roadways, terrace, and areas, 45,400; foreground, 19,200. It is but a small bit of London, but its associations are peculiarly rich and varied.

We shall soon have a book on "The Quintessence of Nietzsche," by an English writer, J. M. Kennedy, which will be issued through Werner Laurie (London). *En attendant*, a life of the great man has been written by Daniel Halévy, and bears the imprint of Calmann-Lévy. In the nine years which have elapsed since the death of the philosopher, his influence has never ceased to expand. Nietzschelsm is doubtless at the bottom of the contemporary reaction against Socialism. Apart from more general considerations, it seems reasonable to think that the great sympathy expressed for things French by the author of "Ecce homo" is responsible, in its turn, for some measure of the interest and sympathy for the author on the part of the French themselves. In the most recent study of the prophet of the Superman, one finds cited once more his belief that he was of Polish origin: a descendant of the Counts Nietzki. Perhaps this pretension of his played an important rôle in exaggerating his animosity for Teutonic culture. It is likely, too, that his friend, the historian, Burckhardt, was responsible for heightening his animus. Burckhardt, also, loved the Latin genius and the Latin nationalities.

From D. Appleton & Co. we have received a well-printed new edition, with map, of W. J. Gardner's "History of Jamaica," a standard work.

A volume of selections from Michelet's "Histoire de France," annotated by Dr. D. L. Buffum of Princeton, and intended for academic use, is announced for publication by Henry Holt & Co.

Gustave Davois is preparing a bibliography of French works relating to Napoleon which appeared before 1908, which promises to be much fuller than any earlier bibliography of Napoleon, as he has been assisted in his task by members of the Bonaparte family, and by many others.

To celebrate the bicentenary of Samuel Johnson, an exhibition of manuscripts, rare editions, and engravings has been arranged by Professor Tinker of Yale University. First editions of Johnson and Boswell from the Yale Library will be shown, together with interesting Johnsoniana from private libraries in New Haven. The Messrs. Keppel and others will exhibit contemporary engravings from all the known portraits of Johnson; A. E. Newton of Philadelphia has contributed several first editions; J. P. Morgan has lent from his library some Johnson manuscripts; R. B. Adam of Buffalo has sent his manuscripts, autograph letters, and other Johnsoniana. The exhibition will be held in the Yale Library, and will be open to the public daily until November 6.

A privately printed pamphlet, "Lampy's Early Days, By an Old Lampooner" (Cambridge: The Harvard Lampoon Society), is interesting both in text and pictures. Nor need one have been a fellow-editor of Sherwood and Otis, Curtis and the Wheelwrights and Martin, to enjoy its pleasant humor. Presumably the text of the little book is a labor of love; and its illustrations, reproduced from early issues of the paper, were well worth publishing. In its beginnings, the Harvard Charivari bore many resemblances to that partial source of its inspiration, *Punch* of London. As time wore on, the likeness grew dimmer. Meanwhile, the founders of the *Lampoon* had founded *Life*. It seems to us, as we renew our impression of the early issues of this college jester, that they connote a riper humor and a fuller mind than do contemporary numbers. There was, certainly, that greater "collegiate solidarity" of which President Lowell has spoken, to lend them a significance sometimes wanting to-day. The humor of the college papers we see now is almost as stridently "American" as that of the cheaper vehicles of shopworn jokes one finds in barber-shops. But perhaps we are aging. And it may be doubted whether, to-day, the *Lampoon* has the collaboration of Longfellow's successors on the Harvard faculty—there are two of them. That the poet was not above contributing to "Lampy" appears from the inclusion here of his epigram:

> If you have a friend to dine,
> Always give him your best wine;
> If you happen to have two,
> Then the second-best will do.

In the preface to his "Gilbert White and Selborne" (Scribners) Henry C. Shelley speaks of the "Natural History" as "a serious candidate for first honors among English classics." It is true that the work has appeared in innumerable editions—upwards of eighty, to be more precise—but it is a question whether White's grave and elegant letters have been able to maintain any real popularity against the more highly spiced nature books that are now flooding the market. There can be no doubt, however, that his life and writings have furnished Mr. Shelley with material for a pleasant little volume. It may even be said that the record errs rather in brevity than in length. For a charming and easy glimpse into the best aspect of eighteenth-century life we can commend these fluent pages.

The "popular" quality of the price and the binding of the reprinted "Black Dwarf, and A Legend of Montrose," and "The Bride of Lammermoor," which come to us from Henry Frowde, is not achieved at the expense of clearness of type or fairness of paper. That the price is no large one is in itself evidence of the Scottish novels remaining some one's favorite reading—and not specimens of Lamb's *abiblia*, bound expensively in every gentleman's library. One is grateful that the numerous illustrations here are woodcuts rather than the staring photographic reproductions which disfigure so many reëditions of standard novels.

A manual training school on wheels is now being employed in Anson County, N. C., to teach children the use of tools. At eight central points there will be a demonstration on an elevated platform by trained boys and girls as well as teachers. The making of butter-moulds will be exhibited before all the children. In addition all kinds of useful school fixtures and appliances will be exhibited, and in the afternoon and evening there will be some interesting shows, such as glass blowing, wood and metal carving, and moving pictures. The promoter of this novel educational enterprise, John T. Patrick of Wadesboro, offers prizes to all the school-children of the county for the best butter-moulds as well as for excellence in other home and farm industries.

Hugh Black confesses himself an optimist as to American life on the basis of his observations in the many colleges and universities, East and West, where he has served as college preacher, and held intimate conversation on religious themes with large numbers of students. In his introduction to "The Gift of Influence," a volume of university sermons (Fleming H. Revell Co.), he says:

> Superficial observers sometimes speak of the materialism of America. Nothing could be further from the truth, when we look deeply and broadly. It might even be said

with far more truth that America suffers from unregulated idealism. Certainly no one can know intimately the mass of students without being struck by the ready response they give to every high thought and every generous passion. No one can despair of the future who knows the splendid material the colleges of the land contain, and how eagerly men long to attempt great tasks.

The latest issues of the Historical Manuscript Commission of Great Britain are the second report on the manuscripts of the Earl of Egmont, chiefly Irish, and the fifth report on the miscellaneous manuscripts in various collections, in this case chiefly Scottish. The Egmont papers concern in largest part the fortunes of the house of Perceval from the beginning of the reign of Charles II to the end of that of Anne, and refer in the main to the management of the Perceval estates in Ireland. As the Percevals played no conspicuous part either in English or in Irish history their records, except in a few instances, are of local interest only. The most important correspondence, throwing light on contemporary conditions in England and Ireland, is that of Sir Robert Southwell, Whig politician and diplomat, uncle and brother-in-law of Sir John Perceval, the grandfather of the first Earl of Egmont. There are also observations of interest to the student of British history after 1660, but almost none that have any bearing on American history. We learn, indeed, that the Irish merchants were greatly depressed in 1685 by the revival of the act forbidding them to trade directly with the plantations, and we get two or three glimpses of William Blathwayt, auditor-general of the plantation revenues, which bring into somewhat sharper relief his versatile character. But as a whole this report on the Egmont papers is less important than was the first; and the report on the miscellaneous Scottish collections has even less general interest. This last covers the Hay (1300-1736), Edmonstone (1288-1829), and Graham (1200-18th century) manuscripts. The first relates solely to the ancient possessions of the Hay family in Upper Tweeddale and Berwickshire, and is valuable for the history of Scottish tenures. The second, preserved at Duntreath Castle in Strathblane, contains title deeds, official papers, and domestic correspondence, among which are several letters and papers, such as the articles drawn up by the Scottish parliamentary army in 1648 and the declaration of the Presbyterians in arms in 1679. Attention may also be called to a curiously mature letter written in French by Mary, Queen of Scots, at the age of twelve to her mother, the Queen Dowager. The third group, except for a few Jacobite papers and an important letter not hitherto known, from the Episcopal ministers of Scotland to William III, concerns Scotland only.

Some twenty years ago Professor Jacobi published the Prākrit text of a number of Jain stories under the title "Ausgewählte Erzählungen in Mâhârâshtrî." These have been translated by Dr. J. J. Meyer, already well known from his previous rendering of the "Kâvyasangraha," and other Sanskrit works belonging to the classical period. The present text, published by Luzac & Co., London, deserves special mention not only as a faithful version of the original but also as a useful critical commentary on Jacobi's text now partly antiquated. The student of Jain religion will find here new and attractive material, since the tales are above the average of Hindu moral literature, which is apt to leave much to be desired from an æsthetic point of view. As the native proverb has it, "two swords do not go into one scabbard," and generally the Hindu is didactic in his aims even at the cost of beauty.

After a lapse of above thirty years Dr. Claes Annerstedt has published the second part (in two volumes) of his "Upsala Universitets historia" (Upsala: Akademiska bokförlaget), the first part of which was published on the 400th anniversary of the founding of the university, in 1877. The intervening time includes the author's incumbency, for twenty years, of the office of chief librarian of the university, and the publication, in 1894, of a sketch of the history of the university library until 1702, and, in 1893, 1899, and 1905, of four rectorial programmes containing Olof Rudbeck's letters concerning the university from 1661 to 1702, with an introduction. Of the two volumes forming the second part of the history the first narrates the fortunes of the university from 1655 to 1718, while the second describes its organization and activities during the same period. It was a time of almost continuous wars and a well-nigh fantastic patriotism. A large part of the first volume is taken up with Olof Rudbeck, elected rector of the university in 1661, at the age of thirty-one, and with the account of Rudbeck's conflicts with his colleagues, men of smaller stature. Among the other professors at the university we find many who stand in the front rank of Swedish science, such as Rudbeck's colleague in the medical faculty. Peter Hoffvenius; the German Johannes Loccenius and Johannes Schefferus, who both did much to promote the progress of antiquarian and legal studies; Jesper Swedberg, afterwards bishop of Skara, and as such the supervisor of the Swedish congregations in Delaware and Pennsylvania, and others. The theological faculty was preëminent, and every student was obliged to take a preliminary theological course. Its professors had higher salaries than those in the other faculties, and transfers from these to the theological faculty were regarded as a promotion. The theologians demanded and exercised supervision over the opinions and views expressed in the dissertations before the other faculties as well as in the publications of the professors themselves. We see this particularly in the controversies over the Carteslan philosophy which became acute in the 1660s and in the later 1680s. At first introduced by the representatives of natural science, particularly by Petrus Hoffvenius, the system propounded by Descartes eventually spread to the logicians and metaphysicians who hitherto had been bound up in the Aristotelian-scholastic methods. Freedom of thinking was, however, ultimately victorious when Charles XI, in a royal resolution of 1689, declared that "the free use and exercise of philosophy were permitted in order to find and demonstrate the truth with good reasons and experiments, and to promote all lawful sciences."

The Weimar Goethe Society has made a grant of one thousand marks for each of the six volumes now published, and the promise of another thousand on the completion of the seventh and final volume, to the author of "Goethe über seine Dichtungen" (Frankfort-on-the-Main: Rütten & Loening). Certainly this work is one of the most valuable of recent contributions to Goethe literature, yet it has thus far failed to receive, in this country, the recognition due it. This is reflected in the failure of some American editors to mention it in their bibliographies. And yet literary historians long ago established the importance of Goethe's own utterances concerning his writings, and here we have a work which undertakes to collect and arrange systematically his utterances concerning his purely literary writings, including even those lost and those only projected. The action of the Goethe Society now definitely assures the publication of Volume VII, which had been abandoned because the publisher, like Hans Gerhard Gräf, the author, had made to the good cause as great a sacrifice as he felt able under the circumstances to afford.

For convenient reference Gräf has arranged the titles of Goethe's poetical works alphabetically under the three general heads: Epics, Dramas, and Lyrics. The material on the epics fills the first two volumes, that on the dramas the next four (the Faust material alone filling 608 pages of Volume IV), and the seventh volume is to contain all that Goethe had to say of his lyrics. Gräf had the manuscript of Volume VII practically ready for printing when the above-mentioned grant of money was made him, but that appreciation of his labors made him feel that he ought to reciprocate by working over the possible material once more before publishing his results. He expects to have the volume out some time next year. Meanwhile the Weimar edition of Goethe will be completed, except the index to the *Tagebücher*. When this monumental edition is complete Gräf will be able to compile a small supplementary volume to his own work, containing the material not yet published when his earlier volumes were put out. As for his own work, voluminous as it is, its contents are rendered easy of access by means of excellent indexes and tables covering each general division. Another feature that ought to appeal to American scholars is the fact that the author has not given mere refererces to pages in out-of-the-way periodicals and rare books, but has, instead, quoted at length. His text is free from misprints, and in some passages gives the first correct reading of the original; it is accompanied by a sound and suggestive commentary and a statement of his position regarding moot questions, with references to the literature upholding the opposite view. Many a scholar would be justly proud of these volumes as a life work, and yet Gräf has barely reached his prime.

The death of the Swiss moralist and jurist, Charles Hilty, is announced. Born at Grabs, in the Rheinthal, in 1833, he read law in Germany and at Paris, and established himself as a lawyer at Coire (Grissons). Later, he was a professor in his specialty at the University of Berne. He published yearly a political "Jahrbuch," and was a member of the Swiss Legislature. Among his books, expressive of a philosophy at once humanitarian, optimistic, and eva-

gelical, the best known is that entitled "Glück" (Happiness).

From Berlin is reported the death, in his seventieth year, of Lieut.-Col. F. C. Gerhard von Pelet-Narbonne, a well-known writer on military subjects. Among his works are "Hilfsbuch zur Erteilung des theoretischen Unterrichts im Relten" and "Aussichten der Kavallerie im Kampfe gegen die Infanterie und die Artillerie."

Science.

DARWINISM TO-DAY.

Darwin and Modern Science. Cambridge University Press; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5 net.

Under the auspices of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, arrangements were made for the publication of a volume of essays in commemoration of the centenary of the birth of Charles Darwin and of the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of the "Origin of Species." In response to an invitation to take part in this celebration, some of the most prominent biologists of the world have written on those evolutionary topics with which they are most familiar. Among the contributors are found not only leading champions of Darwin's teachings—*e. g.*, Haeckel, Weismann, Poulton, Lloyd Morgan—but others who have opened lines of investigation that have thrown a flood of light on problems only incidentally touched on by Darwin, notably such naturalists as De Vries, Bateson, W. B. Scott, and Klebs. Still other writers, who can scarcely be ranked as Darwinians, in the most generous extension of that term, have given voluntary testimony to the broadening influence of Darwin's thought and method. All offer their tribute to a great naturalist. One name alone is conspicuously absent, that of Alfred Wallace.

It is not without significance that Great Britain supplies seventeen of the twenty-nine contributors (ten from Cambridge alone), Germany six, the United States two, France, Holland, and Norway one each—significant as an indication of the place of Darwinism in modern thought. It is sometimes said that Darwinism has become an English asset, and, whether the statement be true or not, certainly in England Darwin has had his greatest following. Germany, too, has felt his influence deeply, and while other countries have also come under the spell, his teaching has never had the same paramount importance as in England and Germany. The absence of contributors from many countries is no less anomalous than the excess from Great Britain.

The present volume is addressed primarily to that nondescript person, the "educated layman," rather than to the specialist, and undoubtedly the chief value of the essays is for that class for whom they are designed; but the expert also will find much to entertain him and something for his instruction. The choice of topics covers almost the whole range of intellectual interests: descent, natural selection, heredity, psychology, history, religion, language, double stars, and the evolution of matter. While it is true that the revival of interest in the whole philosophy of evolution was directly the outcome of Darwin's writings, it is unfortunate that the distinction between the evolution of living things (organic evolution) and the conception of evolution applied to other spheres is so often disregarded. The laudable effort of these essays to show the far-reaching influence of evolutionary thought may lead still further to obscure this fundamental distinction. Organic evolution is based on the recognized processes of variation, heredity, and survival, which take place through a chain of living beings, each starting with the egg. The application of the idea of evolution to religion, language, double stars, and matter ignores the fact that we are here dealing with an entirely different process.

Any attempt to summarize or to criticise the twenty-nine essays that cover collectively nearly 600 pages, is out of the question. No finer tribute to Darwin's personality has been offered than that of Höffding in his essay on "The Influence of the Conception of Evolution on Modern Philosophy":

> His deep love of truth, his indefatigable inquiry, his wide horizon, and his steady self-criticism make him a scientific model, even if his results and theories should eventually come to possess mainly an historic interest. In the intellectual domain the primary object is to reach high summits from which wide surveys are possible, to reach them toiling honestly upwards by the way of experience, and then not to turn dizzy when a summit is gained. Darwinians have sometimes turned dizzy, but Darwin never.

No less significant is the statement that, while Darwin foresaw that his doctrines would occasion "a whole of metaphysics," he himself was reserved before ultimate questions, and his answers to such questions were extorted from him.

Concerning Darwin's special theory of natural selection or the survival of the fittest, these essays have a good deal to say, but they speak very diversely, and the complete ignoring of this theory in several essays is no less marked than its laudation in others. One of Darwin's most formidable opponents, Samuel Butler, admits that "to the end of time if the question be asked, 'Who taught people to believe in evolution,' the answer must be that it was Mr. Darwin." And a more modern expert on the theory of heredity does not hesitate to write:

> Not for a few generations, but through all ages, he should be remembered as the first who showed clearly that the problems of heredity and variation are soluble by observation and laid down the course by which we must proceed to their solution.

After all has been said, Darwin's own estimate hits the mark more nearly than that of either his followers or his opponents:

> Hence if I have erred in giving to natural selection great power, which I am very far from admitting, or in having exaggerated its power, which is in itself probable, I have at least, as I hope, done good service in aiding to overthrow the dogma of separate creations.

Historically, Darwin's influence lies exactly here, as he himself surmised; for, whether we accept or deny the efficiency of natural selection to account for the process of evolution, it is a fact that, after 1859, the prevailing theory of special creations died a quick and painful death.

As an expression of modern thought concerning evolution and its tributary studies of heredity and variation no more admirable compilation than these essays has appeared in recent times. We are once more at the turning point; the old is giving place rapidly to the new, and here, perhaps for the last time, the older writers of the earlier Darwinism meet the newer contributors to advancing thought in friendly discourse.

In Prof. Charles L. Poor's "Nautical Science," promised by the Putnams, we look for an account, in language intelligible to the layman, of the astronomical facts and the scientific principles upon which navigation is based. This book will contain a description of the tides and tidal currents, and the most valuable results of researches by our Coast and Geodetic Survey.

Henry Holt & Co. announce for autumn publication two works of physiology entitled, respectively: "Physiology of Man and Other Animals," by Anne Moore, and "The History of the Human Body," by Prof. H. H. Wilder. The former book is an elementary treatment of pure physiology; the latter, intended for advanced students, is a study of technical human anatomy.

On November 11 and 12 will be held in Lampson Hall, Yale University, a conference on the prevention of infant mortality; this being the third mid-year meeting of the American Academy of Medicine. The exhibits by the Boston committee on milk and baby hygiene, and other organizations, are under the supervision of Professor Fisher. Four sessions will be held, at which more than twenty papers will be read by members of the conference.

Drama.

Das Drama: Wesen, Theorie, und Technik des Dramas. Von Dr. Hermann Schlag. New York: Imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.

Few Germans have had the years' ex-

perience of the well-known Weimar professor in the editing and preparation of plays for the Continental stage, and it is not surprising that his latest volume, summing up the impressions of a life in which the theatre has passed through several evolutions, should prove the most notable book of its kind since the publication of Gustav Freytag's "Technik des Dramas." Very likely it surpasses, in some respects at least, Freytag's epoch-making work, for whereas Freytag confined himself chiefly to tragedy and the outward construction of a play, Schlag in his compact pages —containing scarcely less than 160,000 words—has sought to cover the entire field of the playwright, and much more satisfactorily than either Hessen or Nossig has done. Writing from his own observation and experience, Schlag avoids the too scientific bias of Weitbrecht, on the one hand, and the Emersonian disorder of Bulthaupt in his four huge volumes, on the other. Apparently, too, he has escaped the mistakes marring Harlan's new "Schule des Lustspiels." Like Bulthaupt, however, Schlag chiefly occupies himself, so far as the foreign stage is concerned, with Shakespeare and Ibsen. These dramatists apart, Shaw alone seems to challenge Schlag's attention; nor does Shaw fare very well at his hands. Herr Schlag admits the talent shown here and there by the "phosphorescent Irishman," but considers that Shaw soon wearies his audience, and holds him, in one stage-direction at least, "absolutely daft"—*ganz verrückt!*

Schlag is one of those who look back, with Goethe, to the good old times "when one could, without trouble, always pick up a repertory from among the plays at hand and lying about loose." He finds the sources of dramatic art-theory chiefly in Aristotle and Lessing, and outlines, in some twenty-eight chapters, the five fundamental laws of dramatic composition. These, according to Schlag, have still to do with *die Handlung, die Charaktere das Verstandesmässige, die Sprache*, and *die Anpassung an die Bühne.*

Two quite practical chapters on the dramatic materials, dramatic methods, the relations of the playwright to his public, and the qualities which the poet must possess in order to become a successful dramatist close, with a good bibliography, this excellent volume.

It is natural that the author of a work of this order should again and again refer to "the modern." Professor Schlag sees in Hauptmann (referred to both as Gerhart and Gerhard) a poet deserving of far more consideration than the rest of contemporary stage aspirants. The praise is not unqualified, however: for he regards Hauptmann as having striven to extricate himself from the naturalistic morass, but as having only partially succeeded, and as having failed, thus far, to fulfil the promise of his early work. In Sudermann, Schlag sees not a poet, but a fruitful stage-craftsman, who is a good delineator of character and an able word-painter, but who has not begun to do with his precious talents what the world has a right to expect of him. Hauptmann has failed to climb; Sudermann has positively sunk, year by year, deeper and deeper into the mire of the commonplace and the disgusting. According to our critic, the saviour of the modern stage has, however, appeared in Wildenbruch, who, although he, too, passed through the humiliation of repeated failures following early success, at last, and shortly before his death, gave to the German theatre his *Die Rabensteinerin.* From this single achievement of Wildenbruch's, one may see that art remains art, and that it matters little whether the poet, when he comes, be romantic or classic, prosaic or prosodic, realistic or idealistic: if only he appears as a true dramatist, he will come into his own. For the future of the dramatic art, this writer is in the highest degree sanguine.

The latest play by Alfred Sutro, "The Builder of Bridges," which is now to be seen in the Hudson Theatre, shows the author's technical skill and instinctive sense of theatrical situation, but is purely commercial, not serious, drama. Although it is smartly written, in places, and contains more than one clever character sketch, it is so insincere in sentiment, and so conventional, as well as so unlikely in action, that it has no value as a reflection of actual life. The heroine, after trading disgracefully on the emotions of two honorable men—to both of whom she engages herself—in order to raise money to settle a thieving brother's defalcation, is finally pardoned by the lover who has been most egregiously deceived, on the ground that she erred simply through sisterly affection. The piece is immoral because of the gloss put upon bad and treacherous actions, and has no special literary or dramatic quality to offer in justification. Whatever success it may have will be due chiefly to the artistic acting of Kyrle Bellew as the complacent hero.

The play Roy Horniman founded upon the main incidents of W. J. Locke's novel, "Idols," which was produced with some success in London, was presented in the Bijou Theatre here on Monday evening. Like the great majority of similar adaptations, it contains but little of the charm, power, or illusion of the original book. In its bare outlines, the tale becomes crude and unsympathetic melodrama. The purely theatrical and unreasonable nature of the plot is clearly revealed. The court episode itself, the main object of the dramatization, is seen, upon the least reflection, to be based upon inadmissible premises. If it be granted that a respectable and happily married woman might, in open court, in a fit of emotional ecstasy, falsely declare herself an adulteress, in order to prove an alibi for an innocent man to whom she owed a great debt of gratitude, and whose lips hitherto had been sealed by his honorable obligations to another woman, it is utterly inconceivable that a brave and gallant man—such as the beneficiary is described to be—could allow himself to profit by such a sacrifice, even for an instant, when a revelation of the simple truth would save him and hurt nobody. There are other equally glaring improbabilities in a scene which has no real dramatic value other than its alleged realism. The acting at the Bijou is not of first rate quality by any means, but the merely sensational value of the murder and trial scenes may keep the piece alive for a season. The representation is something entirely apart from the book, in spirit and value.

At the MacDowell Club, in New York city, Josephine Preston Peabody will read, on November 15, her new play, "The Piper," which is a re-creation of the Hamelin personage. This play, the first by Miss Peabody to be published since "Marlowe," is to be issued through Houghton Mifflin Co.

David Belasco has three new productions in course of preparation. One is a political play, by William C. De Mille, entitled "The Machine"; another is a play in which Charlotte Walker is to be the star, and of the third he claims the authorship himself, while confessing his obligations to the French. For this production he promises a cast of the rarest excellence, to be secured by some process which the press agent describes as a combination of all the best that there is in the old stock company and the present star system.

The latest historical character to be sacrificed on the altar of costume-melodrama is Sir Walter Raleigh, who is made the hero of a "Romantic Play" at the Lyric Theatre (London) by William Devereux The gallant soldier, sea-captain, poet, statesman, and historian emerges here an inferior swashbuckler of the type of *cap et d'épée.* No one profits by all this but Mr. Lewis Waller, of picturesque pose and lively eloquence.

The tercentenary of Shakespeare's death will fall on April 23, 1916, and with a view to its commemoration, it is proposed by the special committee for the erection of a National Shakespeare Theatre in London to raise by subscription a fund of £500,000, so that the theatre may be an accomplished fact by that date. The committee declares that only thus will be removed from London "the unenviable distinction of being perhaps the only great capital in Europe which does not possess such an institution."

Wedekind's "The Awakening of Spring: A Tragedy of Childhood," Englished by Francis J. Ziegler, is to be issued this month through Brown Bros., Philadelphia. The drama's thesis is that "it is a fatal error to bring up children, either boys or girls, in ignorance of their sexual nature" (we quote Mr. Ziegler's "Poem for Prudes"). "Frühling's Erwachen" has gone through twenty-six editions in its original language, and has been translated into Russian and French. The play has been successfully produced in Germany, but proved a failure on the Paris stage. There can, of course, be no question of its American production.

Victorien Sardou was, from 1864 until the time of his death, a resident of Marly-

le-Roi, and that village has now honored the dramatist with a bust. Sardou always interested himself in the affairs of the little community of which he was the most distinguished citizen, and even served, in 1870, as its Mayor. The dedication of the bust brought together a distinguished gathering; from Paris came members of the playwright's family, MM. Hervieu, Richepin, de Croisset, Bernstein, etc., and the widow of Dumas, *fils*. Among the speakers were René Millet, *conseiller général*, and M. de Nolhac, curator of the Museum of Versailles.

At this moment, two plays by M. Brieux hold the Paris stage. At the Français is seen "La Robe rouge," the play which has for its theme the abuses of the French magisterial procedure, first enacted upon the stage of the Vaudeville, in 1900. One may fairly call this the dramatist's masterpiece, and at the Maison de Molière it has renewed its youth. M. Brieux's new piece, "Suzette," is to be seen at the theatre where his earlier play was first produced. It is doubtful whether this drama of outraged motherhood (it suggests, too, at moments, the central situation of Mr. Pinero's "His House in Order") has attained much more than a *succès d'estime*. Its excellent passages do not close the eyes of the spectator to the fact that it has, in high degree, the usual defect of the plays of this capable dramatist: it contains almost too many *petites conférences*. Brieux's "La Foi," elaborately staged this autumn at His Majesty's Theatre, in London, and called, in translation, "False Gods," was blamed by London critics, it will be remembered, for this same excess of intellectuality, not to say dulness. "Suzette" deals, it should be said, with the rupture of the spouses Chambert, and the separation of the sinning mother, who retains the public's good wishes, from the child whom she loves, and who gives the play its title. In the judicial separation, the mother is accorded the privilege of seeing her child once each month, but the difficulties thrown in the way of their meetings, and the conduct of the father and his contemptible family, who seek in every way to poison the child against her mother, are, of course, a terrible experience for Suzette, and the mother in the end gives way: this that the child's breast may no longer be torn by a conflict so ruinous to her proper development. It is, in itself, an unpleasant performance; and one cannot congratulate M. Brieux upon having created characters which command our admiration as theatric personages. Neither is our sympathy sufficiently kindled, even for the unfortunate mother herself.

Music.

The rivalry between the two opera companies in this city, which has reached an acute stage, has caused both of them to announce the attractions of the opening week longer in advance than usual. Mr. Hammerstein, who begins next Monday, has even taken the public into his confidence regarding the many offerings of the first two weeks at the Manhattan. Among these will be two novelties, two French operas never before sung in this city, both by Massenet, for whose works Mr. Hammerstein has had a deep affection ever since he secured Maurice Renaud and Mary Garden. "Hérodiade" is to be produced, in the newer version, on November 8, the first night of the season, and "Sapho" is to have its première on November 17. Among the other operas of the first two weeks are "Traviata," "Lucia" and "The Daughter of the Regiment" (for Tetrazzini), and "Aïda." The Opéra Comique branch of this house is to open the following week with "La Fille de Madame Angot" on November 16, and "La Mascotte" on the twentieth.

The Metropolitan does not open till November 15, and it has no novelty to offer in the way of operas during the first week; but there is to be a revival of "Lohengrin" that will eclipse even the glories of "Parsifal," while "La Gioconda" and "Otello" are to enjoy the advantage of new singers and fresh scenic attire. "La Traviata," "Madama Butterfly," and "La Bohème" will also be heard during the first week. But the Metropolitan Opera Company's most notable achievement will be the annexation of the New Theatre, which is to be musically dedicated on the evening of November 16 by a performance of Massenet's "Werther," to be followed the next afternoon by Smetana's "The Bartered Bride."

Mme. Sembrich will be heard in her annual recital in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday afternoon, November 9.

Dr. Alfred Christian Kalischer, the editor of the recently issued "Beethovens Sämtliche Briefe," has died at Berlin. Among his other publications we may note editions of Wegeler and Ries's "Beethoven," Anton Schindler's "Beethovens Biographie," and Lenz's "Beethoven." His "Beethovens Frauenkreis" was issued on the very day of his death (October 6).

From Dresden we learn of the death, at the age of sixty-five years, of one of the most celebrated Wagnerian tenors of the last generation, Heinrich Gudehus, long an interpreter of the part of Parsifal at Bayreuth. Gudehus belonged, for many years, to the Royal Operas of Dresden and of Berlin.

Art.

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

Of the 363 paintings now exhibited at the Fine Arts building by the New York Water-Color Club only a few are water-colors in the stricter sense. Oils are naturally excluded, but pastel, gouache, tempera, and mixtures of all the slighter mediums hang together in confusing juxtaposition. Similarly, fully conducted pictures tend to efface the more summary sketches. With the vigorous works of C. W. Eaton, Gruppe, and C. C. Cooper prominently displayed (painting in the full gamut), how is one to catch the evasively exquisite quality of H. M. Camp's twilights, of Louis Tiffany's California Squash Field, of F. M. Marsh's two-skied drawings, of Jane Peterson's city nooks in the Old World? In short, this is neither a water-color exhibition nor for that matter an exhibition of any sort. It is merely a casual collection of disparate matter, with a fair number of interesting items.

This is no fault of the New York Water Color Club or of its hanging committee. They have done their best with galleries unfitted for the purpose. Some day there will be a series of low galleries in light tones, in which finished paintings, sketches, and even the slightest notes may find congenial quarters. Until the time when the art societies possess a suitable building, the minor shows must continue to have a makeshift character. Meanwhile let us forget a diffused discomfort and enjoy the particular goods the jury has provided.

The stately talent of Charles Warren Eaton appears to rare advantage in a series of nocturnes, mostly on Lake Como. He has carried a simplification very far without falling into emptiness, and without undue formality he displays a thoughtful sense of arrangement. The tone of these pastels is often exquisite, though the uniform employment of blue and gray sometimes approaches mannerism. Alexander Robinson's African and Venetian scenes are crisp in drawing, sonorous in color, vivacious in general effect. Their execution gives a fillip, but is there much behind all this bravura? For that desirable something behind, turn to C. C. Cooper's Columbus Circle. Out of a confusing and complicated appearance he has wrought a unified vision. The restlessness and motion of New York at full current here settle into something that is at least exalted prose and perhaps poetry. These three men and Gruppe, whose sterling talent needs no new comment, are, as has been hinted, hard and possibly unfair company for the run of the exhibitors. In a better world, the pampered pastellist and the practitioner in tempera will be forced to choose between the oil shows and those in water-color, or, better yet, will be hung according to the completeness or suggestiveness of the execution. As it is, the happy adept of tempera and pastel may joyously conduct a continuous exhibitionistic performance.

The present writer grudges no painter his favorite materials, but confesses to a liking for water colors that do not keep him guessing. There is an authentic, if limited, charm in the pure color boldly applied that no other medium shares. It is refreshing to find men who still can do something expressive with the edges of the wash. John J. Redmond's Sunset Glow in the Alps, Charles H. Wright's The Jungfrau, or the pasturing cattle of F. D. Marsh, Mrs. Nicholls's Laundry Maid in a garden, and Hilda Belcher's two portraits of girls, one of which receives the Beal prize, reveal a similar spontaneity. Ernest D. Roth's little Venetian sketch, and Harold Camp's delicious twilights, par-

ticularly his November, with its pellucid evening sky and wind-blown shrubs, again satisfy greatly an old-fashioned lover of simple ways of seeing and doing. Frank J. Mulhaupt's Meadow and Hillside is lovely for the discreet contrast of a pale green tree set against distant russet groves, and is rarely impressive for the simplicity of the main planes and the large scale of the whole. It combines in unusual fashion a delicate realism with decorative quality.

To particularize the pictures that stand out for one reason or another is neither possible nor desirable. Popularity may be predicted for Edward Dufner's Moonlit Lake, which holds a place of honor. To many it will seem oversweet. Walter Palmer's able and somewhat arid snow studies lend themselves to no fresh comment. E. Luis Mora's Spanish scenes occupy an entire end wall of the second gallery. They have a Pasini-like brilliancy. It is difficult to to see anything amiss with them, or anything personal and interesting. Take the Gorge of Ronda (No. 311). Was ever tremendous romantic scenery more placidly painted? It is a dandified Spain that Mr. Mora gives us. There is no thrill in it. Among the figure studies, nothing is more interesting than Jerome Meyer's sombre and trenchant studies of East Side children.

The beginning is also the ending. When will the art societies have galleries in which sketches, black and white, etc., may be shown as favorably as they now are at the dealers'?

The exhibition is open until November 21.

At Keppell's is being shown until November 6 a group of drawings by old masters, mostly Dutch and Flemish. A composition sketch by Rembrandt for a Beheading of John the Baptist is, perhaps, the most notable exhibit. It is a studio note, and without charm, but carried through with a stalwart economy that makes it a model of swift and masterful execution. Few but artists will read the merit of it fully. Rembrandt in a more conventional vein is represented by a sketch of a couchant lion. Ruysdael, Craesbeeck, Adrian van Ostade, Bakhuisen, and Maas are shown in characteristic examples. The little group of washed drawings by Van Goyen deserve a more specific attention, while a sketch of a village school by Isack van Ostade is a little marvel of animation and gusto. We comment elsewhere in this issue on the sketches by the great Claude exhibited. Brosmaer, Pencz, and Canaletto are also represented.

The following exhibitions will be held this season in the galleries of the Salmagundi Club: Work by the late C. Myles Collier, opening November 8; work by Carl Rungius, November 22; annual illustration show, ecember 3; annual water color show, December 17; work by C. A. Needham, January 18.

The Metropolitan Museum has issued the illustrated catalogue in two volumes of its art exhibition, held in connection with the Hudson-Fulton celebration. They are handsome volumes, profusely illustrated with excellent reproductions. The first volume, which is dedicated to the paintings by Dutch masters of the seventeenth century, contains a reproduction of every picture exhibited except a Pieter de Hooch—a woman at a washtub in a yard with another woman drawing water from a well—which J. Pierpont Morgan recently purchased in this city, and which was lent to the collection after the catalogue had gone to press. The second volume deals with the exhibition of American paintings, furniture, etc. It contains an article by Miss Florence Levy, giving a lucid description of old American silver, the rich collection of which, at the Metropolitan, has been a revelation to the public. The price of the two volumes, which are not sold separately, is $5.

Washington Irving died on November 28, 1859, and the anniversary of his death is noted by the New York Public Library in an exhibition of his works, and of various prints, in the lower hall of the Lenox Library building.

The twentieth annual exhibition of the Art Club of Philadelphia will continue until December 5. One hundred and seven paintings, the work of eighty-eight exhibitors, are shown. Frank W. Benson, Elliott Daingerfield, Birge Harrison, Childe Hassam, Philip Hale, W. E. Schofield, Willard Metcalfe, and Edmund C. Tarbell are among the painters sending canvases. Robert Henri's The Blue Kimona has been awarded the club's gold medal. Honorable mention has been given to Daniel Garber for his In Winter—Richmond. Whistler is represented by his Study in Rose and Brown.

"Artists, Past and Present" (Moffat, Yard & Co.) contains a dozen "random studies" by Elisabeth Luther Cary of artists from Crevelli to Carl Larsson and Zuloaga. Miss Cary has the qualifications of intelligence, flexibility, sympathy, and a pretty, flowing style, and these are so many more than are often thought sufficient for the practice of art criticism that her book is distinctly above the average. What she lacks is a natural or trained insight into technical matters, which are, after all, the important matters in art, so that she seems seldom to be talking of the real thing. What she sees is not the work of art, as an artist recognizes it, but something else—something with intellectual and moral qualities, but not made of lines or surfaces of paint. And while you may learn to know a man in many ways you will never know the artist until you understand the quality of his lines and his surfaces.

Dr. Luigi Pernier is to be the first director of the Archæological Institute newly established at Athens by the Italian government.

Announcement is made of the death of Hippolyte Dubois, director of the Algerian Ecole des Beaux-Arts. A pupil of Gleyse, his prominence as a painter dates from 1873, when he obtained the gold medal of the Salon.

Dr. A. Bredius, who has held, since 1889, the directorship of the Royal Museum at The Hague, is succeeded by Dr. W. Martin. In 1895, it will be remembered, Dr. Bredius published, with the assistance of Dr. Hofstede de Groot, an elaborate *catalogue raisonné* of the works of art of the Mauritshuis.

William Powell Frith, R.A., died at London, November 2, in his ninety-first year. He was in his time the most popular of British painters, and some day several of his pictures, such as Derby Day, Life at the Seaside, and The Railway Station, will be valued as faithful and excellently drawn representations of mid-Victorian life. Probably he received in his heyday higher prices than any contemporary painter. For The Railway Station he received $45,000, and the painting was resold for $80,000, with a subscription list to the engraving, so well known in this country. For his Marriage of the Prince of Wales (the present King), which was exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, he was paid $40,000. The painter was on intimate terms with the London celebrities of his period, and in his "Autobiography" and "Further Reminiscences" has left a charming record of his friendships and impressions.

Finance.

THE "STEEL DIVIDEND."

Directors of the United States Steel Corporation last week raised the quarterly dividend on the common stock to the rate which was paid in the first two years of the company's history. When the so-called billion-dollar steel combination" was organized and incorporated, early in 1901, animated discussion began at once in Wall Street as to whether dividends would forthwith be paid on the $500,000,000 common stock. The consensus of conservative opinion was that such action, at so experimental a stage in the company's affairs, would be unwise. It happened, however, that "Steel common" had been issued in exchange for the common stock of nine other existing combinations in the steel trade. Of these nine corporations, four had previously been paying dividends on their own common stock and five had not; and it is quite conceivable that, in the course of the merger negotiations, some at least of the companies of which control was sought had been promised dividends on the new combination's common shares.

However this may be, the initial controversy was quickly settled by the paying of a 4 per cent. annual dividend on the stock. The results were not altogether fortunate. Two years later came a decided reaction in the steel trade; net earnings of the Steel Corporation fell for a time to barely one-third their previous quarterly average, and the dividend on the common stock was for two years entirely suspended.

When, in the opening months of 1906, prosperity returned to the industry, dividends were resumed, but this time in an extremely cautious way. Only 2 per cent. was now paid annually on the common shares, and, even in periods of unprecedentedly large earnings, the management pursued the far-sighted

policy of making heavy appropriations from the annual earnings, not only for depreciation account but for the necessary new construction. The result of this wise plan was that the next severe trade reaction found the company in a strong position. The panic shock of 1907 cut its earnings so low that, in order to pay the next quarter's dividend, construction and replacement expenditures, which had been $15,000,000 in the same three months of the year before, had to be entirely suspended; but the accumulated surplus was regarded as a sufficient safeguard to permit continuance of that dividend. It was paid at an unchanged rate thoughout 1907 and up to the middle of the present year.

With the reduction in the price of steel early this year, and the consequent rapid revival in the trade, earnings of the company increased steadily, though they did not attain the heights of 1906 and 1907. In the quarter ending last June, net earnings were greatly in excess of the year before; but they were still smaller than in any other previous year save one; they were barely 64 per cent. of the same quarter's earnings during the active trade of 1907, and the management had not seen its way to resume the special appropriations for construction, suspended since the panic of 1907. It was on that occasion, nevertheless, that the directors decided on an increase in the common stock dividend to an annual rate of 3 per cent.

It cannot be denied that, in raising a dividend before earnings had fully recovered from the setback of 1907, the directors did not follow the lines marked out and observed in the experience of cautious railway corporations. In many minds, however, the higher dividend of last July found legitimate defence in the continued improvement of the steel trade. But instead of merely contending that this improvement warranted the 3 per cent. rate, a still higher dividend was at once predicted. Rumors of a return to a 4 per cent. annual rate at the October meeting circulated persistently in Wall Street, and last week the rumors were confirmed.

Earnings reported for the September quarter showed a large increase over those of the three months ending with June, and they reflected a highly encouraging situation. But they failed by 10 per cent. or more to reach the magnitude of two or three quarterly periods during 1906 and 1907, when the annual dividend was 2 per cent. They exceeded by only a million and a half the net earnings of the corresponding quarter in 1902, when the corporation's scope of business was much smaller and when it reported fixed charges less by $6,000,000 than in the quarter past. It is in the light of these facts, as well as in the light of the past quarter's large increase in earnings, that the company's dividend policy must be judged.

The answer made from the Stock Exchange to all such qualifying considerations is, that the Steel Corporation may not be making the most brilliant of all exhibits now, but will soon be doing so. It is not necessary to question or throw doubt on such predictions; every one hopes that they will be fulfilled. But it is well, especially in the midst of a violently excited market for the stock of the company concerned, to remember that predictions are predictions, and that the misfortunes of investors and speculators ordinarily arise from mistaking expectations for certainties. The history of the Steel Corporation itself, as this brief review has shown, has not been wholly free from occasional misjudgments of the sort, and the extent to which the "Steel shares" seem to have appealed to the plain and uninformed investor gives reason for some cautionary words at a time when extravagant inferences may be drawn from last week's action on the dividend.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

"A Hermit." The Garden in the Wilderness. Baker & Taylor. $1.50 net.
Allen, J. The Mastery of Destiny. Putnam. $1 net.
Ames, jr., Fisher, By Reef and Trail. Boston: Brown & Page.
Arndt, E. M. Deutsche Patrioten in Russland zur Zeit Napoleons. Heath. 30 cents.
Austin, M. Lost Borders. Harper. $1.25.
Bachelier, I. The Master. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Banfield, E. J. The Confessions of a Beachcomber. Appleton.
Barbour, R. H. The Lilac Girl. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2.
Barry, W. F. The Hygiene of the Schoolroom. Revised edition. Silver, Burdett. $1.50.
Baty, T. International Law. Longmans, Green. $2.75 net.
Baudelaire, C. Poems in Prose. Translated by A. Symons. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
Beach, E. L. Ralph Osborn, Midshipman. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.50.
Beard, J. C. Billy Possum. Pictures by C. Barnes. Stokes Co.
Benedix, R. Eigensinn. Frowde.
Blanchard, A. E. Wits' End. Boston: Dana Estes. $1.50.
Boylan, G. D. Yama Yama Land. Pictures by E. Keller. Chicago: Reilly & Britton.
Brownell, W. C. American Prose Masters. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
Buchheim, E. S. Der ungebetene Gast. Frowde.
Burnett, F. H. Emily Fox-Seton. Stokes.
Burton, M. L. The Problem of Evil: a Criticism of the Augustinian Point of View. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.
Cady, J. The Moving of the Waters. McBride Co.
Callender, G. S. Selections from the Economic History of the U. S., 1765-1860. Ginn & Co. $2.75.
Carter, A. The Seamless Robe. A Wessels. $1.50.
Cawein, M. The Giant and the Star: Little Annals in Rhyme. Small, Maynard.
Cléry. The Royal Family in the Temple Prison; with a supplementary chapter on The Last Hours of Louis XVI. Trans. by E. J. Méras. Sturgis & Walton. $1.50.
Crane, F. The Song of the Infinite. Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Daley, Myra. Jerd Cless. Cochrane Pub. Co. $1.65.
De Bunsen, V. The Soul of a Turk. Lane $3.50 net.
Dobson, A. Proverbs in Porcelain. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
Douglass, H. P. Christian Reconstruction in the South. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.50 net.
Dyson, C. C. Madame de Maintenon, Her Life and Times. 1635-1719. Lane Co. $4 net.
Easy French Selections for Sight Translation. Compiled by J. E. Mansion. Heath & Co. 15 cents.
Edgcumbe, R. Byron: The Last Phase. Scribners. $3 net.
Ellwanger, W. D. A Snuff-box Full of Trees: Some Apocryphal Essays. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.
France, A. Jacques Tournebroche. Trans. by A. Allinson. Lane Co. $2.
Freeman, M. W. The Winning Lady and Others. Harper. $1.25.
Friendship. Essays and maxims by Cicero, Emerson, and others. Putnam. $2.50 net.
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Gordon, G. A. Crossing the Bar. Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Gordon, G. A. The Spirit of Truth. Pilgrim Press. 35 cents net.
Green, S. A. John Foster, the Earliest American Engraver. Boston: Massachusetts Historical Society.
Hall, A. D. Fertilizers and Manures. Dutton. $1.50 net.
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Hendrick, W. A. Joysome History of Education. Nyack, N. Y.: The Point of View. 35 cents.
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Jefferson, C. E. Talks on High Themes for Christians. Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.
Jordan, L. H. Modernism in Italy. Frowde.
Kasmar, M. K. First Lessons in Aeronautics. Chicago: American Aeronautical Society.
King, H. C. Letters on the Greatness and Simplicity of the Christian Faith: A Revised Edition of Letters to Sunday-School Teachers. Pilgrim Press. $75 cents net.
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Knight, W. A. The Shepherd of Jebel Nur. Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Lang, Mrs. The Red Book of Heroes. Edited by A. Lang. Longmans, Green. $1.60 net.
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Milton's Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.

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Moss, J. A. Privates' Manual; Non-commissioned Officers' Manual; The Story of a Troop Mess. Washington, D. C.: The U. S. Infantry Assn. 50 cents, $1.50, and 75 cents, respectively.
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Reminders of Walks With Jesus in His Home Country, by G. L. Chamberlin and M. R. Kern. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
Renouf, V. A. Outlines of General History. Macmillan. $1.30 net.
Richardson, N. A. Industrial Problems. Chicago: Kerr & Co. $1.
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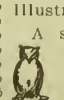

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1909.

The Week.

Senator Cummins of Iowa invaded Illinois on Saturday to utter his flat defiance of Speaker Cannon and all the let-us-alone tariff lotus-eaters. The speech was significant because it expressed the thoughts of many hearts in the West. This was the chief point that Senator Cummins made. He spoke as but the representative of thousands of Republicans who are bitterly disappointed with the Payne-Aldrich bill, and are determined to work and vote for its speedy amendment. If these people are to be "read out of the party," with them will go the Republican majorities in many of the States, from Ohio to the Rocky Mountains. But the men for whom the Iowa Senator speaks do not propose to be read out. They are going to keep up the good fight which they made in Washington last spring. In particular, as Senator Cummins intimates, they intend to strengthen and make use of the Tariff Commission in every way possible. A hasty remark of President Taft's was taken to mean that the Commission would do nothing for the next four years except compile information and produce a "glossary." But the President's original statement should not be forgotten, in which he plainly said that the inquiries of the Commission might be expected to be made the basis of "executive recommendations" to Congress.

Not so alarming as the bad Republican slump in Massachusetts, but perhaps as disappointing to a certain gentleman who has been sailing down the Mississippi River and making love to the people of the South, is the Republican showing in Virginia. The Democrats have elected their Governor by a majority of 23,000 and probably kept their majority of one hundred in the Legislature in joint session. Such comfort as exists for Mr. Taft is found in a reduction of 15,000 votes in the Democratic majority of four years ago. He probably hoped for better things. He had made excellent Federal appointments in the State; Postmaster-General Hitchcock had not been idle; the liking between the President and the people of the State was mutual. But even in the romantic Southland, sentiment and business are two different things. The line that bounds the solid South will take a good deal of scouring before it disappears. That it must fade in the course of time follows not only from the ardent courtship of Republican Presidents but from events within the South itself. When Southern manufacturers shall have completely gone over to the game of Protection grab, when Southern Senators shall have all awakened to the fact that if there is any stealing going on they are entitled to their share of it, there will be no reason left why the South should not go Republican.

On the Saturday before election, Senator Lodge made a speech in Boston which was evidently intended to check the Republican defection in Massachusetts, but which in effect could only have intensified it. For it was all about the tariff. After denying that the tariff question had anything to do with the State campaign, and affirming that the Democrats were "chattering" about it simply because they could not attack "Gov. Draper's admirable Administration," the Senator indulged in a couple of columns of tariff chatter of his own. The drift of it was that the recent tariff revision was a masterpiece of statesmanship; that its many grave defects were due to the fact that "we could not do what we wanted"; and that there may soon be another revision by which the tariff will be "still further improved." Mr. Lodge observed in a detached and far-away manner that "an especial attack has been made on the wool schedule." Not a word as to the chief attacker, namely, President Taft himself! Even the Senator had to admit that iniquities were wrapped in Mr. Whitman's wool, but still he contended that "on the whole, the interests of Massachusetts have been well guarded." His audience was gravely assured that Senator Crane and he in all that they did "thought first and always of the half-million people who work in the Massachusetts industries." Before the reader exhausts his powers of laughter over this, let him save something for the Senator's economic discovery that Cleveland's tariff message of 1887 was the "principal cause of the panic of 1893"!

There was a time when it would have been well to have included in the oaths of Southern Governors a special obligation to oppose and defeat lynching mobs. But the necessity for this appears to have passed by. Even Gov. Vardaman, victim of negrophobia that he was, balked more than one mob, and nearly every one of the present Governors has taken more or less vigorous action against those who would violate the laws in the name of order. Last week it was Gov. Glasscock of West Virginia who earned the gratitude of his State, and of law-abiding people everywhere, by taking from the jail in Gassaway two negroes, who were accused of assault and in danger of lynching. Gov. Glasscock marched with the militia and the prisoners, directed the strategy which outwitted the 200 armed men lying in wait, and saw that the prisoners were taken to another town where the militia will continue to guard them, until all danger is over. This is the kind of distinguished active service which ought to insure to Gov. Glasscock a long political career. In no other direction can he serve his State as well.

The commendable habit of giving money to colleges to be used as the colleges think best is growing. Libraries, dormitories, and stadia impress the popular imagination and gratify the vanity of the donor, but many a university president has had reason to fear the benefactor bearing gifts in the shape of a new building that has to be kept up and furnished with classes and instructors. Additions to their general endowment funds the colleges have been pleading for, and these they are now beginning to get. An unrestricted donation, like the two and a quarter million dollars which Columbia University receives under the will of the late John Stewart Kennedy, the New York broker, may be made to mean almost as much in the true evolution of a university as can a ten-million-dollar campus and a set of fine new buildings. It means an increase in the number and efficiency of the teaching staff. Courses given by under-

paid and overworked young instructors can now afford better-trained men and men less harassed with the vulgar worries of bread and rent. Courses that are needed, and not given because of the millions that go for interest charges and athletic fields, may now receive some attention. The teaching staff must always be the prime care of the college administrator. Buildings can wait, but a half-starved Ph.D. will sooner or later desert the academic halls for a place in the wholesale starch or dress-goods business. From the famous log with a student at one end and Mark Hopkins at the other we have changed to marble halls with a tired instructor at one end and a bored class at the other.

It is a relief to be told that the rumors of a Martian catastrophe, involving the destruction of all life upon that planet, are false. To have that bright young life snuffed out just when eyes on earth have discovered it would have been the saddest event in the whole range of cosmic history. Better that life had never come into being beyond terrestrial bounds, if it really has come, than that it should disappear just when we are about to question it. Better that the Martian canals had never been built, if there are such canals; better that the Martian vegetation had perished ten thousand years ago, if those dark patches are really forests; better that the polar ice-cap on Mars—taking it for granted that the ice-cap is actually there—had drawn tight over the entire rotundity of the planet, than to have the tragedy enacted before our straining and somewhat imperfect vision. If life on Mars were to be wiped out while our scientists are still debating the comparative advantages of a ten-mile mirror or a bell 100,000 feet in diameter as means of interplanetary communication, it would have shown that Chance, and mocking Chance, does rule the universe.

Like many another important item of Philippine news, the official announcement that W. Cameron Forbes, the Vice-Governor-General of the islands, has succeeded Gen. James F. Smith as Governor-General of the archipelago has attracted practically no attention. Mr. Forbes would seem in many respects to be admirably fitted for long service in his new post. A member of a distinguished Massachusetts family, of independent fortune, with an unusually advantageous business career opening before him when he gave up everything to go to the Philippines in 1904, he is but thirty-nine years of age. He has already done hard and faithful service in Manila as secretary of commerce and police and as Vice-Governor. In Mr. Taft's eyes he finds special favor because he is thoroughly in sympathy with the President's policy of indefinite control of the Philippines. Just here enters the scruple of doubt. A grandson of J. Murray Forbes, the great Boston merchant and abolitionist, the new Governor-General has yet to show that he shares the family views on the vital issues of democracy and human liberty. The Philippine future is full of sinister omens, despite the final rendering of tariff justice to the islands. To Mr. Taft this means prompt economic prosperity, and it ought to help greatly, though the last figures show a falling off in our trade with the islands. But the trouble is that the Filipino is absolutely ungrateful for all favors, so long as they come from American hands.

To the outsider who is not quite up on the fine points of mind and matter in the universe, the quarrel between New York's leading Christian Science church and the mother church in Boston is now in a hopeless state of complexity. When a witness may testify to the truth verbally in one way, and spiritually in another, we face a condition of affairs where nothing but a firm belief in malicious animal magnetism can help us. At first sight the quarrel would seem to be about very tangible things. A gifted and successful "reader," a woman, is suspected of cherishing personal ambitions dangerous to the unity of Christian Science, and, presumably, to the material interests of the governing body in Boston. In addition to so seemingly tangible a cause, we have such other seemingly corporeal facts as congregational meetings, a presiding officer, speakers on either side, a casting of ballots, a victory for the majority, and a vote of confidence. But the outsider's puzzlement begins when majorities are described as "truth" and minorities as "evil" and "error." This testifies to a blending of body and spirit which most of us have not yet attained.

The tension in England over the Budget is indicated by Mr. Balfour's language in reply to some utterances of Mr. Ure, Lord Advocate for Scotland. Mr. Ure had in several speeches stated that the aged poor of the country were fearful of losing their pensions if there were a change of government, and that he shared their apprehension. These statements were made the basis of a terrific arraignment by Mr. Balfour in a speech before the Junior Constitutional Club. "I do not wish," he said, "to judge too harshly the expressions of an excited orator talking to an excited audience. . . . It is the frigid and calculated lie which moves my indignation." And this was but the beginning of the ex-Premier's denunciation. The accusation of deliberate falsehood is based on the assertion that "no Government could if they would, or would if they could, interfere with these old-age pensions, and that you might as well think of repudiating your obligation to the national creditors as repudiating your obligation to those recipients of the national bounty." To this it is replied by Mr. Ure and his defenders that such may be the feeling of the Opposition, but that ways and means must be provided, and that Mr. Ure's statement was simply a challenge to Mr. Balfour to produce his programme and show that he could raise the necessary sum.

Whatever the merits of this personal controversy, there is one conclusion which it can hardly fail to force on the mind—that of the probable far-reaching effect of the old-age pension policy upon the whole character of British politics and government. The combination of democratic institutions, in a highly developed commercial and industrial country, with a vast system of governmental bounties to individuals, is something the working of which the world has never yet had an opportunity to witness; but it requires no gift of prophecy to forecast some of its inevitable consequences. One of these, and by no means the least serious, is sharply indicated in this Ure-Balfour episode. It was not for nothing that the leader of the Conservative party went so far beyond his own usual practice, and that of English statesmen generally, in the violence of his language; a new force, with untold potentialities of mischief, was invoked by Mr. Ure's appeal. If every contest for the

possession of the Government is to be made the occasion for bids by one party, or both, for the votes of the old-age pensioners and their friends, men who cherish the traditions of English government must feel that the outlook is dark indeed. The history of the war-pensions issue in our own politics may serve to give a faint indication of the demoraiization that may be possible in a democratic country when, instead of a temporary issue affecting a special class, it becomes a permanent issue involving a large part of the entire population.

The chances of a better understanding between Germany and Great Britain grow brighter. Rumor persists in dwelling on the imminence of peace overtures from the side of Germany. The new Chancellor's somewhat vague aspirations towards peace are reinforced in other influential quarters. Throughout the late years of Anglo-German strain our attention has centred entirely upon British scares and fears. But it would be absurd to think that the German Government, too, has not had its qualms, or that the German Empire has not its problems, which, like England's, work for peace. The recent sudden development of the Socialist menace cannot help influencing the Emperor's foreign policy. When five-sixths of the people of Berlin cast their votes for Socialist candidates, it is plain that the Kaiser's subjects are sick of the burdens imposed upon them by the Dreadnought fever. Von Bülow must have been aware of the true state of public feeling, but, satiated with office, preferred to resign rather than abandon a policy pursued for years. No such reasons exist to keep the new Chancellor from working for the restoration of common sense.

In Ambassador Bernstorff's address on Saturday, before the Academy of Political Science at Philadelphia, he urged that the almost entire drying up of the stream of emigration from Germany was a complete answer to those who charge the Germans with vast colonial ambitions. In particular, the Ambassador pointed to the German population in Brazil—some 400,000 all told—and showed that it receives scarcely any additions from the mother country. Fewer than a thousand Germans a year now emigrate to Brazil. This certainly looks as if that deadly attack on the Monroe Doctrine by way of Rio Grande do Sul, against which our Germanophobes used to warn us, is not likely to come off. Count Bernstorff dwelt on the other evidences that Germany is now able to provide work and opportunity for her increasing millions at home. There has been, indeed, a great change in conditions with the rise of German industrialism and commerce. Whether it is to be permanent, we must wait to see; but at present Germany is intensively cultivating her own garden with wonderful success. All told, Count Bernstorff's address was peace-loving and peace-promoting.

M. Briand, in his new capacity as head of the French Cabinet, won his first Parliamentary victory on Monday, when the question of electoral reform came up in the Chamber. After that body had voted to change the system of voting for Deputies from the *scrutin d'arrondissement* to the *scrutin de liste*, the Premier intervened and by making the question one of confidence in the Government forced the Chamber to reverse its previous majority of nearly 240. Under the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, at present in force, every Department of France is divided into electoral districts, of which each elects a single Deputy. Under the *scrutin de liste*, every elector in a department voted for the entire number of Deputies to which the department is entitled; in other words, the same method by which our own Presidential electors are chosen in the different States. The French Republic has repeatedly experimented with both forms. The vote by departments was introduced in 1871, replaced by the vote by arrondissements or districts in 1876, restored in 1885, and once more abandoned for the arrondissement system in 1889. That there was not one more change, between 1876 and 1885, is due to the Senate's rejection of a bill for reëstablishing the *scrutin de liste* passed by the Chamber in 1881 after a great campaign by Gambetta.

The attitude of the judge who is presiding over the sensational murder trial now in progress in Paris can but strike one bred to our notions as unfair and outrageous. Instead of a neutral umpire, he makes himself a violent prosecutor. But all depends upon the point of view and age-long practice. When Charles Sumner as a young man went to France, he frequented the courts both of primary jurisdiction and appeal, and at first was shocked by the intervention of the judges. To his Anglo-Saxon conceptions of judicial propriety, this seemed intolerable. But later he came to a different view, and was ready to concede that the rigid examination of suspected criminals by the judge was often a splendid instrument of justice. A similar opinion, we believe, was expressed by Sir James Stephen. With the complete *dossier* of the case before him, an examining magistrate is often able to succeed better than any one else could in eliciting the exact truth. His bias against the prisoner is more assumed than real, for behind all the rigors of his cross-examination lies the high sense of judicial obligation, and the fear lest, as the judge in the Steinheil case expresses it, a "judicial error" may be committed.

Turkey is the latest victim of Dreadnought fever. Prosperous, peaceful, contented Turkey, with no vast problems of governmental change to work out, with no foreign loans to be negotiated, with no hereditary feuds between Moslem and Christian to appease, with no rebellions in Arabia and Anatolia to subdue, with no bothersome Cretan mix-up on her hands—this happy nation rolling in wealth has decided to spend $100,000,000 on battleships in the course of the next seven years. It may be that the Turkish Parliament which meets next week will hesitate to tread where the Minister of the Navy has rushed in so violently, but that navy-building on a large scale will be taken up by the new régime there is little reason to doubt. Turkey's enhanced reputation among the Powers is due to the demonstration of military efficiency which accompanied the fall of Abdul Hamid, as much as to sympathy for Constitutional government. Ottoman chauvinists probably see in a powerful navy the recovery of Crete, Cyprus, Egypt even—who knows? The significant thing, in the meanwhile, is that the Mediterranean, which only four or five years ago was supposed to have been removed from the sphere of naval competition, is now falling back within the mad circle. Austria is building Dreadnoughts, Italy is building Dreadnoughts, Greece and Turkey plan to do the same.

SENATOR ALDRICH ON THE CURRENCY.

Senator Aldrich's speech of last Saturday to the Chicago Commercial Club makes one thing plain beyond dispute—that no plan for currency reform has yet been agreed on by the Monetary Commission. It is true that Mr. Vreeland, whose chairmanship of the House Banking and Currency Committee makes him an influential member of the Monetary Commission, has taken ground in a public speech for a Central Bank. It is also true that Mr. Aldrich himself, in private statement of his views, has shown his own attitude to be similar. The coincidence, last September, of President Taft's public reference to the Central Bank plan and of the formal launching of an "educational campaign" for such a plan at the National Bankers' Convention, led to popular belief that the scheme would at once be pressed. The truth was, however, that the Monetary Commission had not yet acted formally on any plan. Secretary MacVeagh declared, after Mr. Taft's speech, that the Administration would assume no official attitude in the matter until after the Commission had reported, and Senator Aldrich said as positively on Saturday that "the question of a definite plan for reforming existing conditions has not yet been taken up by the Commission."

Under such circumstances, it was hardly to be expected that the chairman of the Commission would at this time set out to tour the country in advocacy of an expedient of his own, which might or might not be adopted by the full Commission. There seems to have been a prevalent idea that this was Senator Aldrich's purpose, but he is making no such blunder.

There were nevertheless certain passages in the Senator's speech of Saturday which showed that he had a Central Bank in mind. His four important stipulations as to what should be "guarded against or eliminated from any possible scheme" were these: a "credit organization that would interfere with or control existing banks"; an organization "whose resources or credit could be used for speculative purposes"; one "that could possibly be dominated by the financial men or institutions in one section of the country," and one that should introduce the system of branch banking. A glance at these four "eliminations" shows that only a central institution could be referred to, and this brings the discussion fairly back to the Central Bank.

The "branch banking" question is of practical importance, because it touches on an aspect of the matter which has largely inspired such suspicions of the project as exist among inland bankers. If Senator Aldrich's statement, that he does not believe it possible to adapt that system to existing conditions in the United States, is to be interpreted as meaning branches of a Central Bank, it might tend to reassure these local misgivings. But Mr. Aldrich did not touch on the seemingly unavoidable alternative, also objectionable to interior markets—namely, that if a Central Bank were to be the sole depository of government surplus funds, and yet were to have no branches, it would necessarily, at a time when public revenue ran far beyond expenditure, pile up in one locality the proceeds of Federal taxes raised in a hundred other places. We doubt if such a plan would appeal to markets whose own actual money supply might thus be drained away.

That a Central Bank could properly aspire neither to control existing banks nor to interfere with their business through direct competition of its own, is a proposition which will command universal assent. So will the two propositions that its credit resources must not be used for speculative purposes or manipulated by financial interests for their personal advantage. No one in his senses would in the same breath propose an institution of the sort and admit that such use of its machinery was probable. We are not sure, however, that Senator Aldrich realizes how important is the bearing of these considerations on the whole project of a Central Bank.

To forbid by law the lending of such an institution's money to speculators in commodities or stocks, as Mr. Reynolds proposed in his recent speech to the Bankers' Convention, would be simple; but every one conversant with the history of the money market, and especially with the history of the great state banks of Europe, is aware that this would not end the matter. In Europe's experience, the relations of such an institution to the speculative influences of the day are well understood. Only a few weeks ago, the president of the Imperial Bank of Germany, in a speech to the governing board, formally declared that the raising of the bank's official discount rate "was dictated in the main by the wish to curb the excesses of speculation." It is precisely at such a juncture that the question of a central bank's policy being dominated, in its broader aspects, by men or interests who may have a stake in the speculation, becomes of high importance.

The *Yale Review*, in its current number, is impressed with this as the supremely important phase of the problem. It asks how far an American Central Bank could be trusted to perform the function, and answers that, in its judgment, "it is questionable whether men could be found, who, at the head of a great bank of immense resources, would use their power in this conservative way." For ourselves, we are not prepared to go so far as that. There are conservative men and conservative institutions in this country whose ideas are not shaped in Wall Street speculative circles. But the serious question remains as to the pressure which would surely be applied to prevent the exercise of such restrictive powers. The mere assertion from London, a few weeks ago, that the Bank of England had advanced its rate to check the recourse to London's money market by the managers of an extravagant Wall Street stock speculation, was received in America, even in banking circles, with an outburst of angry denunciation. That is not altogether a happy omen.

HONORS TO PEARY.

The award to Commander Peary of the gold medal of the National Geographic Society, and the action of that body preceding and following the award, should have the effect of bringing the question of Dr. Cook's claim to a new stage. The event happens to be coincident with Dr. Cook's return to New York, and it ought to be evident to that gentleman and his friends that the time has come when he must manifest a different attitude, if he is to retain any standing among thinking people. For the salient peculiarity of his conduct has been the apparent desire to put off as long as possible the meeting of any such test as even the most favorably situated claimant to the honor of the discovery of the North Pole would, as a matter of course, have to undergo; not to speak of a man placed, whether by

his misfortune or his fault, under grave suspicion. Commander Peary, whose return from the Far North was considerably later than Cook's, has presented his records, has had them examined, has appeared personally before the committee, and has had his story authoritatively passed upon; while Dr. Cook has allowed nine weeks to pass without furnishing a single item in the way of evidence in support of the bare assertion made in his first story.

The action taken by the National Geographic Society in arranging for the appointment of a committee of experts to inquire into "the question of whether or not any one reached the Pole prior to 1909" points the way for Dr. Cook to correct, if he will, the impression that his conduct thus far has produced. Even if he feels that he cannot, out of regard for the authorities of the University of Copenhagen, submit to this committee the records of his journey, it is perfectly possible to put himself into such relations with it as to give evidence of good faith. And if he should take the ground that the personnel of the committee is such as to give him reason to believe that it is biassed against him, he might easily suggest some other committee before which he would be willing to appear. In default of some move on his part to indicate that he is anxious, or at least willing, to coöperate with those of his own countrymen who desire to arrive at the truth of the matter, there can be but one feeling as to his course. Many weeks are sure to pass before the written evidence he is preparing gets to Copenhagen; the chances are that when that has been done, a personal appearance on his part will be called for, as it was at Washington in the case of Peary; and so another long vista of delay opens up. It must be remembered, moreover, that the University of Copenhagen is in the peculiar position of a tribunal that has pronounced judgment in advance of the trial, and that therefore if its second judgment shall be in Cook's favor, it will still be necessary for an uncommitted body of experts to inquire into the case before the decision is accepted as really authoritative.

The National Geographic Society deserves special commendation for undertaking to probe this question to the bottom. President Moore of the society is quoted as saying that, in its efforts to get the truth before the society's membership of 50,000, it will spare no expense or trouble. In executing this task the society will be performing a public duty; for it would be a reflection on the national character if a question of this kind were allowed much longer to remain in its present condition. The incidental features of the early history of the controversy were such as to throw into the background the essential thing. Here was a man returning successful from a quest which had engaged his unremitting efforts for twenty-three years, and which had enlisted the heroic endeavors of generation after generation of dauntless explorers. The event was one in the acclamation of which the whole world would have united, an occasion of a kind rarely to be paralleled in history; but instead of this exhilarating triumph for the discoverer and this moment of sympathetic jubilation throughout the world, what actually took place was a most unpleasant discussion of the question whether another man, claiming prior discovery, was an impostor or not. Everything else was lost sight of; and we are very much in the same state still. With a firm determination to bring the question to an issue at as early a date as possible, the gentlemen constituting the special committee of the National Geographic Society will, we confidently hope, bring this situation to a close in a reasonable time. What is wanted to this end, above all else, is the personal confrontation of Dr. Cook with a group of competent persons, prepared to put to him those crucial questions which offer no difficulty to the man who has been telling the truth, but which are sure to bring to grief the pretender or the impostor.

CAPITALIZING THE OUTDOOR LIFE.

The pernicious habit of translating human values into money values has invaded the realm of sports. We Anglo-Saxons are looked upon by the rest of the world as the race peculiarly addicted to violent exercise and hypocrisy. The first charge is undoubtedly true; the second may be true. In any case, we seem to reveal a combination of both traits in the fashion we have lately fallen into of showing how moral, how useful, how civilizing a thing it is to kick a football or to shoot partridges. Kicking a football enforces temperance, teaches self-restraint, fosters the spirit of coöperation and universal brotherhood, and generally explains why America has conquered a continent and is destined to shape the future of the world. Partridge-shooting won Trafalgar and Waterloo, covered the Seven Seas, rules India and Egypt, and is now rebuilding South Africa. At first sight it should seem that so beautiful, so spontaneous, so universal an occupation as play would be its own sufficient reason. But we breathe the air of utility; wherefore cricket can be defended only on the ground that it holds together the British Empire by supplying it with calm, resolute, fair-minded administrators, while football is justified in numberless bank-presidents and successful mining engineers.

The argument is stated once again by Professor Mahaffy in the November *Outlook*. His text is a remark by Signor Ferrero, who holds that the old type of English gentleman, the fox-hunting, partridge-shooting English squire, is now an antiquated and false idea. "Against such a theory," says Professor Mahaffy, "I felt in me the protest of a whole life." And the man who has gone into classic erudition as deep as very few other men of his time, tells us how fond he is of angling and shooting, how much it has done for him, and how much it has done for our old friends, the men who rule the British Empire. Says the author of "Greek Social Life" and "The Art of Conversation":

> If I were to regard physical pleasures as the *summum bonum* of life, then I will confess that even if to-day, when I am old, any one were to offer me the choice of spending to-morrow in a noble picture gallery, or at a splendid concert, or in an antique city, with its palaces and churches, or of going out in pursuit of sea trout or salmon, or snipe or grouse, with good hope of success—though the artistic pleasures would be to me a certainty which I have been trained all through a long life to understand and enjoy, though the sport must be an uncertainty and might result in a blank day—I should at once take the day's sport in the country.

But then, on the other hand, it is pretty certain that Ferrero, or Anatole France, or Wilamowitz-Möllendorff would not.

Professor Mahaffy's argument from utility would be convincing if it were not for certain reflections evoked by an article entitled "Sport and Decadence" in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*. This deals with another familiar topic, the deterioration of the sporting ideal—the inroads of professionalism,

the growth of the spirit which plays to win at any price, the cultivation of physical exercise to the exclusion of every other interest. The *Quarterly* writer bewails the fact that cricket is not what it was forty years ago. Boys play without the enthusiasm of boys, and with all the cold calculation of veterans. Veterans do not always play fair. Spectators do not always prefer fair play. Gone, in other words, is the ethical content of sports, its influence for self-restraint, fair-mindedness, mutual helpfulness. But if that is so, how does it happen that during the same time the British Empire has gone on expanding? British administrators brought up on the right kind of sport made a bad mess of things in India—witness the Sepoy rebellion—and nearly drove Canada into revolution. British administrators trained on demoralized cricket and rowing have added Egypt and the Boer Republics to the Empire, and set up three great commonwealths in Canada, Australia, and South Africa. The close connection between field sports and foreign dominion stands imperilled.

The truth would seem to be that athletics and efficiency are not necessarily related as cause and effect. The connection is probably accidental, or at most, incidental. The destinies of the world, we believe, lie at present in the hands of Great Britain and America, and both like outdoor exercise. But let us remember that two hundred years ago the destinies of Europe were shaped by Frenchmen who did not care overmuch for sports. Three hundred years ago unathletic Spaniards conquered a new world. Fifteen hundred years before that, the civilized world was ruled by a race which preferred the enervating hot bath to the cold tub on which the sun never sets. And there are at present some eighty-odd millions of unathletic Germans who have definite ideas concerning Europe's and the world's near future. The Englishman in India probably finds his university cricket stand him in good stead; but the French administrator finds his gift for conversation useful in dealing with African natives; and the German finds his gift for discipline and order equally useful. If a nation passionately fond of stereopticon views and moving-pictures were to win a great naval battle, the connection between vaudeville and victory would not be irrefutably established.

Tying up outdoor exercise with ethics and world-dominion is, therefore, only a disingenuous way of saying that we like to be a good deal out-of-doors. If the foreigner thinks we go in too much for that sort of thing, why not admit that we have had the habit for a thousand years and get a lot of enjoyment out of it? As a matter of fact, our outdoor habits are less closely connected with the march of history than with the phenomena of digestion. If one breakfasts on oatmeal, eggs, mutton-chops, potatoes, griddle-cakes with syrup, ale, and tea, one is apt to feel the need of a fair amount of animated locomotion. Every nation has its favorite method of stimulating the gastric juices. Britons do it by violent exercise. Frenchmen do it by good cooking, light wines, a bit of cheese, and lively conversation. Germans do it by means of beer, tobacco, and silent reflection. An acute French observer would have no difficulty in tracing a good deal of America's love of the open-air to dyspepsia. Not all who walk ten miles a day are drawn by the call of the open. They begin the day by swallowing hot biscuits and wonder why they find it so difficult to stand still. The practice, of course, is not inconsistent with a real love for free air and the trees. We may start under doctor's orders and get to love nature for her own sake. In fact, it would not be out of line with Nature's roundabout methods if she gave us dyspepsia for the express purpose of sending us into the open to observe her miracles.

THE NEW SATIRIC VEIN.

That William Watson's metrical attack upon an unknown gentlewoman should be cabled to this country with columns of speculation and comment, shows, we trust, less a hankering after the sensational than the rarity of the event itself. Satire has pretty well perished, just as modern society seems to need it most. In an England that once had Pope, Gifford, and Byron, your poet rarely names a contemporary except to praise. In fact, the satiric vein hardly outlasted the middle of the nineteenth century. Lowell's "Fable for Critics," with the "Biglow Papers," may be regarded as the afterglow. The poets, Swinburne and Hugo notably, continued to fulminate against dominions and powers, but the old traditions of personal attack were in abeyance. Such a laceration as the Italian poet Carducci dealt to the pedantic grammarian Fanfani was exceptional.

At this point one would gladly yield the theme to Mr. Chesterton. He would prove that this weakening of the contentious note in poetry is the index of our general moral flabbiness. We can hear him demonstrating the futility of pretending to love our neighbor most of the time unless we are sufficiently preoccupied with him to hate him heartily on occasion. One might also cite Whistler's experiments in the gentle art of making enemies. But in spite of Ruskin and "'Arry," the white-plumed champion really hated not individuals, but middle-class institutions. Mr. H. G. Wells in a charming essay on the "Decay of Quarrelling" comes nearer to establishing the laws of war between friends and neighbors. Has the slow music of melodrama, has the insistent bassoon of commerce, replaced the invigorating drumbeat of satire? Mr. Watson rises to answer, No.

Personally, we are a bit discomfited to find the sonneteer who boldly renewed the ample manner of Milton and Wordsworth, in satire a running mate of Kipling. "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue" is too obviously half-sister of "The Vampire." And Mr. Watson departs from the finer traditions of the satirical code in aiming not to cripple but to kill. The appropriate response would seem to be not a more stinging poem, but a caning from the male relatives. Where absolute violence comes in at the door, poetry escapes through the window. We might refer Mr. Watson and his followers to the debate between the French and the Italian schools of swordsmanship. The Italian tactics are summary, direct, and formidable. In a bout, the Italian *maestro* will usually pink his man. But lovers of the classic duel have justly pointed out that the institution exists, not for the sake of slaughter, but for adjusting affairs of honor, to secure which end it suffices to win a mere tactical or moral advantage on the stricken field. To jump in tiger-like and impale your opponent abridges a stately spectacle and deprives the event of that traditional element of give-and-take which is the essence alike of true sword-play and fine manners.

Yet we heartily hope that Mr. Watson is a harbinger. Our age needs the satir-

ist. Never were pretence and fatuity so full blown. Just one month of Pope or Boileau, or better yet a reincarnated Horace vouchsafed for a space, might help us to see ourselves; one Rabelaisian laugh might dislodge the tabernacles of conceit, in which we sojourn so complacently. One could wish that Mr. Watson had chosen to be less an innovator than a renewer of the broken tradition of classic satire. Why should one wish to slay folly in institution or individual? There is something cramping to the imagination in so definite a purpose. The excuse for satire is the immortality of folly. The sport lies in prodding the monster, in making him forego the solemnity through which he imposes himself upon mankind. The satirist should, in a manner, acquiesce in the fatuity of the world that he may undermine it the more effectually. He may even succeed in loving his victim a little, or if this be impossible, he should at least find his theme too engrossing to be rashly exhausted. The new satire, when it does come, will, we trust, partake rather of the humane indirection of Erasmus than of the bludgeoning of the Kipling school. Or if Erasmus and Horace seem a shade too genial for work-a-day purposes, at least let us try to revive the merciless wit of Pope and the volcanic raillery of Byron.

POETRY AND ELOCUTION.

Questions about the decadence or the revival of poetry, its present state, and its prospects, are nearly always discussed in terms of the supply rather than of the demand. One is apt to ignore the essentially social character of the art, and to forget the function of the consumer—a brutal word—not only in his desire for poetry, but in his appreciation of it at its noblest and best. Years ago, a young instructor at Harvard was asked to join in the public readings then coming into vogue, and was advised to give Spenser or one of the modern English classics. Full of ardor, he hied to the chief of his department, and, sweeping aside the moderns, begged leave to read and interpret "Beowulf." "'Beowulf!' Why?" "I should like to do some missionary work." "Good! But where," and the words clicked out in harmless malice, "where are you going to find your heathen?"

Where can the poet now find his heathen, his gentle readers? What is the poet's public to-day? Who reads him, who quotes him? Along with Greek and Latin literature, English poems are assuming the part of a protected industry; they are studied more and more in the classroom, and are read less and less by the fireside. What would the publishers' books reveal about this case? Certainly they would show that except for school and college editions of the standard poets, and except for a pair of clever versemen whose popularity rests mainly on feats in prose, the publication of poetry is unprofitable and undesired. Not very long ago, to be sure, "new" poetry was marketable. When an untried and inferior poet once sent a specimen of his verses to Swift and asked for advice about getting them into print, the dean, without satiric intention of any kind, simply assumed a regular market for the stuff, quoted the usual rates, and advised his correspondent to try no publisher outside of the metropolis. A decade or so later, Johnson's "London," the work of an absolutely new man, took the town by storm. Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel" had been the champion "seller" of its day. Next came the turn of the popular narrative poem, compressed, rapid, memorable, such as could make fortunes for Byron and Scott. We seem to have passed, scarce a generation ago, the end of this era. Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," in 1864, sold at once to the extent of sixty thousand copies, while, not far from the same date, Whittier and Longfellow made more modest successes with the poetical tale. Then fell the modern blight upon all verse save lyric; and even lyric has to live mainly on the compassionate magazines. It is no longer true, as it was in George Herbert's day, that "a verse may find him who a sermon flies." Even sermons, of a kind, have a better market than poetry.

Poetry, then, is asking not simply for its poets but for its gentle readers. It looks for help not from those who read it for revenue or under the ferule, but from those who demand great verse because they love it, and who make the mute but vital response to genius. The supply of this genius rests upon the knees of the gods; but the demand for it is controlled by the actual conditions of society, and these conditions to a large extent are susceptible of reform. Poetry in some shape is a primary instinct of social man; but an instinct can be repressed and its activity can be confined by agencies so wholly within our power and so close to us that we fail to appreciate what they are doing. If poetry is losing its vogue, one reason for the loss is because we fail to treat it as poetry. We stop our ears deliberately to the charm of verse as verse; we ignore the appeal of rhythmical utterance. Whenever poetry is quoted or recited in these latter days, its fundamental quality is suppressed; and in the silent reading of it no attempt is made to realize, to make audible to the inward ear, that purposed march and cadence of its lines. Elocution, as one styles the art of reading passages so as to bring out all that was put into them, is thus at disastrous odds with poetry; and teachers from kindergarten to college are striving to make us forget what noble numbers mean.

This journal has already insisted on the need of reviving the forgotten habit of reading books aloud. Mr. W. B. Yeats, on the wider theme of restoring "democratic" poetry to its rights, would revert altogether to oral delivery of verse. But how is this verse to be read aloud, whether by the poet or by the lover of poetry? As verse, to be sure, said our forefathers. As prose, say our modern teachers of elocution, along with the noble army of platform-men. "Be natural; be colloquial," they bid; "avoid in reading poetry all suggestion of a metrical scheme." Here is fine revolution from older practice! Originally sung, poetry came to be chanted, then read aloud with full emphasis upon the rhythm; but centuries of silent reading have at last reacted on oral delivery, obscuring this rhythmic throb and stifling the pulse of verse, while an over-strained fear of the pathetic and sentimental helps nowadays to condemn all recognition of metrical values as bad taste. If then we desire to win back some of the lost delights of poetry by reading it aloud, we must not simply retrace the steps from sound to silence, but we must restore to poetry its primary intention as cadenced and melodious verse.

Where shall the reform begin? With that chief of sinners, the platform-man, the reader by profession? With the teachers of elocution? Or shall we plead with the lords of the stage? Booth and even Irving still let one know that they dealt with verse; but they are lapt in lead and their elocution with them—save for such sporadic and not quite relevant cases as Mr. Bispham's reading of the "Antigone," and Dr. Furness's wholly adequate reading of Shakespeare, now so seldom heard. French and German actors got rid of poetry in their drama decades ago. Scherer, writing at Berlin in the eighties, said that the best German players, in order to perfect their colloquial tone, had their parts in iambic verse written out for them as prose; and he contrasted with this precaution the rules of the Weimar stage, under Schiller and Goethe, which demanded a metrical declamation. He traced the parallel change from rhythmical to "natural" utterance among French actors, setting against the pathetic tremolo and cadenced line of Talma the colloquial though exquisitely modulated style of Sarah Bernhardt.

Well, the lords of the stage are many; and they are arrogant; and it is vain to appeal to them in the name of injured Poesy while the shadow of Ibsen

and the substance of Mr. Shaw still prevail. Poetic drama, too, is dead, though our hopes are with Mr. Brander Matthews for its resurrection; and so we turn to the one vital part of poetry, the lyric, and submit a modest plea that when it is read aloud, in school, on the platform, by the fireside, it shall be read as verse. Read in these places now, it is nearly always a case of calculated and effective slaughter, so far as rhythmical values are concerned. And what is a lyric without its rhythmical values? What is the wild water of a brook when it is dammed into a duckpond? The very tropes and figures depend upon this charm of movement, like flashes of light thrown back by the hurrying waves. Yet we are so afraid of singsong, and even more afraid of the pathetic and sentimental, that we suppress all cadences, and come out triumphant with a hybrid sort of performance that reminds one of a bird which should flap its wings without flying. We sin against the nature of poetry, in order to be natural as we conceive nature in these latter days. Scherer, whom I have just quoted, falls into a fine quandary on this matter of reading lyrics aloud. Of course, he says, one ought to read verse in "natural" tones; but there was Emanuel Geibel, as good a lyric poet as Germany could then show, who read his own poems in what seemed at first an "unpleasant" way. "There was something 'singing' in his elocution, something that strove above the natural tones"; but, Scherer goes on, one soon began to feel that the "something" was not unnatural at all, but "a peculiar poetic element, a mode of speech *sui generis*," a method which carried its own conviction of truth. Geibel, in a word, was reading poetry as poetry; that was all. If Scherer could have heard Tennyson, he would have learned something more to his advantage. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, by good evidence, all read their verses in "a kind of chant"—so Hazlitt affirms of the former two—which "acted as a spell upon the hearer." This chant was not singsong; singsong simply shows the "feet," baldly asserts metre, while rhythmical reading does justice to cadence and the harmonious movement of the verse.

Cannot, then, the restitution of rights to poetry be started, in however humble fashion, by a stout insistence upon its rhythmical values and by a branding of the Philistine, whether teacher or professional reader, who refuses to acknowledge them? If we think that Tennyson knew how to make a lyric, let us concede the soundness of his ideas on the way in which a lyric should be read aloud. Let us root out utterly that abominable cheerfulness with which school children, particularly girls, are taught to "render" threnodies like Cowper's "Toll for the Brave." And let us ostracize, or, more simply, lynch the adult who reads "Lycidas" as if it were the trial scene in "Pickwick."

Francis B. Gummere.

Haverford, Pa.

THE FERRER AFFAIR.

Paris, October 28.

A spontaneous explosion of free thought is insufficient to explain deliberately organized demonstrations among widely varied popular masses, who are as ignorant of free thought as they are of Ferrer. There are, indeed, four likely sources of party ebullition in politics and religion—Freemasonry; anticlericalism, which comprises all hatred, inherited or acquired, of Roman Catholics and their religion; Socialism as a political party living by agitation, and anarchy both of the intellectual and militant sort. With all their lack of union among themselves, there are certain electioneering interests common to these parties, at least on the Continent of Europe. In France recent events can leave no doubt about this.

Are the negative union against the Catholic religion and the positive union of political interests enough to produce spontaneously, without a directing head, this international resultant with its wonderful unity of crowds of so many different nations and antecedents, all insisting on some facts and ignoring other facts equally notorious, all taking for granted facts not yet ascertained, all giving vent to violent passions for or against certain abstractions which can only mean, in real life, that they are inspired to sympathy for certain classes of men around them and to distrust and hatred for certain others? Or, as the German Socialist, Liebknecht, thought he discerned in the corresponding development of the Dreyfus affair, is there some hidden *chef d'orchestre* who waves his bâton and directs the concert of all these bands?

Several of the most eminent Liberal journalists and correspondents of Spain have thought it their national duty to protest with the foreign press. They have done so with great clearness and reason, but to little effect. Anatole France gave notice long before the trial that the whole world would refuse to accept any condemnation of Ferrer, "whether by civil or military court," in Spain.

Keir Hardie, in the British Parliament, made it his chief grievance that Ferrer had not been turned over to the civil courts; but this the Spanish minister pointed out to the Cortès would have been contrary to law. Others have made capital of the trial by "court-martial," which it was not in the sense of summary jurisdiction, such as was exercised in France against thousands of the Paris Commune. As the minister also pointed out to the Cortès, the government did not use its rights of passing the Barcelona insurrectionists through a court-martial, but handed them over to the regular routine of law, which, in Spain, means the legal military tribunal. Whatever one may think of Spanish law, it is the only law existing in Spain.

This legality of the trial and condemnation of Ferrer is a first fact universally ignored by the agitators in France and elsewhere. The constitutional limitations of the royal prerogative in Spain have been equally ignored in the direct attacks made on King Alfonso for not exercising his power to pardon. These attacks in the French and Belgian press, and in countless meetings, have gone to the length of suggesting plainly to anarchists that the King is a fit object of their vengeance.

Another series of facts has been systematically ignored in all these international demonstrations; and in France, the demonstrators have done worse than ignore them. Señor La Cierva, in his last unlucky speech to the Cortès, which upset the Maura ministry, enumerated them briefly: "The number of religious buildings burned in Barcelona was sixty-eight; among the victims there were 138 dead and forty wounded."

The nuns of Barcelona, who were the chief victims, have been accused, tried, judged, and condemned—without any production of evidence—as the real criminals. The *Dépêche* of Toulouse is one of the most prominent republican journals of provincial France. This paper allowed itself to print an article about Barcelona convents in the most approved Maria Monk fashion. Some of the nuns are sisters and daughters of French families of high position. A French priest, with the permission of the Archbishop of Barcelona, has obtained the signatures of all the nuns and sisters of the convents to a suit for libel to be brought in the French courts. It is little likely they will have redress, although the ignoble stories were obviously taken in whole cloth from dime novels and correspond to nothing in present-day convents.

Camille Pelletan, in the Paris *Matin*, related over his own signature that a dealer in Barcelona (he does not give the name) told him that a sister from a convent asked him for the job of printing indecent postcards; and, when her attention was drawn to their character, she answered that the work would be sanctified because it would be done "in the interests of the Church." The use of such a formula, impossible among any Roman Catholics, nuns or not, as any one knows who has associated with them, but which is found constantly in anti-Catholic controversy, at once earmarks the story. M. Pelletan, as Jules Lemaître remarks, has not forgotten the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Thus women who have lost the homes they had chosen freely, the property which they had earned, and even their

lives, are now condemned, on irresponsible hearsay, to the loss of their good name, while Ferrer is glorified.

On the other hand, it is assumed in all the demonstrations that "Jesuits" or priests in control of the Spanish government directed the execution of Ferrer. If men, and not phantoms, they should have names; but no one even pretends to answer the Irish member of Parliament's request for them.

Yet other facts, which are known on evidence other than hearsay, are equally ignored in France and elsewhere. They concern the person of Ferrer, whom the Manchester *Guardian* describes as "a noble-minded servant of the truth, as he saw it"—his execution, of course, being a "judicial murder." From less unexpected quarters similar phrases were used of the Chicago protomartyrs of anarchy and of Vaillant, who inaugurated in France the anarchist terror by throwing into Parliament a bomb which killed no one, but for which he was guillotined.

The Spanish Government declares in vain that Ferrer was not tried or condemned for teaching anarchy—"the truth, as he saw it"—in his modern schools, nor for indirectly preparing the Barcelona insurrection, nor for any other "political crime" or *délit d'opinion*, as the demonstrators universally assert. He was condemned and executed for direct participation in acts which even *Le Radical* newspaper of Paris, before his trial warned his friends "excite universal reprobation"; for which reason, perhaps, they are now ignored. The new Moret ministry has begun by renewing the promise of Señor Maura that all the evidence in the case shall be published. Without prejudging what this may be, it is certainly unfair to ignore the perfectly well known record of Ferrer both in France and Spain.

Self-educated (which is to his credit as a man, but not as a thinker reforming others), he began in Paris as a teacher of Spanish at the Grand Orient of the Freemasons. For whatever reason, his wife left him and took with her their two daughters, who have been brought up without his influence and support. One earns a few francs a day as a working woman; the other is a promising actress. It is the two infant children of the former whom the Socialist Board of the Municipal Council of Paris probably wishes the city to adopt, although it has paid no attention to the needy widow and children of the Paris policeman killed in the Ferrer riot. The daughter of Ferrer who petitioned King Alfonso's clemency for her father, has taken care to write to the newspapers that the friends with whom she has now taken refuge do not share his opinions. The comic note in the tragedy is furnished by the address of Liverpool Nonconformists, condoling with the "wife and family" of the executed man. The picturesque and even heroic woman who appeared with him at the end in Spain never professed to be his wife, nor did his teachings make it proper that she should.

In Paris Ferrer as Spanish teacher met the unmarried French woman of means who, at her death, bequeathed him a house and revenues estimated at 750,000 francs. Her executor, M. Coppola, referring to the Paris notary with whom the will was deposited, M. Tabouret, now comes forward to say that her intention was to found in Barcelona an infant asylum, and not to subsidize the anarchist schools to which Ferrer applied the money; and that, as her instructions were contained in private letters and not in the will itself, it was impossible to prosecute him for abuse of confidence. She did profess the Catholic religion in her will, and leave a bequest for masses for her soul.

For his propaganda Ferrer issued in Spain translations of the popular primers of Reclus, Kropotkin, Jean Grave, and Charles Malato, who was his closest friend in France. Whatever may be the sincerity, high personal character, scientific acquirements, labor, and simplicity of life of such men, it is impossible to blink the outcome of their teachings in practice. In France they were marked by a train of bomb explosions and blood from Vaillant to Emile Henry. It must be a singular vision which sees better things in the still longer succession of Barcelona bombs, fire, and bloodshed. The explosion which killed its score of innocent bystanders at the King's marriage, and stained red the bridal robe, was also traced directly to one who had been domestic, secretary, or school-teacher of Ferrer.

Up to the present writing, fifty-nine French municipal councils have resolved to name a street in honor of Ferrer. In Paris, on Sunday, the 31st, the University Association of Republican Students, with the Dreyfus League of the Rights of Man, the Popular Universities, Socialist Youth, and numerous Masonic lodges, under the National Federation of Free Thought, are to place a monument of Ferrer just in front of the great memorial church of the Sacred Heart. The Freemasons of Troyes have asked the French Grand Orient to begin a movement for placing his statue over against the Vatican in Rome; and Mayor Nathan of Rome, where he was long Italian Grand Orient, has officially eulogized Ferrer and blamed his execution in violent terms, although Barcelona nuns have not interested him. Yesterday the German Socialist organ—*Vorwaerts*—declared that "the heroes (not the nuns) fallen at Barcelona have not died in vain." In France the General Federation of Labor, in various meetings and resolutions, even proposes the Barcelona insurrection as an example to French workmen.

Camille Pelletan and the Radical Socialist politicians have found their sorely needed electioneering issue for next May in the renewal of anti-Clericalism excited by the execution of Ferrer. In England Primitive Methodists and the Congregational Union have voted their preference of Ferrer, atheist and anarchist, to Roman Catholic Christianity. Who has led all these otherwise discordant bands? S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In gathering first editions of American authors Frank Maier has covered a broader field than most other collectors. His collection, the first part of which will be dispersed by the Anderson Auction Company on November 16 and 17, and the second part on November 22 and 23, contains several volumes of colonial verse, the most important being "The Poems on several Occasions by Aquila Rose," printed by Benjamin Franklin in 1740. Rose was a printer in the shop of William Bradford, and was also clerk of the Pennsylvania Assembly. He died in 1723. His poems were collected by his son, Joseph Rose, who was apprenticed to Franklin. In the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of June 21 to 28, 1739, there is a notice signed by him to the effect that he was intending "to collect and print the poetical writings" of his father, and asking "all persons who are possess'd of any of those pieces in manuscript to bring them to" him, promising "to give in return for each manuscript, one of the printed collections, as soon as they shall be finished." The Maier copy of the book was secured at the Proud sale in 1903, where it brought $250. No other copy seems to have come upon the market in recent years. Other early volumes are Mather Byles's "Poem on the Death of King George" (Boston, 1727); Benjamin Church's "The Choice" (Boston, 1757); Thomas Godfrey's "Juvenile Poems" (Philadelphia, 1765); "The Patriots of North America," a Tory tract in rhyme, printed in New York by James Rivington in 1775; novels by Charles Brockden Brown; a long series of plays by William Dunlap, and first editions of poetical volumes by Freneau, Peter Markoe, Mrs. Morton, and others.

Of interest to a larger number of collectors, and often of much greater value, are the first editions of the great authors who, about the middle of the nineteenth century, took the position they still hold. The Bryant collection (ninety-seven lots) includes "The Embargo" (1809), "Poems" (1821), and "The White-footed Deer" (1844). The Emerson collection (ninety lots) includes "The Historical Discourse before the Citizens of Concord" (1836), "Nature" (1836), "Essays" (1841), and "Poems" (1847). Among the Hawthorne rarities are "Fanshawe" (1828, the copy which brought the record price of $840 in Boston in October, 1902), "The Gentle Boy" (1839), "The Sister Years" (1839), "The Celestial Railroad" (1843), and the little children's books "Famous Old People" (1841), "Liberty Tree" (1841), and "Grandfather's Chair" (1841). The Holmes collection begins with the six numbers of the *Collegian*, containing twenty-four poems by Holmes.

Some special Longfellow, Lowell, and Poe

items (the most important of the collection) will be noted next week.

On November 18 and 19 the Anderson Auction Company will sell a collection of standard books, including first editions of Oscar Wilde and other modern authors, a series of books from the Ephrata press, a first edition of the Sauer Bible (1743), etc.

On November 17, 18, and 19 the Merwin Clayton Sales Company will sell a collection including the library of Daniel Kaine of Uniontown, Pa. But few, if any, items of note are included.

The following are some of the most important records at the sale of the second part of the J. C. Chamberlain collection, held at the rooms of the Anderson Auction Company on November 4 and 5: T. B. Aldrich's "Père Antoine's Date Palm" (1866), two presentation copies, the one given to B. H. Tieknor bringing $76, and the one given to Bayard Taylor bringing $85; Aldrich's "Pansy Wish" (1870), put in type by two girls, and two editions printed for sale at two different fairs in Boston, first issue, with A. L. S. of Aldrich, $70, second edition, with these two words in the author's autograph on front cover, $31; Hawthorne's "Fanshawe" (1828), $350; Longfellow's "Outre Mer" (1833-1834), the very rare original issue in two parts, in paper covers, as issued, but top of the cover and three leaves of Part I injured by mice, $310; Lowell's "Poems" (1844), removed from binding and cleaned, $60; R. H. Stoddard's "Footprints" (1849), a thin pamphlet, his first volume of poems, suppressed by the author, $150; and Whitman's "Two Rivulets," etc., Camden, 1876, with many manuscript corrections for a new edition, $137.50. Many old books sold low, the large paper copy of Lowell's "Poems" being a real bargain. The Brown University duplicate copy, which sold in 1901 for $150, resold in the first Chamberlain sale last winter for $330.

Correspondence.

SHIP BUILDING SUBSIDIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In view of the present agitation for government subsidies to aid our mercantile marine, the following facts may be interesting to your readers.

In 1886 the International Navigation Company, then operating the American line (with four American and four English ships) between Philadelphia and Liverpool, and the Red Star Line (with all ships under the Belgian flag), between Antwerp and New York and Antwerp and Philadelphia, bought out the well-known Inman (English) line, running between Liverpool and New York. In 1892 Congress, influenced by the clamors of the subsidy hunters, repealed the navigation laws in favor of two of the newest and fastest ships of the International Company (the City of New York and City of Paris). One of the conditions of this transfer from the English to the American flag was that the International Company should build an equal amount of tonnage in American yards.

At the same time, the government granted these boats a subsidy of $4 per mile for carrying the mails, a much higher rate than the British government ever paid.

In March, 1893, a new service was inaugurated by the International Company between New York and Southampton, called the American Line, and patriotic Americans were assured that at last they had a transatlantic line of their own in every respect. How far this was correct can be judged from the following facts: Capt. Frederick Watkins, the commander of the City of Paris (or Paris, as she was called when transferred to the American flag), was an Englishman who had been in the employ of the Inman Line since 1862. When his ship changed flags, in order to retain his command and, at the same time, comply with the American laws, he became an American citizen by naturalization. Fully ninety per cent. of the officers and crews of this and the other ships were foreigners also. In 1895 the now well-known St. Louis and St. Paul were built for this line by the Cramps at Philadelphia. They were "to beat everything afloat," but so far have never broken a record. After her accident in 1899, the Paris was renamed the Philadelphia. She was rebuilt at the Irish ship yard of Harland & Wolf, Belfast; and here it is edifying to note that when Congress was originally applied to for a subsidy to the American line, one of the reasons given was the help to the American shipbuilding industry. The repairs of the Philadelphia in Ireland must indeed have been a great help to our shipbuilders. From 1895 to the present day, while other companies have been continually building new ships, the American Line has not added a single new vessel to its fleet; but this, it is to be supposed, matters but little to them, as they have long been under the sheltering wing of that polyglot combine called the International Mercantile Marine Company (better known as "Morgan's Shipping Trust").

In 1902 the Shipping Trust had built by the Cramp Shipbuilding Company at Philadelphia two steamers for their Red Star Line, the Kroonland and the Finland. Last year these boats, and this year another one called the Samland (also owned by the Shipping Trust), were transferred from the American to the Belgian flag, the reason given being "that it was too expensive to run them under the American flag." To the initiated however this is only another scheme to try and influence Congress to grant our mercantile marine subsidies.

Francis B. C. Bradlee.

Marblehead, Mass., October 24.

[It is but fair to say that the Paris, after her wreck on the English coast, could not have recrossed the ocean for repairs on this side. Otherwise we think that the points of this letter are well made.—Ed. Nation.]

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES—DOCTOR AND GENTLEMAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: One of the most pleasing diversions of a desultory traveller in England is found in the book shops. It makes little difference whether one strays into a great London house, where rare volumes and hand-tooled works are a delight to sense and sight, or into a low-ceiled room in a crooked Oxford lane, where the oldest, the newest, the best of the world's literature is heaped together, or into some unfamed, dim-lit shop where the stranger becomes a guest having once passed the threshold.

At the stationer's at Ilkley-on-the-Wharf I stumbled upon a British edition of "The Autocrat." Nothing, I am sure, would have given more pleasure to Dr. Holmes than to have placed this little book upon his shelves. In justice to Mr. Chesterton, who has given us in the introduction his critical analysis of Dr. Holmes as doctor and gentleman, it should have a place among the ana of the autocrat and humorist; and in justice, moreover, to Mr. Blakeney, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, who has annotated the text with such fidelity to British opinion, who has chased the vagrant thoughts of the author to the uttermost recesses of the University Library, and impaled them so inflexibly that not even through the genius of the man who dared not write as funny as he could, would it be possible to make them live again.

I had been loitering over the book shelves here, hoping to find some old friend or new acquaintance to take with me over the moor, and when this attractive volume came to hand I paid Dr. Holmes the respect of opening it, intending to read a few words and lay it aside. But some happy instinct directed my hand to the last pages of the book; for a moment only a column of indistinguishable "notes" met my eye, then from this wealth of information a single line took shape and meaning:

Note 48, Somerville, mad-house near Boston.

I couldn't place Dr. Holmes's allusion to the city across the Charles, but I at once understood why the ancestral residence of some aristocratic friends of that town is now found at Winter Hill. My curiosity was aroused; what might I not find to bear this company! I turned a leaf and was rewarded by this ingenuous bit, which followed notes on "Linnæus," "Infelix Dido," "Gil Blas," "Disraeli," and "Great Pedlington:

Note 74, "that fair sheet," *i. e.*, Frog Pond on Boston Common. As the "Autocrat's" boarding house was in Boston, he naturally found the local names and associations of the place sufficient for his use.

That decided me; I had found something old *and* something new; right cheerfully I gave up my half-crown, pocketed my find, and hastened to a sheltering cairn on the moor-side, where I could explore this mine of brilliants at my leisure.

Mr. Blakeney's "Note 74" is especially delightful, because not one-tenth of the three hundred and fifty notes has reference to any colloquialisms. The bulk of the forty pages deals with translations, quotation, and "what Dr. Holmes had in mind." But if the quantity of strictly American notes leaves something to be desired, the quality, I believe, is unsurpassed. I pass over the mere pleasantries to seize this comment on "The One Hoss Shay":

Note 285, "Hahnsum Kerridge": surely an anachronism. The patent for "Hansom Cabs" was not taken out till 1834, or twenty-four years after the date, 1810, given here.

And with careful regard for *all* the facts a footnote is added:

So named from the inventor, Hansom, architect of Birmingham town-hall.

Not wishing to dim the brilliancy of this gem by heaping lesser lights about it, I turned to the beginning of the book and

there discovered the introduction, a joyous effort of Mr. Chesterton's to explain Dr. Holmes to the British public. So far as I could gather from later investigation the public accepted the explanation with the same complaisance as it showed to the "anachronism" of the "Hahnsum Kerridge." Possibly this exposition of how a man may be a doctor and yet be a gentleman is too entirely British to be properly appreciated on this side of the water, but the presentation of Oliver Wendell Holmes as the literary voice of the South cannot fail to arouse enthusiasm.

"General and fantastic," says Mr. Chesterton, "as was the characteristic writing of Oliver Wendell Holmes, there was at least one element in it which was really dominant and consistent, and that was the influence of his profession. A good doctor is by the nature of things a man who needs only the capricious gift of style to make him an amusing author. For a doctor is almost the only man who combines a very great degree of inevitable research and theoretic knowledge with a very great degree of opportunism. He unites, as it were, the exact virtues of a botanist with the wilder virtues of a commercial traveller. . . . The result of this fusion is a certain quaint wisdom, a certain variegated experience, and sudden synthesis which is preëminently characteristic of Holmes. This is preëminently characteristic of him, and it is characteristic of the one other man in literary history who bears a curious resemblance to him. Sir Thomas Browne was also a physician, he was also a fantastic, he was also a humorist and devout philosopher. In him also we have the same bewildering ingenuity of allusion and comparison, the same saturnalia of specialism, the same topsy-turvydom of learning."

Just here, Mr. Chesterton catches a comparatively long breath—several lines—before his superlatively adjectivized utterances get the better of him and he loses himself in "luminous mysticism" and "Elsie Venner." However, he recovers in time to assure us that "It would be false and exaggerative in the last degree to speak as if Holmes's warm-hearted rationalism threw him into antagonism either with the Christian churches or with the Declaration of Independence." We wonder if Mr. Chesterton could possibly have come across that schoolroom perversion recorded by Mark Twain: "Oliver Wendell Holmes is a very profligate writer."

But no, Mr. Chesterton has really a high opinion of "Wendell Holmes."

"Of all American writers," asserts Mr. Chesterton, "he is the least democratic; he is not only the doctor, he is very decidedly the professional man, the gentleman. In American literature, indeed, he may be said to be, not by actual birth or politics, but by spirit, the one literary voice of the South. He bears far more resemblance to that superb kingless aristocracy that hurled itself on the guns at Gettysburg or died around Stonewall Jackson, than to Hawthorne, who was a Puritan mystic, or Lowell, who was a Puritan pamphleteer, or Whitman, who was a Puritan suddenly converted to Christianity. . . . This war of Holmes against everything that hurt that liberality and dignity of living which we summarize in the word gentleman was really a fine thing finely done, a thing needed everywhere, especially in a new country. Still, the fact remains that the union in Holmes of a gay impatience with theologians and a gay impatience with cads is, looked at from another point of view, an evidence of that tendency of all fine naturalistic thought towards oligarchy."

Did Mr. Chesterton "have in mind" when he expressed himself thus emphatically that a surgeon of the old country may also be very decidedly the professional man (so may the hair-dresser), but that only individually is the doctor accepted as a gentleman? As a consequence of this a gay impatience with cads is not one of his characteristics, and he refrains from using his title of M.D. except under strictly professional circumstances, although it is more than probable that his naturalistic thought is all towards oligarchy. But let Mr. Chesterton have the last word, for in summing up he thinks best to qualify somewhat. "In fact," writes he, "there are characteristics in Holmes's books which, when recalled, make me think I have been too sweeping in my reference to the aristocratic flavor of his work."

M. L. ANDREWS.

Providence, R. I., November 3.

A FORGOTTEN SOCIOLOGIST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the fervid discussion caused by Prof. Henry Jones Ford's article on "The Pretensions of Sociology" (*Nation*, April 29), it may not be without interest to recall the work of a Virginian who used the word "sociology" in his writing just one year after the publication of Harriet Martineau's translation of the great Positivist's works appeared, and who used the phrase "social science" with a certainty and assurance which many workers in the same domain to-day have longed for and have not seen. Two books were written by George Fitzhugh, a citizen of Port Royal, Va.: "Sociology for the South" which appeared in 1854, and in 1857 a volume with the somewhat startling title, "Cannibals All," to which is added a secondary name, "Slaves Without Masters" Both of these books were published by Adolphus Morris and were printed in Richmond.

The theme of the volumes is the same: the failure of individualistic society. In the first chapter of "Sociology for the South" Mr. Fitzhugh attacks the theory of free trade, so popular in the South of that period, and at the same time hews at that other darling doctrine of the followers of Jefferson, who held that the least government is the best government. The maxims, "Laissez-faire" and "Pas trop gouverner" are the foundation of democratic society, thought the author, and upon them he dealt his most valiant blows. Mr. Fitzhugh held that society is the creator of the individual. His words are:

> He (man) and society are congenital. Society is the being—he one of the members of that being. He has no rights whatever as opposed to the interests of society; and that society may very properly make any use of him that will redound to the public good. Whatever rights he has are subordinate to the good of the whole, and he has never ceded rights to it, for he was born its slave, and had no rights to cede. Government is the creature of society, and may be said to derive its just powers from the consent of the governed; but that government does not owe its sovereign power to the separate consent, volition, or agreement of its members.

Upon these words as a foundation, with the additional idea of the State as the depository of sovereignty rather than the Federal government, his whole structure is reared. Examining society from this angle with the aid of socialistic literature, he found government based on individualism a failure. In England, in Europe, in the Northern States, he thought this universally and inevitably true, since these societies were built upon the conceptions of liberty and unrestrained competition. In his thinking the "Iron Law of Wages" was approximated. In the closing chapter of the "Sociology for the South," he puts it in these words: "Free society is theoretically impracticable, because its friends admit that in all old countries the supply of labor exceeds the demand. Hence a part of the laboring class must be out of employment and starving, and in their struggle to get employment reducing those next above them to the minimum that will support existence." In the first chapter of the same book he likewise came close to the theory of natural selection as a result of severe economic competition, but he failed to see any progress, nor did he christen his doctrine evolution. With him it was all destructive; the strong overcoming the less strong, the weak the weaker, with no upward tendency.

From the socialists came his proof of widespread economic failure of competition. Carlyle's passionate cry, "We must have a new world if we are to have any world at all," rings out again and again through the pages of "Sociology for the South" and of the later "Cannibals All." Stephen Pearl Andrews, Horace Greeley, and William Lloyd Garrison in this country furnished him with background, while St. Simon, Fourier, Owen, Fanny Wright, and others less noteworthy across the ocean contributed to his views. But he had his own method of treatment of the ailment, and his originality consists in the association of Socialism and slavery; for as he viewed things in a slave society, the evils complained of under free competition were never found. In domestic slavery was the secret of salvation. That institution united labor and capital, since labor was capital. Then Mr. Fitzhugh, looking on slavery as it was natural for a kindly Virginia gentleman to see it, conceived of slaves as members of the larger family, and domestic affection seemed to him so to unite slave and master that the cruel antagonism of employer and employee was impossible. Under domestic slavery, as he saw it, the "Iron Law of Wages" was never operative. The master cared for the slave because the slave was his own, and thus the cares and anxieties of the wage-earner were escaped.

Mr. Fitzhugh also contributed a few articles to the *New York Day Book*, the *Southern Literary Messenger*, *De Bow's Review*, and to other papers and magazines. In 1856 he lectured successfully at Yale on the failure of individualism, and it is interesting to note that late in the same year William Lloyd Garrison published a long communication from him in the *Liberator*. The war between the States ended his literary career, decreeing as it did another state of society than that for which he argued.

WILLIAM LUDLOW CHENERY.

Hull House, Chicago, Ill., November 3.

LLOYD-GEORGE'S "SOCIAL DYNAMITE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your article on "Troubled English Politics" in the *Nation* of October 28, you quote certain rather rhetorical sentences of the Chancellor of the Exchequer as specimens of "social dynamite." Divested of rhetoric, the dynamite seems to lie in the charge that the ownership of the larger part of Great Britain is in the hands of a few people who draw an immense income from the proceeds of the enterprise and labor of the nation, without rendering any equivalent service; and that the House of Lords is a political anomaly. In other words, Mr. Lloyd-George points to two obvious pieces of injustice, one of them, namely, the control of the rental of the land in the interest of non-producers, a crying outrage that rests like a yoke upon the necks of many millions of poor people. Surely the *Nation* does not wish to imply that the people of England ought to endure these injustices? But if the Chancellor sees certain great political and social wrongs, oppressing his people, why should he not frankly talk about them? Through many years of reading the *Nation*, I have not been accustomed to liken telling the truth to the throwing of dynamite. But perhaps the *Nation* wishes to suggest that the truth is a kind of dynamite, and will prevail. Charles F. Dole.

Jamaica Plain, Mass., November 3.

CAMBRIDGE CLASSICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Now, when there is so much comment upon ex-President Eliot's assertion that a five-foot shelf of the right books might prove as royal a road to a liberal education as attendance in university classrooms, it is interesting to recall the expression of a somewhat similar opinion in sturdy Roger Ascham's "Scholemaster" (1563-8), written in the early years of Elizabeth's reign. Ascham, of course, wrote before many of our English classics had come into being; when, as yet, neither Spenser nor Shakespeare had produced anything. He was thoroughly versed in Greek and Latin literature—the test of scholarship in his time—as the "Scholemaster" amply testifies. The following passage, taken from "the second bookc teachyng the ready way to the Latin tong," contains his list of essential masterpieces, which, in view of his and Mr. Cheke's important connections with St. John's College, might be termed, by analogy, the Cambridge Classics:

> If a good student would bend him selfe to read diligently ouer Tullie (Cicero), and with him also at the same tyme, as diligently *Plato*, and *Xenophon*, with his bookes of Philosophie, *Isocrates*, and *Demosthenes*, with his orations, and *Aristotle* with his Rhetorickes: which fiue of all other, be those, whom *Tullie* best loued, and specially followed. . . . What perfite knowledge of both the tonges, what right and deepe judgement in all kinde of learnyng would follow, is scarse credible to be beleued.
>
> These bookes, be not many, nor long, nor rude in speach, nor meane in matter, but next the Maiestie of Gods holie word, most worthie for a man, the louer of learning and honestie, to spend his life in. Yea, I haue heard worthie *M. Cheke* many tymes say: I would haue a good student passe and iorney through all Authors both *Greke* and *Latin:* but he that will dwell in these few bookes onelie: first, in Gods holie Bible, and than ioyne with it, *Tullie* in *Latin, Plato, Aristotle: Xenophon: Isocrates:* and *Demosthenes* in *Greke:* must nedes proue an excellent man.

Dorothy Foster.

South Hadley, Mass., November 4.

Literature.

CLEVELAND: AN INTIMATE VIEW.

Recollections of Grover Cleveland. By George F. Parker. New York: The Century Co. $3 net.

This book is properly named. There is a preliminary sketch of Cleveland's life before he became a national figure, and hardly any really important event of his career goes entirely unmentioned: but the book is not a biography. It is a *mémoire pour servir*—and a very good one. Every future biographer of Cleveland will be much indebted to it.

Mr. Parker's own recollections amply justify him in making the book. He prepared (in the White House) the "Democratic Campaign Text-Book" of 1888, collected and edited, with Cleveland's consent and coöperation, his "Writings and Speeches," and wrote the campaign "Life" of 1892. He knew Cleveland long and well, evidently enjoyed his confidence, and kept all along the note-taking habit of an old-fashioned editor. But his are not the only recollections the book contains. Others of Cleveland's friends have contributed to his store, and perhaps the most valuable of all are certain of Cleveland's own, given from time to time in conversation, dealing with some of the most interesting episodes of his career and with the best-known of his contemporaries. And yet, although thoroughly reminiscential, the book is not light and gossipy, or of a newspaper or magazine flavor, but a careful presentment of a great public character as seen by his intimates. Interesting as it is, considered merely as the revelation of a strong personality, it deserves to be treated as a contribution to history and a serious study of the personal factors in some extremely important political happenings.

The tone and attitude throughout is admiring, respectful, almost reverential; and possibly the book is open to criticism on the score of not being sufficiently critical. Cleveland is nowhere much dispraised, and seldom found seriously at fault. But the effect is not of adulation. There is no attempt to endow him with gifts and qualities he did not possess, or to invest him with any kind of sanctity. The defects in his equipment, due to his meagre education and the suddenness of his rise, are candidly dealt with. It is admitted, for instance, that he had not the art of managing and directing legislative bodies—although the admission is, to be true, coupled with the explanation that he never felt that to be a part of his business as an executive. His inability to get on with newspaper men is likewise confessed; but the description of his unbending independence in this regard sounds more like praise than blame:

> He would neither court any man, nor permit any man to court or flatter him, and this, of course, was the fundamental reason why, as a public man, he would have nothing to do with newspaper editors or proprietors. . . . He not only would not go out of his way to invite such men to luncheons or dinners or to social occasions, but he would not do so at all. If this method was suggested, he would reject such overtures with a positiveness that shortened many an interview.

And he quotes Cleveland himself as saying, late in life:

> I simply could not and would not use these methods to ingratiate myself with the editors or owners of newspapers. I realized fully the fate that I invited, but I looked upon my table or my parlor as my own, places reserved for my friends and for the congenial men whom they might send to me, and not proper means for bringing me support for public acts or policies.

Yet he admitted that such methods had become "accepted as a necessary way for moving public opinion." The unreasonable man did probably understand fairly well the game he declined to play! It is not improbable that with a little coaching he could even have been made to see the particular advantage of favoring the press with interviews and outgivings on Sunday, rather than any other day of the week.

This is by no means the only respect in which the old-fashioned quality of Cleveland's integrity is brought out in these pages, as in all the more intimate accounts of him we have. Sometimes one is moved to admit that it became sheer obstinacy, and a fault. For instance, he never learned to dictate to a stenographer with any facility, but wrote everything of importance with his own hand—a practice which, of course, kept him overworked at times when he needed to spare his strength. To have suffered since his day from a too-ready acceptance of stenographic aid to expression in the White House does not permit us to condone this neglect of labor-saving devices in a President who found composition difficult and considered it necessary to think before any kind of utterance. His method with state papers and public speeches was, in fact, extremely laborious. He not only, as a rule, made two or three drafts with his own hand, but he was too loath to accept help in any form more positive than mere criticism. Criticism he always sought, for he was painfully aware of his deficiencies of training as a writer; but he carried his independence so far that, as Mr. Parker puts it, "he must think himself original, whether he was or not," and would always "plug along," as he himself phrased it, in his "blun-

dering way," sometimes unconsciously absorbing suggestions which he had at first seemingly rejected. This kind of stubbornness was also, we must probably consider, a fault, and blameworthy. Indeed, his chief failing as a public man, as a fighter for great causes, lay, doubtless, in the very stiffness of his integrity, in his lack of suavity and agility, in his utter inability to be all things to all men—or, rather, to be either more or less than he was, or other than he was, to anybody.

But lest the stressing of this characteristic prove misleading, there should be set beside it another fact, which Mr. Parker makes clearer than any one else has ever made it; the fact, namely, that Cleveland was, by training as well as instinct, a far better politician than has been commonly supposed. He himself is quoted as saying:

> Before I reached my majority I had begun work in the capacity of what would now be called a practical politician. I had no aspiration to be a boss, even if either the word or the thing had then been known; but I only followed the custom of my time in taking my place at the polls and distributing ballots to all those who asked for them, using my influence to convince the wavering or to confirm those who belonged to my household of faith. . . . From 1858 until my election as Mayor, in 1881, I went to the polls, took my place, ballots in hand, as a voluntary helper to my party and its candidates.

And again:

> I have been amused, since I entered the larger public life, in 1882, at the spirit of patronage with which I have been treated by the so-called politicians. Somehow there seems to have been an impression that I was dealing with something I did not understand; but these men little knew how thoroughly I had been trained, and how I often laughed in my sleeve at their antics. From the beginning I never felt at a loss in dealing with them, because I knew that, back of the machinery with which they screened themselves, there was still a great and interested mass of people who did not wait for permission to form their opinions.

Cleveland's chief political gift and power lay precisely in his ability to reach and sway that "great and interested mass of people" which the machine men could not control, and his disregard and defiance of the machines may be considered as not merely an expression of his independence, but an essential feature of his political method. His was deep-sea fishing. The machine men thought him a poor politician, because his method was not theirs, because they did not understand him as he understood them. After praising, in the highest terms, William C. Whitney's work in 1892, in the fight for Cleveland's third nomination, Mr. Parker remarks that, although most of the effective "anti-snapper" moves of that year were accredited to Whitney, who, with all his ability "had the defects of the training incident to New York politics," most of them were, in fact, suggested by Cleveland himself. Through a prodigious personal correspondence, and through many "voluntary and intelligent agents," he kept in closer touch than any of his friends and advisers with the really controlling, because honest and independent, public opinion of the country. Again and again, when, contrary to his friends' advice, he took some bold and decided course, the event proved his judgment to have been better than theirs. It was so with his speech before the Boston Merchants' Association, in the autumn of 1888, which made the beginning of his recovery from defeat. It was so with the Ellery Anderson letter, against free silver, in 1891. It was so with his utter refusal to make any kind of terms with Croker. It was so, in the long run, with the single-topic message of 1887.

No contribution Mr. Parker makes to our understanding of Cleveland is more valuable than this; and no part of the book is better reading than the account of the preliminary campaign of 1892, of which Mr. Parker himself probably knew more than any other one man who had a part in it. He describes it thus:

> It was the oddest of campaigns. Its most curious and unusual feature was the comparative absence of men close to the party machine. In every State, except Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, our original correspondents and advisers were men not known in active management, either then or since. In many States, in fact in most, the machine was a persistent, often a malignant, enemy. If there ever was a movement which derived both its origin and its strength from the people, it was this one, with no organization behind it, or anything except the personality of a man who, having espoused an idea, thus made real appeal to popular sentiment.
>
> Nor was its conduct, so far as correspondence was concerned, anything like so difficult or intricate as might have been supposed. Letters were continually coming in to me, making report of local conditions in many States, but it must also be recalled that others were arriving in still greater numbers to Mr. Cleveland, and that these were common property. . . .
>
> . Once started, the movement ran itself, gathering momentum without concerted effort or central direction. Even the most efficient State boss, if the coöperation of such an one could have been imagined, would have been wholly lost in the overmastering, irresistible public sentiment to which it was early possible to make appeal. It was not only public sentiment to which appeal could be made, but by this time the most effective, because a thoroughly popular machine had been constructed—exclusively a Cleveland machine, having only the smallest connection with anything that was in existence at the close of the first term, or with the official organization of the party in even so much as one State.
>
> As this organization grew without the use of money, or the intervention of any recognized leader, new or old, or anything resembling routine or conscious management, it becomes, as an historical fact, as spontaneous, and in its final results and conduct—the management at headquarters in 1892—perhaps as artistic as any known to American experience. Its motive power was not new: it was merely the application to the country at large, on modified lines—though without money to sustain or promote it—of the methods so successfully employed in New York a few years earlier by Samuel J. Tilden. Without definite plans to be followed, it brought to the front the best men of the party, who, interested in politics, but more in a man and a cause, without personal ambitions of their own, did their work and passed off the political scene.

This was written of the earlier stages of the movement, before Mr. Whitney, on his return from Europe in the spring of 1892, put himself at the head of it. The account of it from that time on, in which all the chief actors are named and their parts described, is even more intensely interesting to the student of the politics of the period. There was the secret conference of leaders from all parts of the Union, except the Pacific Coast, at Mr. Whitney's house, on June 9, which blocked out the programme for the impending convention; the adjourned meeting at Hotel Richelieu, Chicago, on June 17; and the carrying through of the programme, in all essentials, under Whitney's masterly and masterful management, up to the final triumph when the roll was called in the early morning hours of June 23. It is an inspiring story, with its revelation of what can be accomplished by candid and intelligent patriotism under our party system as it is. One cannot help hoping, in spite of all the changes in the Democratic party since that day, that something of the same kind may yet again be accomplished within its lines.

To that hope Cleveland held with characteristic stubbornness. He believed in the party system, and his devotion to his own party was not less strong and sincere because it was also the high love that would not condone wanderings from principle. In what is perhaps the best letter in the book, written in March, 1908, to an old Democratic friend and comrade, E. Prentiss Bailey of the Utica *Herald*, he protested that he could still see light ahead for Democracy. Although he had for years thought Judge George Gray of Delaware the best man to lead the party, his hopes at that moment were centred on the lamented Gov. Johnson of Minnesota, behind whom the best element in the party seemed to be at last forming for some real resistance to Bryanism. "I do not want you to suppose," he wrote, "that a feeling of pessimism toward political affairs is habitual with me. On the contrary, such a condition of mind is quite infrequent and so temporary that it yields quickly to a better mood and a settled conviction that our party before many years will march from the darkness to the full light of

glorious achievement." He foresaw that, if Bryan were named again, the party would be in great danger of losing its "distinctive issue" of tariff reform. "If we fail this year," he said about the same time, "the Republicans will take up the question in such a way that we cannot hope to recover our ownership of it. That they will tinker with it, is certain. They have played with the currency problem, but, in doing so, have deprived us of power to appeal to the country on the large lines inherent in the principles for which our party has always stood." He saw, in fact, quite as clearly as any mind in the country, the entire drift of his party away from its right course, which is also its only really hopeful course. Since his hopefulness was coupled with such clear-sightedness, it may be taken as a good reason for hopefulness by such as to-day hold fast to the tenets for which he stood.

The chapters in which Mr. Parker sets forth what those tenets were, giving intelligently the main lines of Cleveland's political philosophy, constitute the soliest part of the book. They embrace his views on economic questions, particularly finance, taxation, and the regulation of public carriers; on the civil service and patronage; on party; on legislation in general, and on the courts; and one is again and again surprised to see how often he anticipates the sounder conclusions, while avoiding the errors and extravagances, of those who have ruled us since his day. His "blundering way" of studying public questions patiently and ploddingly, with directness and simplicity, brought him to astonishingly few blunders in the final expressions of opinion.

But, doubtless, the chapters given over to his judgments of his contemporaries will have, for most readers, a livelier interest. Such as may still persist in thinking him a man of ordinary or less than ordinary acuteness and perspicacity, raised by mere good luck above the heads of brighter men—once a not uncommon opinion—will find here yet other surprises. He seems to have been, for instance, about the first man in the country to perceive Mr. Roosevelt's ability and dexterity as a politician, and his overpowering ambition. So far was he from being governed, as was supposed, by a bitter antagonism to David B. Hill, that he praised and admired Hill's administration as Governor of New York and utterly repudiated the suspicion that he was guilty of treachery to the national ticket in 1888, Hill's success that year being due to causes which Cleveland thoroughly understood. Hill, on his part, remarked at the time to Alton B. Parker:

> This ends me as a Presidential candidate. . . . Nothing will ever convince the party that I was not to blame in some way, either direct or mysterious, for the result in this State which showed my election and the defeat of the Presidential ticket with Mr. Cleveland at its head.

Cleveland had a high admiration for Charles J. Folger, his unfortunate opponent for the Governorship in 1882, and with him, as with all his other opponents and rivals, utterly declined to employ, or to consent that others should employ, attacks of a personal nature. For Harrison also, he felt much admiration, praising particularly his judicial appointments, which he felt that he himself had been quite unable to match; and he liked McKinley. With certain of his associates in the great Democratic revival of his time, he formed ties of the strongest friendship—particularly with William L. Wilson, and Carlisle, and other members of his Cabinets, with George Gray, and with both the versatile and lovable John E. Russell, and the young and brilliant and clear-headed William E. Russell, of Massachusetts. The admiration and love which he and Thomas F. Bayard, rivals for the Democratic nomination in 1884, seon came to have for each other was, perhaps, the finest comradeship in all our political history. Each declared, years after the 1884 convention, his continued amazement at the idea of his being opposed as a rival to such a man as the other. But, perhaps, the best instance of Cleveland's clear vision concerning men, as well as politics, is a reflection on his own career. Says Mr. Parker:

> He often expressed the opinion that while men like himself, without experience or aspiration, who had been preferred for high places, were forced to overcome many hardships from lack of knowledge of the larger conditions, the type of men under discussion (men whose whole lives had been given to seeking office after office, with the Presidency as a goal) had become, as it were, *blasé* in politics, had formed so many connections all along the line of ascent, incurred obligations to so many sorts of people, and weakened themselves by so many intrigues and compromises, that they could seldom command a nomination, much less an election.

The single error of fact we have noticed is the statement that Cleveland's speech of acceptance in Madison Square Garden was his only public appearance in the campaign of 1892. Some weeks later, he addressed a convention of Democratic clubs in New York city.

There is an index, a chronology, and a negligible bibliography.

CURRENT FICTION.

Abaft the Funnel. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: B. W. Dodge & Co.

Actions and Reactions. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Also published in the Outward Bound Edition of Chas. Scribner's Sons.

These two volumes, published almost at the same moment, enforce the contrast between the earlier and the later Kipling. The first is a gleaning of hitherto uncollected papers—stories and sketches—contributed to Anglo-Indian periodicals in the years 1888-1890; at the very hour, that is, when the name of a young journalist began to be heard round the world. The second contains the latest fiction and verse of a seasoned and successful writer, who has long been able to work deliberately and upon his own terms.

Inquiry reveals "Abaft the Funnel" to be what it seems, an exhumation of material which Kipling had doubtless reckoned safely buried in the files of the Allahabad *Pioneer* or elsewhere. The present publisher's claim of copyright, even, would seem to be idle, since Doubleday, Page & Co. are announcing their intention to print at once "a library book" made up of precisely the same stories—to be sold at a cut-throat price. Doubleday, Page & Co. regard the book as a piece of literary scavengering, but admit shyly, after announcing their own publication of the tales, that "several critics have given their opinion that they contain some very characteristic samples of Kipling's early work." They do. They contain the crude substance of the Kipling, who, in his young twenties, took the world by storm. The "Plain Tales" and the other early volumes were made up of precisely such stories as these—many of them written hastily as newspaper fillers.

But all that Kipling saw fit to put into book form underwent careful revision. The thirty papers collected under the title "Abaft the Funnel" stand as they originally came from his hurried pen. Most of them are sketches rather than tales, and of slight intrinsic value. There is an amusing skit called "Chatauquaed," the nature of which will be gathered from the title; and there are two Anglo-Indian tales "Sleipner, late Thurinda," in the vein of "The Phantom Rickshaw," and "A Supplementary Chapter," concerning Mrs. Hauksbee and Mrs. Mallowe. Finally, there is "The Last of the Stories," in which the world-weary author represents himself as interviewing, under the devil's ciceronage, the characters he has created—the chief persons in "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Soldiers Three," and "Under the Deodars," and bidding them a last farewell. This was written in 1888; Kipling was then in his twenty-fourth year. To those of his own generation, he was a vindicator of youth: we gloried in his swiftness, his energy, his insight, his cocksureness and aplomb. He was the prince of sophomores, and seemed to promise his subjects a final elimination from this world's affairs of all old-fogeydom and rot. He is a "lost leader" to them now. They have marked, alongside of that growing idealism which the Nobel prize-

givers were fain to recognize the other day, a steady indrawing and stiffening of attitude toward the world's practical affairs. They have not been able to follow him when he sounded the charge. He has wearied them a little with his enthusiasm for the Englishman as a divinely appointed Captain of the School.

And, of course, there have been changes in his art of writing during the past twenty years. The rough, swift force is gone, the youthful cynicism, and the journalistic dash. The "actions and reactions" of his latest volume would have been recorded by the young Kipling in a tenth the space here employed. They are the careful product of a responsible middle-aged practitioner. The manner of "An Habitation Enforced" is actually more like that of Mr. Howells than like that of the writer of "The Courting of Dinah Shadd." "Garm—a Hostage" takes us back to Simla, to an experience of Stanley Ortheris, and even to a glimpse of Mulvaney; but they move with the decorum of penitent ghosts borrowed from the limbo in which, twenty years ago, their creator promised they should be left in peace. "The Mother Hive" is a parable in the Jungle Book vein. "The House Surgeon" is a haunted-house story marked by the mature Kipling's subtler treatment of the supernatural. "A Deal in Cotton," "The Puzzler," and "Little Foxes" again reveal the Englishman bearing alone the white man's burden. There remains what is intrinsically the most remarkable story in the collection—representing an aspect of the later Kipling's imagination of which the young Anglo-Indian journalist made no sign—that *tour de force* of the technical fancy, "With the Night Mail."

Of the intercalary verses little need be said. Each of them is intended to enforce the moral of the preceding tale. Only in the last (inscrutably entitled "The Rabbi's Song") are there touches of poetry; and this is defaced by the cockney pairing of "water" and "quarter."

The Title Market. By Emily Post. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The question of international marriage is one that seems irresistibly alluring to ladies with a bent for authorship—especially that form of international marriage that is signalized by the junction of a coronet with American millions. This theme, however, has definite limitations, and it is unavoidable that those who choose so narrow a way should tread more or less in the steps of their predecessors. Mrs. Post has given us an entertaining story made up of old materials—so old, indeed, that it requires no great experience of fiction to forecast the end from the beginning. Her character delineation lacks originality; the plutocratic papa as the god behind the scenes has been more powerfully drawn in "The Shuttle," and Nina shows somewhat pale and indeterminate after the masterful Betty. The real merit of the book lies in its graphic portrayal of life and manners among the higher social circles of Italy, with all the small discrepancies and oddities that strike so strongly the Ango-Saxon observer. The combination of ancient luxury and modern discomfort, half pathetic yet wholly humorous, is well touched in Prince Sansevero's pæan of joy, when he hears that his sulphur mine has become profitable, under the management of the American hero. Borne upon the exaltation of the moment, he promises his wife stoves, and emeralds set in a footstool, in the same breath. In spite of its happy moments, we close the book with a general sense of one superfluous volume the more.

Forty Minutes Late. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Their gathering together under a common title and between the covers of a real book does not very much disguise the ephemerality of F. Hopkinson Smith's most recent tales. Mr. Smith is at home everywhere, and with all classes: he has this great advantage as a story-teller, just as he has the knack of picturesque expression, the aptitude for dialogue, the cleverness of limning features of men and women and places, that we call literary facility. All this hurts as well as helps. One is conscious, in reading "Forty Minutes Late," that Mr. Smith is a ready writer. One is tempted, perhaps for that very reason, to do him less than justice; so excessively easy does this novelist find surface characterization. And yet, in the proper mood, one can greatly appreciate the pleasantly rapid passage of the moments, to which this good-natured story-teller so generously contributes. The faults and the merits of Mr. Smith's short stories, at their average degree of both, are as the faults and merits of our monthly journalism of shilling quality. Here, as in earlier tales, he is at his best in telling of manly actions and derring do. That is why we are best pleased with his story of the ocean steamer whose engines failed her, but whose captain saved all hands—and the book before us.

Doctor Rast. By James Oppenheim. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

The tales which make up this volume represent one of the most successful types of magazine story. They have the primary advantage of dealing with a new field, or of dealing with an old field in a new way. We have had stories of the New York Ghetto written by outsiders concerned with the sociological aspect of the scene, and by insiders to whom Ghetto life is a racial or religious theme. Mr. Oppenheim has found in it a field of luxurious sentiment. His Ghetto is an abiding-place for Col. Newcomes and Little Nells, Paul Dombeys and Cosettes, a world benevolently ruled over by a certain young Jewish physician and his wife. These two love each other romantically, exuberantly, for the edification not only of their own four walls, but of an admiring public. But then everybody loves everybody else like that in Mr. Oppenheim's Ghetto: every sleeve wears its heart, and there are no daws to peck in that happy region. Dr. Rast goes about his work in a mist of torment or ecstasy under which a real physician could not stand up a month. He is a Samaritan rather than a physicker, and a Samaritan perennially confounded by the suffering to which he ministers, perennially moved to tears by the beauty and triumph of human life as he sees it:

> He turned. He went out. He stole down the dark steps. Nell was waiting for him.
> "Morris," she cried, "are you all right?"
> He gathered her in—tenderly, tenderly.
> "Oh, Nell," he breathed, "human beings—human beings—I love them!"

The critic who should attempt to stare this popular literature of sensibility out of countenance, would no doubt be over-rating his own powers. And we have at least outgrown Wertherism. If we yet have tears for Sterne's donkey, or Dickens's Tiny Tim, they may be admitted to serve a softening, if somewhat enervating purpose. Enervation is not foremost among present-day perils.

TWO BOOKS ON SICILY.

Sicily, the Garden of the Mediterranean. By Will S. Monroe. 48 plates. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $3.

Seekers in Sicily: Being a Quest for Persephone by Jane and Peripatetica. Done into the Vernacular by Elizabeth Bisland and Anne Hoyt. New York: John Lane Co. 8 plates. $1.50 net.

These two books may serve as the extreme types of their class. Mr. Monroe is concerned with facts, Mesdames Bisland and Hoyt deal frankly in fancies after the fashion *longo intervallo* of Laurence Sterne. Mr. Monroe presents useful information, drawing freely and with discretion from approved sources. He evidently knows his Sicily at first hand, but, in the main, he keeps to the modest rôle of compiler. His chapters are chiefly historical, but he discusses as well politics, agriculture, the Mafia, the Messina earthquake, education, arts, and letters—in a word, all the principal topics of current interest. In no sense a guide-book, it will serve to fill out Baedeker's excessively skeletonized treatment of Sicily.

This is not to accord Mr. Monroe infallibility. His book has the general de-

fects of its class. He calls sirocco—a wind the curse of which is its humidity—a *dry* wind. Theocritus becomes the founder of "lyric" (read pastoral) poetry. That the Sicilian dialect differs less than the others from standard Italian (p. 216) is emphatically not true. Mr. Monroe has apparently taken up unadvisedly some statement as to the old, artificial Sicilian poetry of Frederick II's time. That the Venus Landolina of Syracuse is one of the four most beautiful statues of the goddess is most disputable. The better criticism, we believe, regards this marble as Greco-Roman, and of no very high quality. To say of Antonello Gagini (whose name is occasionally misprinted as "Gagni") that "after Michelangelo he is generally regarded as the first sculptor of Italy," is news indeed—an estimate adapted to the longitude of Palermo. Mr. Monroe's brief account of the Messina earthquake is misleading in several regards. At Messina there was no tidal wave of consequence, except as the wrecking of small boats seriously hampered the work of relief. The wave that swept miles inland devastated the opposite, Calabrian shore. All of the cathedral treasure was saved, and practically the entire contents of its museum—including, strange to say, its famous majolica—were recovered through the efforts of Professor Salinas. To the credit of Italy it should be recorded that before the Russians and English came, the officers and crews of the torpedo-boat flotilla in harbor worked heroically with the scantiest resources. These are trifling blemishes in a work generally accurate and useful. For a lack of literary distinction no one need criticise Mr. Monroe. He effects what he sets out to do—a sober, well-balanced survey of a complicated subject.

As to the book of the "Seekers"—the reader is plainly warned off or sped on by the sub-title. It is the usual combination of random and inaccurate information by way of crumb, with abundant facetiousness, sentimentality, or simple talky-talk by way of plums. Jane and Peripatetica are so continuously vivacious, so startlingly literary throughout, that one reader at least finds what they call their "word braiding" quite unnegotiable. To point out the numerous inaccuracies and occasional impossibilities in the descriptions, to mend the printing of the nondescript Italian sprinkled through the pages, would be a useless labor. To ask who are the "Sikilians" were ungracious. To opine that the ascent of Monte Venere on donkey back is not a harrowing adventure would be sheer pedantry. Enough that it harrowed our gentle questers. From his foot you may know Hercules, and we think that the smallest sample of this book will either incite the reader or, as it may be, put him warily on his guard. On the evening when Peripatetica suggested a spring trip to Sicily, Jane looked like "a mere diaphanous mauve cloud, from which the glimmering fire picked out glittering points here and there. When Jane takes to teagowns, she is really very dressy." Everything had for the Seekers this same penumbral purple quality, which has, no doubt, admirers.

Vorlesungen und Abhandlungen von Ludwig Traube. Herausgegeben von Franz Boll. Erster Band, Zur Paläographie und Handschriftenkunde. Herausgegeben von Paul Lehmann. Munich: Beck.

With commendable promptness the literary executors of Ludwig Traube have begun the publication of his remains. Traube's life was short, but of his forty-six years, almost every one since his seventeenth saw the issue of reviews, articles, or books of the highest quality, and even to the list in the present volume one addition must be made, the "Paläographische Bemerkungen," published posthumously in A. E. Burn's "Facsimiles of the Creeds in Early English Manuscripts," 1909. While many of Traube's writings are concerned with details, details were meaningless to him unless they contributed to larger relations. He enlivened old facts, and constantly discovered new ones, but his deepest interest was in far-reaching designs, which he did not live to complete. How great a monument he might have built we see in the volume before us. Besides the list of Traube's published works, running to 153 titles, there is given a list of fifty-seven subjects to which he had devoted research, accumulating his notes in special portfolios. Some of these studies were well-nigh ready for publication, and will now appear in successive volumes, under the general editorship of Professor Boll.

Traube's greatest achievements were doubtless in palæography. He was a born bibliographer, and no man living was better qualified than he to write a history of Latin literature in the Middle Ages; but precisely because he recognized and, in fact, made the cornerstone of his method, the interdependence of mediæval history and palæography, was he led more and more to the latter subject, with which, from this larger point of view, so little had been done. Palæography, he would explain in his lectures, which are printed in the present volume, is the history not only of the script, but of the book that contained the script, and of the monastic library that contained the book. He could show that historical problems like the Adoptionist controversy and the state of culture in Ireland during the early Middle Ages, depended on palæography, in part, for their solution. He always appealed to the general ideas surrounding his subject; in tracing the development of palæography as a science, he did not, like the routine lecturer, reduce it to bibliographical lists, but embedded it in human history. The hearer felt that he was following the story of great events, and was not surprised that it was illustrated by quotations from Goethe, Montaigne, Lessing, Leopardi, or by reference to Descartes, Richard Simon, Darwin—this with no suggestion of the purple patch, but with immediate bearing upon the argument. One was inspired with his devotion to the founders of the science, those great eccelesiastics Mabillon and Montfaucon, and felt the title he gave them, ἥρωες ἐπώνυμοι, not extravagant. Traube singled out only three German scholars as deserving the title of great palæographers. The scholarly world will add his name to the list, regarding him not merely as a great palæographer, but as practically the founder of a new science.

Most noteworthy among the many problems that Traube raised and to the solution of which he greatly contributed, is the origin of the abbreviations in mediæval script. His last work, "Nomina Sacra," sets forth his complete results. His general conclusions are sketched entertainingly in an address delivered before the Bavarian Academy of Sciences, and included in the present volume. The system that gained the day in the Middle Ages was contraction; that is, the omission of certain letters in the body of a word, as *dns* (with a stroke above), for *dominus;* it originated, Traube shows, in manuscripts of ecclesiastical works. Suspension, the curtailing of the latter part of a word, as *dom* (followed by a point), for *dominus*, was the earlier system, employed in pagan documents and inscriptions, and appearing likewise in literary works, both pagan and Christian, but, like the stenographic abbreviations of the Tironian notes and other systems, it passed eventually into disuse. Now, the earliest contractions, Traube shows, are found only in manuscript of ecclesiastical works, and these are restricted to certain sacred names, such as *deus, Iesus, spiritus*, a device evidently suggested by the similar abbreviation of sacred names in manuscript of Greek works. Traube argues, plausibly, that the practice owed its origin there to the use of the Hebrew tetragram for the divine name, naturally without vowels, in texts of the Septuagint. So the original purpose in omitting letters from the sacred names was not to abbreviate, but to honor them with a special symbol. Abbreviation was a by-product, like the Phœnicians' discovery of glass, observes Traube, and proved a most useful one. It is a pity that Prof. W. M. Lindsay, in his recent brochure on "Contractions in Early Latin Minuscule Manuscripts,"

which supplements Traube's "Nomina Sacra" with useful collections of examples, should throw the whole subject into confusion again by abandoning the distinction between contraction and suspension, that plays so vital a part in Traube's discussion.

It is right, then, that the first volume of these posthumous publications should be devoted to palæography. It contains, besides the matter already referred to, a valuable list of extant capital and uncial manuscript compiled by Dr. Lehmann, who in all ways shows himself a most competent editor. Prof. Boll adds, by way of preface, the best biographical sketch of Traube that has yet appeared. The character of such a man, who was not only a brilliant and penetrating discoverer, but a great humanist, is an answer to certain critics of specialization to-day; for the real specialist, like Traube, is a real Platonist, a follower of the many and of the one.

The Conquest of the Isthmus. By Hugh C. Weir. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

The library of Panama literature, already filling more than a five-foot shelf, is extended by the addition of a lively volume of sketches of life and work on the Canal Zone by Hugh C. Weir. He does not concern himself with the difficult questions of engineering and finance, except to join in the chorus of condemnation of the unpatriotic "muck-raker," but overwhelms us with figures, showing the greatness of our achievement, and dazzles us with the contrast between the little streak of Americanism and the untracked jungle on each side. He goes alligator shooting with Capt. Shanton in a chapter compact of thrills and excitement, and in the same spirit of adventure he visits the Christmas bazaar of the Woman's Club at Ancon. He goes through the Culebra Cut on a motor car and barely escapes being crushed by a twenty-ton boulder. This is in the forenoon. In the afternoon he comes "within three inches of death" from the sting of a deadly black scorpion, against which "there is absolutely no antidote." He stands upon Gold Hill at Culebra, "with the memories of my Prescott sharply astir," and his imagination fires at the thought that here Balboa stood and gazed at the Pacific. This is a favorite joke with the men of the Canal, although usually it is Paraiso Hill that they palm off on the tenderfoot as "Balboa's Cliff." As a matter of fact, it was a peak in Darien, about a hundred miles away, from which the southern ocean was first seen; Keats got the place right if he did get the name wrong.

Mr. Weir administers his statistics in the most palatable manner, and he grows eloquent over the heroism and energy of the men who make the dirt fly. The book will serve a useful purpose in impressing the average reader with the magnitude of this national enterprise in its varied aspects. It is undeniably superficial and sensational, and its statements are not to be accepted without caution. Sometimes, an over-hasty snatch at an idea results in an amusing misconception like the following: "Quinine, one of the most beneficial drugs to man that has ever been discovered, is absolutely fatal to the mosquito." The picture this calls up of Col. Gorgas and his men going about dosing the anopheles with quinine, presumably in the ten-grain capsules, gives a new view of the sanitary question. As Mr. Weir is eager to represent the Isthmus as a most healthful and pleasant place of residence, it is unfortunate that he exaggerates its heat. He says the average temperature is 110 degrees. It is really about 80 degrees, and the Panamanians boast, not with entire truthfulness, that the thermometer never rises to 100.

The Wars of Religion in France, 1559-1576: The Huguenots, Catherine de Medici, and Philip II. By James Westfall Thompson, Ph.D. The University of Chicago Press. $4.50 net.

Not many periods of European history so interesting and important as the epoch of religious wars in France are so slightly represented in recent English historical writing. The decade from 1879 to 1889 saw the appearance of a number of works in this field: Baird's "Huguenots," Armstrong's "French Wars of Religion," and such books as Jackson's "Last of the Valois." But though Continental scholars during the last twenty years have quite changed the conception of this period, the results of their investigations until now have found comparatively slight reflection in English. This is the more surprising in that this favorite field of romance has not only profound religious, diplomatic, and economic importance, but has also direct bearing on affairs across the Channel. But it is an old story that interest in a particular line of work comes and goes, often without apparent cause, and even at times seems to move in definite cycles.

Certainly, few periods offer more of interest than the years covered in this study. The genius of Dumas has made most readers familiar with many of the more remarkable characters and incidents of a time rich in both. The figures of the last Valois kings, the Guises, the Chatillons, and the Bourbons, of Catherine de' Medici, of Mary Stuart and Philip II, of the lesser lights like Tavannes and Montluc, La Noue, and Montgomery, with their tortuous intrigues, their romantic adventures, and their tragic ends, have irresistible fascination for the lovers of romance. Here, too, the champions of two great schools of religious thought have found a fair field for their controversial powers. Perhaps, in a sense, both of these circumstances have hindered a proper conception of the period. The personal interest in the career and fate of individuals has been so intense that the broad and deep currents of thought and affairs have been relatively neglected; or, if these have been considered, the passions roused then and since by the religious questions have not been favorable to the impartial investigation and presentation of truth. Now, at last, scholarship, turning aside somewhat not merely from the drum and trumpet, but from the weariness of diplomatic intrigue, has set itself to unravel the mysteries of economic conditions, of administrative detail, of political organization and practice.

In no small measure this is the value of the present work. Using the results of recent scholarship along the lines of economic and administrative, as well as personal and diplomatic investigation, Professor Thompson has produced an account of this tempestuous period in many ways radically different from the older conception. Nothing shows this difference more clearly than his treatment of military operations. The effect of the various forces, Huguenot, Catholic, German reiters, and Swiss mercenaries on the people—this he describes in detail. To be sure, he gives full-page plans of the principal battles; but it requires courage to break with immemorial tradition so far as to dismiss Jarnac with these words:

> The royal army under the nominal command of the Duke of Anjou, but really commanded by the veteran Tavannes, who had orders to give battle at all cost before the Duke of Deuxponts could arrive, won the decisive victory of Jarnac on March 13, 1569. It was a fierce and bloody battle.

Such a description has this advantage, at least: it leaves space to consider the effect on the people and on the situation of affairs. Moreover, in such treatment as he has given the period the leaders play their parts, not as a group of actors dealing only with each other, but in relation to their followers, to the nation as a whole. They become, therefore, more human and comprehensible, less like figures of tragedy moved by more than human motives and passions. Much glamour is thus removed, much mystery of state destroyed, and the illusion of romance gives place to the reality of life, with its sober play of cause and effect. We can still trace the devious ways of Medicean and Spanish intrigue, we feel the romantic interest of the Guise ambitions, the adventures of the viscounts; but we realize also the deeper forces at work, the extortion and maladministration of government, the oppression and discontent of the lower classes, the ruin of the peasantry, the depression of the workers by the break-

down of the guilds. And we can see in this disintegration of an old society those great social and economic changes which, scarcely less than the new religious ideas, made Protestantism a force in affairs of state and church alike. From such a study we may understand, as otherwise we cannot, not merely the Reformation, but the underlying forces which later were to make the Revolution and modern France.

In the main Professor Thompson has told his story well. The style, which is inclined to drag in the beginning, becomes clearer and more fluent as the narrative progresses. Throughout his impartiality is everywhere evident, and the dispassionate air with which he awards praise and blame, even in such affairs as the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, is a striking feature of his work. One might almost wish at times for more fire. His references are unusually full, and it is apparent from them that he has gone deeply into his subject. In particular he has relied largely on the Calendars of State Papers, Foreign, which in this period are remarkably full and valuable, as are those of the Venetian archives, upon which he also draws heavily. Many contemporary illustrations, maps, and plans add to the value of his work, and an excellent index with a considerable body of material in appendices contributes to its usefulness.

Notes.

Henry Frowde announces the early publication of "The Union of South Africa," by the Hon. R. H. Brand, secretary to the Transvaal Delegates at the South African National Convention.

Hodder & Stoughton will issue this autumn a "primer" to the novels of George Meredith, by Dr. James Moffatt.

S. R. Gardiner's "History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate," uncompleted at his death, is to be continued to a conclusion by Prof. C. H. Firth in the latter's "Last Years of the Protectorate, 1656-8." This work Longmans, Green, & Co. will issue in two volumes, this month or next. It will begin with the meeting of Cromwell's second Parliament in the autumn of 1656.

The wide and newly kindled interest in Spain which we have to-day will soon be rewarded by the issue through Houghton Mifflin Co. of Philip S. Marden's "Travels in Spain." Here is the story of a springtime journey from Gibraltar across the Peninsula, with a light but informed touching upon the Spanish arts and history.

At the time of his death, Walter Headlam was busy with a prose translation of Æschylus, and had completed five of the seven plays. C. E. S. Headlam has now translated the remaining two plays, and has written an introduction to the complete volume, which is to be added to Bohn's Classical Library by the Messrs. Bell.

The same publishers will soon issue two new volumes in their Masters of Literature series: "Defoe," edited by John Masefield, and "Carlyle," by A. W. Evans. They have in press a volume dealing with Thackeray, by G. K. Chesterton, which will be added to the same series; and will follow this with the "Emerson" of G. H. Perris.

Commander R. E. Peary's narrative of his successful Polar expedition is to appear serially in *Hampton's Magazine*. In book form, it will be issued through Frederick A. Stokes Co. This arrangement is the climax of a sensational series of negotiations. When the news of Peary's achievement reached New York, representatives of several publishers hastened to meet him. One of these reached Battle Harbor in time to assist the explorer in receiving the representatives of the press. In spite of the excitement on every hand, however, Commander Peary was unhurried in his publishing arrangements. In the end, he gave his book to the publishers of his earlier narratives.

It is good news that the brilliant essays of Oscar Wilde, gathered together under the title "Intentions," are to be made accessible, through their republication by Methuen & Co. (London).

The eighteenth century is still the subject of numberless reprints and reassemblages of old material: occasionally, too, of books which throw fresh light on men and things. "Intimate Society Letters of the Eighteenth Century," by the Duke of Argyle, is one of the volumes promised for early publication by Stanley Paul & Co. (London), newcomers in the publishing field; and Constable has nearly ready "Hogarth's London," by H. B. Wheatley, the well-known London topographer.

John Murray (London) will publish this autumn "The Correspondence of Priscilla, Countess of Westmorland" which her daughter, Lady Rose Weigall, has edited. Lady Westmorland was one of the most charming women of her time. As Lady Burgshersh she made, in 1814, a daring tour of Europe, following in the wake of the allies to Paris, and seeing the infinite havoc and chaos wrought to and by the army of Napoleon. Her diary, recounting these experiences, was published sixteen years ago. Later in life she went with her husband, who served as British ambassador, to Florence, Berlin, and Vienna.

Collectors of "The Compleat Angler" have now another edition to seek, and those brutish souls who have not loved Walton's charming pastoral have another allurement to love:

> Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet.

Houghton Mifflin Co. has issued the first part of the work (*i. e.* Walton's part) as one of their special Riverside editions, on hand-made paper, with wood-blocks engraved by M. Lamont Brown, after the cuts of fish in the original. The book is small enough in size for the fisherman's or the "contemplative man's" roomy pocket, and it has every attraction which we have come to expect from the printing done under the supervision of Bruce Rogers.

We are inclined to name George Hodges's "Garden of Eden" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) as the vulgarest production of the press this year. It is an attempt to rewrite for the comprehension of children a number of stories from the first nine books of the Old Testament; the result is a translation of biblical language into a kind of smart "journalese" (with incongruous relics of the original intermixed) which it is not good for any child's ear to hear, and a transiation of biblical miracles into commonplace absurdities which are an insult to any child's imagination and understanding. As an example, a mild one, of Dean Hodges's jaunty style, we may quote his version of Moses on Sinai:

> "God told me that He would speak to us in that place. I am going up to meet Him." And he took with him a young man named Joshua.
>
> "You wait," he said to the people, "till I come back and tell you what God says."

As an example of his rationalizing we may refer to the account of the passage of the Red Sea, which changes the marvellous to the pseudo-scientific action of wind and cloud and water. Dean Hodges has a surprising knowledge of things which may never have happened at all. We have given space to this criticism of a poor book because it is handsomely printed and illustrated, in a manner to attract unsuspecting buyers.

In dealing with the first two volumes of Prof. J. E. Spingarn's "Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century" (the *Nation*, June 18, 1908), we called attention to the excellence of the editing and solid erudition of the introduction. The third volume, now before us, gives no occasion to withdraw any word of that commendation. Though, perhaps, the essays in this volume as a whole are more even in quality, due to the growing consciousness of literary procedure, they contain nothing so fundamentally interesting as the work of Jonson or Bacon or Hobbes in the earlier issue. Yet we have here hints of the great quarrel of the ancients and the moderns in the essays of Sir William Temple, and the beginning of the bitter attack on the Restoration stage in the work of Jeremy Collier. Even more interesting is William Congreve's discussion of the nature of "humors," which introduces us to one of the great topics of English letters. We get a glimpse far backward and forward in his remark "that there is more of humor in our English comic writers than in any others. . . . And what appears to me to be the reason of it is the greater freedom, privilege, and liberty which the common people of England enjoy." The same remark is made later by Horace Walpole. In a note to John Dennis's "Impartial Critic," Professor Spingarn observes that "only one or two of Dennis's critical essays have been reprinted since that date [when Johnson said that "he wished to see John Dennis's 'Critical Works' collected"]; and the larger task remains undone, but still worth doing." Very well worth doing, we think; and Professor Spingarn would confer a favor on scholars by undertaking the task. It remains only to say that the notes of the present volume show the same accuracy and care as do those to the two earlier volumes.

Dumas may be tasted by English and American readers, not as romancer alone, but also as the writer of "My Memoirs" (The Macmillan Co.), and the same publishers now issue the supplementary volume, "Mes Bêtes," newly translated, as "My Pets," by Alfred Allinson. With sixteen

vivacious drawings by V. Lecomte, this last book makes a most attractive volume of three hundred pages; and one of the few works of the novelist which may be starred *pour la jeunesse*. Each of the chapters is lighted up by the sunny humor of the romancer, who, in his life, whether in Paris or, as here, "in my solitude at Monte Cristo," was as extravagant as in his wildest tales. The account of Dumas's rural life is singularly amusing. "I love solitude," he writes. "For those who can appreciate the charms, solitude is the most loving of mistresses. . . . Society is the distraction of the body; love the occupation of the heart; solitude the religion of the soul." But Dumas loved no lonely solitude, nor even a *solitude à deux*, save at rare intervals. He was surrounded, in town or villeggiature, by friends—colleagues—collaborators—servants—parasites; this from first to last. But in the book before us it is his animal comrades in which he is most deeply interested; and most deeply interests his readers. Dogs there are in greatest abundance; dog heroes and dog rogues, romantic dogs and dogs picaresque. The cats, Mysouff I and Mysouff II, interest us less; so, too, the residents of the aviary, eaten up by one of the Mysouffs, we forget just which; a green monkey or two and a blue macaw communicate an exotic touch. But enough of enumeration. Dumas's pets were at least numerous and amusing Their history is not to be read straight off, cover to cover, notwithstanding the entertaining style of it. Three hundred pages of anecdote are not to be bolted. But where could one ever find for the country house book-shelf (no matter how many feet to it) a better book than "My Pets"?

"Hints on House Furnishing," by W. Shaw Sparrow (John Lane Co.), is a diffuse and chatty book, but for that reason calculated to beguile the British householders, to whom primarily it is directed. After a general introduction on various methods of furnishing, on taste, color, and the English tradition, there are specific chapters on the treatment of walls, floors, ceilings, and finally on furniture and fittings. It is a practical book, even to giving the addresses of firms—in London, naturally. In general Mr. Sparrow is a safe and genial guide. He is ingenious in his method of teaching. For example, the cardinal points in righteousness of color are drawn from Titian's Bacchus and Ariadne. In his condemnation of speculative building and of dealer-made fashions in decoration the author attacks evils quite as glaring here as in England. In his passion for sound and simple construction, in his dislike of naturalistic design, and his offishness towards overtly patterned hangings and carpets, he is distinctly on the side of the angels. Idiosyncrasy perforce affects a book of this sort. Few, perhaps, will share his antipathy to the pale greens, most useful colors when the setting is right. Again, does every wall require a frieze, and is it all the better for a dado? We think not. It all depends upon the use of the wall, whether it is to be a composition in itself, or a mere background for a composition made up of pictures and furniture. Mr. Sparrow nowhere sufficiently sets forth the merits of tinted plaster, preferably roughcast, as a wall finish. It is difficult to get it done well, but few textures are more permanently satisfactory. Combed paint, too, has its appeal, but here we trench on plutocratic territory, and the book is for the reasonably well-to-do. The volume is well illustrated with typical English interiors, the usefulness of which to American householders is limited. Still, the doctrine is the thing, and since the book makes for rational taste we wish it a wide reading.

S. G. Tallentyre's "Life of Mirabeau" (Moffat, Yard & Co.) is a very inferior book to that of Professor Fling on the same subject, which we reviewed favorably twelve months ago. It is far less learned, and much more pretentious. It adds nothing to our knowledge of the subject, whether by way of new facts, or of new points of view. It echoes throughout the notes of Macaulay and Carlyle, and the style is after the manner of the latter.

Dr. Arthur C. Boggess's account of early Illinois ("The Settlement of Illinois, 1778 to 1830," Vol. V, Collection of the Chicago Historical Society) is the record of the narrow poverty out of which came abundance, of the chaos out of which came organization, in short, the record of the small beginnings of a great American commonwealth. The description is minute: forty-five closely printed pages contain the list of the authorities used. Its accuracy is vouched for by Prof. Frederick J. Turner and J. B. McMaster, who critically read the work before publication. The book will have small attraction for those who read merely for pleasure. The sober student, however, will find here the bases of Illinois's history clearly and fully discussed.

Whoever has wandered through the streets and parks of Weimar, and tried to call back, in imagination, the magic past when Goethe and Schiller and Frau von Stein and Karl August and his court made merry in the little principality, will find delight in Thea and Horst von Harbou's beautiful books, "Weimar: Ein Sommertagstraum," "Tiefurt: Aus den Memoiren eines Sonnenstrahls," and "Belvedere: In einer Vollmondnacht" (Weimar: R. Buchmann). These three unique *Märchendichtungen* of the Saxon Athens are accompanied by some fifty-seven illustrations made especially for the work. The verse runs smoothly and reflects a passionate interest in the traditions treated; and the extraordinary grouping of many persons in the costumes of Weimar's Biedermann days—fair maidens at the usually deserted summer houses in the woods, and tea-parties on the green where Schröter and the others once danced—gives these volumes an unusual attractiveness.

The latest addition to the series called Der Alte Orient, and published by J. C. Hinrichs, of Leipzig, for the *Vorderasiatische Gesellschaft*, is a brochure by Prof. Hugo Winckler of Berlin, entitled "Das Vorgebirge am Nahr-el-Kelb und seine Denkmäler." It contains also one chart and four illustrations.

Adolf Müller's "Der Galilei-Prozess (1632-1633) nach Ursprung, Verlauf und Folgen" (Freiburg in Breisgau: Herder) may be regarded as a continuation of his "Galileo und das kopernikanische Weltsystem" published only a few months ago. The author is professor of astronomy and mathematics in the Gregorian University and director of the observatory on the Janiculum in Rome. He also belongs to the order of the Jesuits, who were the most eager and energetic opponents and persecutors of Galileo, and the chief purpose of these two volumes is to justify their action. As the Copernican conception of the solar system had not yet been proved, Professor Müller maintains that the adversaries of Galileo were right in rejecting and denouncing a cosmogony which was still only a questionable hypothesis. We cannot here follow Professor Müller's argument in all its sinuosities; enough that his reasoning is wholly fallacious.

Dr. William Torrey Harris, former United States commissioner of education, died at Providence, R. I., November 5. His work as an educator had gained him an international reputation. Long before his appointment by President Harrison he had impressed the educational methods of the country by introducing into the public school system of St. Louis the first successful course of nature study in the country. He was one of the men who gave kindergarten work its foothold in the public schools, and as founder of the School of Philosophy he did much to stimulate metaphysical study in America. He was also a lover of the classics, and was especially fond of mediæval Latin hymns. He had few equals in familiarity with Oriental languages, literature, and customs. His versatility as a scholar is partly suggested by the fact that, while he was regarded as one of the two greatest contemporary exponents of Hegel, and as a keen critic of modern economic thought, he kept in touch with the latest developments in both experimental and pure science, and was a sound critic of architecture, sculpture, painting, and music. Born in 1835, he was a student at Yale College, and held several degrees of that and other institutions, but was never graduated. The honorary title of "Officer of the Academy" was decreed to Dr. Harris by the French government in 1878 for his school reports on exhibition at the great exposition, and in 1889 he received the title of "Officer of Public Instruction" from the same government. In his connection with the American Social Science Association he wrote many papers delivered before that organization. He was also a member of the Washington Academy of Sciences, and of the American Philosophical Association. He was a beneficiary of the Carnegie Foundation, being the first man so recognized. His death came at the completion of a new edition of Webster's International Dictionary, of which he was editor-in-chief. He also established at St. Louis, in 1867, the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, which he conducted up to the time of his death, was the editor of various school texts, and edited the department of philosophy in Johnson's Encyclopædia, for which he prepared many important articles. He was the author of "Introduction to the Study of Philosophy," 1889; "The Spiritual Sense of Dante's Divina Commedia," 1889; "Hegel's Logic, a Book on the Genesis of the Categories of the Mind," 1890, and of the "Psychologic Foundation of Education," 1898.

Baron Fernand de Schickler, one of the leaders of French Protestantism, and a well-known philantropist, has died at the age of seventy-four years. He was the author of many articles published in various periodicals, and of several extended works, of which the chief is his monumental his-

tory of the "Eglises du refuge en Angleterre."

Science.

The Kea, a New Zealand Problem. By George R. Marriner. Christchurch, New Zealand: Marriner Bros. & Co.

Several books have been published devoted to a single species of bird—one to the great auk, another to the passenger pigeon. Now we have a volume treating of a single species of parrot. The kea or mountain parrot has become a very serious problem to the sheep raisers of New Zealand. We know that parrots are not distantly related to owls and in this instance there seems to have occurred a slipping back from a vegetarian to a carnivorous diet.

For more than fifty years a few individual keas in the various sheep districts have led attacks on these animals, killing from five to fifty per cent. of the flocks. They seem to kill for the love of killing, long after their appetites are satiated. Winter, when other food is scarce, is the season of carnage; and at this time one or more birds will alight on the back of a sheep and begin tearing at the wool. In spite of every effort which the sheep may make, it ultimately succumbs, and the unnatural parrots feast on the kidney fat and other portions of the animal.

Mr. Marriner has treated his subject thoroughly, reviewing it from every standpoint. He has incorporated in his book information derived from many correspondents, and offers a pleasant account of the kea country. This is the most picturesque part of New Zealand—among the rocky crags and fiords, the gorges and snow-clad peaks of the high, rugged mountains. Such a region is not adapted to agriculture, but herds of sheep thrive here, and thus the kea finds its prey ready to hand. It nests in a rocky hollow or burrows six feet deep under ground, lays four white eggs, and the young are hatched in the depths of winter. The kea, in its love of play, mischievous ways, and uncontrollable curiosity, brings to mind the Canada jay or moosebird. In districts where it is not hunted, it will often alight, not only on or in one's tent, but even on one's back as one leans over to pick up something.

After giving a detailed account of the ecology of the bird, the author proceeds to its relation to man. All the early records of sheep killing are narrated; the probable cause which led to its change of habits is discussed; the time and method of attack, the damage done, and the methods used in kea hunting are described. One learns that, although thousands of pounds have been paid in bounties for kea heads, at the rate of two shillings each, the problem is one that must be met and fought continually. Two points of unusual interest strike the casual reader: the remarkable fact of a member of the parrot family living and nesting amid Antarctic cold and snow, and the almost unique instance of a native bird developing into a pest, whereas in almost all other recorded cases it is an imported species (as the English sparrow) which acquires inimical tendencies.

Blackie & Sons (London) announce the publication of a book on palæobotany, or fossil botany, by Miss M. C. Stopes, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.L.S., lecturer on fossil botany at Manchester University, under the title: "Ancient Plants." The work is written with the double purpose of introducing the general reader to this fascinating branch of science and of presenting a general survey of the whole subject in its latest developments.

A marble monument to the memory of Prof. P. Tillaux has been erected in the garden of the amphitheatre of anatomy of the hospitals of Paris. This monument was the last work of the sculptor Chaplain.

Julian S. Huxley, B.A., late scholar of Balliol College, Oxford, and gainer of the Newdigate prize for English verse in 1908, has been elected to the biological scholarship at Naples. He is a grandson of the late Professor Huxley.

There is great need for a comprehensive work on timbers and cabinet woods which shall give in convenient form the recent results of the microscopic, chemical, and mechanical studies of woods. A good many attempts have been made to supply this want, but no satisfactory work has yet appeared. In the latest of these attempts, a work entitled "Timber" (New York: D. Van Nostrand Co.), J. R. Baterden has undertaken to give in small compass a vast amount of information. Owing to the limitations of space he has, however, failed to present enough in regard to any one point to make the whole of great use to students or practical mechanics. Nevertheless, this is an interesting volume; well arranged, and capable of forming the basis, if properly built upon, of a much needed cyclopædia. The author has an excellent sense of proportion, and is evidently a thorough student. It would be safe for a publisher to entrust to him the preparation of an exhaustive work with copious references to original authorities and with the reference tables which every scientific student of timber needs to have at hand.

From Eskbank, near Edinburgh, comes news of the death of David Thomson, the horticulturist, at the age of eighty-six. He was for some time editor of the *Gardener* and was the author of a "Handy Book of the Flower Garden."

From Japan is reported the death of Dr. Kakichi Mitsukuri, dean of the College of Science in the Imperial University of Tokio, in his fifty-second year. A leader of modern Japanese thought, he was likewise the author of numerous papers in his special field of zoölogy. His influence was pronounced, also, in the development of younger students and in the establishment of the Seaside Laboratory at Misaki. After studying at American schools, Dr. Mitsukuri received, in 1879, the degree of doctor of philosophy at Yale, and later studied under Professor Balfour at Cambridge, England.

Drama.

THE NEW THEATRE.

The opening of the New Theatre on Monday was an important event in the dramatic history of this country for several reasons. Although in no sense a national enterprise, being founded on private capital, the institution is sufficiently broad in its aim, and sufficiently strong in financial backing to assume something of a national character. By no means purely philanthropic or disinterested, it is not mainly commercial in spirit, or subject to that malign syndicate influence which, for years, has been strangling dramatic art and making the theatre in general a subject for reproach and hissing throughout the English-speaking world. It is under intelligent and ambitious direction, has a properly organized staff of literary and practical advisers; a permanent stock company to be strengthened as occasion serves for the performance of all kinds of intelligent drama, old or new, classical or ephemeral; pledges itself to have no long runs and will diversify its entertainments with opera. If it lives up to its professions as it undoubtedly can afford and now means to do, it may prove the beginning of that practical reformation of the stage which has long been the dream of ardent but impractical enthusiasts. This pleasant and hopeful vision may or may not be realized. It is altogether too soon for either exultation or prophesy. But the establishment of an independent theatre and a stock company upon a solid and durable basis seems to be an accomplished fact, and is a legitimate source of great encouragement.

There is abundant promise of permanence in the house itself, a costly and noble marble structure, which will take high rank among the chief architectural features of the future city. It is fashioned within upon the best and latest models, and is replete with every convenience for the public before and the players behind the curtain. The theatre proper, a wide and flattened horseshoe, in accordance with the newest fashion, suffers somewhat from excessive ornamentation, but is notable for its capacity, for the comfort of its arrangements, and the perfection of its exits and approaches. The stage is wide and deep enough for every conceivable requirement of scenic display, and the lighting arrangements are peculiarly elaborate. It would be difficult, indeed, to imagine a theatre more complete in its appointments.

To say that the opening performance, that of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," was in all respects worthy of its luxurious surroundings, would be an exaggeration. It did, however, furnish many evidences of liberal and intelligent management, which are rich in promise of future achievement. The tragedy itself, it is pretty safe to say, has never had a more effective, a more artistic, or a more appropriate scenic setting. Such liberties as were taken with the text—and the excisions were on a wholesale scale—are as a rule justified by the general result. Although many fine passages disappeared, nothing vital was lost—except the scenes in Pompey's barge, which have been ruthlessly erased in spite of their value in comic relief and dramatic interest—and a fairly continuous and intelligible story was presented. By putting all the Roman scenes in Cæsar's house and all the Egyptian scenes in Cleopatra's palace much saving of time was effected and the artists were enabled to construct two massive and imposing sets. The interior of Cleopatra's palace, with its huge pillars and its outlook across the Nile to the opposite shore, was particularly beautiful. The Roman scene was a very handsome piece of stage masonry, and Cleopatra's monument, with its majestic Sphinxes, provided another striking picture. But the excellence of the stage management was manifested chiefly in the purposeful and intelligent actions of the supernumeraries, the handling of soldiers, slaves, messengers, etc., which reflected much credit upon that experienced producer, Louis Calvert. All the minor "business" of the play, which is too often left to take care of itself, was conducted without awkwardness and without hitch.

But few of the speaking actors were really equal to the tasks assigned to them. Both in speech and action they betrayed their unfamiliarity with the needs of poetic drama. The blank verse was a perpetual stumbling-block to them. E. H. Sothern, the Antony of the occasion, made an unheroic and unimaginative impersonation still less attractive by the humdrum monotony of his utterance. Of the fierceness of the contending passions in the part he seemed to have no adequate conception. Once or twice, he let himself go with good effect—as in the attack upon Thyreus and in the quarrel with Cleopatra—but his performance, as a rule, was tame and uninspired. Miss Julia Marlowe's Cleopatra was beautiful to the eye and eloquent in rage. Some of her outbursts were exceedingly fine. But she lacked the essential cunning of the Serpent of old Nile. Her fickleness was too transparent, though her fascination was undeniable. William McVay played Enobarbus in blunt, soldierly fashion, but there is far more humor, in the character than he got out of it. Of the wonderful description of the famous barge he made nothing. Roland Buckstone did little with Lepidus, but Mr. Anson would have been an excellent Octavius if his elocution had been better. The best speaking was done by some of the minor players in the cast. Perhaps the most obvious moral of the entire representation was that no amount of expenditure can be of much avail to the poetic drama until our modern actors have recovered the almost lost art of acting and reciting it.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's new play, "The House of Temperley," is a melodrama of the prize-ring, founded in part upon his novel, "Rodney Stone." He holds that England owes much to the spirit of endurance which was the chief feature of the old prize-ring, and wishes to enforce that truth.

Glasgow now has its repertory theatre, and its experiment differs, according to a correspondent of the London *Times*, from those made in other places. It is financed "by a limited-liability association," made up almost exclusively of Glasgow citizens: university men, professional men, merchants, and manufacturers. The prospectus of the Royalty Theatre, where the plays are performed, sets forth as one of the objects in view "to encourage the initiation and development of a purely Scottish drama by providing a stage and an acting company which will be peculiarly adapted for the production of plays, national in character, written by Scottish men and women of letters." There is as yet no evidence of enthusiasm in Glasgow for a Scottish theatre: "Scotch writers are too sentimental for the Scotch; they have to go to London." Among the plays already produced, or in preparation, are "The Voysey Inheritance," Mr. Masefield's "Nan," "The Seagull" by the Russian Tchekhof, "Arms and the Man," etc. The company is said to be a good one, and is run on the regular stock company principle of each member taking the part best suited to him.

The first production in Paris of "La Rampe," a new play by Baron Henri de Rothschild, was signalized by the return to the stage of Mlle. Marthe Brandès. It is, as the title implies, a story of the footlights. A wealthy woman, becoming weary of an uncongenial husband, deserts him for a fashionable comedian. Going on the stage under her lover's guidance, she soon eclipses him, thereby estranging his love and exciting his furious jealousy. Before long he abandons her in favor of a vulgar little chorus girl. He still remains her instructor, however, and, while rehearsing under his direction the part of a deserted woman in a new play, she attempts to regain him by a final appeal. When he repulses her she finishes the scene with an actual, instead of a counterfeit, suicide. The piece is said to be a vivid exposition of stage life.

M. Antoine's resources as producer, not C. H. Hirsch's literary talents, are displayed to advantage in the new play at the Odéon, "Les Emigrés." Act i shows us the Canal and a Venetian *cabaret;* Act ii, the lower deck of an ocean liner speeding guilty lovers to America and a future unmarred by a drunken husband; the final setting is the stoke-hole, with that same husband, who has pursued the runaways on the same steamer, cremated for the audience's edification. All this is very cleverly managed and luridly depicted, but is not, after all, just what the *tout Paris* of the *rive gauche* expects to find at the second Théâtre Français. There is little of psychology, little of significant dialogue, to wash down this rather strong concoction. More than one assistant, admiring, the while, the melodrama's effectiveness, pinches himself to make out if he be not, after all, in the stalls of the Grand-Guignol.

Lionel Brough, the British comedian, died at London November 8, in his seventy-fourth year. Among his best-known impersonations were Tony Lumpkin which he played 777 times, and Bob Acres. He had successes also in Shakespearean comedy, notably as Touchstone. He visited America in 1885, with Violet Cameron, and at various times toured all parts of the United Kingdom, America, and South Africa.

Music.

The opening night of the season at the Manhattan brought an opera—Massenet's "Hérodiade"—which, though Brussels heard it as long ago as 1881, had never before been sung in this country. It was worth producing, as it contains some of the composer's loveliest airs, and is operatically effective. From the "Salome" of Wilde and Strauss, it differs utterly, the heroine being a pure maiden, who, when the Prophet she loves is executed by order of her mother, commits suicide. Two of the airs, "Il est doux, il est bon," and "Vision fugitive," have long been favorites in concert halls and homes. There is a great deal of splendor in the shape of processions, Oriental dances and backgrounds, and Mr. Hammerstein and his aids have staged the opera in a manner recalling the Paris Opéra in the days of Meyerbeer. Dalmores as Jean, and Renaud as Herod, contributed new dramatic portraits to their already famous galleries.

In the matter of novelties, our operatic managers are much more enterprising than they used to be. The Metropolitan announces no fewer than twelve works new to New York, and Hammerstein promises nine. Twenty-one new operas in one season will break all records; in fact, all records would be broken with half of the promised novelties produced. Among these are Bruneau's "L'Attaque du Moulin," Leroux's "Le Chemineau," Wolf-Ferrari's "Le Donne Curiose," Franchetti's "Germania," Paër's "Le Maître de Chapelle," Blech's "Versiegelt," and "Gypsy Love" by Lehar, the composer of "The Merry Widow." More important than these are three others, Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame," Goldmark's "Cricket on the Hearth," and Humperdinck's "Children of the King." The list is completed by Laparra's "La Habañera" and Converse's "Pipe of Desire." Meantime, Mr. Hammerstein's list includes two operatic novelties by Strauss: "Elektra" and "Feuersnoth"; four by Massenet: "Hérodiade," "Griseldis," "Cendrillon," and "Sapho"; Leoncavallo's "Zaza," Hubay's "The Violin-Maker of Cremona," and "Natoma," an opera which Victor Herbert has in preparation.

One of the surprises and sensations of the season will doubtless be the production of Wagner's "Lohengrin," on Saturday afternoon next week, at the Metropolitan, not only because there will be a fine cast, with new scenery and costumes, but because the whole work has been, as the Germans say, *frisch einstudirt* with the same care that Conried bestowed on the first production of "Parsifal." New facilities for thorough rehearsal have been provided, the top floor of the Metropolitan having been set aside for that purpose. It is now possible to rehearse a German opera at the same time an Italian one is being sung before an audience, or vice versa, for there are two orchestras, making together over a hundred and fifty players. At some of the Wagner performances all of these will be heard together.

The number of undeservedly neglected comic operas and operettas is, perhaps, greater than that of the grand operas that were prematurely buried. This season we are to witness a general revival of them at both the opera houses. The Metropolitan has underscored "Fra Diavolo," "Czar and Carpenter," "Les Dragons de Villars," "Il Maestro di Cappella," "Il Signor Bruschino," "La Belle Galathée," "La Fille de Madame Angot." Mr. Hammerstein also will produce the last-named, besides "La Belle Hélène," "La Grande-Duchesse," "The Bat," "Le Jour et la Nuit," "Dame Blanche," "Orphée aux Enfers," "La Mascotte," "Les Dragons de Villars."

Boston's million-and-a-quarter dollar opera house, erected in Huntington Avenue, near theNewEngland Conservatory andSymphony Hall, by Eben D. Jordan, was opened on Monday evening with the rendition of Ponchielli's "La Giaconda." Mesdames Nordica and Homer and Señor Constantino were among the members of the new company heard at this première. There had been little opportunity to rehearse the opera, for the house was completed only just in time for the performance; which went off, however, more smoothly than this circumstance suggests. Acoustically, the new house is a great success.

Monteverdi's "Orfeo," the first performance of which was given in 1607, is to be revived this season at the Brussels Opera.

Paris is to hear "Salome" after all at the Grand Opéra. Richard Strauss had quarrelled with the managers some time ago, and, owing also to the difficulties which the theatre then was in, had withdrawn his work. But the opera is now in smooth waters again, and the composer has finally agreed to the performance. The cast is not yet arranged, except that Mary Garden will certainly sing the part of Salome, and that M. Delmas will probably be Iochanaan.

Art.

THE GENTLE ART OF BUYING FORGERIES.

We are in no position to say whether the wax bust recently bought by Director Bode of Berlin as a Leonardo was actually modelled by a Victorian sculptor named Lucas. But we do know that even if the story be true, it is a case not for mockery but for an admiring sympathy. It takes pluck to pay down public money for a beautiful nondescript object, to take the chances of deception and subsequent ridicule. It is because Director Bode takes such chances and makes his mistakes valiantly that he is the best buyer in Europe and his museum the richest, at the smallest cost, of all recent foundations.

Indeed, is there any better test of the efficiency of a museum director than a record of buying sufficient forgeries? Enough, mind you; not too many, for such lapses are expensive. But enough at least to prove that he has the courage not merely of his knowledge, but of his instincts; that he responds keenly to a beautiful object, and will incur the hazards of its possession. In other words, the museum and the collector who never buy forgeries will rarely buy masterpieces, and when they do will inevitably pay the highest price. The vagaries and blunders of such adventurers of the beautiful are so much evidence that their souls are alive. Dr. Bode has never failed to give such demonstration.

On a memorable occasion he discovered in his storeroom a Leonardesque altarpiece—mark the recurrence to this master—a thing of small beauty, and straightway promoted it to the galleries. The occasion was seized by the rival critic, Giovanni Morelli, who harped upon this indiscreet enthusiasm until a "Bode Leonardo" became almost as notorious among scholars as that staple article of commerce, "an Omaha Van Dyck," is among picture-dealers. But, as we have said, this comminatory way with erring experts fails to take into account the temperamental nature of their judgments. Science and dispassionate observation may be three-quarters of the battle, but the other quarter is a primitive and quite instinctive craving for beauty akin to that of the artist. This passion is naturally fallible, but it is also indispensable. Accordingly, it is better not to gloat over the blunder of a great expert, but to inquire how such a lapse comes about. To retrace the steps of error may be a lesson not only in human nature but also in charity.

In most cases, your expert need not fear the forgery. It is the work of an artist of a sort—otherwise it is wholly negligible—who has his own characteristics. One comes, in short, to know the forgers just as one does the masters themselves. There is, however, one moment when a falsification is really formidable, that is when it is unique in its class and seen for the first time. The strength of the expert is that he can visualize the memory of thousands of fine and real objects, confronting therewith any unfamiliar work of art that may come along. But what if the newcomer have no analogue in his experience? Then, evidently, the very basis of expertism is missing, and judgment must be passed by a kind of inspiration which naturally is subject to error.

This seems to have been the case with Dr. Bode in his recent mishap. Some fifty years ago, we are told, an erratic sculptor of talent, Richard Cockle Lucas, at the instigation of a dealer, did a wax bust, borrowing the forms of a Leonardesque painting. The bust disappeared, only to emerge some time ago as a bargain at a provincial sale. In London, it found admirers and rose to a price of £150, to pass eventually into Dr. Bode's hands in the thousands. Now what was he to do under the circumstances? Point of comparison there was none. The single wax bust of fine quality —that of Lille—is not by Leonardo and even its period is unsettled. Old painted wax is so rare that the effect of age upon it is not thoroughly understood. Dr. Bode has seen no other work of the versatile and forgotten Lucas. All the criteria of sure judgment were absent. What was he to do? Let a rival director pick up a possible Leonardo at a derisory price—or take the chances? He chose the perilous course and though his opinion was apparently wrong, we hold—observing Taine's fine and true distinction—that his judgment was right. A man is judged not by his weaker moments, but by his career as a whole, and if he had bought half a dozen Lucases, the Kaiser Friedrich museum would still be deeply in his debt for the money he has saved through thousands of shrewd and timely purchases. Now that Lucas has been disinterred, the matter is simple. It is easy enough for the rest of us to be wise at Dr. Bode's expense. As for Lucas, he may even establish an independent reputation like the Italian archaizer Bastianini, or the Russian Rukhomaski of Tiara fame. The wise amateur will not scoff overmuch, but rather thank his lucky stars that he was not the predestined discoverer of the wax works of the late Mr. Lucas.

These mishaps are the chance of the game, and the buyer of works of art who admits no defeats is either a sad dissembler or an incompetent. The real difficulty in museum management is not the occasional slips of directors and curators, but the timidity that demands certitude all the time. Connoisseurship being itself an art and not an exact science, certitude cannot always be had, and the opportunity missed by caution is grasped by audacity. The museums that need reform are not those that occasionally indulge in forgeries, but those that so cramp their purchasing power by the ignorance and timorousness of committees that paralysis ensues. Such museums buy no forgeries, to be sure, nor, except upon the most exorbitant terms, anything of any account.

The new building of the Boston Museum

of Fine Arts on the Fenway will be opened on Tuesday afternoon, with a reception to the guests of the directors. The museum is already open to private view. Many collections for which there was no room in the old building in Copley Square are now shown to advantage, besides numerous new acquisitions.

Among the most notable recent accessions of the Metropolitan Museum of Art is the statue of an Old Market-Woman, which will be a revelation to the public that knows only the nobler sculpture of the Greeks. The statue is of an old peasant, not quite lifesize, with the bent back of a woman accustomed to work in the fields. The mutilation of this armless figure has not cost it its interest, which resides principally in the realism of its action, and in the fact that we have here an unlovely representation of nature in her least beautiful form: the sunken cheeks, the old worn eyes, the hard lines about the mouth, the shrivelled neck and breast. The statue was found in Rome in September, 1907, in the cellar of an old building that was being pulled down. Examples of this naturalistic tendency are comparatively rare, writes Edward Robinson in the November *Bulletin* of the museum, but they constitute a well-defined class. "They all originated in the period . . . of the decline, when technical virtuosity took the place of greater ideals; and they are typical of one phase of the Hellenistic Age, which began with the death of Alexander the Great, B. C. 323, and continued until the Roman conquest of the various sites of Greek civilization." Except for a residual trace of Hellenic elegance—an irrelevant grace at that—it is no more significant than the sepulchral statuary of modern Italy. There are slight traces of painting, in which condition, happily departed, the statue must have been of appalling ugliness. Other acquisitions of the museum are a beautiful fragment of an early Italian Renaissance altar relief, the head of a singing or laughing child, pronounced by Dr. Bode to be the work of Antonio Rossellino, the reclining figure of a boy child, in bronze, ascribed to Verrochio, and numerous interesting examples of the Gothic and Renaissance decorative arts.

Through the generosity of Charles P. Taft of Cincinnati, Scott & Fowles, the art dealers, open their new galleries in Fifth Avenue with a remarkable exhibition of portraits by masters of the seventeenth century Dutch school and of the eighteenth century British school. The place of honor is occupied by the "Pourtalès Rembrandt," the Portrait of a Young Man Rising from his Chair, which was painted in 1633, at Amsterdam, when the artist was twenty-six years old, and his model must have been about the same age. This dark-eyed young man is full of health and of the joy of living. He is richly dressed in black, and wears a large black hat, a broad lace collar, while a black cloak hangs from the left shoulder. The face, the left hand, which is exquisitely drawn, and the lace collar, except on the extreme left, are bathed in a brilliant ray of light, from which the young man is emerging—lifelike. The picture is smoothly painted, as were all Rembrandt's of that date. There is none of the impasto of his latest period, although the carefully painted lace collar and the high lights in the metal ends of the knots that adorn the dress give one the impression of impasto. The picture is in a marvellous state of preservation, and has apparently never been touched up since it left Rembrandt's easel. It lacks the mellowness of age in the high lights. This is owing to the old varnish having been recently rubbed off on account of a blemish, and it will take two or three years before the new varnish takes on a patina. Perhaps the most notable of the portraits by Hals shown here is the Young Woman with One Arm Over the Back of a Chair, which is no less charming than his Isabella Coymans in the Hudson-Fulton exhibition. In the presence of the Dutch pictures it must be confessed that those of the British masters, except in one case, the Portrait of a Boy, by Sir Henry Raeburn, look rather artificial. The one landscape shown is a Hobbema, with cattle and figures painted by Adriaen van de Velde, which has less brown and more green in the foliage than Hobbema usually introduced into his landscapes, and with less tightness in the painting of the leaves. There is much beauty in the peeps of sunlit landscape one gets through the wood that borders a sedgy pool. The exhibition will continue for about a week from the present date.

An exposition of the masterpieces of the art of the Mussulman will take place at Munich in the course of the next year. The art of the caliphs prior to 1258, Moorish art in Spain and northern Africa to 1500, the contemporary art in Sicily, the influence of Oriental art upon mediæval Scandinavia, Persian art during the domination, souvenirs of the Crusades, the influence of Persia on Russia and Poland, Turkish art from 1400 to 1700, the influence of Turkish art upon that of Italy and its reciprocation, Turkey and Germany, French painting and Turkey—these are some of the classifications which have been made.

A volume of pictures devoted to the beauties of "Oxford and Cambridge" is promised by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, the drawings being by Hanslip Fletcher. Thirty-five members of the universities contribute descriptive notes on their colleges; among them, the Provost of King's, and the Wardens of Wadham and Keble. The Registrar of the University of Cambridge, besides describing several colleges, furnishes an Introduction to the whole book, dealing with the history and architecture of the two universities.

The first issue of *The Art News*, the only art newspaper published in the United Kingdom, has just made its appearance. It is edited by Frank Rudder.

On the occasion of a second and apparently unaltered edition of Edward Dillon's "The Arts of Japan" (A. C. McClurg & Co.), we need only recall that the early periods are treated very summarily, and that especial emphasis is laid upon matters in favor with European collectors—the popular school of illustration, metal work, lacquer, and, in general, the minor arts.

Charles Hitchcock Sherrill, whose "Stained Glass Tours in France" is favorably known, has folowed it up with a "Stained Glass Tours in England" (John Lane). The tours proposed are four—one for each of the main periods of glass-making. This scheme, if literally carried out, necessitates doubling on the trail; York, for instance, must be visited several times, as an exemplar not only of early English glass, but of glass of the decorated and perpendicular styles. Probably most travellers will take all their impressions of a given place at once, but they will find Mr. Sherrill's insistence on chronological sequence logically helpful. The demarcations are made on the simplest lines, disputed technical questions are not raised, elementary historical references are supplied, and the enthusiastic spirit of the author combines with the intrinsic charm of his subject to suggest a seductive programme for one's next vacation.

From Paris is reported the death of Ernest Rupin, aged sixty-four years. He was the creator and, equally, the curator of the museum at Brive, and was the author of important archæological studies: "l'Œuvre de Limoges" (a monograph on the limousine enamels), "les Cloitres et l'abbaye de Moissac, Roc-Amadour," etc. He shared with M. Martel in the subterranean exploration of the Causses du Quercy.

C. P. Fieffé, reorganizer of the Ceramic Museum at Nevers, as also curator, and born at Châtillon-en-Bazois, December 11, 1839, has recently died. He was the recognized authority on the faïences of his district. Among his studies of his special subject was the book issued in 1901 entitled, "Les Faïences patronymiques, caractéristiques des saints dans la céramique nivernaise."

Finance.

FIFTEEN-CENT COTTON.

On the last day of October, 1908, cotton for May delivery closed in New York at 8⅞ cents a pound. Its closing price of last September was 13¼ cents. On the closing day of October, 1909, "May cotton" crossed 15 cents. It had not passed that mark since March, 1904; even in 1906 and 1907, when cost of living pressed hard in almost every line of the consumer's purchases, 12½ cents was the highest figure reached. The spot price of 15¼ cents, reached last week in the New York market, has been touched in only one year since the paper money days.

The causes of this remarkable showing in a staple market are sufficiently known. The rise in cotton was foreshadowed, not only by the poor results of the crop in the Mississippi Valley and the Gulf States, but by the bold and audacious operations of a group of Chicago and New Orleans speculators, undoubtedly supported by a more widespread individual "buying for the rise" than is often seen in a staple market. In its larger aspect, the price bears hard on the every-day consumer, who as a rule has had his wages and salary kept down by the financial unsettlement following 1907, who for a year past has seen his rent, grocery, and butcher bills rising to almost unprecedented figures,

and who now is threatened with a similar mounting-up of the bill for clothing.

It is also true, however, that the everyday man has a means of meeting an exorbitant price of cotton which he does not possess in the case of food. He cannot eat yesterday's dinner to-day, but he can wear the clothes of 1909 through 1910. This is the pitfall of a professional cotton speculation, even with statistics in its favor. The cotton mills know by experience, and if they do not know it, the merchants and department stores are apt to remind them, that the cost of clothing can be raised only a certain fairly well ascertained distance before a large consignment of goods becomes unsalable.

The present market has led naturally to the drawing of analogies with the famous "Sully corner" in the autumn of 1903 and the spring of 1904. Chronologically, however, the course of prices in that season differed widely from the present autumn. "Cotton futures" had been up to 13¾ cents a pound in July, 1903; at the end of October, the May delivery was only 11 cents. It got up to 12 at the end of November, and the government's unexpectedly low crop estimate of 9,962,039 bales, on December 3, sent the price, by the last week of the year, to 14¼.

In other words, the price of cotton, even with an official estimate (subsequently proved to be very close) for less than ten million bales, did not reach, up to the end of December, the 15-cent price scored this year on the last day of October. It was not, in fact, until the closing week of January, 1904, that "May cotton" crossed the 15-cent mark for the first time in the season. It got up to 16⅝ at the end of January and to 17⅜ in the opening week of February. That was the highest. Enormous speculative sales, the ensuing week, caused by the shut-down of the mills, broke the price to 12⅝, and subsequent developments proved pretty clearly that Sully's colleagues in the pool had taken that opportunity to betray him and "unload." Cotton recovered to 16⅝ in the second week of March, but on March 18, the failure of Sully being suddenly announced, the price fell again to 12⅝ cents. It ruled only a cent or so above that figure during the balance of the season.

It will be seen from this that the violent rise of 1903 began much later in the year than the rise of 1909; that last October's price was not achieved, that season, until three months after this year's date; that efforts of speculators to push the price much higher ended disastrously for them; that the market's culminating point came less than a fortnight after the 15-cent line was crossed on the advance, and that the price speedily fell again below that level.

But this does not of itself prove that the situation of to-day may not be so much worse than in 1903 as to warrant an earlier rise and higher prices. In October, 1903, Ellison estimated 10,877,000 bales as the world's requirements of American cotton; a year later, he figured out that 10,273,000 had been actually consumed, despite the exorbitant prices. Two weeks ago, he estimated the requirements for the coming season at 12,625,000 bales. This is a striking difference, and shows why a cotton crop which used to be called abundant will not now suffice.

It does not mean, however, that, in order to avert a famine, the American crop of 1909, like the world's requirements, must be 1,700,000 bales above that of 1903. The world's total supply of cotton on hand at the end of this October was greater by 1,395,000 bales than at the end of October, 1903; the supply of American cotton alone was greater by 1,457,000; this was because of the enormous crop of 1908. If, then, our crop this season were to be 11,000,000 bales, that yield, plus the increased visible supply as compared with 1903, would place us in a position where the Ellison "requirements" could be more easily met than they were six years ago. Supply would run very close to demand. A crop of only 10,000,000 bales, on the other hand, would place the consumer in a distinctly worse position than in the "Sully year."

These are considerations which will lend to the Agricultural Department's estimate on the actual cotton yield, to be published about a month from to-day, an interest almost as absorbing as was enjoyed by the famous government estimate of December, 1903, which the cotton trade received with excitement and emotion.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Briscoe, M. S. The Image of Eve. Harper. $1.25.

Brooks, Van W. The Wine of the Puritans: a Study of Present-Day America. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.

Brown, T. Under the Mulberry Trees. Boston: R. G. Badger.

Burchill, G., and others. The Progressive Road to Reading. Silver, Burdett. 48 cts

Burgess, G. Blue Goops and Red. Stokes Co. $1.35 net.

Burgess, G. Lady Méchante. Stokes Co. $1.50 net.

Burton, E. D., and Others. Biblical Ideas of Atonement. Univ. of Chicago. $1 net.

Butler, H. M. Ten Great and Good Men. Longmans, Green.

Cameron, W. J. Poems. Longmans, Green.

Cannon, W. A. Studies in Heredity as Illustrated by the Trichones of Species and Hybrid of Juglans, etc. Washington: Carnegie Institute.

Carlyle's Past and Present. With an introduction by G. K. Chesterton. Frowde.

Carson, W. E. Mexico. Macmillan. $2.25 net.

Carr, C. E. Stephen A. Douglas. Chicago: McClurg. $2 net.

Casson, H. N. Cyrus Hall McCormick: His Life and Work. Chicago: McClurg.

Cawein, M. The Giant and the Star. Boston: Small, Maynard.

Caw, J. L. Scottish Paintings Past and Present. 1620-1908. Stokes. $8 net.

Chancellor, E. B. The Private Palaces of London, Past and Present. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

Chatterton, E. K. Sailing Ships and Their Story. Lippincott. $3.75 net.

Cleaves, M. A. The Autobiography of a Neurasthene. Boston: R. G. Badger.

Clute, W. N. Laboratory Botany: For the High School. Boston: Ginn & Co. 80 cents.

Conhead, M. D. Mexico. Illustrated in color. Stokes.

Cramp, W. S. The Biter. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co.

Critchell, R. S. Recollections of a Fire Insurance Man. Chicago: McClurg & Co. $1.25.

Croce, B. Æsthetic, As Science of Expression and General Linguistic. Trans. from the Italian by D. Ainslie. Macmillan. $3 net.

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Dawson, W. J. and C. W. The Great English Essayists. Harper. $1 net.

Delpit, L. L'Age D'Or de la Littérature Française. Boston: Heath & Co. 90 cents.

Doyle, E. The Comet: a Play of Our Times. Boston: R. G. Badger.

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Foster, A. G. The Eyes of a Child. The Book & Art Exchange. 60 cents.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1909.

The Week.

Anything quite so humorous as Speaker Cannon's charge that Herman Ridder offered him the Presidency, on a silver platter, with the compliments of the metropolitan newspapers, if he would repeal the duty on print paper, we have not read this many a day. Mr. Ridder is an estimable and useful gentleman, whose services to the newspapers in endeavoring to obtain decent treatment from Congress were deserving of high praise. We have yet to learn, however, that he has become a candidate for Bedlam, and such he must be if he made any such offer to Mr. Cannon. Of course, he did not; his word on that point would suffice even if every probability were not on his side. Mr. Ridder has seen every newspaper in New York try to defeat a given candidate for the Mayoralty—in vain. He knows, moreover, that no one can "deliver" the newspapers of this city; it is only by accident that they ever pull together on any important proposition. But more than that, unless Mr. Ridder was suffering from a complete mental aberration, he must have known that if all the city newspapers of the country were to band together they could not elect Mr. Cannin to the Presidency.

Mr. Hearst is to be congratulated on his escape, more or less narrow, from being elected Mayor of New York, an office to which he confesses he looked forward with much apprehension as a harassing and profitless burden. Mr. Hearst is not the only man who has reason to congratulate himself. Success has a habit of lying in wait around a dark corner, sandbagging its victim, and dragging his unconscious and prostrate form unto the highest pinnacle of fortune. Happy the man who can elude her. Mr. Bryan rejoices that his triple evasion of the Presidential chair has enabled him to see more strange countries and to lecture to more American citizens than if he had been compelled to settle down in the White House. Señor Castro points out that the climate of Caracas is not fit to be mentioned with that of Northern Spain and the Riviera, and every night when he goes to bed he can't help feeling sorry for President Gomez. At Salonika, Abdul Hamid says he is positively getting fat under the peaceful régime that followed the dispersal of his harem. President Zelaya is understood to be preparing a statement in which he shows that the annual expenditures of a Chief Executive of Nicaragua regularly exceed his income. The Sugar Trust can only rejoice that it has at length been convicted of theft; the stings of conscience it experienced these twenty years were something awful.

The amusing war over the California lemon continues. Our readers will remember that the lemon-growers of that State induced Congress to put a higher tariff on foreign lemons. The neat profit they expected to get under this arrangement from the ultimate consumer was, of course, to go into their own pockets only. Their anger was unlimited, therefore, when the railways calmly thought that they ought to have the benefit of this "rake-off" and raised their freight rates so as just to equal the profit from the tariff. Promptly the growers went on the warpath. The ultimate consumer was very well as long as they alone mulcted him, but their sympathy for him when he was robbed by those scandalous railways was fairly overflowing. Unable to move the cruel transportation corporations by tears and threats, the lemon-growers have obtained a temporary injunction against three railways—the Santa Fé, the San Pedro and Los Angeles, and the Southern Pacific—forbidding them to raise their rates. Doubtless, the lemon-growers are deeply thrilled as to the success of this unusual move. But the ultimate consumer can hardly be expected to be interested. He is going to be robbed by act of Congress whether the railways or the growers do the fleecing.

The pension system established by the New York Central on its main constituent lines is another step in a direction toward which, it should appear, all our great railway corporations are tending. Its principal provisions call for the retirement of all employees at the age of seventy, with the right to a pension if the employee has been in the service of the company for ten years or more. Twenty years' continuous service entitles an employee to a pension before he has reached the age of seventy. The amount of compensation is 1 per cent. for each year of continuous service based upon the average rate of pay during the ten years preceding retirement. In the matter of age limit and rate of compensation the Central pension is the same as that already in force on the Pennsylvania Railroad. What does such a plan mean to the company and what to the pensioner? The Pennsylvania Company's annual reports show that from 1903 to 1908 it has distributed $2,370,000. From 1903 to 1906 its annual appropriation for pension purposes was $390,000. In 1907 and 1908 it was $600,000. The number of pensioners on the rolls of the company at the end of 1903 was 1,599; in 1908 it was 2,176. The average number of men retired annually has been 308, and the average number of deaths among pensioners has been 190. The retirements and the deaths, of course, are bound to increase for a long time.

The horrors of the mine disaster in Illinois are intensified by the magnificent heroism of the twelve rescuers who deliberately went to their deaths in the fiery mine in an effort to save their imprisoned fellows. This is the kind of courage which is infinitely superior to any other, since it is a voluntary and deliberate placing of one's life in the balance to save others. That such heroism exists in every walk of life is the final reply to those strenuous souls who pretend to believe that courage, manhood, and all the primal virtues would disappear if there were not occasional blood-letting by nations on sea and land. Only two weeks ago, there was a similar example of heroism at an explosion in the Barren Colliery near Bargoed, South Wales. There, too, a rescue party, headed by no less a person than the general manager of the mine, went in, the manager and two others going to their deaths. Of a subsequent body of rescuers, equally brave, three more lost their lives.

If there is anything redeeming about the hideous lynchings at Cairo, Illinois, it is that the mob did not draw the color line. The breakdown of government was complete; the mob was left undisturbed in its career. It made a mockery of religion by letting one of its victims pray publicly and then promptly violating more than one of the Commandments. Gradually, Illinois is acquiring the name of a great lynching State, and for this the failure of justice is alone to blame. Nobody was punished for the riots and murders at Springfield, the sole excuse of which was the false charge of an abandoned woman; and of this fact the mob in Cairo was doubtless aware. That women, too, should have assisted in the lynchings shows how far the demoralization has gone. It is impossible to believe that such horrible wrongs to individuals and to society as are perpetrated by these mobs can go unpunished.

The death of a University of Virginia student, murdered in a mass play in Saturday's football game between his institution and Georgetown University, is the chief feature of the week-end list of casualties reported in the press. This victim was killed in virtually the same way as Cadet Byrne—he was unfortunate enough to fall at the bottom of the heap. If college presidents will not act, save to hide behind athletic committees and less responsible rules committees, it is time for public opinion to exert itself again. A few years ago it stopped the flying wedge. This year it can stop this abominable mass play. The Rules Committee can do it at its meeting in December, if it sees fit. But with all deference to the gentlemen composing that committee, they should be made to feel that if prompt action is not taken, their whole beloved game is likely to be endangered. The St. Louis Board of Education has called upon the Superintendent of Education to show cause why football should not be abolished in that city's schools. Other boards are likely to follow Columbia's admirable example and abolish the game altogether until it can be made reasonably safe.

Professor Hyslop brushes aside the mere suspension of physical laws as something that can be explained in any number of ways. If that be so, he is right in taking no stock in Eusapia Palladino. That lady's gifts seem to be entirely connected with the production of visible and audible miracles—shadowy mouths which open to tell the secrets of the other world, shadowy hands which grasp cigar-holders and twang mandolins suspended in the air, and shadowy fingers which model portrait heads in wet clay. Tables and chairs which rise in the air are a commonplace of Eusapia's exhibitions. Camille Flammarion, who has experimented extensively with Eusapia considers the phenomenon of levitation as absolutely established, and this because he has seen the marvel performed in the full light of a gas chandelier. It is the aversion of most other mediumistic phenomena for the light that makes Flammarion hesitate. Why must the gas always be turned low before the psychic forces will condescend to bring an auditor a message from Shakespeare, or pinch his cheek or hit him smartly in the ribs?

The authenticity of the Leonardo da Vinci wax-bust at Berlin is now established and Dr. Bode stands unshaken on his pedestal. During the absence, in East Africa, of the most competent authority to speak on the subject, the Kaiser has gone to the trouble of inspecting the aspersed masterpiece, and has pronounced it genuine. England cannot now persist in its criticisms against the Berlin Museum without supplying a *casus belli*. After all, it is a fine thing to have infallible authority to fall back upon in the hour of need. Literary criticism during the silver age of Latin poetry profited greatly by the simple but effective methods of the Emperor Nero. Differences of opinion regarding the beauty of a particular hexameter melted away before the imperial suggestion that obstinate critics ought to get into a warm bath and open an artery or two. In our own democratic age the very mention of such a thing as a standard is sacrilege. Criticism is at its finest nowadays when it asserts that I am right, and you are right, and everything is quite correct. But that in the end spells chaos. Hence we must rejoice that what Taine and Brunetière could not do, is done so thoroughly and so easily by the most versatile of the Hohenzollern.

The devotee of the classics has many an adverse influence to contend with, but there is hardly warrant for the discouraging view of a recent editorial in the *Classical Weekly*. Teachers of Latin are not alone in finding many of their pupils convinced in later years that their work in that subject was practically fruitless. The same charge is continually brought against both school and college training in English, sometimes with justice and sometimes not. It is true that the study of history "has developed amazingly in the method of presentation," but a good deal of the amazement is centred upon "original research" by raw undergraduates. And even in the natural sciences, the "correspondingly new methods" are already encountering severe criticism just because they are sacrificing thorough drill in the elements to undue haste for results. It may savor of supererogation to defend the classicists against their own admissions, but there is at least room to question whether their work is essentially weaker than that of their associates in other branches of learning, taking due account of the resources at their command.

The rumor that England will now experiment with a semi-submarine battleship does not surprise us. We have long believed, in our ignorant layman's way, that there ought to be a return to the Ericsson type of monitor, improved by modern ideas on ventilation, etc., but we have always been pitied by naval officers for showing our ignorance in this manner. They have assured us that life cannot be made bearable on semi-submarines, that guns cannot be fired in a seaway save where there is high freeboard, and that even if a modern battleship is a wonderfully fine target at sea, with its heavy superstructure and its towering military masts, this type must survive. Well, the British Admiralty declines to be bound by tradition, and the semi-submarine is to be tried. More than that, some of our own officers—doubtless mere cranks—incline to the view that the semi-submarine will come to stay. Thus Rear-Admiral G. F. F. Wilde, retired, is enthusiastic in its praise, and speaks of the objections to it in these words:

> The boat swims like a shark. The waves do not break on her, but merely slur over. The other prime objection brought up against the proposed new type is the low freeboard, which, they say, will prevent the

manipulation of her guns in a heavy sea. This is nonsense. I've been in southwestern typhoons in the China Sea, which is the roughest water on the face of the globe, and I never saw the time yet when I could not open up the ports and train my guns. The new type of battleship could be built at much less cost, four semi-submarines equalling in cost one Dreadnought.

Yet these same arguments Rear-Admiral Wilde answers have always been brought up against the construction of modern monitors, just as they were used in 1862 against Ericsson's cheesebox on a raft.

The outcome of the Steinheil case is what every close student of popular opinion expected after the second day of the trial. It would have been a sad miscarriage of justice if the jury had brought in a verdict of guilty against a woman out of whom a hundred newspaper correspondents have made such admirable copy; whom a hundred word-painters have depicted in a hundred picturesque moods, from tigerish defiance to complete abasement; whom Parisians have paid five hundred francs apiece to stare at. The end of such *causes célèbres* is so invariably the same, whether in America, under our fine, loose, go-as-you-please common law, or in France, under the iniquitous Roman law beneath which four-fifths of civilized humanity have suffered these few thousand years, that it seems almost a pity to set the complicated machinery of justice grinding away for nothing. In this country the process takes months; in France it takes weeks. But for all the hot cross-questioning and challenging of talesmen, the fiery allocutions and exceptions, the vast array of expert testimony, the serpentine advance of the hypothetical question, the American public knows from the beginning that a Harry K. Thaw will never go to the electric chair. And in France, for all the rhetorical invective from the bench, a Steinheil, with more reason than a Thaw, we admit, is pretty sure of escaping the severest penalties of the law. On the ground of mere economy it would pay New York County or the French Government to compromise with the next prominent defendant in a murder case by offering him ten or fifteen thousand dollars, and calling it quits.

Austro-Italian relations are temporarily under strain because of an indiscreet speech by a high officer of the Italian army. The Latin temperament appears in the frequency with which the French and Italian governments have to put a general or an admiral on half-pay because he forgot that *inter arma* soldiers had better keep a silent tongue in their heads. This particular Italian delinquent is accused of having said that beyond the Alps lay Austria, and that under her rule groaned many a Latin city which soon should be delivered. Here again was a crack in the Triple Alliance which has been showing such alarming structural defects of late. Will Italy fall away from that alliance? For the distant future it is rash to predict, but no such immediate contingency presents itself. Whom must Italy have behind her in a war with her present allies? France, at the least. Whom must France have behind her before she does go to war? Russia. But that Russia is a slender reed to lean upon French statesmen are well aware. That French aid would come to Italy against Austria is also a highly speculative question. Not until Russia is a civilized government with civilized institutions can she be instrumental in breaking up the Triple Alliance.

Our retiring Ambassador at St. Petersburg gives a roseate picture of conditions in Russia. The country is prosperous, constitutional government is working itself out nicely, and the people are contented. Mr. Riddle has the proper optimism of the diplomat in a strange land. How neatly constitutional government is functioning in Russia may be understood from a St. Petersburg dispatch which tells of the condemnation of one of the leading lawyers in that city to a year's imprisonment in a fortress because of a speech he made at the trial of those implicated in the Jewish massacre at Bialystok, about three years ago. This is the measure of liberty of speech in Russia. It is true that the country this year is more prosperous than it has been for decades. Undoubtedly, the Duma still enjoys the happy privilege of repeating "yes" and "no" after the Czar's ministers. True, the spark of constitutional government is alive in Russia, but we have only to remember that the Government still looks upon the Constitutional Democratic party, led by M. Milyukoff, as "illegal," to see with what difficulty that spark burns on.

What treatment will the Russian Government accord to Nicholas Tchaikovsky in the face of the world's exasperation at the Spanish Government's treatment of Ferrer? There are reports that Tchaikovsky's approaching trial for treason will be conducted behind closed doors, in violation of the Russian Premier's promise that he and his fellow-prisoner, Mme. Breshkovsky, should receive a fair trial. Public opinion should lose no time in protesting against such an iniquitous procedure. In the case of Ferrer, public opinion had scarcely time to pull itself together, men had scarcely time to make up their minds that the danger was real, when the blow fell. There should be no chances taken in the case of the Russian patriot, whom this country and England have come to know as one of the most high-souled and devoted men who have ever fought for a great cause. Premier Stolypin rules with a strong hand, but he should be made to see the folly of practically instituting court-martial at a time of revolutionary inactivity. This is not the way to keep the peace.

The attempt upon the life of the Viceroy of India in Bombay last Sunday will be deplored by no one more than by the sincere friends of the new India. Very important concessions have just been granted to India's demand for a greater share in her own government. An Indian representative now sits in the Viceroy's executive council, the body that rules the peninsula and largely shapes Britain's policy towards her Indian subjects. At the present moment preparations are under way for the elections to the reorganized Provincial Councils in which the native element is to have a majority. This is progress, and greater concessions are bound to come unless an outbreak of anarchy should play straight into the hands of the British reactionary element. The liberties granted are not Home Rule, but one need not be a thick-and-thin defender of the British supremacy to maintain that complete independence for India is at present out of the question. Unfortunately, the gospel of dynamite has been pretty well spread in Hindustan these last few years; fanaticism is native to the soil, and life is so abundantly cheap that the advocates of violence can always count on plenty of fools or tools to stir up mischief.

THE PLOT.

It was bound to come, this "anti-Taft plot" with which the President found Washington buzzing on his return. The only question was when; and perhaps this between-excitements period was as good as any in which to uncover the conspiracy. Too many worthy writers for newspapers and magazines had been suffering from suppressed muck-raking to make it probable that they could restrain themselves much longer. If the outbreak has come sooner than was generally expected, this only goes to show that the public pretence of desiring a good rest was hollow. As the French are said to be constantly in need of a traitor to buoy them up, so we really cannot get along without great political scandals, exposed villanies in high place, and secret machinations laid bare. Old habits are not so easily broken. After having fed on sensations and slept with conspirators for a long course of years, we are not going to lapse easily into an era of good feeling and humdrum virtue. At heart, we have all become Hotspurs, crying fie upon this quiet life.

As we have said, the attack upon the Taft Administration by those whose hearts are far away in Africa was certain from the beginning. Its first rumblings were heard before the new President was warm in his chair. There were early to be seen men who could not contain their grief over the signs of "reaction" in the White House. Within the first month of Taft's term, we pointed to the predictions and threats openly made that there would be a terrible ripping up of a Cabinet stuffed with corporation lawyers. To-day, Washington is convinced that the storm is beginning to burst. Secretary Ballinger has been directly assailed, and informed that he "must go." The report is that the Secretary of State has discovered that he, too, is involved in the hostile movement. The Postmaster-General is about to be placarded as guilty of a nefarious agreement with a wicked corporation. The other members of the Cabinet are said to be looking at each other in a kind of wild surmise, and asking: "Which of us is safe?" Only one thing is sure, that there is a plot. No one knows exactly what it is, but with its existence certified to by so many credible if not credulous men, the country ought to breathe easily again. Our institutions must be working normally once more if the air is full of treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

Many are in the dark about the real scene of the conspiracy. It is not in Washington, nor in the East at all, though the operations seem to be conducted in this part of the country. The true objective is the West. Ammunition exploded here is really designed to wake reverberations among the majestic Rockies and to make the Oregon no longer able to hear its own dashing. This is the explanation of the apparent futility of the renewed attack upon Secretary Ballinger and, by implication, upon President Taft. Hereabouts, it fell as flat as Scott's poem on Waterloo. But it is a different matter in the West. Out there, thousands and thousands of Republicans are only waiting for the official signal to rise and cry "We are betrayed," and to begin a furious campaign against everything that is "reactionary." What the East may ignore or dismiss with a smile, the intenser and more jealous West will take in tremendous earnest.

Though something of this is said to be forcing itself upon the serious attention of the Cabinet, the Washington dispatches represent the President as very little disturbed. He expects to be able to meet his enemies in the gate. The Secretary of the Interior is to make an official report which will confound and crush his assailants. In his annual message, Mr. Taft is to show that he is the sworn champion of all the "policies." But they reckon ill who imagine that what is essentially a state of nerves can be dealt with in a calm and rational manner. Hysterical unreason will shed all the mere reason that can be poured upon it. And there is great difficulty, too, in anything like a counter-attack. Muck-raking does not work both ways. One sees efforts, for example, to make a good deal of the fact that President Roosevelt's supineness, to say no more, allowed the Sugar Trust's thieving to go on unchecked, and let the Custom House rottenness alone; and there are rumors of other damaging matter that may be published in the attempt to show that the idol's feet were of clay. But does any man delude himself by supposing that this will affect the great heart of the West? The returner from Elba will have only to denounce all this as a fresh conspiracy against him by wicked malefactors, and the troops sent to capture him will fall on their knees and beg him to lead them against the money-power—and incidentally into good offices.

Such speculations about the future, however, are not so immediately absorbing as the great and cheering fact that we have again a plot. Public life, then, is to be interesting once more. From dull discussions of tariffs and the revenue and currency, we shall turn lightheartedly to such really vital questions of statesmanship as whether Gifford Pinchot habitually carries a long knife under his coat, whether a magazine editor has been detected in Postmaster-General Hitchcock's office disguised as a Guggenheim, and whether Collector Loeb has been passing, duty-free, invoices of poisoned arrows from Africa.

CONGRESS AND THE SUGAR TRUST.

After the latest disclosures and allegations in the Sugar Trust affair, there can no longer be any question as to the action which Congress must take in the matter. A thorough and searching investigation by a committee of high standing ought to occupy a foremost place on the programme of the coming session. Such a committee ought to call before it, not only the officers and employees of the customs service who are concerned, either as accusers or accused, in the enormous frauds alleged, but the high officials of the Government and of the Sugar Trust whose names have figured in connection with the matter. It is not alone the scandalous character of the frauds alleged, and the magnitude of the robberies charged to agents of the company, which make such Congressional investigation inevitable. Justly or unjustly, the integrity of a branch of the Government itself has been challenged, and it is the business of Congress to sift such charges.

In saying this, we do not wish to be understood as accepting unreservedly the accusations or intimations of Mr. Parr and Mr. Wakeman. Mr. Wakeman asserts that Secretary Gage personally insisted on his laying the evidence of the Sugar Trust's customs frauds before "my good friend, Mr. Havemeyer," and on stopping with that. This is positively denied by Mr. Gage, who replies that not only was he personally unacquainted with Mr. Havemeyer, but that no proofs of the frauds were ever submitted to him; and Mr.

Gage is a man whose word will be believed. Mr. Reynolds, whom Parr plainly insinuates to have interfered in 1904, when in charge of the customs bureau, with the secret investigation of the frauds, has made equally positive denial in his own behalf.

It is not a time to form hasty conclusions from one-sided statements; but for this very reason, it is all the more necessary that Congress should act with the utmost dispatch. That the Sugar Trust has habitually used every avenue of influence to effect its purposes at Washington, has been well known for at least fifteen years. A concern which begins its connections with the Government authorities by seducing United States Senators, as it did in 1894, into speculating in its stock at an hour when tariff legislation of great importance to the Trust was pending, and which ends by bribing obscure customs employees to install and use false scales, lies properly open to the suspicion of having grasped all other opportunities to corrupt the public service. The duty of Congress is to find out just how far these infamous practices were carried, and just how far the attitude of the Government itself, towards corporations of the sort, needs to be corrected and reformed. We are not exaggerating matters when we say that the affair stands on an equal footing of importance with the Star Route frauds and the Credit Mobilier scandal, themselves subjects of memorable Congressional investigation in their day.

Except for the dishonest dock officials, government collusion in the Sugar Trust infamies is, we say again, as yet a matter of mere allegation. We shall hope that the high officials whose names have been used will come through the inquiry unscathed. But the fact of a rotten system, and of its existence during at least three Presidential administrations, remains. The frauds continued unexposed and unpunished, despite Mr. Gage's assertion that, had he known of them, he would "have gone after the Trust with spur, saddle, and bayonet," and despite, also, Mr. Parr's own statement that, in 1904, President Roosevelt personally assured him that "he was desirous of getting evidence against the bigger criminals." What was it that held back the hand of justice, and kept things quiet at Washington when the frauds had already been discovered? It is the business of a Congressional committee to determine.

Of the incredible baseness of the conspiracy practised against the Government and against their competitors by the managers of this great corporation, there is, unfortunately, no doubt whatever. Men or corporations who make partial restitution when confronted with one set of charges, and who creep under the statute of limitations when confronted with another set, do not have to wait long for the public to make up its mind. The question of a statutory bar to one of the prosecutions, on which Judge Holt sustained the Trust's contention, and on which Attorney-General Wickersham has appealed to the Supreme Court for a final interpretation of the law, is a delicate one, which rests very largely on the language of the Anti-Trust Act itself. But a Congressional committee is bound by no statute of limitations. Its power of inquiry and investigation is supreme, and this is preëminently an occasion on which to exercise it.

THE UNEARNED INCREMENT TAX AND LAND OWNERSHIP.

Substantial taxes on the unearned increment of the value of land are a part of the British budget which is fairly certain to get itself established, whatever the result of the present controversy between Lords and Commons; and in Germany, where such levies have, for a number of years, formed part of the municipal taxation of many cities and communes, there has lately been some talk of introducing them into the imperial system. It may thus seem to the admirers of "Progress and Poverty" that, though nearly two-score years had passed without any signal advance in the principal countries of the world toward the realization of Henry George's ideals, the day is at last rapidly approaching when his dream of righteousness is to be fulfilled. How far the facts justify this view is, therefore, a lively question.

That Henry George's work, a masterpiece of propagandist writing, has been the prime mover in bringing about the change in the attitude of English and German statesmen toward the land question, cannot be denied. What had been, before the appearance of "Progress and Poverty," a question that occupied the thoughts of political economists and of a few persons specially interested in land tenure, suddenly acquired the vitality of an issue big with blessings for the whole of human kind. In the exaltation that it evoked there was, moreover, a combination almost unique of the crusading fervor for righteousness with the enthusiasm of a campaign for intellectual enlightenment. For Henry George, whatever were his economic errors in other matters, expounded with great clearness the Ricardian doctrine of rent; and any Georgite, fitted out with his master's arguments, justly felt that he knew the fundamental economics of the subject better than ninety-nine out of a hundred of those with whom he might happen to discuss it. With this union of crusading fervor and intellectual self-confidence, there has been carried on for several decades a campaign for Henry George's doctrine, which now begins to bear fruit in definite political achievement.

Yet a little consideration will show how extremely remote the results thus obtained, or in prospect, in Germany and England, are from Henry George's real object. And it is a remoteness not merely of degree, but of kind. For it is to be remembered that the distinctive point in Henry George's teaching was not the idea of the unearned increment, nor the idea of taxing the unearned increment, nor even the idea of confiscating the unearned increment. All this had been taught, so far as future unearned increments were concerned, a quarter of a century before Henry George's time, by no less authoritative an economist and publicist than John Stuart Mill. The cardinal doctrine of "Progress and Poverty" was the total confiscation of land values—not merely the confiscation of their increase after a certain time, but the confiscation of the whole thing. To accomplish this by taxation, without disturbing the title of the nominal owner, was part of the practical programme laid down by Henry George as a matter of expediency; but he did not flinch from the assertion that the result must be virtually equivalent to total confiscation. And his reasons for this position were as clear-cut as the position itself. Private ownership of land was robbery, and the hoary antiquity of the robbery could not be pleaded as an excuse—this was his ethical ground. And his reason from the

standpoint of practical effectiveness was equally emphatic; for he held that only through a great revolutionary reassumption by the people of that which belonged to them of right could the end in view be attained—*viz.*, the abolition of poverty and the consequent regeneration of mankind. It was this attitude on the question of confiscation that distinguished him from his predecessors, and especially from Mill, who was as emphatic in condemning confiscation as George was in advocating it.

Now contrast with all this the actualities. We read detailed accounts of the unearned-increment tax in Germany, and hear of its increasing popularity. But on examining the official figures in the accounts, we observe, first of all, that the total annual proceeds of the new taxes amount to 0.76 mark per head of the population of the German Empire —18 cents a year for each person. This does not look like even a beginning of the abolition of poverty. In Hamburg, the great city in which the tax seems to be heaviest, the amount is 27 cents per head annually. While the rates are very complex and differ considerably from place to place, it appears that the average amount that a landowner has to pay over is something like 15 per cent. of the increase in the value of his land, and that there are numerous exemptions. In the English budget, the proposed tax varies from 10 to 20 per cent., and here, too, there are many exemptions. Now, what does all this mean? It means that not only has Henry George's principle of confiscation been absolutely ignored, but that such taxation of unearned increment as is wholly free from ethical objection is approached with great caution on grounds of expediency. Practical consequences of the most serious kind would attend a system under which city landowners should have no share in the advance of the value of their land; such consequences are almost wholly absent when the owners get the benefit of nine-tenths or four-fifths of that advance. In a word, what we are witnessing in Germany and England is not even a remote approach to the triumph of Henry George's doctrines; it means the recognition of a certain amount of soundness in earlier teachings which were profoundly different from his own, but to which his extraordinary work gave a most powerful impetus.

HUMANITARIANISM AND CRIME.

Under the heading "Where the Golden Rule Failed," a Cleveland newspaper, a few days after the recent election, said editorially:

> "There never was a wilder election night crowd than that which choked downtown streets Tuesday night." This is the comment of an afternoon paper, and it is beyond doubt the truth.
>
> The rowdies were out in full force. They jostled and insulted women and girls. They threw snuff and pepper and daubed women's faces and gowns with grease paint and lampblack. One woman's set of white fox furs was ruined. A gang of ruffians picked young girls up and tossed them in the air.
>
> Practically the entire police force was on duty in the downtown district, but until the acts of the hoodlums became alarming nothing was done to suppress them.

In the course of an article appearing in *Hampton's Magazine* for November, part of a series under the general title, "Beating Men to Make Them Good," Mr. Charles Edward Russell gives an enthusiastic account of the working of the "Golden Rule" plan of police administration instituted by Chief Kohler of Cleveland. After citing the figures showing the great diminution of the number of arrests made in that city in the past two years, as compared with the preceding two, Mr. Russell says: "Meantime, the peace and order of the city have not been impaired; they have been furthered." The contrast between this judgment and the Cleveland papers' comment on the doings of election night affords an interesting illustration of the difficulty of ascertaining the truth of such a matter.

Further evidence of this difficulty, in the very same matter, is furnished by an article in the *Outlook*, by William J. Norton of Cleveland. Mr. Norton gives Chief Kohler great credit not only for high purpose and exceptional ability, but also for marked success in the diminution of crime in Cleveland. But he ascribes this success altogether to a part of Kohler's activity that has nothing to do with the Golden Rule policy, namely, to that policy which is described by the name of "police repression." This consists in setting so close and constant a watch on places known or suspected to be of disorderly or criminal character as to make it impossible for them to continue their nefarious business. As to the diminution in the number of arrests not accounted for in this way, a very large proportion—indeed, not very far from the whole—relates, according to Mr. Norton, to cases of drunkenness, the treatment of which under the Golden Rule plan is not radically other, but is much less efficient, than under the old plan. And he adds many other particulars reflecting unfavorably on Kohler's programme. What with this minimizing of the actual scope of the change, and what with such an allegation of failure as that quoted above in regard to election-night disorder, one is left very much at sea as to the actual merits of the case.

To determine the proper limits of the application of latter-day humanitarian ideas to any given phase of crime and lawlessness requires most careful thought and most painstaking inquiry; but there are some broad considerations which it is well steadily to bear in mind. The endeavors of those who are concerned with reclaiming the individual criminal and preventing a given delinquent from becoming a criminal through the evil associations of prison life have been productive of a large amount of good, and will be productive of vastly more in the future; but it is only natural that in their zeal for this object, reformers should run the risk of losing sight of the other, and certainly not less important, aspect of the case. This has been illustrated in a striking way in the views of the more extreme advocates of the indeterminate-sentence plan. Proposed as a means of dealing efficiently with a wide range of offences—possibly with the great majority of them—it has weighty reasons in its favor; erected into a principle, it lays itself open to objections that are not only grave, but vital. Just as soon as its advocates represent it as inherently and absolutely sound, while the old plan is inherently and absolutely vicious, it ceases to be a plan resting on considerations of practical expediency, and becomes a dogma, the acceptance of which would change fundamentally the whole attitude of men toward crime and responsibility. "To sentence a man to prison for a fixed term," they say, "is as insane as it would be to send a sick man to a hospital for a fixed term." To take this position is not only to forget that the primary object of the imprisonment is the deterring of others from crime by the fear of punishment; it strikes much deeper than this. Far more efficacious even than the explicit fear of punishment is the habitual association of the

idea of disgrace with the idea of crime, an association which cannot fail to be attenuated if we deliberately adopt the view that there is no distinction between criminality and physical disease.

On one phase of the movement to reduce to a minimum the range of the evil effects of prison association there is no room for difference of opinion. The segregation and special treatment of youthful culprits, and great care and consideration in the handling of first offenders, cannot be too strongly insisted on; and the development of the probation system is one of the most beneficent of recent advances. There is need for much amelioration of the condition of prisoners, and little call for exhortation to greater rigor. But it is none the less right to hold fast that which is good, while clearing away that which is evil; and however grave the faults and abuses, and even the cruelties and injuries of existing systems of criminal administration, it would be an error, and a mischievous error, to suppose that the fundamental idea of them is a delusion. What avoidable evils they have done to those caught in the meshes of the law it may be possible to exhibit; what evil they may have prevented by keeping the weak or the vicious from yielding to unlawful propensities is quite beyond discovery or computation.

COUNTRY LIFE PROBLEMS.

Ex-Secretary Garfield, in an address at the Young Men's Christian Association dinner last week, dealt with the failing attractions of country life, especially life on the farm. As a member of the Country Life Commission, he referred to recent investigations and said that they pointed to increasing "stagnation and decline" in rural regions, upon which the cities still exercise their vast power of suction. President Taft touched upon the subject in one of his recent speeches in the South. Admitting the evils, he was, characteristically, more sanguine than Mr. Garfield. In the President's opinion, country life is in the way of being made so fascinating that it may soon reassert its old place in our civilization, and check the seemingly irresistible drift to the city. "The suburban electric railroads," said Mr. Taft, "the telephone, the rural postal delivery, inventions, and coöperative arrangements are reaching such a point that it soon will become, I trust, more comfortable to live in the country than in the city."

There is truth in this view, but there is also fallacy. Increasing conveniences do, indeed, make country life more tolerable to those who feel themselves condemned to it, but is there any evidence that these new and extending facilities operate to hold on the farm the young men who are burning to get away from it? The telephone in the remote country-side is unquestionably a great blessing. With a service made relatively cheap by the use of party-lines, it brings the distant farmhouse into instant touch with physician and shopkeeper and postmaster. It also makes possible a daily interchange of neighborhood gossip and a frequent meeting of friends which are, in many sections, giving a wholly new cast to the social side of life in the country. All this must be recognized thankfully, yet the doubt remains whether such civilizing inventions do or can keep down that persistent and growing distaste for life on the farm of which ex-Secretary Garfield spoke so regretfully. Because the boy in a New Hampshire farmhouse can telephone to the nearest village, is he the less likely to slip away to Boston to get a job as motorman? We know of no statistics bearing on the point, yet the fact that farms continue to be abandoned, and that the city keeps on pulling to itself country-bred youth, would seem to argue that neither telephone nor trolley nor the daily newspaper left in the mail-box by the roadside will suddenly make thousands of men and women fall in love with the country which now they hate.

As a matter of fact, it may be plausibly argued that the very introduction in the country of a modicum of urban comforts and conveniences merely whets the longing for the city. Sir Horace Plunkett, who for twenty years has been a close student of agricultural conditions in Ireland and in the United States, is distinctly of the mind that the thing actually works in that way. The trolley car passing once an hour simply renders the appeal of subway and elevated and the two-minute headway all the stronger. The farm telephone is very good, but how if it puts into the youth's head a still more vivid conception of the charm of a great city knit together in the enjoyment of every modern facility? What possible chance has the newspaper which reaches the farm in the evening, or a day late, of competing in excitement with the city editions appearing clamorously all day long and far into the night? Sir Horace Plunkett soberly concludes that the trend to the cities has actually been heightened, not diminished, by giving the country a fuller taste of urban pleasures and conveniences. Having got a small part, the country folk desire the whole, more than ever. Careful inquiry should be directed to ascertaining whether this is really the fact.

For so deep a social disturbance as the steady forsaking of country life by those who can escape it, remedies that go deep are obviously necessary. And they will have to be felt by the masses rather than presented by the rural "uplifters." Causes both economic and social must get powerfully in operation before we shall see the beginnings of the desired effect. The argument from material well-being seems already to be slowly making headway. Historically, the flight from the country to the city was at first a part of the industrial revolution of the last century. The great factories, the more numerous jobs, were in urban communities, and farm workers, with those whose house-industries had been destroyed by machinery and specialization, went to the towns to find work. It may be that a reaction will set in, also for economic reasons. The struggle for existence may drive people back to the land. With farming made easier and more scientific and profitable, the terrible pressure in cities may soon begin to extrude to country districts many who must seek a new environment and opportunity if they are to maintain themselves above want or beggary. Until some such solid advantages, or social necessities, can be made the rural set-off to the artificial charm of the city, it will be in vain to hope for a re-population of deserted hillsides. To reinforce the economic argument by every appeal on the score of health and sentiment is, of course, an obvious duty. Nothing that can be done to improve country schools, or to promote human intercourse among scattered farmers, should be omitted. And it might well be hoped that a change of mental attitude could be brought about, so that men and women would again associate their happiest experiences with country sights and sounds, and have such remembered thrills of pleasure as

stirred De Quincey when he recalled his joy, as a child, at the blossoming of the crocuses in his father's garden.

RACINE AND THE ANTI-ROMANTIC REACTION.

I.

Since the flickering out of symbolism a few years ago, there has been a singular dearth of fresh initiative in French literature. The French themselves do not seem sure whether the present is merely a period of pause before the starting of some new movement, or whether they are definitively entering the stage of Alexandrian impotence. Even the novel, the literary form that flourished above all others in the last century, is showing signs of exhaustion. When I inquired of a distinguished Frenchman last year as to the outlook for the novel, he simply replied: *C'est fini.* Meanwhile, amidst the existing lassitude, we may note curious symptoms of dissatisfaction with the nineteenth century, and its aftermath in art and literature. It was in France, in the writings of Rousseau, that certain romantic and naturalistic points of view first found powerful expression. It is in France, the most intellectually sensitive of modern nations, that we now see the beginnings of reaction against the fundamental postulates of Rousseauism. Few books have been more talked about of late than M. Lasserre's brilliant and virulent attack on French romanticism.* Rousseau is not merely an ancestor of romanticism, according to M. Lasserre, he is a complete embodiment of it; and Rousseauism M. Lasserre defines as an "integral corruption of the higher parts of human nature." If M. Lasserre's opinion of Victor Hugo in particular is to gain currency, the worshippers of Hugo have done well to make haste and celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the "Légende des siècles," for by the time of the hundredth anniversary the glory of Hugo will have become a mere memory, like that of Ronsard in the seventeenth century.

It is not, however, M. Lasserre's attitude toward this or that author that is chiefly significant. As he himself says in the preface to one of the later editions of his book, his aim is not so much to attack the romantic and naturalistic movement in its flowers and fruit, as to pour a little poison about its roots. Unfortunately, M. Lasserre's book tends to be extreme, and, in the French sense, reactionary. A year or so ago I chanced to be strolling along one of the narrow streets that skirt the Quartier Saint-Germain, and came on a book-shop entirely devoted to reactionary literature: and there in the window, along with books recommending the restoration of the monarchy, was the volume of M. Lasserre, and other anti-romantic publications.* Now, I for one regret that a legitimate protest against certain tendencies of nineteenth-century life and literature should be thus mixed up with what we may very well deem an impossible political and religious reaction.

II.

My purpose is not, however, to discuss M. Lasserre, but a topic suggested by another book that belongs to the same anti-romantic movement, a book that has likewise been much talked about and gone through many editions. The volume in which the most gifted of living French critics, M. Jules Lemaître, exalts Racine† is a natural pendent to the volume in which he recently attacked Rousseau. In the case of the lectures that went to the making of both volumes, there was the same rolling of fashionable equipages in front of the Salle de Géographie on the Boulevard Saint-Germain. But in spite of the applause of the dowagers of the *beau quartier*, the "Racine" is a successful book, far more than the "Rousseau," partly, perhaps, because the author is more at home with art than with ideas. In defending tradition no one ever got farther than M. Lemaître from the dryly traditional. There is, indeed, something rarely entertaining in all this impressionistic trepidation of style, devoted to the praise of an age and author that are supposed above all to have been decorous and conventional.

M. Lemaître has a love of Racine that admits of few doubts and reservations. He would agree with Boileau, who put his friend's plays on a level with those of Sophocles, or with Voltaire in the following century, who declared that "Athalie" is the "masterpiece of the human spirit." The romanticists, to be sure, rose in revolt against Racine; but if Racine is now coming into such high favor again, it is partly, says M. Lemaître, as a reaction against *le mensonge et l'illusion romantiques.* And he goes on to praise Racine in a way that is itself more suggestive of the romantic ardor than of the classical coolness of temper.

For example, he says that "Racine unites and fuses in himself the two fairest traditions of our humanity: the Hellenic and the Christian." We should say, on the contrary, that though Racine united in himself these two traditions, it is of the utmost importance to add that he did not entirely succeed in fusing them. We may doubt whether the seventeenth century in general was fully successful in its attempt to reconcile the two great disciplines it had inherited from the past. Thus, Boileau's theory of the epic implies that in the ordinary relations of life a man should be a Christian, but when he sits down at his writing-desk, a pagan; and this can scarcely be regarded as satisfying. Now Racine had likewise been trained in the "two antiquities," classical and Christian, but he differed from nearly all the other writers of his time in having a thorough knowledge of Greek as well as of Latin—a knowledge that ranges from the Attic tragedians to the late pastoral romances; his Christianity, again, was not of the somewhat easy-going and Jesuitical type that was current in his century; but, as a youth, he had been steeped in the severe and ascetic faith of Port-Royal. In short, he had been initiated into an unusually pure form of the two great traditions, and the result was an inevitable conflict, not only within himself, but with the outer world. Of a noble and dignified presence, and perfect in all the accomplishments of the *honnête homme*, Racine was fitted to be the ideal courtier. His Jansenism alone stood in the way; for it was his Jansenism, and not the more or less mythical petition that he presented to Louis XIV in behalf of the suffering common people that led to his partial fall from favor at court, and is supposed to have hastened his end. It was not again so much the efforts of his enemies against "Phèdre," as the struggle between the humanistic elements in his training and the reawakening scruples of his Jansenist boyhood and youth that caused him at the age of thirty-seven, and in the full maturity of his powers, to renounce the writing of plays. The attitude of the Jansenists toward the stage, we should recollect, was very similar to that of the Puritans in England. Just as the Puritans called the theatres the "devil's chapels," so the Jansenist Nicole denounced playwrights as "poisoners not of the bodies, but of the souls of the faithful."

Joubert says that the talent of Racine is in his works, but Racine himself is not there. We may, at least, say that, in spite of "Athalie," Racine failed to express fully his religious side in his plays, differing in this respect from dramatists like Sophocles and Æschylus, who were conscious of no such opposition between the sacred and the profane, for whom the drama, indeed, so far from being under the ban of religion, was closely associated with it. Possibly this is one reason why we do not get in Racine, in spite of his extraordinary mastery of the psychology of the passions, any equivalent for those passages in which Æschylus and Sophocles seem to sound the very depth of human destiny.

III.

Most of us would reproach M. Le-

Le Romantisme français. Par Pierre Lasserre, 1907.

*The books that M. Ernest Seillière is writing against romanticism (*Le Mal romantique, etc.*) are less specifically reactionary. M. Seillière is a disciple of the philosopher Fouillée.

†*Jean Racine.* Par Jules Lemaître. 1908.

maître less for the romantic and impressionistic bent he betrays even in his classicism than for his failure to adjust his treatment of Racine to the international point of view. This is indeed a grave defect, though it is not, like the same defect in the volume on Rousseau, fatal. M. Lemaître's own reason for dismissing so lightly the international verdict on Racine is very simple: There is, he says, in Racine a something that is forever inaccessible to foreigners. It is no doubt because of this inaccessible something that the gap between the native and the foreign estimate of Racine is wider perhaps than in the case of any other French author. We must note, for example, the almost entire failure of any translation or adaptation of Racine to gain a foothold on the English stage or in English literature; so much so that a recent French writer, after reviewing this record of failure, decides that *les Anglais n'ont pas la tête racinienne.* In Germany, Lessing objected to Racine for not being sufficiently classical; A. W. Schlegel objected to him for not being sufficiently romantic, and examples might be multiplied to prove that the German head is at least as un-Racinian as that of the Englishman.

Now, what the cultivated Frenchman admires in Racine, according to M. Lemaître, is reason, exquisite measure, supreme clearness, delicate sensibility tempered by judgment—in brief, the truly classical virtues. What the foreigner objects to, on the other hand, may be summed up in the word artificiality, a pervading suggestion of the somewhat hollow pomp and grandiosity of the court of Louis XIV—an element, in short, that is pseudo-classic rather than truly classical.

If we are to arrive then at an intelligent estimate of Racine, it should seem necessary, above all, to determine in what respects he is genuinely classic and in what respects neo-classic or pseudo-classic, not failing to note at the same time certain other respects in which he is inspired rather by the spirit of romance.

The neo-classic element in French tragedy goes back, of course, to the Aristotelian commentators and literary casuists of the Italian Renaissance. Perhaps the most striking feature of this neo-classical regulation of the drama from the very start is its tendency to apply rational rather than imaginative standards, even to the point of abolishing the distinction between the world of poetry and the world of logic and every-day fact. Any play that overstepped the bounds of ordinary reality or failed to develop with a strict logical sequence was condemned as "improbable." This somewhat narrow and mechanical conception of dramatic verisimilitude is mainly responsible for the most famous of all the rules, the unities of time, place, and action, of which the second is not in Aristotle at all, and only the third can be said to be truly Aristotelian. The three unities, along with the *liaison des scènes* (the "scenes unbroken"), another expression of the demand for logicality, have been summed up in the lapidary verses of Boileau:

> Qu'en un lieu, qu'en un jour un seul fait accompli
> Tienne jusqu'à la fin le théâtre rempli.

Unlike Corneille, Racine moved with perfect ease among all the rules that the neo-classic disciplinarians had imposed upon the stage. Indeed, it is in Racine, if anywhere, that all this regulating of the drama must find its justification. From a minute study of treatises like that of Heinsius, ("De Tragœdiæ Constitutione," 1611), he absorbed the quintessence of the Aristotelian lore of the Renaissance. As a result, he has attained in several of his plays, not simply a strictness of structure, but an actual perfection of dramatic technique that is unsurpassed in ancient or modern literature; and this is no mean merit, even though it does not in itself take the place of the divine spontaneity of Greek art at its best.

The neo-classic rules fell in with Racine's own tendency to concentrate—to portray only one passion and to take that passion itself in its very crisis and culmination. Racine is more interested in the psychological drama than in the outer action in which this drama finds expression. A recent writer (G. Michaut in "La Bérénice de Racine," 1907) has maintained that the most Racinian of Racine's plays—the play toward which his whole conception of dramatic art tended—is "Bérénice," which comes near realizing the popular notion of French tragedy as a five-act conversation. Yet the psychological drama in "Bérénice" is intense, and it is a better acting play than many a romantic melodrama crowded from beginning to end with tumultuous incident. It is also to Racine's concentration that we must ascribe in part his lack of "local color," all the concrete and picturesque details that diversify human beings in time and space, a lack for which he has been reproached by critics from his contemporary Saint-Evremond to the present day. Like all the classicists, Racine aimed to represent human nature in its essence rather than as locally modified, but was often too prone to identify this essential human nature with forms of human nature peculiar to his own time. "The French poets," says Dryden, "are generally accused that wheresoever they lay the scene, or in whatsoever age, the manners of their heroes are wholly French. Racine's Bajazet is bred at Constantinople; but his civilities are conveyed to him by some secret passage from Versailles into the Seraglio." At all events, Racine had the virtues of his limitations and did not allow himself to be diverted from the real business of the drama to the pursuit of the local color that was the fetich of the romanticists of 1830, and that M. Lemaître has attacked so amusingly.

IV.

One of the ways in which the neo-classic writer becomes pseudo-classic is by failing to distinguish between the permanent laws of good taste and what Lowell calls the parochial by-laws of etiquette. The ancients, says Lessing, knew nothing about politeness. Seventeenth-century French tragedy, on the contrary, is permeated by a refined social convention; and Racine, who was at once an accomplished humanist and a perfect courtier, was peculiarly fitted to achieve this fusion of the standards of the classicist and the standards of Versailles. The distinction between the polite and the vulgar is all-pervasive in his plays, from the chief characters who must be of a certain rank to the language which must be free from all plebeian taint. It has been said that Plato and the fishwives of Athens used the same vocabulary. At all events, words were not officially classified at Athens as "noble" or "low," and the same is, of course, true of Elizabethan England. In commenting on the first scene of "Hamlet," Voltaire is especially shocked that a mouse should dare to stir in tragedy. Exact comparison is not easy, but we may estimate that the ideas of dignity and decorum of his time restricted Racine to a vocabulary less than one-half the size of Shakespeare's. From the charmed circle of convention in which French tragedy moves, everything harshly realistic is banished. Its personages seem to feed on nectar and ambrosia. Little is said about the mind's action on the body, virtually nothing of the action of the body on the mind.

Racine was, of course, too good a classical scholar not to be aware of the difference in this respect between his own art and that of the ancients. He knew that if the art of the ancients was fastidious and selective, it was not squeamish. "In our French poetry and even in our novels," he writes, "there is no more talk of eating than if the heroes were gods who were not subject to the need of nourishment, whereas Homer sets his heroes to eating on every occasion." The "Odyssey" especially, we may add, is remarkable for the amount of eating and drinking it contains (the "eating poem of the 'Odyssey' " as Fielding called it); so much so that when Odysseus would raise the spirits of the departed, he offers them the ghostly equivalent of a good dinner.

"This over-delicacy of the French," Racine concludes, "is a genuine weak-

ness." To understand how French society and literature came to move in this world of refined convention, we must, of course, go back to the beginning of the seventeenth century and the growing influence of women and the drawing-rooms at that time. We should note especially that the men and women who gathered about Mme. de Rambouillet deliberately patterned themselves upon the heroes and heroines of the great literary success of the period, Honoré d'Urfé's interminable pastoral romance, "l'Astrée." The *grand monde*, as conceived by Mme. de Rambouillet and her group, is a curious transformation of the pastoral dream that, in some form or other, has always haunted the human heart. "So understood," says Amiel, "society is a form of poetry; the cultivated classes deliberately recompose the idyll of the past and the buried world of Astræa." In entering a seventeenth century drawing-room one entered an intensely artificial Arcadia, but an Arcadia none the less, from which the cares and concerns of ordinary life were banished and where one was free to discourse of love. This discourse of love, it is true, often ran into mere *préciosité*, into what has been termed wire-drawn and super-subtilized gallantry; but at the same time a great deal of real insight into the passions resulted from all this anatomizing of the heart.

Now the tragedies of Racine have been influenced in a marked degree by this love-making of high society. The young lovers of his plays—his Alexander and even his Pyrrhus—are first cousins to the pastoral youth (who are at the same time fine ladies and gentlemen) that sigh and languish through the numerous volumes of d'Urfé and his imitators. Racine, as we have said, was familiar with the Greek pastoral romances and had even met in one of them the very situation he afterwards developed in "Phèdre." But love in the Greek pastoral is something very different from that of the French drawing-room. If the ancients knew nothing about politeness, they likewise knew very little about gallantry. Love as understood by the *précieux* and *précieuses* goes back to the Petrarchian refinements of the Italian Renaissance, which can, in turn, be traced to Petrarch himself, and ultimately to the cult of the "lady" and the courts of love of the Middle Ages. The strenuously classical Rymer complains that the French will still be off on "the wild goose chase of romance," and it is true that Racine's preoccupation with love as the supreme motive is romantic, rather than classical. At times, his presentation of love is not only romantic, but chivalric and mediæval. The sole object of his Alexander in conquering the world is that he may lay his conquest at his lady's feet. Pyrrhus tells Andromache that as a result of her fair glances, he is burned by more flames than he ever lit in Troy. In "Phèdre," Racine has altered the whole sense of the ancient legend, by making Hippolytus sigh for the charms of Aricia. "Where the poet ought," says Dryden, "to have preserved the character as it was delivered to us by antiquity, when he should have given us the picture of a rough young man, of the Amazonian strain, a jolly huntsman, and both by his profession and his early rising, a mortal enemy to love, he has chosen to give him the turn of gallantry, sent him to travel from Athens to Paris, and transformed the Hippolytus of Euripides into Monsieur Hippolyte."

V.

We must not, however, dwell too long on the element of artificiality and convention in Racine. It is, after all, more or less superficial. What we most often find when we get beneath the somewhat over-decorous surface of his Alexandrines is the keenest psychology and the severest realism. There is less that is far-fetched and fantastic, less of *préciosité* in his treatment of love than in Corneille's. At his best he utterly transcends the Arcadian affectations of the drawing-rooms. So much so that to these drawing-rooms themselves he seemed violent and even ferocious. There is more truth in this opinion than in the opposite charge of tameness which is often brought against him by foreigners. Racine is preëminent among the dramatists of the world for the mingled power and delicacy with which he has portrayed nearly all the aspects of love, from the mere refinements of gallantry to the ground-swell of elemental passion—passion that in "Phèdre" especially is heightened and intensified by Christian remorse:

Hélas! du crime affreux dont la honte me suit
Jamais mon triste cœur n'a recueilll le fruit.

We may learn from Racine what we have tended too much to forget since the romantic triumph, that the expression of emotion may be intense and at the same time restrained.

We may conclude, then, that foreign indifference to Racine arises in part from legitimate dislike of the pseudo-classic element in his work, but even more perhaps from failure to do justice to his genuinely classical virtues. For example, the attitude of seventeenth-century England toward Racine was due not so much to a loftier and less conventional view of the drama as to a crude romanticism. The very public that was indifferent to Racine applauded "heroic plays" inspired by the bombast and preposterous gallantries of inferior French writers like La Calprenède and Scudéry; just as many persons to-day may be counted on to prefer the rant and fustian of Hugo's "Hernani" to the exquisite art of plays like "Athalie" and "Phèdre." The average Englishman or American is apt to see proof of his imaginative superiority in a failure to appreciate Racine; in nine cases out of ten it is proof rather of a limitation.

There is special reason just now why we should overcome such limitations and refresh in ourselves the sense of the sound classical virtues. M. Lemaître therefore does us a service in treating with such an easy and unaffected grace a writer who had a number of these virtues, and in not only feeling himself, but making others feel that he is dealing with something vivid and vital. M. Lasserre also does us a service by his plea for a humanistic revival. The need of such a revival should be evident to every one. With the spread of impressionism, literature has lost standards and discipline and at the same time virility and seriousness; it has fallen into the hands of æsthetes and dilettantes, the last effete representatives of romanticism, who have proved utterly unequal to the task of maintaining its great traditions against the scientific positivists. At the same time, if there is to be a humanistic movement, we may hope that it will be somewhat less negative and more genuinely constructive than the one M. Lasserre and others are trying to start in France; that it will preserve, even in its severest questionings of the nineteenth century, a certain balance and moderation, a certain breadth of knowledge and sympathy, and so seem an advance and not a retrogression.

Irving Babbitt.

Cambridge, Mass.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The second part of the Maier library will occupy the Anderson Auction Company four sessions, afternoon and evening, November 22 and 23. The first editions of Longfellow (101 lots) include "Outre Mer" (1833-34), the two parts, in original covers, uncut, a fine copy; "Poems on Slavery" (1842), two copies; "The Spanish Student" (1843); "The Belfry of Bruges" (1846), with autograph verses inserted; and "Evangeline" (1847); besides several presentation copies of other books.

The first editions of Lowell, the most extensive collection ever offered (125 lots), includes about all the rarities: "Harvardiana" (1837-38), in parts; "Class Poem" (1838); "A Year's Life" (1841); "The Pioneer" (1843), the three parts in the original covers; "Poems" (1844), one copy on large paper, another on small paper, but a presentation copy and in the original boards uncut; "Ode recited at the Commemoration of the Living and Dead Soldiers of Harvard University" (1865); and "Poems of Maria Lowell" (1855), a presentation copy from Lowell to J. E. Cabot, with a manuscript poem in Mrs. Lowell's autograph inserted.

The Poe collection includes the two most

valuable books in the library. "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems" (1829), Poe's second book, is the copy given by Poe to his cousin Elizabeth, with his autograph presentation inscription. When Poe came to reprint his early poems in the "Raven" volume in 1845, he had again obtained possession of this volume and had made numerous manuscript alterations on the margins. The book was broken up and used as printers' copy, the typesetters names "Richard" and "Moran" being written on the leaves. The Catalogue states that these alterations were made for the "Poems" printed in 1831, but this is a mistake. The book first turned up in the auction room in the sale of George H. Moore's library at Bangs's in May, 1893. It was next owned by William Nelson of Paterson, New Jersey, and, being kept in his safe, was one of the few books in his library preserved during the great Paterson fire. It was, however, charred, and the leaves made very brittle. In this condition it was sold in the Harold Peirce sale in Philadelphia in May, 1903, bringing $1,825. The purchaser sent it to Bradstreet's and the leaves were sized and put back into the old covers. The paper is still browned, but is firm and usable and the book is one of the most interesting Poe items known.

Another important Poe item is that thin pamphlet without title, but with cover, "The Prose Romances of Edgar A. Poe . . . No. 1. Containing the Murders in the Rue Morgue, and the Man that was Used Up," Philadelphia: . . . 1843," which was picked up for a few cents in Dutchess County in 1906, and for which Mr. Maier paid about $1,500. The only copy ever sold at auction brought $1,000, at the F. W. French sale in 1901. Poe's letter, dated June 4, 1842, to Dr. Snodgrass, offering his story "The Mystery of Marie Roget" for publication in the Baltimore *Visiter* for forty dollars, is also in the Maier collection. It is printed in full for the first time in the catalogue, and is one of the most interesting Poe letters extant. On the same day, Poe wrote to George Roberts, offering the same story for publication in the *Mammoth Notion*, but the price named in that letter is fifty dollars. The Roberts letter sold in the French sale in 1901, and is now in F. R. Halsey's collection.

The Whittier collection (137 lots) includes most of the rarities, among them "Legends of New England" (1831); "Moll Pitcher" (1832); "Mogg Megone" (1836); the privately printed poem "Sumner" (1872), with manuscript corrections by the author and others.

This second part includes also first editions of the writings of Joaquin Miller, D. G. Mitchell, S. Weir Mitchell, J. L. Motley, John Neal, Thomas W. Parsons, J. K. Paulding, John Howard Payne, William Gilmore Simms, Charles Dudley Warner, and other authors, together with an extensive series of American magazines.

On November 22, 23, and 24, the Merwin Clayton Sales Company will sell a portion of the scientific books of William L. Sherwood of New York. This is the most important scientific collection, especially in books on botany, which has been dispersed at auction in recent years. Clayton's "Flora Virginica" (1762); Marshall's "Arbustrum Americanum" (1785); W. P. C. Barton's "Flora of North America" (1821), with colored plates, and Gray's "Genera of the Plants of the United States" (1848), with colored plates by Isaac Sprague, are included; besides other works by Barton, Gray, Candolle, Chapman, Sowerby, Nuttall, and other writers, as well as extensive series of scientific periodicals and a quantity of manuscripts by William Darlington. On November 26, the same house will sell a collection containing a complete set to date of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, Savage's "Genealogical Dictionary," and other works on American genealogy; Thompson's "History of Long Island," the first edition of 1839, as well as the more valuable second edition in two volumes, published in 1843; books on Connecticut, etc.

On November 23 and 24, Libbie & Company of Boston will sell the library of Fred M. Bixby of Brockton, Mass., and other consignments of miscellaneous books.

On December 13, 14, 15, and 16, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge will sell the library of the late William Wheeler Smith of New York. Included are several Books of Hours of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centurics; specimens of the work of several of the early Continental printers, and an imperfect copy of Higden's "Polychronicon," printed by Caxton; a series of the various editions of the Dances of Death and of the Emblems of Alciatus, and a number of works on the history of printing.

Correspondence.

GETTYSBURG.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Hosts of your readers, doubtless, feel indebted to you for the extended notice given in your issue of October 30 to the story of Gettysburg, as told by the heroic Haskell, as well as for your discerning comments made on the notable phases of that campaign. Perhaps it may be admissible to call attention to the tributes paid at the time to the officer in question by his commanders, indicating that the example set by him in the critical moment of the battle exerted a matchless influence. For instance, Major-Gen. Hancock, commanding the Second Corps, in his official report of the battle, says:

> I desire particularly to refer to the services of a gallant young officer, First Lieut. F. A. Haskell, aide-de-camp to Brigadier-Gen. Gibbon, who at a critical period of the battle, when the contending forces were but fifty or sixty yards apart, believing that an example was necessary, and ready to sacrifice his life, rode between the contending lines with the view of giving encouragement to ours, and leading it forward, he being at that moment the only mounted officer in a similar position.

Brigadier-Gen. Gibbon, commander of the Second Division of the Second Corps at this period of the battle, testifies similarly, to his exertions as does Col. Hall of the Seventh Michigan, commanding the Third Brigade of this division.

There were, of course, hosts of men at Gettysburg just as gallant, just as skilful, just as loyal, as this officer. The opportunity, however, came to him in the very crisis of the battle, when the destinies of the struggle were trembling in the balance, to see what needed to be done; and his glorious example was one of the agencies used to make victory sure. The fact that he had clarity of vision to recognize the needs of that moment, and the self-forgetful courage to swing himself into the deadly breach, is the salient matter to be emphasized.

Possibly I may be permitted to say something on the point raised by your review in regard to the non-delivery by Meade of a counter-stroke after the repulse of Pickett. You intimate briefly that a "disordered Confederate retreat" opened the opportunity for such a blow, and that "the world has come to feel that Meade's caution was untimely, and that the war was thereby sadly prolonged." It should be remembered that there was actually no "retreat" except that made by a very small body of men—the broken remnants of Pickett's command—not more than two thousand altogether, who had escaped slaughter or capture. Lee's entire line of battle was unbroken. Fifty thousand men stood in line, in a strong position, with a hundred and forty cannon, so planted as to sweep the plain across which a counter-blow must be aimed. "It would have been stark madness," says Gen. Hunt, chief of artillery on the Union side in that battle, "to have made an advance under the circumstances." With a single exception all the foreign military experts who were with Lee, studying the operations of the campaign, have testified that there was but little sign of demoralization on the return of Pickett's remnant, and they have recorded their conviction that an assault by the Union forces would have been repulsed with heavy losses. Longstreet, Hill, and other Confederate officers in command in the battle have written on the subject, declaring that they were abundantly ready to meet a counter-stroke, and that they "would have liked nothing better" than the opportunity which a Union advance would have afforded them. Is it a clear case, then, and can it be urged that "the world" has wisely made up its mind, that Meade's proper course was to direct or lead his army forward against Lee's unbroken lines, across the very plain which had been made the scene of the annihilation of Pickett's command?

The old question as to Meade's faultiness in not making an attack on Lee at Williamsport, Maryland, after Gettysburg, is also raised in the review. The testimony of Major-Gen. Humphreys, great as an engineer, a strategist, and leader on the field, and reckoned by good judges to possess as large resources of varied military knowledge and ability as any man in the Union army, ought to help to decide this matter. Lee occupied at Williamsport a line which could not be flanked on either side, and which Humphreys, who had attempted to carry by successive charges the heights of Fredericksburg, declared was stronger than that held there by the Confederates, and even stronger than Meade's position at Gettysburg. The deliberate judgment of Humphreys, put on record after he had surveyed the field, and considered all the facts, years after the close of the war, was that an assault by Meade upon Lee's entrenched position at Williamsport "would have resulted disastrously." So far as I have been able to apprehend the case, those who have studied the whole situation most closely have reach-

ed the conclusion that an assault would have resulted as did the butchery at Cold Harbor. Swinton's comment, in his "Twelve Decisive Battles of the War," made after careful research, is worth citing:

It is certain that Lee wished to be attacked at Williamsport, and if it be a cardinal maxim of war never to do what the enemy desires you to do, it may appear that there are at least two sides to the question.

As to Meade's generalship, we may recall what Gen. Hunt, chief of artillery, said, after long study, given to the campaign, and after having had unusual opportunity to see it at large from army headquarters: "As I have studied this battle, Meade has grown and grown upon me."

The selection of Pipe Creek as a tentative line of battle—a very strong location—was made in view of the possibility that Lee would turn from the Susquehanna down toward Baltimore and Washington—not as a final place in which to give battle. Recall the situation: On Sunday morning, June 28, Meade was placed in command; seventy-two hours later, the battle opened, but by his alertness and skill, Meade was able to concentrate his forces at Gettysburg in time to meet the army of Lee, as it arrived.

It can hardly be claimed that those who seek for grounds on which to base their belief in the supreme greatness of Lee as a general, will find the material in the Gettysburg campaign. The plan itself was hardly wise; an invasion of the North was sure to solidify and thoroughly arouse the border States, and, indeed, all the Union elements. Lee could not reasonably hope to pass by the flank of the Army of the Potomac and reach Washington without a battle; while any serious scheme aimed at Philadelphia, if cherished at all, must now be deemed a delusion and a snare. The consent, which Lee gave to "Jeb" Stuart to take his cavalry and go a-cavorting between the Army of the Potomac and Washington and the failure to keep any cavalry for use on the right flank of the advancing Confederate army constituted a double-blunder, with fatal consequences. In the direct management of the forces at Gettysburg, surely no one will claim that Lee showed his usual skill. Had he pressed his advantage on the first day, and crowded after the retreating Union forces on that dreadful Wednesday afternoon, July 1, it is barely possible that Cemetery Hill might have been taken; that chance was thrown away. The line of battle which Lee chose and occupied, was a most disadvantageous one—seven miles in length, and enclosing in concave shape, the inner, compact Union line, which was correspondingly advantageous. With a single exception, no attack was made at any point with sufficient force to make an impression. At not a single point was the Union line indented, except at Culp's Hill on Thursday night, July 2, and from this point the Confederates were driven next morning. The crowning blunder of all was in ordering Pickett's attack. Even if thirty thousand troops, instead of six thousand, had been massed for that assault, it could not have penetrated the Union lines. The position was well-nigh impregnable; scores of guns were massed on the ridge, commanding the entire field of advance; and the assault at that particular point had been foreseen by Meade and amply provided for.

Longstreet had in mind a movement which had in it just then the possibility of success—a move on the part of Lee southward, a short distance, such as would threaten the communications with Frederick and Washington. In such a case the Union force would have been drawn out of its stronghold and made to fight for its lines in the rear. Lee gave the suggestion scant consideration. The comment made upon the Charge of the Light Brigade applies with equal force to Pickett's movement: "That is magnificent, but it is not war!"

An inside view of the feelings of some of Lee's officers as to the conduct of the battle is afforded by Gen. Wade Hampton, writing from Charlottesville, Va., July 15, 1863, under treatment on account of wounds received at Gettysburg, to Senator Wigfall, at Richmond:

Our army is in good condition after its terrible and useless battle. . . . We could better have stormed the heights of Stafford than those of Gettysburg.

On the other hand, can one find a single tactical mistake made by Meade? As to the whole case, the judgment of Humphreys is worth emphasizing. In his memorial address, delivered November 18, 1872, he said:

After a careful examination of the subject, I am led to the conclusion that Meade at Gettysburg had a more difficult task than Wellington at Waterloo, and performed it equally well, although he had no Blücher to turn the scale in his favor.

JESSE BOWMAN YOUNG.

Jacksonville, Fla., November 9.

ST. AUGUSTINE ON THE SUFFRAGETTES

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: There appear to be few who credit St. Augustine with any but the narrowest sense of humor, and fewer still who recall that in his "De Civitate Dei" (xviii, 9) he has sketched with lively amusement the *suffragatrix,* or suffragette of ancient Athens. He is recounting the story Varro tells about the contest for the naming of Athens, whether it should be from the goddess Athene (or Minerva), or from the god Neptune. The passage runs as follows, in Healey's clever version:

Hereupon Cecrops gathered all the people of both sexes together (for then it was a custom in that place to call the women unto consultations also), to give their voices in this election, the men being for Neptune and the women for Minerva; and the women, being more, won the day for Minerva. At this, Neptune, being angry, overflowed all the Athenians' lands (for the devils may draw the waters which way they list), and to appease him the Athenian women had a triple penalty set on their heads. First, they must never hereafter have a vote in council; second, never hereafter, be called Athenians; third, nor ever leave their name unto their children. Thus this ancient and goodly city, the only mother of arts and learned inventions, the glory and lustre of Greece, by a scoff of the devils, in a contention of their gods and male and female, and by a feminine victory obtained by women, was enstyled Athens, after the female's name that was victor, Minerva; and yet being plagued by him that was conquered, was compelled to punish the means of the victor's victory, and showed that it feared Neptune's waters worse than Minerva's arms.

Neptune, the mean male that he was, of course threw cold water on the whole business, and "to appease him" the Athenian suffragettes were robbed of their right to vote, to be called Athenians, and to leave their names to their sons. Deplorably disastrous as the outcome proved, is it not nevertheless somewhat reprehensible that St. Augustine, no doubt with a man's prejudices, failed to enlarge on the importance of the fact that, in one respect at least, the suffragettes conquered? They had the "last word"; for their vote naming the city Athens stood unrevoked to St. Augustine's day—and stands unrevoked in ours.

ANDREW F. WEST.

Princeton University, November 8.

THE PHLEGMATIC COMPLEXION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: An allusion made by Moth in "Love's Labour's Lost," I, ii, 81-89, has not yet, so far as I know, been fully explained, although Halliwell was on the right track. The passage in question reads:

Moth.—A woman, master.
Armado.—Of what complexion?
Moth.—Of all four, or three, or two, or one of the four.
Arm.—Tell me precisely of what complexion.
Moth.—Of the sea-water green, sir.
Arm.—Is that one of the four complexions?
Moth.—As I have read, sir; and the best of them, too.

Halliwell wrote, "Moth does not lay claim to scientific accuracy. The colors assigned to the four complexions . . . are thus noted in Sir John Harington's 'Englishman's Doctor, or the School of Salerne' (1608):

The watry flegmatique are fayre and white;
The collericke, more red; the melancholy,
Alluding to their name, are swart and colly."

Dr. Furness in the "New Variorum" points out that Moth could not have read a book that appeared in 1608. Mr. H. C. Hart in the "Arden edition" says: "Halliwell endeavoured to show that Moth assigned colors to the four 'medical humors.' I think he is merely chattering."

The title of the work cited by Halliwell gives a sufficient clue to one old authority for associating specific colors with the four temperaments. In the "Conservandæ Bonæ Valetudinis Præcepta," or "Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum," written about 1100 for Robert, Duke of Normandy, we read (edition by Dr. John Ordronaux, 1870) that a person of the sanguine temperament is "rubei coloris"; of the choleric temperament "crocei coloris"; one of the phlegmatic temperament has "facie color albus," and one of the melancholy temperament is "lutei coloris" (opp. 116-117). By way of summary the poem continues:

Hi sunt humores qui præstant cuique colores.
Omnibus in rebus ex phlegmate fit color albus.
Sanguine fit rubeus; colera rubea quoque rufus.
Corporibus fuscum bilis dat nigra colorem.

Dr. Ordronaux gives (p. 132) an extract from an English translation extant in a MS. dated 1575.

But though the precepts of the school of Salerno afford an early authority for the four complexions, they have nothing to say of the "sea-water green." This apparently comes from the "Kalender of Shepherdes," of which there were numerous editions from 1506 on, listed by Dr. Sommer in his reprint (1892). I quote from Pynson's edition of 1506, as reprinted by Sommer (III, 145-146):

Here foloweth of the foure complexyons. The coleryke . . . of all coloures they loue gray. The sanguyne . . . desyres gownys of hy colowre. The flematyke man

. . . ioueth grene coiowre. The maiyncoly . . . iouythe gownys of black coiowre.

The "Kalender" is a translation of the French "Compost et Kalendrier des Bergiers," first published in 1493, whose compiler was apparently acquainted with the "Regimen Sanitatis." Dr. Sommer mentions (i, 96) MS. Sloane 636 as containing a passage on the four complexions similar to that in the "Kalender." Possibly similar passages occur in Caxton's "Governal of Health" and in Elyot's "Castel of Helth," which I have no opportunity of consulting.

It is plain that while Moth is not "scientifically exact," he has some excuse for calling green one of the four complexions, and is justified in referring to the authority of books. The "Kalender" was so frequently reprinted in the sixteenth century that there is at least no great improbability in supposing this to have been the book that Shakespeare had in mind.

W. Strunk, jr.

Ithaca, N. Y., November 13.

BEAUTIFUL WRITING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the treasure room of the library of Harvard University there are now on view the greetings received from other institutions of learning, on the recent occasion of the inauguration of a new president. These are in the form either of broadsides on vellum, parchment, or paper, or of several sheets more or less permanently enclosed within covers. A few are printed from type, but the majority are the work of the calligrapher's pen, and are decorated with rubricated or illuminated initials, seals, arms, or other devices.

Coming as they do from all parts of this continent, and from several foreign countries, they may perhaps be considered as fairly representative specimens of the present status (in America at least) of the art of writing, and it is to be noted with regret that almost without excepion they exemplify the deplorably low level to which that once beautiful art has fallen.

Most of them, to speak accurately, are not written at all, but consist of careful arrangements of drawn letters, devoid of beauty either in individual characters or in general effect. Some follow German models with such unrestrained exuberance of flourish as to be quite undecipherable. Many are content to reproduce the appearance of the ugly, conventionally engraved, collegiate diploma; still others waver between painful imitations of printed characters and rustic block letters of no recognizable origin; while a number perpetuate the absurd flowing Spencerian hand of our copybook days, frequently in startling combination with the blackest of Old English text.

The decoration, if not always in irreproachable taste, is, as a rule, well executed and frequently delightful in color and arrangement; but the lettering, with few exceptions, is so wholly lacking in coherency and style as to render the term calligraphy, *i. e.*, beautiful writing, a sad misnomer.

Now, there is such a thing as fine writing done in this very decade, and criticism of this present display would be gratuitous did it not call attention to the development of a living modern school of calligraphy among a few men and women in England.

Some little time ago, inspired perhaps by the revived interest in the art of printing, several men turned their attention seriously to the study of fine Italian manuscripts, contemporary with the birth of the newer art in that country. Working quietly for ten years or more and with little heralding of results, they have nevertheless produced in that time numerous addresses, testimonials, and charming little books written in modern adaptations of the beautiful late fifteenth century Roman hand.

These books and addresses are not drawn, but veritably written, and depend largely upon that quality for their beauty. Decoration wherever admitted has been kept properly subordinate to the writing, yet in harmony with it. Several excellent manuals with admirable illustrations of processes and examples have been published, and in England the art of writing seems well on its way to at least a partial restoration to its former eminence among the graphic arts.

It is to be hoped that our calligraphers, both professional and amateur, will speedily familiarize themselves with what is done abroad. It may be thought that in this era of haste the leisurely art of writing, as a minister only to the tastes of the dilettante and wealthy collector, has slight claim to serious consideration. It is perhaps true that the world is too old and too poor to buy beautifully written books, and it is quite true that it is futile to attempt reproducion of their charm by any process of mechanical multiplication; but the prediction might well be made that the perfection of a style of beautiful writing would speedily manifest its influence upon the design of our printing types, and would inevitably result in the development of a school of beautiful printing, as it did in the fifteenth century.

Bruce Rogers.

Cambridge, Mass., November 9.

A UNIVERSITY CLUB.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I cannot refrain from applauding your criticism of the recent article of President Wilson, embodied in your editorial of October 28. Since graduation, nearly twenty years ago, my associates, business and social, in Pittsburgh, have been, in most part, alumni of our various colleges, and I have been troubled by the very prevalent lack of interest among them in general culture. Their University Club, supposedly composed of the cultured intelligence of the city, is, in large part, a centre for indulgence in games and the pleasures of the table, and is absolutely negligible as an intellectual force in the community. The framed seals of various colleges hanging upon its walls are a sign that it draws its membership exclusively from men holding degrees; but as it exercises no other functions reminiscent of college days than the occasional alumni dinner and "smoker," and the special-wire service for bulletining the scores of the leading intercollegiate football and baseball games in season, it shows that, while the purely social and athletic features of college life survive, the hiatus between it and university culture is no narrow one. And yet the graduates of Princeton predominate in numbers over the representatives of any other institution in this organization. Is there not room for a conscientious belief that the college must bear a part of the responsibility for the existence of such conditions? Has the college training of most of these graduates not been inefficient at some point? To my mind comes the irresistible conclusion that the university is not very far above the trade-school when it fails to invest those whom it sends out from its walls with a lasting zest for culture. If our colleges do not give this permanent inspiration, surely their value and usefulness are sadly crippled; the finer and better elements of life will be neglected, and our society will become wholly industrial and commercial.

Z.

Pittsburgh, Pa., November 12.

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Swift's dictum about the bees as purveyors of honey and wax, which gave to Matthew Arnold his famous phrase, finds a curiously interesting anticipation in the fourteenth century *Voir Dit* of Guillaume de Machault. The lines, in which the poet addresses his lady, are these:

> Trop bien vous puis comparer sanz mesdire
> A la mousche qui porte miel et cire.
> Le mel est dous et le sur à lui tire
> Et l'adoucist, homs nel puet contredire.
> . . . Et la cire art
> Qui alume le monde, main et tart,
> Plus que ne fait du tonnoirre l'espart.

The familiar passage from "The Battle of the Books" is as follows:

> Instead of dirt and poison we have rather chose to fill our hives with honey and wax, thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light.

The parallel (which happens to be much closer than that with the phrase from Lucian which Craik notes) is, of course, fortuitous. But one wonders if the two passages may not possibly have a common source.

John Livingston Lowes.

Washington Un., St. Louis, Mo., November 12.

GREEN EYES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In one of the oldest and finest versions of the Sleeping Beauty story, contained in the first book of the fourth part of "Florisel de Niquea" (Salamanca, 1551), the Princess Darcaria falls asleep with her attendants at the sound of the harp of her lover Arfiles, and continues so for six years till Prince Rogel comes to rescue them. On seeing the Prince, Don Arfiles says to him: "Do not give her peace (kiss her) to wake her, or you will put me in a state of war." But the prince takes the harp and begins to play, and when Arfiles falls asleep, he kneels before the princess in order to wake her with a kiss. She opens her beautiful green eyes, saying: "Are you going to commit an act of disloyalty?" and falls asleep again.

Joseph de Perott.

Worcester, Mass., November 11.

Literature.

MODERN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

Austria-Hungary. By Geoffrey Drage. With maps. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6 net.

Hungary of To-day. By members of the Hungarian Government, etc. Edited by Percy Alden, M.P.; with numerous illustrations. New York: Brentano's. $3 net.

Time was when English readers in search of information concerning the Hapsburg monarchy turned to the leisurely pages of Coxe's "House of Austria" or the picturesque descriptions of Kohl's "Austria" and Patterson's "The Magyars." Works of this kind have long been superseded by the condensed recitals of Austria's past in the "Stories of the Nations" series and by the more or less accurate glimpses of Austrian "Town and Country Life" given in another uniformly patterned group of volumes. These, in turn, are now making way for handbooks dealing with recent political and economic evolution, with trade statistics taking the place once filled by scenic charms and tales of vanished days. With books of this sort, which reflect the universal interest in the practical questions of to-day, may be classed the two volumes before us. They both claim attention as being written with a serious purpose, by well-informed observers familiar, often at first hand, with actual conditions in Austria-Hungary.

Mr. Drage, who has a long list of official British reports on labor and kindred topics to his credit, has packed into the present volume a large amount of information, such as one expects to find in the "Statesman's Year-Book," together with various historical and political summaries—the whole being presented under the general head of "Austrian Affairs," "Hungarian Affairs," and "Common Affairs." The author's sources of information are, as a rule, well chosen, though one is surprised to see among them the "Historian's History of the World," and to find too much space given to passing newspaper opinions.

The modern method of basing political forecasts on the outcome of economic problems is well illustrated by Mr. Drage's treatment of the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina by Austria—an event which has seriously disturbed her trade relations with the Balkan States. Both Austria and Hungary, who had formerly commanded the Servian market, selling that kingdom "almost everything, from scientific instruments to rough sacks for holding plums," find their commercial supremacy in that quarter seriously threatened by Servian animosity due to the success of Count Aehrenthal's foreign policy. Trade with Montenegro is endangered by the same cause, and Turkey continues to boycott Austro-Hungarian goods. Thus the seeming triumph of Prince Eugene's dictum of two centuries ago, "Austria's future lies in the East," is jeopardized by purely commercial conditions.

Some of Mr. Drage's facts will prove suggestive to American readers, as, for instance, those relating to the growing power of the Cisleithan chambers of commerce, twenty-nine in number. Their right of initiative in the matter of tariff regulations, international commercial treaties, tax reform, patent and trade-mark bills, etc., may well furnish hints to those of us here who have learned to look hopefully to our own chambers of commerce as almost the sole protection against the vagaries of Congressional legislation. American interests are directly touched upon in the passage on emigration, where Mr. Drage points out—what is so often overlooked in the outcries on this side of the ocean against the swelling tide of Slavs and "Huns"—that the Austrian, and still more the Hungarian day laborer, rarely comes here to stay. His sojourn usually lasts from one to five years, and he returns to his native country quite content with a saving of a few hundred dollars. Of particular interest, too, are Mr. Drage's remarks concerning Austria's commercial schools, the excellence of which is attested by "the fact that the Prussian professors admit the Austrian system to be the best and are copying it."

In his chapter on "Central and Local Government" in Austria, Mr. Drage wisely follows—as he often does—Lowell's "Governments and Parties in Continental Europe." He overemphasizes, however, Lowell's language in his bald statement that "the bureaucracy is practically all-powerful, and there is a great dread of the free expression of opinion; both associations and the press are subjected to severe restriction, while the inquisitorial police vigilantly supervise the conduct of visitors and citizens alike." No one familiar with Austrian conditions will admit that the statement is correct as it stands. Lowell goes into explanatory detail as to the restriction of the press, restraint on the right of association, etc.; yet he is himself in error when he says that in Austria "every man habitually carries about his person an official certificate of his identity and good standing." What Lowell doubtless had in mind, in this statement, is the former need of producing, when called upon, a *Legitimationskarte*, for the purpose of proving one's identity. This emergency rarely arose, and the card itself is now obsolete.

The volume, as a whole, exhibits, in minor matters, and particularly in the transliteration of foreign names, many blemishes. Indeed, the author makes in his preface (forgetting, apparently, that the Hungarian language has no alphabet of its own) this really extraordinary announcement:

> No strict rule has been followed in rendering Slavonic, Magyar, or other foreign names, into English, but the translation (*sic*) which appears likely to be most familiar to English readers has in each case been chosen. Nothing would be gained by transforming the well-known names Wekerle, Goluchowski, and Kossuth, into Vekerly, Goluhofsky, and Koshoot.

Of Mr. Drage's skill in Englishing Slavonic names, "Fadejef" (for the Russian general Fadeyeff), and "Charfarjik" (for the Slavonic scholar, Schafarik), are specimens. More serious slips still are the inclusion of Troppau, the capital of Silesia, in a list of Bohemian towns (p. 540), the allusion to Siebenburgen (*sic*) as though it were not identical with Transylvania (p. 576), and the mention of "Austrian Poland *and* Galicia" (p. 540). On page 563, we read of "the Slovaks, Louis Kossuth . . . and Alexander Petöfi," which is about as correct as it would be to speak of the Celts Gladstone and Lord Byron. There are numerous errors in the spelling of Hungarian towns, "Tiza Ezlar" for Tisza Eszlár—of infamous anti-Semitic memory—being a sample of a frequently recurring mistake. More annoying still is the interlarding of the text with French phrases, borrowed from the books consulted by the author.

Percy Alden's "Hungary of To-day" follows the precedent set by Villari's excellent work on "The Balkan Question," in offering a symposium of various authorities. The volume derives, indeed, a unique distinction from its list of contributors, which includes the principal members of the Wekerle Cabinet. Count Albert Apponyi, Minister of Public Instruction, discusses "The Hungarian Constitution"; Antal Günther, Minister of Justice, "Law and Justice"; Francis Kossuth, Minister of Commerce, "Industrial Labor Legislation"; and the Premier himself, Alexander Wekerle, 'Taxation Reform." All these articles are valuable in themselves and testify, in the aggregate, to an amount of solid information and skill in imparting it such as few cabinets anywhere at the present day can boast of. Count Apponyi's contribution, moreover, glows with that patriotic *élan* which, from time immemorial, has characterized the productions of Hungarian publicists. A striking passage reveals not only the fervor of the Hungarian patriot, but the self-restraint of the Minister of the Crown. Count Apponyi thus pictures the attitude of the Magyars during the period of their greatest trial:

> From this time (1825) until 1848 the Constitution works about normally. It is the golden age of our political history, the epoch of our great national renaissance. The institutions were incomplete and badly secured, but great men arose, in whose hands this defective machinery produced wonders: orators, statesmen, economists,

philosophers, savants, poets, and littérateurs joined hands in communicating to the national life a splendor and vigor it had never known since the days of Matthias Corvinus. This grand epoch ended with the reforms of 1848, which—creating Hungarian democracy—gave to our old Constitution the new strength of Parliamentary forms. But these magnificent results were engulfed in a catastrophe of which I may not relate the details. Be it far from me, the thought of lifting even a corner of the veil which our gracious sovereign and the nation have with one accord cast over the unhappy events of that time.

Not only Hungary, but Cisleithania, it may be added, had her "golden age," while groaning under Francis's paternal despotism, Ferdinand's good-natured incapacity, and Metternich's brutal censorship. If Hungary cherishes the memory of her Count Széchenyi, Baron Eötvös, Vörösmarty, and Arany, Austria points with equal pride to her Count Anton Auersperg ("Anastasius Grün"), Baron Feuchtersleben, Grillparzer, and Lenau. But Count Apponyi is justified in claiming for the Hungarian lower nobility—the "noble democracy," as it has been termed—an undisputed prëemience in its many acts of self-renunciation. It remains to be seen whether it will be willing to part with its remaining privileges, when the extension of the suffrage, now before the Hungarian nation, becomes a burning question.

Percy Alden, the editor of the volume, who is known for his interest in settlement work, contributes an interesting paper on "The State Child," which explains in detail the work of the nation in caring for its neglected children. The whole of Hungary is divided into seventeen districts, in each of which there is a State Children's Refuge. In these asylums there were housed on January 1, 1908, 35,242 children. Each district has a Children's Law Court, concerned not so much, as in England, with the trial of youthful offenders, but with the permanent guardianship of every child. The career of each is followed up by these courts. Not more than about 5 per cent. remain in the refuge; the others are boarded out in specially organized children's colonies, provided with all educational and sanitary appliances. Two hundred and thirty-eight of these village colonies are now in existence. It ought to be added that this state paternalism has had only a beneficial effect on the poor. There is no tendency to hand over children needlessly to the state, and the number of illegitimate births has decreased, as has the death-rate among children cared for by the state, as compared with the mortality among others. Thus, in one of the most important of all social problems, Hungary, in Mr. Alden's language, "leads the way and sets an example to Western nations."

It would be interesting, did space permit, to speak in detail of the equally praiseworthy efforts of the present Minister of Agriculture, Dr. Daranyi, to improve the lot of the small farmer and agricultural laborer. His endeavors have resulted in a system of old-age pensions, in the building of houses for agricultural laborers, in the establishment of about 2,000 reading clubs, and in schools devoted to such special subjects as poultry and bee-keeping, afforestation, dairy farming, wool-sorting, etc. More than 2,000 local coöperative banks, nearly 1,000 coöperative stores, and 700 coöperative dairies afford unusual credit and purchasing facilities. Of Prof. Zsolt Beöthy's article on "The Intellectual Life of Hungary," which betrays a somewhat strained effort to conceal the barrenness of modern Hungarian literature, as compared with the glories of the past, we can only say that it exalts the prosy "Tragedy of Man" of the dramatist Madách as having "ascended the highest heights of poetic philosophy." A chapter on "Hungarian Music," by Julius Káldy, modestly informs the world that "recently Julius Káldy, with his works . . . has aroused much enthusiasm."

The accuracy of the volume in the matter of Hungarian accents and other respects (the Danube is spoken of as the largest river in Europe) is not all that might be desired, and, as in so many books on Hungarian subjects, the average foreign reader is puzzled by the Magyar names of places which are much better known by other appellations. Few Austrians even recognize Strigonia as Gran, Kassa as Kaschau, and Szabadka as Maria-Theresiopel. The numerous illustrations, with the exception of the half-tone portraits of the members of the Wekerle Cabinet, do not add much to the interest of Mr. Alden's volume.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Reaping. By E. F. Benson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The diary-tale continues to hold its own as a popular variant from the narrative form of fiction. You open the book with some misgiving, perhaps. What if it should turn out to be nothing but a real diary, a record of thoughts and happenings as crudely arranged by nature, without sequence or ending? The first pages of "A Reaping" have an ominous look. Reflections on the foibles of the amateur invalid, on the mystical function of the musical conductor, on silence, record-making, lovers by the Serpentine, motor-bus antics, and what-not: one saving hint alone in connection with a dinner-neighbor from whom you feel that you are to hear again shortly. It is enough: you are reassured. There is meaning in the entrance of the dinner-lady; this is no mooning diarist you have to deal with, but a story-teller who knows what he is about. Presently you are rewarded by presentation to the other persons: Helen, the wife of the pseudo-diarist, and a youth known as "Legs." Helen is a bride of a few years, lovely and lovable, childless thus far, but wistful of motherhood. "Legs" is just out of the university and on the edge of the diplomatic service, a first cousin of the Helen's husband. He is "a fanatic on the subject of life," the embodiment of young ardor, a most engaging and real person. The story connected with these people is, after all, reducible to very small terms. The dinner-lady dies (as it is known that she must from the outset), "Legs" sees her ghost, and he himself dies within the year. Not very long after his death Helen becomes a mother. These are the outward events; but the chief thing, after all, is the inward experience of the young pair after the death of "Legs"—a peculiarly Bensonian experience. This Mr. Benson differs in many ways from his brothers, the priest and the don, but he has in common with them an immense curiosity as to the phenomena of death.

The Oath of Allegiance. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Jonathan and David. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. New York: Harper & Bros.

It is always a little hard to speak of the fresh work of a veteran and inveterate story-teller like Mrs. Phelps Ward. In her case, the task is especially difficult for the commentator of middle age, who recalls her with some tenderness as a light unto a favorite path of his sentimental youth. What if Miss Alcott were still writing of her little women, her "roses in bloom"? Would it now seem to us who grow old that her later work was inferior, while the real fault lay with ourselves? Mrs. Ward is a dozen years younger than Miss Alcott would be if she were alive now; but her fiction belongs to the same school, and, we may fairly say, to the same period of unabashed sensibility. How long ago was it that a Miss Phelps of Andover was making us cry with her "Gates Ajar"? No doubt, she is still making people cry. Her method has not changed, any more than Bret Harte's changed; her later product is more nearly equal to her earlier than his was. The chief difference, perhaps, lies in the ranking quality of her audience. The most enlightened class of readers no longer inclines, if it has tears, to shed them over the obvious. Woe as a luxury has gone down in the social scale.

These later stories are not without their modern touches. Similes are built upon the "X-ray" and the aeroplane. But the material, with its little touches of modern dress, is the old material. There is always the appeal to sympathy from weakness: the pathos of childhood,

maidenhood, spinsterhood, senility, caninity. Two of the stories in "The Oath of Allegiance" volume, however, "His Soul to Keep" and "A Sacrament," are of fresher and deeper quality. The title story represents Mrs. Ward's sentiment at its most strained.

"Jonathan and David," a short story, printed by itself, as a holiday booklet, is the tale of an indigent old gentleman and his utterly impossible dog. It should be greeted with enthusiasm by admirers of "Loveliness."

Northern Lights. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Bros.

If the reader is at first inclined to attribute the mediocrity of these tales to the slackening hand of a writer to whom his art has ceased to be a first object, or to the careless hand of a writer grown too sure of his audience, a second glance will probably suggest another reason. They bear the ear-marks of 'prentice work. They play stiffly upon the strings of popular sentiment; they exhibit the life of the frontier in its obvious aspects, and especially as offering a rugged scene for the enforcement of the familiar lessons of love, duty, sacrifice, and valor which form the respectable stock in trade of the magazine romancer. In short, it seems pretty clear that Sir Gilbert has been persuaded to exhume these specimens of his early work for commercial reasons.

The "Note" prefixed to the volume does not, to be sure, suggest such a possibility. It merely announces that the tales belong in substance to "two different epochs in the life of the Far West"—the period before and the period after the entrance of the Canadian Northwest by the railroads and the Mounted Police. The implication would be that the book might be supposed to offer some sort of original commentary upon life in the Northwest during those periods. As a matter of fact, the substance of the tales is commonplace. They are pretty good stories, and touched with local color: pioneers freeze their feet on long solitary journeys—Indians starve in their winter camps—the brave pioneer girl is everywhere in evidence as the rescuer of the derelict pioneer man—the reprieve of the hero wrongfully condemned comes just in time. The stories are not dull, they are as good as the ordinary specimen of their *genre*. The honest tribute we can offer their creator is our surprise and disappointment that they are in no way better than that.

Other People's Houses. By E. B. Dewing. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is an acute study—acute at times to the point of painfulness—of a phase of life especially aggressive in our own time, but peculiar to no single period. The looker-on at life, the dweller in other people's houses, is a familiar figure both in fiction and in fact. It is possible, however, to wear the rue with a difference, and the author has chosen to strike the despondent chord rather than to emphasize the note of high courage to which the melody of these incomplete lives is so often keyed. For this very reason, it may be, Emily Stedman is not quite convincing, in spite of the abundance of personal detail which, according to long precedent, is supposed to endow a character with vital force. The story deals with parti-colored skeins of affection, much tangled; in the endeavor to imbue the reader's mind with the atmosphere of the tale, the writer has obtained an excessive effect of confusion. The scene shifts so rapidly that one's mental vision is left with that sense of blurred weariness produced in the physical by a cinematograph. This, however, may be the result of literary immaturity, as there is an underlying power in the book that definitely conveys a promise of better things.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

Historical Evidence. By the Rev. H. B. George, M.A., Fellow of New College. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

When in 1860 Charles Kingsley was inaugurated professor of modern history in the University of Cambridge, he delivered an address upon the limits of exact science as applied to history. Instead of formulating the principles governing the use of historical evidence, he defended in vague and grand epithets the action of moral law and spiritual agencies in the world of human life. It is a far cry from the defensive attitude of the famous preacher and lecturer in 1860 to the historian's calm acceptance to-day of the scientific approach, and it is a noteworthy fact that it was Buckle, a representative of the group that Kingsley so vigorously attacked, who popularized belief in the possibility of applying scientific treatment to historical problems. In truth, scientific criticism, like science itself, is deemed no longer hostile to religious belief, and this truism finds ample support in the fact that the work here under review, which is our most recent exposition of scientific historical criticism, is written by a clergyman of the Church of England.

Criticism as applied to historical sources of information is as old as Petrarch, but the raising of such criticism to the rank of a scientific pursuit is a very modern matter. No general treatise on the subject was published until 1889, and even to-day there is no manual in English that deals in a comprehensive way with all classes of historical knowledge. The present work is, therefore, doubly welcome, for it not only supplies an adequate statement of the leading principles governing the treatment of evidence, but it is presented with so much sanity and good judgment as to commend itself heartily to any one concerned with the writing of history. Its author is a veteran, well known for more works than one, and notably for a treatise on the relations of geography and history and for an authoritative account of Napoleon's invasion of Russia. As a clear, well-balanced statement of the scope and limitations of criticism as applied to historical evidence, it has no superior; in its moderation and freedom from exaggerated pretensions, it will serve as a corrective of some modern notions regarding the attainment of scientific certainty in historical knowledge.

To the author, as to many another competent historian, historical criticism is nothing more than common sense systematically and logically applied. But it is the common sense of the trained scholar, not that of the man in the street. The instinct for wise and sound criticism is born of wide knowledge and tried experience. It is true that some men are born critics, as were Julien Havet in France and Prof. E. G. Bourne in this country; but the majority of men have the necessity of criticism thrust upon them. To those who become critics by training, such a work as this will be indispensable, and in the hands of the beginner it is bound to exercise a profound influence. Every prospective doctor of philosophy in history should ponder it well. Within its field the range is a broad one. The author first defines evidence in law, science, and history, and determines wherein historical evidence differs from legal evidence and from that available for the exact sciences. He then considers the various sources of historical information, the nature of historical narratives, the defects of historical writers, the characteristics of documents not narrative, and the value of indirect sources—physical, geographical, archæological, and the like. He closes with chapters on probability, on special sources of error, and on certain rules governing historical generalizations.

Mr. George furnishes, however, no categorical canons, such as may be found in Rhomberg's series of historical axioms. In general, he avoids sharp distinctions and subtle analyses such as characterize the German treatises. This absence of precise formulæ gives to the work a certain inarticulate character which to some scholars may seem a defect. To the present reviewer this want of precision seems one of the best features of the book, for historical evidence cannot be marshalled under rules that operate like the axioms in geometry. Mr. George has handled each subject with caution and his views stand in striking contrast with the assertions, often extreme and unwarranted, to be found in the "Etudes Historiques" of Langlois and Seignobos. We can recom-

mend his manual as the best possible guide for the nascent historian, whether professional or amateur, and even historians of an older growth may profit by its perusal.

The White Stone. By Anatole France. Translation by Charles E. Roche. New York: John Lane Co. $2.

Like several other of M. France's books, "The White Stone" is an attempt to produce something charming as romance, veracious as history, and more philosophical than either. Obviously composed on the spur of a half-dozen different impulses, it is intended as a whole to illustrate two theses: the one, the deciduousness of civilizations; the other, the impossibility of predicting what the future will bring forth. The loose connection of its parts betrays the author's characteristic indolence and a certain ennui or disdain of the rigor of literary forms and conventions. It begins with the light archæological ruminations of a group of Frenchmen trifling with ashy urns and crumbling skeletons as they sit toward evening among the disinterred ruins of the Roman Forum. At a suggestion from the master of the excavations, Nicole Langelier, a transparent disguise for Anatole France, pulls out his manuscript and reads his story of Gallio, pro-consul of Achaia under the Emperor Claudius. This story takes the form of a protracted conversation in which Gallio and his friends are made to speak for the various opinions held by enlightened men upon the religious and philosophical topics of their day. The point of the piece—the utter inability of these cultivated Romans to foresee the successor of Jupiter—is artfully brought out by representing the trial of a repulsive fanatic called Paul and the stoning of a wretch called Stephen as disagreeable but entirely insignificant interruptions—insignificant even to the children hard by who, "weary of pursuing Stephanas, were playing at knuckle bones by the roadside." The reading of the story concluded, Langelier and his companions discuss its historical accuracy, incidentally revealing the fact that their own ideas have much more in common with those of Gallio than with those of Stephen and Paul. Over a good dinner, the talk of the Frenchmen drifts leisurely along through philosophy and religion to politics and the Japanese-Russian war and on into the future, which is imaginatively surveyed in a Utopian tale of the federation of the world through the triumph of the socialists. But, mindful of the fatuity of Gallio's circle, M. France discreetly names this tale "Through the Horn or the Ivory Gate."

A brief introduction informing the reader, among other things, that "The White Stone" was published in its original form ("Sur la Pierre Blanche") in 1905, that it shows in some measure the influence of a sojourn in the tents of the socialists, that a portion of its comment on the Eastern situation was delivered before a great concourse of socialists in 1904—such an introduction would contribute to the interest and comprehension of the reader who is making his acquaintance with Anatole France through the medium of the translated works, of which this is a part. It must be said, furthermore, that Mr. Roche's translation suffers by comparison with—we will not mention the original, but other volumes in this edition. Apparently attempting to be very literal, he rather frequently misses not merely the subtlety but even the simplicity of the French, and makes his English harsh upon the tongue. Fancy, for example, M. France misplacing two words in a sentence like this: "Alone the religion which only tolerates itself, cannot be endured," or "Alone are the Jews ignorant of the providence of the gods." Another error twice repeated is the use of "similar" for "like," *e. g.*, "a Jupiter whose head of hair, similar to the flower of the hyacinth, drops uncrowned——." Sometimes the rendering is naïve like a college freshman's—for instance, "the ancient one" (p. 78) for "the old fellow" or "the old codger." Sometimes rare or archaic words—"agrestic," "spumous," "wot"—destroy the harmony of the style. There are even a few peculiar spellings—the French form "Zenon" for "Zeno," "forgerer" for "forger," "androginous" for "androgynous," and "delimitated" for "delimited." It is not thus that one should treat a classic.

Round the Lake Country. By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Canon Rawnsley conforms here strictly to the title of his book. He offers a group of twelve papers on places which lie just outside the region of the English Lakes. He carries the reader down the Cumberland coast from St. Bees to Cartmel in Lancashire, and again from Penrith to Bampton, northeast of the high fells. If, as Wordsworth figured them, in his "Guide to the Lakes," the vales be regarded as spokes of a wheel, the hub being a peak, long ago worn down by erosion, between Scafell and Helvellyn, Canon Rawnsley in these sketches has traversed about half the tire. He has done well in calling attention to the great antiquarian wealth of the narrow strip of land between the mountains and the sea. But he does not always succeed in making the adventures of his British and Saxon saints as real to the reader as they evidently are to him. And his explanation of the Gosforth Cross and the so-called Beowulf Stone as Christian applications of pagan mythology is anything but convincing.

He is happier in the vivid picture of a Westmoreland horse-fair of to-day, and in the story of Hogarth's uncle, the local satirist of Troutbeck, or, again, where he retells, largely in her own stout words, the tale of the Countess Anne, a seventeenth-century worthy.

After all, what would rune-stones and pre-Norman crosses amount to, if they could be deciphered to everybody's satisfaction? The interesting thing is that they exist in that corner of England where almost every old place-name speaks of the Norsemen. In Roman camps and roads, Druid circles, Saxon assembly mounds, dateless barrows, and equally mysterious church customs, such as the rush-bearing, but especially in local words of Norse origin, the region described by Canon Rawnsley is very rich. Though of less value, no doubt, than his "Literary Associations of the English Lakes," this book should be pleasant reading for leisurely folk who like to go on imaginary journeys, maps in hand.

Notes.

"Time's Laughing-Stocks, and Other Poems" is the title of a volume of verse by Thomas Hardy, to be published through the Macmillan Co.

Prof. Albert Feuillerat's monograph on John Lyly is announced for issue early in 1910, through the Cambridge University Press. The same scholar's edition of the complete works of Sidney, also to be published by the Cambridge Press, will soon make its appearance, the first volume being promised for Easter.

T. Fisher Unwin (London) is publishing, in "Life in an English Village," by Maud F. Davies, a study of the country parish which may be likened to Mr. Rowntree's "Poverty"—the study of the working classes in York. The population of a scattered Wiltshire village of 800 inhabitants is analyzed, and tabulated under such headings as occupations, earnings, incomes, and character. The social, economic, and domestic habits of the people are observed, and an attempt is made to trace their migrations for four generations.

Contemporary interest in Lord Byron is not confined to English writers, it should seem. In France has just appeared, besides Albert du Bois's drama, "L'Aristocrate," of which the poet is the hero, a popular biography by Mme. A. Séché and J. Bertrant, in which Byron's memory is defended against the slanders of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The Grolier Club is celebrating the bicentenary of the birth of Samuel Johnson by an exhibition of one hundred and seventy-five portraits of him, and a remarkable collection of first editions. Some of the volumes came from his own library, others bear the author's presentation inscriptions. There is, too, the original manuscript of Mme. Piozzi's "Anecdotes of

the Late Samuel Johnson," opened at a pago on which is given the following interesting explanation of the great doctor's big words:

His mind was so comprehensive that no language but that he used would have expressed its contents, and so ponderous was his language that sentiments less lofty and less solid than his were would have been encumbered, not adorned, by it. Mr. Johnson was not intentionally, however, a pompous conversor, and though he was accused of using big words, as they are called, it was only when little ones would not express his meaning as clearly, or when perhaps the elevation of the thought would have been disgraced by a dress less superb.

The great dictionary, a copy of which Becky Sharp so rudely spurned, lies open at "pension," with its famous definition of "an allowance made to any one without an equivalent." Among the portraits of Johnson shown are engravings from the many painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and there is a mezzotint of "Bozzie"; but a number of Johnson's friends whom we would have liked to meet, notably Beauclerk, Goldsmith, the Piozzis, and Fanny Burney, are absent.

Another posthumous writing of Francis Thompson is to be offered by Burns & Oates (London) in his "Life of St. Ignatius Loyola." The book will be abundantly illustrated.

The Manchester University Press announces for early issue a series of studies by Dr. Phoebe Sheavyn, called "The Literary Profession in the Elizabethan Age," dealing with the conditions of authorship under Elizabeth and James I, and the possibility of earning a livelihood by literary work during that period.

Hard upon the publication of his "Last Poems," Charles Scribner's Sons announce the early issue of a volume of "Poems Written in Early Youth," by George Meredith.

Dr. James Morris Whiton is the author of "Interludes: In a Time of Change—Ethical, Social, and Theological," a restatement of old theological positions. The book will be issued through Thos. Whittaker.

A new volume of essays by J. Brierley will be published by the same house under the title, "Aspects of the Spiritual."

Prof. E. D. Fite of Yale has written a study of "Social and Industrial Conditions in the North During the Civil War," which is announced for early publication by the Macmillan Co.

On Houghton Mifflin Co.'s list of books for immediate publication, we note a holiday edition of Henry James's "Italian Hours," with thirty-two full-page illustrations in color by Joseph Pennell; "Warriors of Old Japan, and Other Stories," by Yei Osaki, illustrated by Japanese artists and with a sketch of the author's life by Mrs. Hugh Frazer, and John W. Foster's "Diplomatic Memoirs," in two octavo volumes.

Economic essays submitted in competition for the prizes of $2,000 offered by Hart, Schaffner & Marx should be addressed to Prof. James Laurence Laughlin of the University of Chicago before June 1, 1910.

The first volume of Aylmer Maude's biography of Tolstoy, issued by Messrs. Constable, dealt with the first fifty years of the Russian's life; the second volume, promised for the coming winter, will bring the record down to the present day. Mr. Maude is at present visiting the subject of his biography in Russia; and the Countess Tolstoy is reading the Life carefully before publication to ensure accuracy.

Harry Whitney, who has spent two years hunting in the Arctic regions, and who has accompanied both Dr. Cook and Commander Peary in their travels, is to tell his experiences in the Northland in a book which we hope will appear before all our interest in these matters is dissipated. His collection of photographs is said to be one of the best ever brought out of the Far North.

An association styled "les Amis de Balzac" has been formed in Paris, to buy the house in which the novelist died, and in which he lived for the last six or seven years of his life. With the annual subscriptions paid into the society's treasury by members, the house has been rented, and a museum is now being arranged, containing souvenirs of Balzac. The house is a one-storied building, with a garden, situated in a quiet, somewhat unfrequented quarter of the capital.

A year ago (November 5, 1908) we published an exhaustive estimate of the poetry of Eugene Lee-Hamilton, and now we have only to record the publication (Duffield) in beautiful form, with ten additional sonnets, of the sonnet sequence in memory of his daughter. "Mimma Bella" seems to us to rank with the more important English elegies. Until now it has been accessible, in greatly abridged form, only in the *Fortnightly Review*. The present edition has a portrait of the author and a brief biographical introduction by his widow. We will enrich the page with one of these fine sonnets, the eighth:

Where Mimma lies, some nameless children sleep,
Whose graves in the obliterating grass
Sink slowly, as the empty seasons pass,
And look like waves on Time's slow-heaving deep.

No tears, no flowers; save when spring-clouds weep
Upon them, or the breeze with faint "Alas!"
Brings them stray petals from the flowery mass
Upon some grave that Love and Sorrow keep.

Who were they? No one knows. But theirs this wreath
Of fourteen herries, that a stranger brings
With blossoms for his child that sleeps beneath.

For Life, their names are faint forgotten things;
But now within the larger book of Death,
Their names are written with the names of kings.

Miss Constance Hill has taken as her own the anecdotal history of Fanny Burney, Jane Austen, and the other literary ladies of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and her books, with the charming illustrations from the sketches of Miss Ellen G. Hill, have been among the pleasantest of the kind in recent years. Now she makes a volume out of "Maria Edgeworth and Her Circle in the Days of Buonaparte and Bourbon" (John Lane & Co.). The title is taken from the chapters which tell of Miss Edgeworth's visits to Paris in the shifting days of empire and monarchy, but the story is by no means confined to France. London also comes into view, with glimpses of Mrs. Barbauld, Joanna Baillie, the Miss Berrys, and other twinkling lights, chiefly feminine. Miss Hill draws on letters preserved by the Edgeworth family and hitherto unpublished, but the interest of her work is due to her sprightliness more than to any novelty of material. The book is scarcely as entertaining as her "Juniper Hall" and "House in St. Martin's Street," owing to the fact that the unity of place in those earlier volumes kept her from that scattering of effects which is always the temptation of the anecdotal writer.

"Scenes from Every Land," second series, is a collection of 250 pictures, most of which have appeared in the *National Geographic Magazine* during the past few years. They give vivid impressions of human and animal life in savage and semi-civilized countries and of some wonderful mountain scenery. The most interesting, linking ancient with modern times, shows the inauguration of the Damascus to Mecca Railway at Tebuk by sacrificing sheep. A bibliography of recent books of travel in English has been added by the editor, Gilbert H. Grosvenor. (Washington, D. C.: National Geographic Society.)

"Monte Cristo" is not our favorite among the Dumas novels, but it belongs, no doubt, in the Everyman's Library (E. P. Dutton & Co.), where it has been preceded by "The Black Tulip," "Marguerite de Valois," and the Musketeer romances. The "Monte Cristo" is here squeezed into two volumes, of between five and six hundred pages each. This means that the paper used is far from opaque. There is the same general criticism to pass upon Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," similarly published in two volumes; though here it is not the thinness so much as the mere inferiority of the paper which is to be complained of. Thomas Seccombe contributes a short introduction to the first of these volumes. It is a pleasure to note that other additions to this really excellent series of reprints are above criticism of the kind applicable to the Dumas and Prescott. Thus the page of "The Bayard of India: A Life of General Sir James Outram," by Capt. Lionel J. Trotter, is a pleasing one; although, of course, the economy which is a prominent consideration in this series narrows the margins somewhat more than would be desirable were economy to be left out of account. India seems to be a favorite subject nowadays with the Everyman publishers; they are reprinting also George Smith's "William Carey: Shoemaker and Missionary"—the biography of "the first of her own children of the Reformation whom England sent forth as a missionary to India."

The Messrs. Dutton advertise, also, that two courses of systematic reading, founded on the texts which they publish in this library, and prepared by H. W. Mabie, are now ready, while others are to be announced at an early date. The first of these courses is described as "The Heart of Everyman's Library," and is based on a selection of books which, to quote Mr. Mabie, "contain the richest substance of thought and feeling, the deepest experience, and the most radiant vitality interpreted and expressed by the most original and penetrating artistic genius." The other course, "Books of Pleasant Reading," concerns itself with a shorter list. One learns, too, that the diverting introductions contributed by Mr. Chesterton to the Everyman's Dickens are to be collected and published in a single volume.

Professor Gildersleeve's University of Virginia lectures, "Hellas and Hesperia: or the Vitality of Greek Studies in America" (Holt), inevitably suggest comparison

with Professor Butcher's "Harvard Lectures on Greek Subjects" and the late Sir Richard Jebb's Turnbull lectures on Greek poetry at Johns Hopkins. It is disappointing to find that they do not stand the comparison. They consist chiefly of personal reminiscences, and of desultory remarks upon anything within or without the field of Greek studies. It is interesting, of course, to learn that Professor Gildersleeve is responsible for the term "bolometer," which he created at the request of the late Professor Langley, and for the suggestion of "aërodrome," which he found in Lucian. Even so, and notwithstanding the fact that these discourses are enlivened by the lecturer's jests upon grammarians, by his exposure of translators' inadequacy, and by his not too profound comparison of the Greek and the American character, they seem, on the whole, hardly to present the "fresh aspect" of the subject which the terms of the foundation lead the reader to look for; nor do they possess as a series the unity that under these terms would entitle them to publication in book form. This criticism Professor Gildersleeve anticipates, but does not disarm.

The character and career of the Emperor Akbar the Great have excited the interest and admiration of more than one English writer on East India. Fuller, however, than the accounts of him given by Sir M. H. Elliot, in his "History of India," or by Stanley Lane-Poole in "Mediæval India," is the biography by the professor of Indology in the University of Tübingen, Dr. Richard Garbe, under the title: "Kaiser Akbar von Indien: Ein Lebens- und Kulturbild aus dem sechszehnten Jahrhundert" (Leipzig: Hassel). Professor Garbe's small volume contains a faithful record of the life of this enlightened ruler.

"The Jena Campaign," by Col. Maude (The Macmillan Co.), is an unusual book that should attract readers from a wider circle than the special students of military history to whom it is addressed. For Jena, as the author rightly holds, marks the point at which the French Revolution imposed on Europe the theory of the loosely trained armed nation, which at the present day lies, with other factors, at the back of the Pacifist movement. But was Europe right? Did not the Prussian battalions really demonstrate that the small army of highly trained long-service soldiers is superior to the loosely trained mass? That is the author's thesis; and without forcing us to agree with his extreme conclusions, he proves the case, as have most of his predecessors from Klausewitz to de Bonnal, that it was only in the higher command that the Prussians really failed. While disagreeing with many of the author's historical generalizations, and with a few of his details, we can praise his volume highly for its grasp of the military facts, and for its suggestiveness. The only serious criticism to which he is open on his subject proper is that he does not ascribe to the movements of St. Hilaire nearly enough importance.

The Hartford Theological Seminary celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary last May, and in recognition of the event the trustees directed the preparation of a volume on "Recent Christian Progress," to consist of essays in all departments of Christian thought and work by men connected in one way or another with the institution. The book contains over fifty chapters in the various fields of Christian theology, biblical criticism, church work, and missions. As a whole, it evidences the important services rendered by the graduates of the seminary. Professor Lewis Bayles Paton is the editor. (The Macmillan Co.)

A new addition to that magnificent *Sammelwerk* entitled "Die Kultur der Gegenwart, ihre Entwicklung und ihre Ziele," edited by Prof. Paul Hinneberg and published by B. G. Teubner of Leipzig and Berlin (price, 14 marks), is a solid tome of nearly six hundred pages, entitled "Allgemeine Geschichte der Philosophie," and is probably the most comprehensive work of the kind in existence. It is the joint product of eight authoritative savants. The introduction, dealing with the beginnings of philosophy and the philosophy of the primitive peoples, is from the pen of Prof. Wilhelm Wündt. Part i, "Die Indische Philosophie," is the work of Prof. Hermann Oldenberg; Part ii, "Islamic and Jewish Philosophy," by Ignaz Goldziher, discusses the influence of this thought on the scholastic writers of the Middle Ages; Part iii, "The Philosophy of China," by Dr. Wilhelm Grube, contains an unusual amount of new and hitherto inaccessible matter; Part iv, "The Philosophy of Japan," by Tetsujiro Inouye, can naturally claim unusual interest; Part v, discussing the philosophy of the Europe of antiquity, is by Dr. Hans von Arnim; Part vi, which treats of European philosophy in the Middle Ages, is by Prof. Clemens Bäumker, and the seventh and final part is a discussion of modern philosophy by Dr. Wilhelm Winderbrand. Each part is subdivided into four or more heads, and has a bibliography. It would be hard to get more solid information and suggestive data to the square inch than is found in this new history of philosophy.

A new edition of the "Tristan und Isolde" of Gottfried von Strassburg, prepared by Wilhelm Hertz, has just been issued by J. G. Cotta of Stuttgart. It is critical and carefully edited, with a *Nachwort* by Friedrich von der Leyen.

Few long articles fall within the nineteenth volume of Meyers Grosses Konversations-Lexicon, from "Sternberg" to "Vestor." The longest is the one on the Turkish empire, which here falls a victim to the slow process of encyclopædia making and appears as still an absolute monarchy with its history brought up to only 1906. The wild animal trade (*Tierhandel*) receives brief but interesting comment. Robert Louis Stevenson is credited with the authorship of "The Treasure Island," but "Kidnapped" is omitted. Richard Strauss is sharply set down as lacking the melodic gift. Burial (*Totenbestattung*) carries a number of rather uncommon illustrations. There is an error in the short notice on the London *Times*. That journal is now under the management, not of Mr. C. A. Pearson, but of one of the Walters. "Tunnels" has a sketch map of New York's subterranean network, but not all our river tubes are shown. In the list of high towers (*Turin*) we miss the Singer tower, which should come in second place after the Eiffel, the Metropolitan's aspiring minaret being too new for inclusion.

Science.

Snake Venoms. By Dr. Hideyo Noguchi. Publication No. 111. Washington: The Carnegie Institution.

Dr. Noguchi, whose studies were begun under Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, but completed at the Rockefeller Institute in New York under Dr. Flexner, now embodies his researches in an elaborate monograph of over 300 pages, with many illustrations in sepia and in colors. Although he makes special reference to the phenomena of the venom itself, yet his field is really much broader. The first fifty pages are devoted to a descriptive and systematic morphological and a distributional account of the poisonous snakes of the world, more than 300 forms being enumerated, followed by a description of the poison apparatus. In a short chapter on the phylogeny of poisonous snakes, Dr. Noguchi states that the poison gland was probably the first of the specialized structures to appear, while the elaborate, erectile, grooved fangs were of later development. The poison gland "is equivalent to, if not identical with, the parotid of the mammalia." The remainder of the work is given up to a consideration of the venom itself. We find chapters on its physical and chemical properties; symptoms of venom poisoning in man and in lower animals; and on the organism as a whole and upon specific organs and tissues, this latter subject being more fully treated than any other.

There follow chapters on artificial and natural immunity, with a most interesting but altogether technical discussion of antivenins. The final and thirtieth chapter is headed Treatment of Snake Bites. Here we have a careful review of the various so-called antidotes with a scientific testing of their value. The author concludes that ammonia and alcohol are absolutely harmful in critical cases, their only value being where the person was not fatally bitten. Sucking the wound is entirely useless. The treatment advocated is to ligature the bitten part at once with a tourniquet of cloth or rubber, and to inject locally a one per cent. solution of potassium permanganate. If an antivenin is at hand, injections should be made both intravenously and locally. These serums are now prepared at institutions in India, Australia, Brazil, Tokio, and at the Rockefeller Institute in New York. When the amount of venom introduced into the bite is very large, nothing avails to prevent death, but the above treatment proves efficient in the great majority of what otherwise would prove fatal cases.

The monograph ends with a bibliography of about 400 titles, and a well-made index. The lack of summaries in

the various chapters is a drawback to easy reference. In these days of vast output of scientific treatises, when one man can hardly cover the field even of his chosen specialty, such a lack is most annoying. In every case, where several hundred facts are stated concerning some character or characteristic of the venom, there should be a brief summing up of the knowledge which these facts give.

A dispatch from Vienna states that the Austrian government will place upon the market a portion of the 154 grains of radium chloride, produced by the St. Joachimthal (Bohemia) plant. After the Vienna hospitals and scientific institutions have been supplied, free of cost, the remainder is to be offered for sale at $75,000 per gramme.

Prof. S. W. Williston of the department of palæontology at the University of Chicago has unearthed fossils or skeletons of reptiles and mammalia attributed to the hardly imaginable period of fifteen million years ago. An expedition of the Chicago institution commenced the excavations which led to these discoveries, last summer, in northwestern Texas, north of the Wichita River. Animal forms deposited in the clay as far back as the Palæozoic Age were here uncovered. The skeletons of the animals that died in what was then a river delta became covered with mud and detritus which, century after century, increased in depth. Later, the surface of the earth in this region underwent an upheaval; and this was followed by the triturating effects of winds and rains, which finally brought the surface of the earth down again to the point at which these bodies lay. Minute work is now being given by Professor Williston and his assistants to the placing together and the reconstruction of amphibia of which science has heretofore had no knowledge, but which prove connecting links between the classification of species heretofore established.

The Anglo-Egyptian government of the Sudan, realizing that it is impossible to educate and govern a people without a knowledge of their customs, ideals, unwritten laws and usages, has determined to make an anthropological survey of the country. Dr. and Mrs. C. G. Seligmann, who have just completed a similar work in Ceylon, have been chosen to conduct these investigations, and leave England this month for the Sudan. Their first work will be with the Dinkas and Shilluks in the Upper Nile Province, and then probably they will study the Nubas of Southern Kordofan. An anthropometrical survey is also contemplated.

George W. Hill of Columbia University has received the Copley medal of the Royal Astronomical Society of England, for researches in astronomy. In 1887 a gold medal was awarded to him by the same society, and he also received the Damoiseau prize of the Paris Académie des Sciences for researches in celestial mechanics.

The death of Dr. C. Gottsche, director of the Hamburg Geological Institute, is announced.

Dr. Theodore Ruggles Tinby, inventor of the revolving turret used on the Monitor in the civil war, died November 9 in Brooklyn, at the age of ninety-one years. He was the author of "Beyond," "Stellar Worlds," "Lighted Lore for Gentle Folk," and the inventor of the floating dry dock (1836), the American turbine water-wheel or motor (1844), and of the first commercially portable 33-inch mercurial barometer (1857). From 1861 to 1891 he frequently patented devices for coast defence, and his seems to have been the first wholly practicable method for raising sunken vessels (1841).

John R. Moffitt, inventor of the modern threshing machine (1851), died at Denver, Colorado, November 15, aged eighty-four years.

Drama.

"The Cottage in the Air," the modern comedy by Edward Knoblauch, which was the second production of the New Theatre, proved to be an adaptation of "Priscilla's Fortnight," a tale by the Baroness von Arnin, author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." It describes the escapade of a minor German princess, who, rather than marry the princely husband prescribed by parental authority, makes a secret flight to England in the company of her old tutor—an amiable idealist who has expatiated to her upon the hollow mockeries of royal pomp and the joys of a simple, free, and altruistic life. She hopes to rusticate, incognita, in some village Eden and find true happiness in ministering to the poor. She discovers her ideal spot and proceeds to play the part of lady bountiful with disastrous results. By her indiscreet benefactions she quickly demoralizes the whole laboring community, and hopelessly antagonizes the local dignitaries, represented chiefly by a feeble parson and his formidable wife. Moreover, she soon becomes the object of most uncharitable suspicion, and—after her ready money has all gone—the helpless victim of infuriated creditors. Even the chivalrous but somewhat foolish young squire, who has gallantly offered her his heart and hand, doubts her honesty when she says that her position will not permit her to accept his offer. Broken-hearted at the utter failure of her experiment she is compelled to confess the truth to the lad's mother, who accords her sympathy, but insists that her conduct has been wholly inconsiderate and selfish. So it comes to pass that the poor princess, disillusioned and humiliated, is glad to welcome her affianced prince—who is really very fond of her and has tracked her to her retreat—and willingly consents to assume the royal and matrimonial yoke which she had sought to avoid.

This pretty little old-fashioned fairy story, although it undoubtedly contains elements of popularity, is somewhat unsubstantial dramatic stuff to occupy so prominent a place in the New Theatre programme. But it furnishes agreeable entertainment, is wholesome, fairly interesting—though by no means absorbing—and is not deficient in either humor, albeit of a conventional order, or characterization. Many of the personages are cleverly and truly drawn, the adapter having executed his task with nice discretion. The sketch of the bibulous, blustering, and dunderheaded Grand Duke is capital and was vitally personified by Mr. Louis Calvert. Admirable, too, is the study of the tenderhearted and scholarly old idealist, Herr Fritzing, the princess's tutor, very well played by Albert Bruning. The princess, also, is an attractive and living piece of womanhood, in whose portrayal Miss Olive Wyndham was only partly successful. She failed to realize the embarrassment of royalty in utterly strange conditions, and so missed many humorous opportunities. All the English types are veracious and were notably well acted. Mrs. Sol Smith enacted a hypocritical old pauper with skilful realism and unexaggerated humor, while Mr. Cecil Yapp and Miss Beverly Sitgreaves presented the parson and his wife in convincing fashion. Miss Rose Coghlan, as a kindly woman of the world, gave life and color to a conventional sketch by her finished and authoritative style, and Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk played her simple, impressionable son with his usual neatness and intelligence. Considered as a whole, the representation was distinctly good in its smoothness and level excellence, while the stage management was admirable. The achievement, in short, though in no way specially remarkable, was altogether creditable to the new organization, which is evidently well equipped for the lighter forms of comedy, however deficient it may be in some of the requirements of poetic tragedy. A test of its capacity in the stronger forms of modern drama will be afforded in its forthcoming presentation of Mr. Galsworthy's "Strife." It is far too soon yet to attempt any forecast of the possibilities of its future, but it may be said confidently that its second experiment supplies firmer ground for hopeful expectation than did its first.

England is to retain its censor of plays, though the reports do not make it clear whether the judicious Mr. Redford is to wield powers unshorn or whether the absolute prohibition of a play is to be replaced by a warning from the censor that police prosecution may follow its production. At the same time, music-halls, now exempt, are to be placed under the authority of the censor. This is a peculiar result of the campaign waged for the suppression of the censorship. Under that system, it was argued, serious plays of the realistic sort came under the ban, while the indecencies of the vaudeville stage flourished unchecked. The Parliamentary investigating committee, after taking a good deal of testimony, seems to have gravely decided that, yes, the music-hall does enjoy greater liberty than the legitimate stage, so we had better put music-halls, too, under the man with the blue pencil. The testimony given before the committee by England's most eminent men of letters was by no means so hostile to the censorship as we have been led to imagine. The necessity of a change in the present system most of the witnesses insisted upon. The censor's decisions were arbitrary and erratic, and it was hinted that Mr. Redford, for all his estimable qualities as a gentleman, was in the matter of literary equipment only so-so. But it also appeared that some sort of licensing system for the theatre was called for by public opinion, and the agile

Mr. Chesterton went so far as to say he should not object to the Municipal Council passing on the eligibility of a play.

The late John Davidson left a written request that all persons happening to possess copies of certain plays and adaptations of his making should destroy them, and that these pieces should never be produced; the titles of the plays being as follows: "Queen Fiammetta," "The Children of the King," "Fanny Le Grand," "Phèdre," "Lancelot," "The Game of Life."

R. L. Stevenson's story, "The Suicide Club," which has been produced with grisly effect at the Grand-Guignol in Paris, under the title "Les Nuits du Hampton's Club," and was acted by that company on its English tour of season before last, is in process of dramatization for English production by Seymour Hicks.

The London Afternoon Theatre began its season at His Majesty's Theatre on November 11. A two-act opera by Joseph Holbrooke, with a libretto by W. E. Grogan, "Pierrot and Pierrette," was produced, as also J. M. Synge's Irish comedy, "The Tinker's Wedding."

M. Antoine promises for production at the Odéon this season a dramatization of "David Copperfield," by Max Maurey. Other pieces announced are an adaptation by André de Lorde, from Guy de Maupassant; an historical play by Maurice Donnay of the Academy; "Parrain," a four-act play by Pierre Veber; "L'Impasse," a five-act piece by Emile and Philippe Moreau; "L'Ornière," by Charles Desfontaines, and "Reines de rois," by Léon Hennique and Johannes Gravier.

Music.

OPERATIC EXTENSION

Beginning last Monday, and continuing five months, New York will have fifteen or sixteen operatic performances a week. Not many years ago one company singing five times a week was found quite enough, sometimes more than enough. When Oscar Hammerstein built the Manhattan Opera House there were few who believed that he would be able to hold his own for even one season against the millionaires who control the Metropolitan Opera House. Last week he entered his fourth season with brighter prospects than ever. Some of his achievements have even had their influence on the production of opera abroad, and they have done much toward stimulating that general interest in opera throughout this country which is one of the most notable phenomena of the day.

Observers of musical conditions in this country have long considered it anomalous that, whereas in Italy, Germany, and France every large city has a long opera season, nearly always by a local company, American cities, including some numbering over a million inhabitants, have hitherto been content to take their annual allowance of opera in a festival lasting a week or two, during which so much is offered that the feast degenerates into a gorge. As many music-lovers persistently refused to patronize such performances, the impression was created that the American public, outside of the metropolis, which is semi-foreign, did not care for grand opera. Obviously, there was something wrong about this conclusion. Is not opera everywhere more popular than concerts and do not concerts flourish surprisingly in American cities? The great European artists come over here for their most abundant harvests; the operatic prima-donnas earn even more by giving recitals than they do at the Metropolitan and Manhattan; and a number of cities, among them Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Washington, St. Paul, Milwaukee, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Seattle, have permanent orchestras of their own. Is it not a foregone conclusion that opera, because of its more direct appeal not only to the masses but to those who have most money to spend, will flourish in our cities if homes are built for it and local companies installed?

Philadelphia always seemed to have as much opera as it cared for while it got one performance a week from our Metropolitan singers. When Mr. Hammerstein built his opera house in that city, those who believed he was doing an unwise thing were again in the majority, but they were mistaken. The appetite for opera grows as it is catered to. Two weeks ago the Philadelphia season was opened by the performance of the same opera—"Aïda"—by both the New York companies; and both the houses were filled to their capacity. In its dependence on borrowed companies, Philadelphia is behind Boston, which has achieved the distinction of having an opera house and a company of its own—our only non-metropolitan city, if we except New Orleans with its French company, of which this can be said. The eagerness with which Boston took up the project of having a real opera house and home-made opera is indeed quite amazing. Although it was understood from the beginning that more reliance would be placed on good ensemble than on the engagement of "stars," all of the boxes and the parquet seats were taken for three seasons before the first had begun! To satisfy the demand Mr. Russell actually had to enlarge his scheme by adding Thursday and Saturday to the opera nights. Besides its fifteen weeks of home-made opera, Boston will also have two weeks of German opera by our Metropolitan artists and two by the French and Italian singers at the Manhattan, so that her season will fall only a week short of ours.

Details regarding their scheme of operatic expansion have been furnished recently by MM. Gatti-Casazza and Dippel. The Boston company is affiliated with our Metropolitan, which lent Mmes. Nordica and Homer for the opening night and will help on other occasions, getting the occasional services of Boston singers in return. This is only one of many arms which the Broadway octopus is stretching out in all directions. Another one takes in Atlanta, the inhabitants of which, though numbering only 150,000, have engaged the Metropolitan forces for a whole week next May. The guarantee called for was subscribed in one day and a completely equipped stage is to be made ready. St. Louis, which formerly did not seem to care for opera, has begged to be included in the next spring tour. Baltimore is to be favored with a series of weekly performances instead of a festival. In Chicago Mr. Dippel has rescued the Auditorium from the low level to which it had sunk, and it is to be once more the home of grand opera. Seidl, Nordica, De Reszke, and the other Grau artists used to look forward to the Chicago visits on account of the Auditorium's excellent acoustic qualities, which are now duplicated in Boston's new opera house.

It is Mr. Dippel's intention gradually to take all our leading cities into his circuit, and thus to extend the opera season from five months to nine. Chicago is to have its own company, affiliated, like that of Boston, with the Broadway house; and other cities, it is expected, will soon follow these examples. But the most extraordinary aspect of this policy of extension is the inclusion of Paris, which is to be visited next spring for a series of Italian evenings which, with Caruso, cannot fail to be successful. Nor can there be any doubt as to the outcome of the German nights to be given there the following year, for the Parisians, though they are Wagner enthusiasts, have seldom if ever heard his works as well given as they are here. Mr. Hammerstein also has engaged a Parisian theatre for a series of French performances. He will not be carrying coals to Newcastle, but simply cause the best Parisian singers, nearly all of whom he has, to return for a visit to the scene of their former triumphs.

It is because our American managers have corralled nearly all of the world's greatest artists that they can thus enlarge their plans to international dimensions. Various advantages will result, so far as America is concerned. Heretofore American students have been compelled to go abroad because in Germany and Italy alone there are a sufficient number of opera houses to offer them a start. As our own buildings multiply, this will no longer be necessary. American composers are more likely to get the encouragement they deserve; and as for foreign composers, they are already looking to America as the best

place for producing novelties, because we have the best singers. Puccini is writing his new opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," for the Metropolitan, and Humperdinck will soon cross the Atlantic to let us enjoy his "Children of the King" before even the Germans have heard it. New York is destined to become, operatically, what Paris was in the days of Meyerbeer.

Quite unexpectedly, in view of rumors that had been circulated, the acoustic properties of the New Theatre proved to be not only tolerable, but exceptionally good for operatic performances. The test was made on Tuesday night with Massenet's "Werther." The strings and woodwind had a delicious sound, while the brass actually came out too loud in some places. Two previous attempts are on record to float this opera, but they were made in the Metropolitan, the vast spaces of which proved fatal to its delicate charms, even though the cast included Jean de Reszke and Emma Eames. In the New Theatre, the opera is sung by Geraldine Farrar, who presents some lovely pictures in it; the popular French tenor, M. Clément; beside Miss Gluck and M. Dinh Gilly, all of whom made successful débuts. "Werther" has at last found its proper surroundings, and, judging by its reception, it is likely to succeed at last.

In the days of Hans von Bülow the Russian music of the period was regarded as the limit of the allowable in the matter of dissonance and general defiance of the conventional. The trouble with those composers was that they had little to offer besides dissonance and defiance, and so their works have been consigned to oblivion. The men who survived were the melodists, Tchaikovsky, Rubinstein, and Rimsky-Korsakoff, whom the cacophonists scorned. At the present day no composer is more prominent in Russia than Sergei Vassilievich Rachmaninoff, who made his New York début on Saturday afternoon by playing his second pianoforte concerto with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is well known that Brahms owed the beginning of his fame to the Hungarian dances he had arranged and published. Rachmaninoff, similarly, might have remained unknown to the general public had it not been for a prelude which became a "best seller," and, strange to say, deserved all the vogue it got, for it is good music. His concerto had been played here before more than once, but he showed that there is more in it than had previously been suspected. It is a pleasure to add that he is not a cacophonist; Russia has apparently recovered from that disease.

From Rome we learn of the presentation, at no remote date, of the new operetta by Ruggiero Leoncavallo, which is called "Malbrouk," and the libretto of which is by Maurice Vaucaire. The opera will be offered this season to the German as well as to the Italian public. Its subject is allegorical, and it is said that the hero has nothing in common with the Malbrouk of the old French song. Signor Leoncavallo's Marlborough is derived, rather, from Boccaccio, and from such analyses of the piece as are available, one gathers the impression that the new opera is of the merriest.

Ludwig Schytter, the Danish composer, has died in Vienna, his place of residence in recent years, in his sixtieth year. His songs and compositions for pianoforte number about 110, and he wrote also a one-act opera, "Hero" (1898), and a comic opera.

News comes of the death of Nicolo Spinelli, winner of the second prize in the Sonzogno competition of 1890, when Mascagni won the first with "Cavalleria Rusticana." A later opera, "A Basso Porto," has been successfully produced in Italy, as also in Germany and at London.

Art.

THE BOSTON ART MUSEUM.

On Monday the Boston Museum of Fine Arts opened its new building to the public. It is the first structure of the sort that has taken into account the remoter growth of the collections it houses, and it is, as well, the first museum that makes a logical division between display and storage of its treasures. Though it has two and a half times the floor area of the abandoned building in Copley Square, it is still but a scant half of the greater museum that it is to be. The façade expresses clearly the double function suggested above. A well-lighted lower story is largely given up to administration, study rooms, and objects in storage exhibition; the higher upper story is devoted to exhibition galleries containing the objects of most general value and appeal.

This scheme has imposed difficult conditions upon the architect, Guy Lowell, and his advisory committee, Messrs. E. M. Wheelwright, D. Despradelle, and R. G. Sturgis. It was a question of a front 500 feet long with a height of only some forty feet. The trustees had determined to avoid that excessive height which, affording monumental opportunities to the architect of a museum, imposes in bad lighting and ill-proportioned gallery walls, a permanent discomfort upon the visitor. The lower story also must be generously pierced for light, and could not serve merely as a base. The architect frankly accepted the situation and carried the second-story windows down to the string moulding by brackets—or one might say a false balcony—thus making the lower windows a kind of sash for the more ornate upper opening and thereby gaining, with a vertical motive, a sense of height. Again, the squatness of the front is dissimulated by bringing the wings forward 120 feet towards Huntington Avenue, and providing both them and the central entrance with slender Ionic porticos. By proper landscape gardening of the vast forecourt thus inclosed—and this, naturally, will take time—the building will gain in seclusion and dignity.

It has seemed well to go rather fully into this matter of plan, because on no other basis can the merits of the building be appreciated. The design is absolutely a structural one, being directed throughout by the inner requirements. Great ingenuity has been shown in drawing architectural profit from the cramping conditions. What is even more remarkable in the whole thing is the fidelity with which the architect has applied his science and taste to the essential matter in hand. He has caught the spirit of the Museum, and has expressed it for all time. When one thinks of the specious libraries that are put up irrespective of the service they must render, of museums that belittle and crush the beautiful objects they contain, one is tempted to require a monument for Mr. Guy Lowell and his associates.

One enters by a massive staircase in three flights to reach the elliptical rotunda, which eventually will be the distributing centre of the pile. At the front of the staircase well is the reference library and collection of photographs, approaching which one may look into the balconied courts which contain the casts. Later these facsimiles will have a hall of their own, and the courts will be used for originals. Turning to the right at the head of the steps, one passes two small galleries and reaches the great hall devoted to the Egyptian collections. The walls, as generally in the museum, are of plaster carefully glazed, and very lively in effect. The remarkable Mastaba tombs with painted reliefs, which have been long in storage, are now set up entire and divide the early from the middle period. They supply a broad record of Egyptian life. Hunting, warfare, commerce, the handicrafts—all are represented. The wooden images and limestone reliefs exemplifying the earlier dynasties are famous. These are set up with abundant space, and fragments of two colossal statues in alabaster have been added. Probably nothing in America so completely expresses the gravity of this early style.

Passing to the left from the Hall of Late Egyptian Art one may make the round of five halls in the east wing, beginning with archaic Greek and finishing with Greco-Roman art. Again the walls are treated in grayish roughcast subtly toned. In this department the advantages of an elastic and humane system of exhibition appear conspicuously. The aim has been to give an anthology of classic art century by century, and nothing has been omitted that could add to the veracity and interest of the picture, nothing omitted that is merely repetitious and tedious. Thus the archaic room, which contains the famous Assos reliefs and a fragmentary funeral slab, really gains its effect from a splendid vase of the type of Douris, and even more from a central case containing a small group of those austere little bronzes which represented the so-called

Dædalan style at its best. Most museums would have kept the vase and the bronzes in their respective departments, and the result would have been to impoverish the archaic display.

The next hall, that of the fifth century, contains a lovely and magnificent marble relief of Eros Weighing Souls, which has been opportunely bought to give lustre to the reopening of the museum. It is a work of such transcendent beauty and importance that it seems better to return to it soon, rather than to interrupt the itinerary. In this hall again a splendid red-figured vase with scenes from the Trojan war is a valuable adjunct to the major exhibits. Passing two halls of marbles, we reach the fourth century, where terra-cotta figurines come to the front as the marbles become scarcer. In the next hall, that of Hellenistic art, mirrors, embossed tops of toilet boxes, are welcome exhibits.

Thus gallery by gallery the components change, and the balance of interest shifts now to this now to that class of objects, while the epitome of each century remains fairly complete and satisfactory. Evidently the only way to display the art of a period is to take it as a humane product, ignoring the arbitrary segregations that scholars have justifiably made for their convenience. The critics of the Renaissance had the true sense of this unity of the arts when they insisted that all were included under the general category of design (*disegno*). This idea has inspired those who arranged the classical department of this museum. So successfully have they displayed the material at their command that it seems to us that nowhere, outside Greece itself, except in the British Museum, can Greek art be studied more advantageously, or, saving the Terme Museum at Rome, seen more enjoyably.

And now for the finest of new acquisitions: In the marble throne with reliefs representing Eros (Thanatos? Hermes?) weighing two souls before two seated goddesses, the museum has acquired one of the most precious remnants of Greek sculpture at its best. That this is not too much to say will be plain when it is added that this relief is evidently the companion-piece of the famous Ludovisi throne at Rome, and that it is in every way in better preservation. That one is the pendant of the other is shown by the marble, the nature of the cutting, the dimensions, and even more by the correspondence of the subjects. And first, neither is properly called a throne. The inner surfaces where the seat should be, are roughly hewn, show no traces of facing, and evidently were not meant to be seen. The finish of the edges again suggests that the two pieces were either imbedded in masonry or served as the crown of a monument at a level above the eye. One may surmise that they were the gable ends of a small shrine, and separated by a small space of plain masonry. The Ludovisi relief, it will be recalled, shows in the gabled back Venus rising from the sea (some archæologists say rather Persephone rising from or sinking to the Lower World), attended by two nymphs, now headless, who draw a mantle about the lovely torso of the deity. The corresponding panel at Boston displays a nude winged figure holding a balance in the pans of which are two athletic figures in miniature. As the beam tips, the seated figure at the left raises her hand in sorrow at the fatal lot, while the other figure sits motionless in contentment. The arm of the balance has disappeared. It was mortised into tenons, the size of which shows that the scales were entirely of marble. At the corners are fine volutes surrounded by a honeysuckle finial. This beautiful feature is missing from the Roman piece.

The interpretation of these two main reliefs will doubtless exercise archæologists for years to come. Only the alternative seems plain that if the Roman example is indeed an Aphrodite, then the weigher of souls should be Eros, while on the theory that the goddess is Persephone, the winged judge should be Hermes, or possibly Thanatos —Death himself. The little figures in the balance, executed in freest low relief, are of utmost delicacy and beauty. To find their like one must go to the high Renaissance or to Rodin. The rhomboidal sides of the Boston piece are again of extraordinary interest. At the right a graceful youth wholly nude sits on a doubled cushion and plays the lyre. He faced the entrancing nude figure of a piping maiden in the Ludovisi throne. At the left a short-haired crone sits with hands on knees holding what seems to be the remnant of a staff. She faced the draped figure of a priestess putting incense upon a slender brazier. The head of the old woman has an extraordinary intensity of expression. One would imagine it a portrait. And were it detached from the body, only the marble would warn the admirer that this was not a drastic portrait head by some transitional sculptor of the late Middle Ages, say, a Christoforo Romano. It reveals the genius of Greece in a new phase. The draperies and the feet have that especial delicacy and precision which we find only at the moment when an archaic art is nearing its classic consummation. The museum is to be congratulated, not merely on securing one of the loveliest examples of Greek sculpture, but also on owning a masterpiece, the quality of which, representing a transient and seldom recurring perfection, is even rarer than that of the so-called golden ages.

From the classical wing, the visitor would naturally go back either by the central corridor or the narrower passageway that skirts the Egyptian hall, to the picture galleries. But since the pictures are in provisional quarters, and are in the main arranged as they were in the old museum, the hurried pilgrim naturally reserves them for a more convenient occasion. Instead, one may pass through three side-lighted halls, to the right of the main corridor on entering, which are devoted to the art of the eighteenth and the seventeenth centuries and to that of the Renaissance. Thus one reaches a large top-lighted gallery, hung with tapestries, and, beyond to the right, a smaller hall, containing objects of Near Eastern make, chiefly Persian. Pottery and textiles constitute the bulk of this exhibition, but there is much fine metal work, and a lustred bowl with a figure design, exquisitely executed, rightly holds the centre of the room. It represents Persian draughtsmanship at its perfection and should be inspected with the reverent attention one gives to the illuminated page of a splendid mediæval manuscript.

One approaches the west wing and the art of the Far East through a corridor set with cases of Chinese pottery and porcelain, with larger pieces on pedestals between. Here is a grateful change from the too common precedent of continuous cases. And here appears a finesse consistently carried out in this section: all the woodwork of the cases and the trim of the hall is in unvarnished wood, with Japanese profiles. The aim has been not to reproduce any special form, but simply to avoid the disturbing presence of forms with Western associations. In the first hall, dedicated to Japanese sculpture, this simple principle of congruity has been enlarged upon, it may seem unhappily. Not that there is anything inherently amiss with the columned sanctuary with interlacing wood vaulting that R. A. Cram has designed for these Buddhas and lesser adepts of "The Way." In fact, they look very stately in their intercolumnar spaces. It is just such a setting as an amateur of taste might contrive for his treasures, and this may seem both its eulogy and condemnation. It smacks of amateurism. It puts the setting in competition with the jewels, and, worse yet, it puts in an unfairly anticlimactical light the simple walls that follow. As for the bronze and wooden images, they are already famous. In the old museum most of them occupied a similar, but much less ornate, hall. All styles from Shinto sculpture, antedating the Buddhist era, to the splendid decline of the sixteenth century, are represented. What is remarkable is the severity and intelligence of the workmanship. Only the very finest Western sculpture approaches it. Look at the three-headed god that guards the exit. By the sparsest indications, the bony form and the drag of the muscles is suggested. Every touch of

the chisel and drawing knife has counted tremendously. Here is a minimum of work, with a maximum of vision and directing intelligence.

Within the nine halls of the Far Eastern wing is a balcony simply carpentered in Japanese style, with fine temple carvings let into the rail, which looks down upon a sanded garden where in four square pools grow lotos and papyrus. A bronze Buddha, with some dull gilt about him, takes in the scene in sleepy approval. One or two gray stone lanterns rise from the silvery sand. This is not a museum feature. It is rather an oasis provided for the wearied visitor, where he may halt and, freeing himself of the bustling associations of every day, let a little of the mysterious calm of the sacred East fill his harassed consciousness. The end of our visit is peace.

But it is not quite the end. Questions intrude. Where are many of the objects we used to see in the old buildings? How has the princely space we note in most halls—by no means in all; some are still overcrowded—been gained? The answer is found downstairs. There are kept the collections that are perplexingly big and various for the average man. Here is the extraordinary Morse collection of Japanese pottery, representing the makes of half the villages of Nippon. Here is the print collection with a roomy exhibition gallery. Here the bulk of the textiles, one of the most notable collections, is kept at the disposal of every student. Similarly, the Greek vases and terra-cottas are here in exhibition storage. The student, or, indeed, the merely curious visitor, may see and study all these things in quiet with the aid of the curators and working libraries. And the principle that has created this building now appears plainly. The more beautiful things, those that have a civilizing value for every man, have been shown with generous space, so that they may tell; while the archæological objects—those that concern chiefly the professional student, have been brought into a more compact and isolated arrangement which is far more convenient for the investigator than the condition prevailing in true exhibition halls. We have, as has been said, two museums in one, but this duality does not imply disagreement. On the contrary, there will be a constant give and take between the galleries and the storerooms. Variety will be secured by changing the exhibitions as anniversaries or other current motive may dictate. As finer objects are purchased, others, to make space, will pass into storage.

In what has just been written possibly the future development of this museum has obscured the present reality. This building is part of a larger whole. The dual tendency is embodied at present only partially, and, one may presume, experimentally. That it will commend itself, no one can doubt. To-day this museum is one of the easiest to see. One can hardly recall another instance where so large a sum of pleasure may be had at so little tribute of fatigue. Of this accomplishment, the trustees, the staff, and the city of Boston may well be proud. It would not be surprising if the principles here partially but most promisingly exemplified, should serve as a goal towards which all art museums —and others for that matter—professing public service, must ultimately strive.

M.

The 105th annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts is announced for January 23-March 20, inclusive.

Arthur Hayden is preparing a biography of Josiah Wedgwood, the famous English potter. The Wedgewood family have placed at the biographer's disposal their private store of material.

We have spoken a word of enthusiasm concerning the Metropolitan Museum's exhibition of Dutch masters, and its wonderful Rembrandts, and, in our last issue, of the youthful Pourtalès portrait shown at Scott & Fowles's. Through a most opportune exhibition of his etchings at the Keppel galleries one is enabled to learn still more of his art, and of his character scarcely less. Here one may study Rembrandt the master of religious subjects, as it has been impossible to do at the Hudson-Fulton show. And this Keppel collection is rich, no less, in his etched landscapes.

Whistler is always interesting, whether good, bad, or indifferent, and in the exhibition of his lithographs now on view at the Wünderlich galleries he is almost invariably good. It was not until 1878 that he was induced to try lithography, and when he did use the greasy pencil it was characteristic of the man to strike out an original line. In two or three litho-tints, made with washes of ink on the stone and an occasional use of chalk, he does not appear to have been so happy, such pictures as the Nocturne, Limehouse, and Early Morning looking like wash drawings of no particular merit. But in some of the figures of women Whistler was at his best. A study of one in classical dress, with her left arm resting on a wall, the right touching a line that suggests an amphora, is exquisite in its grace; the Dancing Girl, the Draped Figure, Seated, the Model Draping, the Girl Reading, The Winged Hat, and La Jolie New Yorkaise are all delightful, delicate studies of charming womanhood.

Frédéric-Charles Vernon has been elected to the Académie des Beaux-Arts in place of the late M. Chaplain, the medallist. The new academician is a pupil of his predecessor, and has received several medals for his work, as also, in 1887, the Prix de Rome.

François Gruyer, a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts and curator of the Musée Condé, has died at Chantilly, as he was entering upon his eighty-fifth year. A pupil of the Ecole des Arts et Manufactures, his first professional post was lecturer in chemistry at the Institut Agronomique of Versailles. Later, however, he abandoned science for the fine arts, and from 1857 to 1868 he published no fewer than seven volumes on Raphael's frescoes of the Vatican, and on his Virgins. In 1874 he published his "Raphaël peintre de portraits." Other works in the field of art criticism and of the history of art followed, and many periodical essays. The writer was named in 1872 inspector-general; later, member of the *conseil supérieur* for the fine arts; finally, *conservateur de la peinture* at the Louvre. His election to the Académie des Beaux-Arts took place in 1875.

Finance.

BANK STATEMENTS WHICH MISLEAD.

In 1905, a Stock Exchange speculation much like that of the past two months was raging, and New York bank reserves were repeatedly drawn down close to the minimum legal ratio to deposits. A violent advance in the money rate to 7 and 8 per cent. showed the relation between supply and demand of credit, as a result of the Wall Street operations. Nevertheless, the loans of the New York Associated Banks, between September 2 and October 21, 1905, as shown by the weekly statements, actually decreased $110,000,000. Even Wall Street was incredulous over these returns. The president of one of the largest banks in New York city, addressing in November of that year his associates at the Clearing House, made this plain assertion:

> We all know that the present bank statement is a farce, so far as it conveys any idea of banking conditions. It is partial, it is half the truth, and unworthy of quotation as an indication of the trend of business in our line.

With the opening of the autumn season in 1909, an even bolder Stock Exchange speculation was under way. Its known demands on credit were prodigious, and, as in 1905, those demands became largest in September and October. Yet the loans of the New York Associated Banks, reported in their weekly statements, were reduced from $1,350,000,000 at the opening of September to $1,231,000,000 in the middle of October —an apparent loan contraction of $119,000,000 in the very face of rapidly increasing demands from the Stock Exchange, and of expanding requirements for credit in the active autumn trade.

This time, the loans were not "shifted" to the trust companies, as it was commonly supposed they were in 1905. The new law of 1908, requiring a 15 per cent. cash reserve by such institutions, and the rule established by the new banking superintendent that the trust companies should make regular weekly statements, prevented that. In the six weeks in which the banks were reducing loans $119,000,000, the trust companies also had reduced their loan account

$20,000,000. Recourse to European lenders explained a good part of the mystery; it was when this hidden "shifting process" was most actively at work and speculation rioting most violently on the Stock Exchange, that the Bank of England came into the London market, put up its interest rate aggressively, and took measures to blockade the London money market against the Wall Street speculators.

This recourse, then, apparently fell down. Last week, moreover, the usual heavy drafts on their New York deposits by interior banks set in. New York exchange at Chicago fell to the point where currency could be drawn; $6,000,000 went out in the week from New York to the West. Loans were known to have increased in the New York market as a whole. The surplus reserve of the Associated Banks, which had fallen to the very low margin of $4,400,000 the week before, was apparently destined to be replaced by a deficit below the 25 per cent. ratio to deposits required by law. Last Saturday's bank statement was accordingly awaited with the keenest interest. When it was published, it reported a loan reduction of no less than $39,000,000, and an actual increase of $6,300,000 in the surplus reserve.

Now, a strong bank statement is traditionally reassuring; but an ostensible report of strength and improvement, at a time when every one knows that the credit situation has not improved, is scarcely so gratifying a result. It means in this case, as it did in November and October, that rather than reduce or liquidate an unduly extended speculative position on the Stock Exchange, new sources of borrowing have been found to keep the fire burning. Probably these new sources are out-of-town institutions which should be using their funds at home, but which were induced to put them out by last week's 6 per cent. bid on the Stock Exchange. Whether this is a salutary process, is the real question at issue.

The general situation, in a financial way, is fortunately strong. The New York banks have managed, by one means or another, to get through the season, thus far, without a deficit in reserves. They have, however, not been able to avoid one confession which has always, in the past, betokened a strain on local credit facilities. For loans to exceed deposits, at the Associated Banks, is a very rare occurrence. From September, 1893, to October, 1902, the phenomenon was never witnessed. It happened for a week or two in the autumn money strain of 1900 and 1903; occurred a few times in 1905; was witnessed, after the middle of February, in every week of the year of gravely unsettled money markets, 1906, and came once more in the panic of 1907. After the early weeks of January, 1908, it was not seen again until the 30th of last month, when the excess of loans was $2,500,000. The excess rose to $7,190,000 the ensuing week, and to $14,200,000 last Saturday.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aicard, J. The Diverting Adventures of Maurin. Translated from the French by A. Allison. Lane. $1.50.

Allinson, A. The Days of the Directoire. Lane. $5 net.

Anecdota Oxoniensia. Texts, Documents, and Extracts chiefly from Manuscripts in the Bodleian and other Oxford Libraries. Aryan Series—Part ix; Classical Series—Part xi. 2 vols. Frowde.

Askew, A. and C. Testimony. Lane Co. $1.50.

Aspinwall, A. Can You Believe Me Stories. Dutton.

Avery, E. M. A History of the United States and Its People. Vol. VI. Cleveland: Burrows Bros.

Banks, L. A. The Problems of Youth. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.30 net.

Barnett, G. E. The Printers: a Study in American Trade Unionism. American Economic Association Quarterly. Cambridge, Mass. $1.50.

Barrows, W. G. The Law of the Range. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co.

Belloc, H. Marie Antoinette. Doubleday, Page. $2.75 net.

Bond, A. R. The Scientific American Boy at School. Munn & Co. $2.

Bradford's History of the Plymouth Settlement, 1608-1650: Rendered into modern English by V. Paget.

Brewer, I. W. Rural Hygiene. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.

Burton, E. H. The Life and Times of Bishop Challoner, 1691-1781. 2 vols. Longmans, Green.

Burton, F. R. American Primitive Music. Moffat, Yard. $5 net.

Bushman Paintings. Copied by M. H. Tongue, with a preface by H. Balfour. Frowde. $19.25 net.

Calendar of the Sir William Johnson Manuscripts in the New York State Library. Compiled by R. E. Day. Albany: New York State Educational Department.

Canby, G., and Balderston, L. The Evolution of the American Flag. Phila.: Ferris & Leach. $1 net.

Carlyle, T. Edited by A. W. Evans. Macmillan. $1.10 net.

Clutton-Brock, A. Shelley, the Man and the Poet. Putnam. $3.50 net.

Connor, R. The Foreigner. G. H. Doran Co.

Crane, W. The Song of Sixpence Picture Book. Lane. $1.25.

Davey, R. The Nine Days' Queen: Lady Jane Grey and Her Times. Putnam. $3.50 net.

Deland, M. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Harper. $1.50.

Dingwell, J. D. Christus Centuriarum. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.

Diver, M. Candles in the Wind. Lane. $1.50.

Doan, F. C. Religion and the Modern Mind. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.10 net.

Dorr, J. C. R. Beyond the Sunset. (Poems.) Scribner. $1.25 net.

Duncan, N. Higgins, a Man's Christian. Harper. 50 cents.

Elder, C. Poems. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Eliot, C. W. The Religion of the Future. Boston: J. W. Luce & Co.

Eucken, R. Christianity and the New Idealism. Harper.

Fagan, J. O. Labor and the Railroads. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

Farnsworth, C. H. Education Through Music. American Book Co. $1.

Finck, H. T. Success in Music and How It Is Won. Scribner. $2 net.

Fox, F. M. Seven Christmas Candles. Boston: Page & Co. $1.

Frenssen, G. Klaus Hinrich Bass. Lemcke & Buechner.

Gale, O. M., and Wheeler, H. A Knight of the Wilderness. Chicago: Reilly & Britton Co.

Garrison, E. E. Accounting Every Business Man Should Know. Doubleday, Page. $1.20 net.

Geil, W. E. The Great Wall of China. Sturgis & Walton. $5 net.

Graham, H. Deportmental Ditties. Pictures by G. Grant. Duffield.

Green, A. K. Three Thousand Dollars. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.

Grenfell, W. T., and Others. Labrador, the Country and People. Macmillan. $2.25 net.

Griffith, N. Dorrien Carfax. McBride Co.

Haines, A. C. Cock-a-Doodle Hill. Holt.

Hall, F. H. A Handbook of Hospitality for Town and Country. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $1.50.

Hardman, W. A History of Malta, During the Period of the French and British Occupations, 1798-1815. Longmans, Green. Edited by J. H. Rose.

Harney, W. W. The Spirit of the South. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.50.

Hayes, H. W. The Peacemakers. (A Tale of Love.) Boston: Reid Pub. Co.

Hazard, D. L. Results of Observations Made at the Coast and Geodetic Survey Magnetic Observatory at Cheltenham, Maryland, 1905 and 1906. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Hereford, W. R. The Demagog. Holt.

Hinckley, H. B. Poems. Northampton, Mass.: The Nonotuck Press. 50 cents.

Holbach, M. M. Bosnia and Herzegovina. Lane. $1.50 net.

Hopkins, W. J. Old Harbor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Hornbrooke, F. B. The Ring and the Book: An Interpretation. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Hutchinson, W. M. L. Orpheus with His Lute. Longmans, Green.

Hutton, E. Giovanni Boccaccio: a Biographical Study. Lane. $5 net.

Irving's Legends of the Alhambra. With illustrations and decorations by G. Hood. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2.50 net.

Josaphare, L. The World of Suckers. San Francisco: Danner Pub. Co. $1.

Kaye, J. B. The Trial of Christ. A Poem. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Kemp, E. G The Face of China. Duffield. $6 net.

Ketkar, S. V. The History of Caste in India. Vol. I. Ithaca, N. Y.: Taylor & Carpenter. $1.60.

Lacoste, De B. de. Around Afghanistan. Translated from the French by J. G. Anderson. Appleton.

Landor, H. S. In the Forbidden Land. Harper. $3.

Lichtenberger, J. P. Divorce: a Study in Social Causation. Col. Univ. Studies in Political Science. Vol. XXXV. No. 3. Longmans, Green.

Lorentz, A. M. Individual Sovereignty. Boston: Mayhew Pub. Co.

Losch, H. The God-Man, or The Life and Works of Jesus: a Poem in fifteen parts. Second revised and enlarged edition. Boston: R. G. Badger.

Loughlin, B., and Flood, L. L. Bright-Wits, Prince of Mogadore. A Puzzle Book. Caldwell Co. 75 cents.

Love Letters of Famous Royalties and Commanders. Selected by L. Strachey and prefaced with sketches by W. Littlefield. McBride Co.

Lyman, O. L. The Lash. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.50.

McCabe, J. The Decay of the Church of Rome. Dutton. $2.50.

Macdonell, A. In the Abruzzi: the Country and the People. Stokes.

Macfie, R. C. Air and Health. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Mackay, K. Across Papua: Being an Account of a Voyage Round, and a March Across, the Territory of Papua. Scribner. $2.50 net.

MacQueen, P. In Wildest Africa. Boston: Page & Co.

Malory, T. Le Morte d'Arthur. Illustrated by Aubrey Beardsley. Second edition. Dutton. $7.50 net.

Marden, P. S. Travels in Spain. Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.

Marius, G. H. Dutch Painting in the Nineteenth Century. Trans. by A. T. de Mattos. London: Alexander Moring, Ltd.

Martin, E. M. Wayside Wisdom. Longmans, Green.

Mathews, L. K. The Expansion of New England. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.

Merington, M. The Vicar of Wakefield: A Play. Founded on Oliver Goldsmith's novel. Duffield.

Modern Religious Problems. A. W. Vernon, gen. editor. The Gospel of Jesus, by G. W. Knox; Sin and Its Forgiveness, by W. D. Hyde; Founding of the Church, by B. W. Bacon; Historical and Religious Value of the Fourth Gospel, by E. F. Scott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 4 vols, 50 cents, net, each.

Morton, Francis T. The Roman Catholic Church. Boston: R. G. Badger. $2.

Nakamura, K. Lord Ii Naosuké and New Japan. Translated by S. Akimoto. Yokohama, Japan: R. Masujima.

Narodny, I. Echoes of Myself. Liberty Pub. Co.

Nesbit, W. D. The Loving Cup. Original Toasts by Original Folks. Chicago: P. F. Volland & Co. 50 cents.

Newboldt, H. The New June. Dutton. $1.35 net.

Nietzsche, F. Complete Works. Edited by Dr. O. Levy. Vol. IV, Thus Spake Zarathustra; Vol. VI, On the Future of Our Educational Institutions; Vol. VII, Part I, Human, All-Too Human; Vol. IX, Books i and ii, The Will to Power. London: T. N. Foulis.

Orczy, the Baroness. The Nest of the Sparrowhawk. Stokes. $1.50.

Parsons, Mrs. C. The Incomparable Sidons. Putnam. $3.50 net.

Paston, G. Mr. Pope, His Life and Times. 2 vols. Putnam. $6.50 net.

Peabody, J. P. Fortune and Men's Eyes. New Poems. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.

Peabody, J. P. The Piper: A Play in Four Acts. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.10 net.

Pier, G. C. Pottery of the Near East. With 64 illustrations. Putnam.

Prichard, S. J. Shawnie Wade. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.

Publications of the Academy of Pacific Coast History. Vol I, No. 1, San Francisco Clearing House Certificates of 1907-1908; No. 2, Official Account of the Portolá Expedition of 1769-1770; No. 3, Diary of Garpar de Portolá. Berkeley, Cal.; University of California. 50 cents.

Ramée, L. de la (Ouida). A Dog of Flanders, The Nürnberg Stove, and other stories. With illustrations in color by M. L. Kirk. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.

Report of the Central Sanitary Bureau of the Dept. for Home Affairs of the Imperial Japanese Government for the 31st, 32d, and 33d years of Meiji (1898, 1899, and 1900) and for the 39th Year (1906),. 2 vols. Tokio, Japan: Director of the Central Sanitary Bureau.

Report of the Department of Health of the City of New York for the Year Ending December 31, 1907.

Robins, E. The Florentine Frame. Moffat, Yard. $1.50.

Rogers, A. A. Why American Marriages Fail. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Russell, C. E. Songs of Democracy. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.

Seeberg, R. Revelation and Inspiration. Harper.

Serviss, G. & P. Curiosities of the Sky. Harper. $1.40 net.

Seton, E. T. Life-Histories of Northern Animals. 2 vols. Scribner. $18 net per set.

Shackleton, E. H. The Heart of the Antarctic. 2 vols. Lippincott. $10 net.

Shakespeare Classics. General editor, I. Gollancz. Vols. I and II, Plutarch, edited by C. F. Tucker Brooke. Duffield.

Shakespeare's Richard II, Julius Cæsar, and Macbeth. Edited with introductions by G. S. Gordon. Frowde. 75 cents.

Shakespeare, The New Hudson School Edition. Tragedy of Hamlet; Comedy of the Tempest. Boston: Ginn & Co. 2 vols.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1909.

The Week.

The Isthmian Commission's annual report on the Panama Canal never lacks one delightful element of interest: By how much has the latest estimate of cost moved still further from the original estimate of $144,000,000? Progress is, of course, being made towards the completion of the vast enterprise. The millions of cubic yards of excavation may vary from year to year. The administrative and engineering systems may come in for frequent reorganization. But the one permanent, undeviating, unfluctuating factor in the construction of the canal is the rapid march of the final cost straight upwards. In 1902 the canal was to cost $144,000,000, inclusive of police and sanitation. In 1906 it was to cost $139,000,000, exclusive of police and sanitation, which will swell the total some seventy-five millions before the end. Now Col. Goetbals's latest report, for the fiscal year ending last June, forecasts a total expenditure of $375,000,000. The increase is explained as due, in the first place, to an addition of 50 per cent. to the amount of work necessary to be done, and of 20 per cent. to the cost of labor due to the enhanced cost of livlng, the difficulty of attracting labor from the United States, and the introduction of the eight-hour day.

If there is any prevailing idea that civil service reform means the keeping in office of the organization I shall find there, I will give the community a new idea of civil service reform.

This statement by Mr. George McAneny, president-elect of the Borough of Manhattan, was, of course, not designed to have any bearing on matters outside his own province, but it is nevertheless peculiarly timely in connection with the crookedness in the customs service. Whenever it happens that dishonest persons occupy places in the classified service, there arises, in certain quarters, a wail about the difficulty of the heads of the offices in getting rid of undesirable employees who are protected under the civil service rules. Many persons are doubtless under the impression that those rules interfere with the power of the appointing authority to make removals, but that is not the case. The only requirement is that the cause of the removal shall be stated, and the person removed shall have a chance to protest, if he sees fit. There is no trial, public or private; the necessity of stating a cause (in so far as that necessity exists) is intended merely as a safeguard against wanton removals. No responsible officer need have the slightest fear of a crooked employee protesting if removed on some such general ground as that his work is not compatible with the good of the service; he will be glad enough to let it go at that. Collector Loeb is evidently not bothered in the least with the imaginary difficulty of the civil-service rules. The real protection furnished by the rules is in doing away with arbitrary removals for the purpose of giving places to political or personal favorites.

That Boston has not yet abdicated her ancient position as a source of civic leadership in the country is attested by the inauguration of a hopeful experiment. Nominations for the approaching Mayoralty election will, under the new city charter, be made by petition only, and party designations will be wholly absent from the ballot. It is plain, furthermore, that the people of Boston realize that a mere change of machinery, however excellent, will accomplish nothing without the active and intelligent interest of the best citizens. A committee of one hundred and fifty undertook to name a candidate upon whom the people who desire good government might concentrate their support, and the sub-committee to whom the finding of the right man was delegated included such men as Richard Olney, Attorney-General and Secretary of State under Cleveland, and Charles S. Hamlin, ex-Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. The nomination of the Committee of One Hundred and Fifty has now been made. Their candidate for Mayor is James J. Storrow, president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, a member of the firm of Lee, Higginson & Co., long president of the School Board, and the choice is indubitably a strong one. The Mayoralty of a big city is a great business office, and we must work, in all our cities, toward bringing the people to demand the same kind of qualifications for that post as in the conduct of a great business.

In announcing his company's acquisition of control of the Western Union Telegraph, the president of the American Telegraph and Telephone—the old Bell Telephone Company—points out that "the making of one business the auxiliary of the other business would result in large economies both to the public and to the companies." He instances the joint use of certain portions of the plant, meaning not the wires, but the offices and general service. In the matter of charges for telephone and telegraph service, Mr. Vail is guarded; he merely says that telephone service has been growing cheaper, and that telegraph service ought to reflect the benefit of coöperation. Nevertheless, this is, from the public's view, a crucial point. It is hardly necessary to say that an advance in telephone tolls, following—even at a distance of months or years—an announcement of this sort, will be ill received. Even more serious and disquieting is the bearing of the virtual merger on the question of competitive rates for telegraphing. For many years, the Western Union has had only two sources of competition in the field—the Postal Telegraph Company, which was a direct competitor, and the telephone company, which was an indirect competitor to the extent that high telegraph tolls or poor telegraph service would tend to drive patrons from the telegraph to both short-distance and long-distance telephone. The second of these, the indirect or potential competition, is extinguished by the present amalgamation. The other, that of the Postal Telegraph, has been an active force in compelling reasonable rates and efficient service. It cannot be described as altogether reassuring, despite the announcement of the Postal's independence, that the Postal holds a $10,000,000 interest in the telephone company. What attitude the State or Federal Government will take in the matter is as yet by no means certain; that, also, will probably depend upon what construction is placed on the ulterior purposes of the merger.

Labor should acknowledge that justice and the law's delays are not always on the side of the capitalist plunderers. It is some time since Mr. Gompers was enjoined from preaching the boycott against the Bucks Stove and Range Company. It is some time since Mr. Gompers was sentenced to prison for contempt of court. Yet by the latest accounts Mr. Gompers is still at liberty and is still making public his views concerning Mr. Van Cleave. Our system of appeals and stays and appeals from appeals and writs of habeas corpus upon appeals from appeals works as efficiently in keeping a captain of labor out of jail as it does many a captain in the service of Mammon. Only the other day Mr. Gompers's lawyers obtained a stay of execution until November 29 in order that they might apply to the United States Supreme Court for a writ of certiorari to bring the case before that tribunal. The judge who granted the stay told the lawyers that, if it shall prove impossible to secure such a writ on November 29, they may obtain even more time. Appeal and stay, habeas corpus and certiorari—in their inextricable intertwining they are a mystery to the layman whose impious voice shall not be raised against the entire beautiful system, lest he, too, be found guilty of contempt of court and be sent to jail—in the year 1945.

It really begins to look as if the twenty-six victims of football who have died since the opening of the season, mostly because of mass-play, had not lost their lives altogether in vain. From every side come protests and demands that the game shall be either thoroughly reformed or abolished. The schools have taken the lead. Following the action of the St. Louis and Washington high schools, it is probable that the game will be prohibited in the New York city schools unless radically revised. The Berkeley School, one of the large private institutions of this city, has disbanded its team in response to protests from parents. The annual game between the Montclair Academy and the Montclair High School was cancelled when one team was already on the field, for the reason that a number of mothers preferred their sons alive to their sons dead. And the colleges are also stirring. Those of the Middle West have instructed their delegate to the Rules Committee to deliver an ultimatum, if they are to continue to play the game. This indeed assures revision. But revision alone will not suffice; if there is to be football, it must be reconstituted.

All this is in striking contrast to the apathy which has marked previous efforts to reform the game. When the *Nation* first attacked mass-play some fifteen years ago, it was difficult to rouse interest. Yet the revolving mass-play of those days was abolished, and some three years ago the play was opened up by requiring a ten-yards gain, instead of five. For a time it appeared as if this change, reluctantly wrung from the Rules Committee, had, together with the onside kick and forward pass, opened up the game sufficiently. But this season has witnessed a further reliance upon mass-play. The Harvard team on Saturday was well trained only in the "old-fashioned" game. It gained its ground by the deadly plunge into the line, the effect of which was shown in the very first rush; it "knocked out" Lilley, the veteran Yale tackle. The expectation that the Yale team would open up the game for the game's sake proved groundless. It was as if, in this last important contest of the season, both teams were bent upon proving how impossible the present game is.

The award of the Copley medal of the Royal Society to Dr. George W. Hill of West Nyack, N. Y., is an honor to an American that is not likely to get the public attention which it merits. The Copley medal is the highest distinction conferred by the Royal Society, and it is matter for national gratification that this honor at the hands of the oldest and one of the greatest of scientific societies should have been bestowed upon an American. And, while it may be invidious to make distinctions among different departments of research, yet a certain primacy belongs to that domain which is at once the most ancient field of scientific inquiry and demands for its exploration all the resources of the most abstract and most highly developed of sciences. Dr. Hill's work in celestial mechanics places him not only foremost among the mathematical astronomers of to-day, but marks him out as one of the extremely few men who, since the time of Laplace, have carried forward the great results embodied in the "Mécanique céleste." His honor is a refreshing change from the wearisome process of round-robin degrees for college presidents.

In reading such a report as that of the new anæsthetic which enables a man to undergo an extensive surgical operation without pain and without loss of consciousness, one is impressed again with that steady, definite, and imposing progress of physical science which has been held by some eminent scientific men to constitute the most significant difference between scientific knowledge and the sort of thing that has been recently claiming widespread attention under the name of psychical research. The argument is not conclusive, but it is worthy of attention. Here we have been, for fifty years and more, confronted with alleged phenomena of table-tipping, slate-writing, and the rest. Thousands of laymen, and not a few men of scientific ability and ingenuity, have been interested in them. If they are genuine, they open up to the imagination boundless possibilities of development; and yet they are still at the stage of simply demanding to be recognized as true. Of course, it won't do to lay down laws to the powers of nature, still less to powers outside of what we commonly call nature; yet one cannot but feel that if these things had really been true, there should by this time have been some advance in the results brought out, at least faintly comparable with the advances that have followed upon every new opening in the field of electricity, or chemistry, or bacteriology.

The Christian Science machine at Boston functions with less ease than efficiency. It is a triumph for centralized authority that Mrs. Stetson should have found the backing of her own congregation, New York's oldest and wealthiest Christian Science congregation, avail her nothing. She is now outside the pale of the church and among the fallen angels. But it should be noted that, to bring this about, the guardians of the creed at Boston had to play their highest trump card. Mrs. Eddy herself had to break a silence and seclusion so profound as to have raised doubts whether she was alive at all, and chasten the sinner into submission by direct reproof. The culprit submits; it could not

be otherwise with Christian Scientists, while yet the founder of the faith is among them. It must be different in the future, when out-of-town congregations are pretty sure to rebel against the rule of the Boston Camarilla. There will probably be an Eddy testament in which the succession will be settled. But very few prophets have been successful in warding off schism after they are gone.

Last Monday's debate in the House of Lords, with the significant declaration by the Lord Chancellor, made it clear that the coming general election will turn on much more than the budget. The Liberals will go to the country for a warrant not merely to pass the present budget without interference by the Lords, but to pass all budgets and all important legislation without it. The result of the Constitutional struggle, if the Conservatives lose in the appeal to the electors, will be to strike at the veto power of the Lords in general, and to make it nearly as inoperative as that of the King has become. This question Liberal statesmen have long desired to find a way of bringing directly before the people. Gladstone would have eagerly made it the issue in 1893, after the rejection of the second Home Rule Bill, if he had not been so stricken in years. Even Lord Rosebery talked then of either mending or ending the House of Lords. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's proposals, two years ago, to deprive the Lords of the right to veto a bill passed a second time by the House of Commons, were an indication of this persistent search for ground upon which to make a fight against the Lords. The Liberals have been steadily looking for a good occasion. Some thought they would find it in the rejection of the Education Bill, but they did not then venture it. So with the killing of the Licensing Bill by the Lords, and the bill for the abolition of plural voting—many Liberals said, "Now is our chance!" but the leaders held back. To-day, however, the Lords are themselves furnishing the opportunity which the Liberals have so long sought in vain.

The bringing about of so acute a crisis, involving such immense consequences, is a great surprise. It does not look like the English way of doing things. Especially does it appear as if the Lords had walked into a net openly spread in the sight of the bird. Why should the Conservatives do what their enemies were devoutly praying that they would do? We admit sincerity on the part of many of the members of the House of Lords. Lloyd-George has frightened them. They honestly think that they are facing the first onset of a determined Socialist movement. Knowing the great risks which they take in resisting, they yet resolve to resist. But this is only a part of the story. Selfish interests are at work. Sinister means are employed. There is, first, the influence of the manufacturers who have been induced by Joseph Chamberlain and his agents to supply funds to finance the campaign for protective taxes. We have heard it credibly stated that they have already contributed as much as $5,000,000. And they are getting impatient to have something to show for their money. They are betraying something of the haughtiness of our own protected manufacturers in demanding that legislation which they had bought and paid for should at once be enacted. Moreover, there are the brewers and keepers of public houses. They have been faithful allies of the Conservatives. There was too much truth in the assertion that the latter won the election of 1900 on the issue of "Beer and the Bible." The "trade" is strongly against the budget because it contains licensing clauses and liquor taxes most obnoxious to it. In one way or another, Balfour's hand has been forced, and he has been compelled to go reluctantly with his party into a fight which he would have avoided upon an issue which he would have evaded.

The French *Officiel* has recently published statistics which must be depressing reading for all Gauls who believe that a nation's greatness depends on its size. The number of births during the first half of the present year is shown to be smaller by twelve thousand seven hundred than those for the corresponding period of 1908. At the same time, deaths have increased by twenty-five thousand. From these figures, certain American newspapers have already drawn their usual conclusions as to the terrible decadence of France. That the situation is, from the standpoint of the French militarist, highly perturbing, there is no use in denying. Yet what if the French plight of to-day is also our own dilemma of to-morrow? At Ithaca, Professor Wilcox of Cornell University states that "the decline of the birth-rate in the United States has probably been as rapid as in any country of Europe, and if it should continue unchecked for a century and a half, at the end of that time no births would take place." No one quite expects this last consummation—so soon, at least—but it is quite evident that the decrease is one which should set to thinking those of us who cherish illusions, if they are illusions, as to the virility of our "American" stock. Figures from Harvard College, cited by the Cornell statistician, indicate that for each hundred graduates there are in the next generation only seventy-three sons. This is a thin crop for Theodore Roosevelt's college, and we may now look for a revival of the ex-President's "race-suicide" preachments from almost any quarter.

The extraordinary series of Socialist victories in Germany continues. Parliamentary and municipal elections show the same result. The tide runs much more strongly towards the Social-Democrats than any mere reference to the ordinary swing of the pendulum can explain. In Great Britain, it is pretty nearly the regular thing for a party to win a general election and then, from the beginning, almost, to lose bye-elections. The greater its majority in the general election, the more rapid will its losses be when the original enthusiasm has died out. But in the case of the German Social-Democrats, no matter-of-course reaction, no local conditions, can explain what is taking on the proportions of an unheaval against the Government parties. Profound national discontent is voicing itself in Socialist votes—discontent with an Imperialism that is driven to tax the bread and light and air of the working masses, discontent with the traditional Government policy of ruling with kaleidoscopic *blocs* cemented, while they last, by very frank bargaining and log-rolling methods. Moreover, there is deep dissatisfaction with the so-called "Liberal" factions which, in their susceptibility to Court favor, and their exaggerated fear of Socialism, seem never to lose an opportunity of betraying the cause of Constitutionalism and anti-feudalism, for which they profess to stand.

THE SENATOR AND THE SUBSIDY.

That the ship-subsidy advocates have again taken heart appears clearly from Senator Root's speech at the New York Chamber of Commerce dinner. They were defeated at the close of the last session; but, like the boy in the advertisement, they can never be happy until they get a merchant fleet with the Government as a side partner—at the expense of every other American citizen, man or woman. Mr. Root's speech was deliberately timed to affect the Chamber, which is to pass its judgment upon this project within two weeks. It unfortunately did not receive the full measure of publicity it deserved as an example of the feebleness of arguments to which a bad cause can reduce even the most skilled advocate.

In brief, Mr. Root's argument was that ocean shipping is now in an entirely artificial situation. The blessings of the tariff have raised American wages and the standard of living so much that it is impossible for Americans to compete with foreigners. The latter are, however, themselves on an artificial basis, for the various nations, according to hitherto unpublished figures read by Mr. Root, are spending more than forty millions of dollars in subsidies to keep their ships going. Brain, brawn, and ability on the sea are now absolutely discounted, the Senator assured his listeners; it has come to be merely a question who pours out the most money in aid of private enterprise; to him the mastery of the sea will go. Hence, Mr. Root besought his hearers, the members of the best, the wisest, the noblest, the most enterprising, the ablest, the richest Chamber of Commerce, to join him in insisting that we should complete the vicious circle by extending the blessings of the protective tariff to our merchant marine. Only put that upon an artificial basis also, and our flag will be in every harbor. We shall be the most artificial, and therefore, the happiest of nations. More than that, wherever ships go they are, said Mr. Root, the surest harbingers of peace—therefore let us have American ships to pacify the world.

It is obvious that from any other source—Mr. Depew, for instance—these arguments would not merit the dignity of a reply. But Mr. Root, who has himself opposed making a fetich of the protective system, may possibly, through his prestige, induce some of the members of the Chamber to believe that he told the whole story and showed the only way to recovering our lost shipping trade. Mr. Taft himself is a witness to the incompleteness of the statement, for he has lately admitted frankly that subsidies mean the taking of the money of all the people from the Treasury for the benefit of a few; but justifies it by saying that this is, after all, what the tariff is doing for the protected manufacturers. If Mr. Root had a sense of humor, he must have been inwardly amused at urging the Chamber of Commerce to go after foreign trade when the very object of our protective tariff is to cut down as far as possible the number of cargoes that foreigners can ship over the seas to us. Apparently, as long as we show the flag in various harbors it matters not whether our ships of the future shall make their return voyages empty—the Treasury will take care of all that.

Not one word came from Mr. Root's lips on our abominable navigation laws, which keep Americans from purchasing ships abroad and placing upon them the American flag. In the presence of the German Ambassador he spoke of the extraordinary prosperity of Germany's merchant marine, but naïvely overlooked the fact that German merchants, who have created their great fleet in forty years, have been free to purchase ships wherever they could get them cheapest. He also laid himself wholly open to the retort that if ships *per se* are harbingers of peace, German ships are quite as much so as English, and English as American. Waiving that, Mr. Root, besides free ships, wholly forgot the question of free raw materials for shipbuilders. Yet Republican shipbuilders who have built up our navy by grace of Republican imperialism have solemnly testified that the tariff makes a difference to them of 40 per cent. on "every conceivable item that goes into the cost of a ship." Here is artificiality with a vengeance.

That Mr. Root argues primarily for a mail subsidy rather than a tonnage bounty, makes no difference. The principle is the same. Grant the first, and it is but the opening wedge of special privilege; there will be boomers in plenty to insist upon more artificiality, upon the rescue of the tramp steamer which, whatever its flag, is disappearing from the Atlantic much as has the sailing-ship. Another Senator, Mr. Burton of Ohio, has denounced Mr. Root's proposed first step of rehabilitation as certain to be of no benefit to our marine interests and utterly un-American in principle. But most amazing of all is the fact that Senator Root should have urged upon shrewd business men the blunder of creating an economically wasteful business, the best argument for which is purely sentimental. American ships everybody wants, but only if they can justify themselves on their own merits. Would Mr. Root ask New York city shippers to patronize the New York Central Railroad purely out of State pride, if it charged as high rates as the other lines and in addition each shipper were forced to contribute to the cost of maintaining the railway? Yet that is precisely the ship-subsidy translated into land terms. Nor do ships in themselves create trade. If anybody doubts this, let him see for himself the great array of ships lying idle in British docks because trade is so bad. Finally, in the presence of distinguished foreigners, Mr. Root joined the ultra-protectionists in denying American capacity; to the Chamber which built up New York in earlier days through the enterprise of its Peabodys, its Grinnells, its John Jacob Astors, its Peter Coopers, he announced the passing of all need for sea-capacity, for daring, for skill, for wetting the sails and running before gales after the fashion of those dauntless Americans who did show our flag in every port and asked no grants from the Treasury.

THE STANDARD OIL DECISION.

Careful perusal of the opinion in Saturday's decision against the Standard Oil Company will, we think, convince most readers that it is not only sound law as the statutes stand, but is conservative interpretation of the law. The decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals is, like the Supreme Court's Northern Securities decision of 1904, levelled primarily against the holding-company device, when employed for monopolistic purposes. This is shown alike by the reasoning of the decision and by the order whereby the court undertakes to remedy the situation.

It is, the court points out, the effort of every person engaged in interstate com-

merce "to draw to himself to the exclusion of others, and thereby to monopolize, a part of that trade"; and this is not of itself illegal. But the oil combination goes further. The gist of its violation of law is "the combination and conspiracy of the numerous defendants, many of them formerly competitors, to restrain trade and to monopolize that commerce," and the achievement of such purpose through the contrivance of the holding company, without which such restraint "would not have existed and cannot continue." In its concluding order, the court does not enjoin the constituent companies from continuing business, but decrees that the holding company, the Standard Oil of New Jersey, shall receive no further dividends from such companies, and exercise no further control or voting right in their affairs. If the Supreme Court were to uphold the decision, the natural outcome, as in the case of the Northern Securities, would be the return of the stock in such constituent companies to the parties entitled to it under the trust.

In these conclusions, it is difficult to doubt that the Standard Oil decision is a logical sequel to that of the Northern Securities. The language of the court has, indeed, a peculiarly interesting bearing on the decision of 1904. The Northern Securities decision, it will be recalled, was the verdict of a divided court. Four justices on the Supreme Bench ruled against the company and four in its favor. The deciding vote was that of Justice Brewer. He dissented from the court's opinion against the company in its larger scope, on the ground that "Congress did not intend by that [Anti-Trust] Act to reach and destroy those minor contracts in partial restraint of trade which the long course of decisions at common law had affirmed were reasonable." But he also held that "if the parties interested in these two railway companies can, through the instrumentality of a holding corporation, place both under one control, then, in like manner, as was conceded on the argument by one of the counsel for the appellants, could the control of all the railways in the country be placed in a single corporation." On this ground, chiefly, he concurred in the decision against the Northern Securities.

That important admission by Mr. Johnson, counsel for the Northern Securities, indicated most plainly the evil against which the courts are acting, and the nature of the remedy which they are applying. It was a common criticism, after the Northern Securities dissolution, that since the same parties as had controlled the holding company still controlled the stocks of Northern Pacific and Great Northern, therefore the situation was not changed at all. But a moment's reflection should convince the simplest mind that the situation had been changed, and radically. The holding company, with the enormous facilities for future acquisition provided by its machinery of exchanging stock for stock, had been struck down, and the natural order of things in the investment market and among the railways had been restored.

The holding company is in reality an invention of our day, and the courts have been compelled to deal with it as a new thing. Introduced ostensibly, in the excited "promotion era" of 1899 and 1901, for the purpose of restraining destructive competition, it is still too recent an industrial contrivance to admit any confident prediction as to what conditions would ultimately be created by it. Thoughtful consideration of the problem, however, and the actual history of some of the larger combinations, have established certain facts which are far from reassuring. One is, that the price of staple articles might, through the medium of such a holding company, be advanced to extortionate heights in defiance of actual market conditions. This has been proved by the history of the Amalgamated Copper, a holding company. Another is, that enormous power over industrial and financial conditions might be exerted and permanently held by a very few men, controlling such a company though owning merely a small minority of its stock. This was in substance admitted by Mr. J. P. Morgan, who asserted it as a virtue in these enormous corporations that their capitalization might be made so great as to render impossible the unseating of existing managements.

The formidable possibilities created by the general introduction of such industrial machinery scarcely need to be pointed out. It was possible, even for economic writers, to argue that the producing costs should be greatly lowered through the friendly coöperation of many allied producers, and that stability of prices might be guaranteed through domination of one great corporation in a given trade. But it was also possible to picture a state of affairs, later on, in which not one industry, but all industries, might be so dominated by a group of men behind the holding companies that domestic competition would be no longer an efficient safeguard, and the consumer would be absolutely at the mercy of the controlling interests.

We do not believe that such a position has yet been reached in any industry. But the logic of the holding-company device pointed unmistakably to the possibility of such an outcome. The courts, we believe, have had that consideration always in view in their application of the Anti-Trust law. They have, however, also kept in view the principle that combination in itself is not illegal, and that the decision of the court as to its legality must depend on the nature, scope, and purpose of the power acquired through a given combination.

The Anti-Trust Act of 1890, under which the Northern Securities and Standard Oil decisions have been handed down, is an imperfect measure, in so far as it makes in its language no express discrimination regarding the character of combinations which it proscribes. Part of the present Administration's programme is to press for alteration or amendment of the statute on such lines. Meanwhile, however, it is clear from the language of Saturday's decision that the courts are observing such discrimination for themselves.

THE REFORMS IN INDIA.

Lord Morley has redeemed his promise to the people of India. The changes in Indian legislation and administration which went into effect last week are regarded by British opinion and by the great mass of moderate opinion in Hindustan as a decided step towards ultimate self-government. A few elementary facts concerning the British governmental system in India will make clear the nature and importance of Lord Morley's reforms.

Leaving out of account the India Office in London, the country as a whole is ruled by a Viceroy, or Governor-General, and a council of twenty members. The press dispatches are in evident error when they speak of an increase in the Viceroy's Council from 12[illegible]

bers to 370. The Viceroy's Council and all the provincial councils together number only about 140 members, and that is probably the total to which the 126 applies. The Viceroy's Council is subdivided into two. Seven members, all of whom up to last March were Englishmen, constitute a privy or executive council in whose hands the real powers of government are vested. For the purpose of making laws and regulations, thirteen additional members, Englishmen and natives, are called in. In the full council the natives form one-half of the membership. But, as Indian opinion used to complain, the "making of laws and regulations" did not partake of the essence of real law-making or administration. Government policy was shaped and Government secrets were discussed by the odd half-dozen of Ordinary Members among whom a native took his seat for the first time only six months ago.

For the purposes of administration India is divided into nine great provinces under governors, lieutenant-governors, or chief commissioners. Seven of the provinces have legislative councils made up, like the Viceroy's Council, of Englishmen and natives, in about equal numbers. But the sharp division between Hindus and Mohammedans among the natives, and the natural prestige of the ruling race, have given the English element control of the councils. Two of the seven provinces, Madras and Bombay, have small executive councils made up exclusively of Englishmen. As in the Viceroy's Council, the additional members, English and native, are called in to make "laws and regulations." In other words, the system over all India where legislative councils exist and natives are admitted to membership, virtually amounts to giving the natives the privilege of debating and ratifying policies and measures already decided upon by the British administrators. This is the system against which India protested and which Lord Morley's reforms have profoundly modified.

Under the new régime, the provincial councils are enlarged, and to the non-official element, which means practically the native element, is given an absolute majority in membership. The initiative in legislation and administrative policy will still come from the Government, of course, but members have the right to bring forward "supplementary" questions, or virtually to interpellate the Government. An absolute majority in the Council, even if it were restricted to the making of "laws and regulations" could force concessions by a policy of obstruction. But under the new régime the budget will come up for debate in the Councils. In any case, the British administrator will be driven to discard something of the air of omnipotence and omniscience which Mr. Kipling so rejoices to honor, and will have to explain and account, in increasing measure as time goes on, to the representatives of the people over whom he rules. In Bombay and Madras, where the real power is vested in the inner or executive council, natives are to be eligible for membership in that body. The reconstitution of the Viceroy's Council, which is to number sixty members, and not 370 as reported in the daily press, is not to be put into effect for a few months. But that is because, in the case of the Viceroy's Council, the most important step was already taken in March last, when a Bengali lawyer entered the innermost citadel of English power as an Ordinary Member.

Undoubtedly, this entrance of natives into the executive councils constitutes the most important concession to India. It is not unfair to look upon the British rule in India as the rule of a handful of conquerors imposed on a submissive but by no means reconciled population. That is the view which British opinion and Hindu opinion of all shades openly or implicitly recognize. It is a momentous step, therefore, that the representatives of the subject population shall be admitted into the innermost councils of the dominant race. Let us make the rather wild assumption that the Viceroy's Executive Council will have to take measures next year against the danger of a general native uprising. Such measures will have to be discussed in the presence of the Bengali member of the Governor's Council. It may very well be that Mr. Sinha will turn out the most loyal man in the Council. But the significant thing is that the Viceroy's Council will no longer have the aspect of the general staff of an army of occupation. It will be truly a Council for India, because India's native sons will make their voices heard in debate.

There is little reason to doubt that the new system will work well. The admirable thing about the British character is that it loyally recognizes the *fait accompli*. The London *Times*, which had fought concessions in India tooth and nail, is beginning to hope. "The capacity of the enlarged councils," it says, "will be judged mainly by their methods of treatment of the budgets. If a businesslike attitude be adopted by the Indian members instead of the present practice of diffuse speechmaking, with much ill-informed criticism, the official finance of the governments may benefit by the change of procedure." The principal danger in the way at present seems to be the possibility that the Hindu majorities may swamp the Mohammedan minority and lead to racial oppression. But the *Pax Britannica* has grown weak indeed, if it cannot hold a reckless Hindu majority under control.

JAPAN IN MANCHURIA

Our State Department's approval of the Chino-Japanese conventions concerning Manchuria signed on September 4, comes somewhat belated, but welcome nevertheless. We have it now authoritatively laid down that the open door is still open, that Japan's railway and mining concessions do not create a monopoly in her favor, and that Chinese rights in the territory occupied by Japan have been duly respected. Great Britain, Germany, and France, who presumably are as interested in maintaining their foothold in China as we are, at once expressed their satisfaction with the agreement between China and Japan. Questions which had been hanging in the air for years were disposed of, and that was an advantage for every one. We alone, in one of our sporadic awakenings to the immense importance of our interests in China, began to scent a devilish game by Japan. We were going to protest, we were not going to protest; we were going to send a man to the spot who knew how to push American commerce—we called him back before he got on board ship. Only after two and a half months of confused polemic, the State Department begs to state that there is no reason for growing excited.

The regular outcry against Japan's attempt to close the open door in Manchuria coincides with the regular outcry about the decline of American trade in China. Naturally, the two must be related as cause and effect. If our imports into Manchuria go down while Japan's go up, it must be because Japan

will have it so. We refuse to recognize that there can be any legitimate reasons why Japanese commerce should grow in Manchuria. Yet a moment's candid reflection would show that there are at least three powerful reasons. First, it is manifestly absurd to believe that such political paramountcy as Japan holds in Manchuria does not inevitably carry with it a trade advantage. A good many Americans, if we remember well, once had a good deal to say about trade following the flag. Much more reason is there now for Japanese trade following the Japanese flag across scarcely a hundred miles of sea. Without infringing even the spirit of the international agreements concerning equal opportunity in China, the Japanese Government would be more than human if it did not give its subjects broader opportunities for trade in Manchuria than the outsider can compass. Nor is any of the other nations in a position to throw stones.

A second factor in the growth of Japanese commerce in the Manchurian provinces is the increase of the Japanese population there. Korea has absorbed since the war possibly a half-million Japanese. Manchuria must have received a very large immigration. When we are told that the importation of Japanese cottons into Niuchwang has been making headway at the expense of the American product, it is well enough to remember that, other reasons aside, the Japanese immigrant is pretty sure to patronize the Japanese article. Here is a case where the Mikado's Government might indulge in absolutely Aristidean impartiality and yet be compelled to witness a steady growth of her imports into Manchuria. But neither the first nor the second reason can compare with the third great reason for the growth of Japanese trade—Japan's fitness to hold her own and more with the other Powers in fair economic competition. Again, it would be absurd to overlook Japan's enormous advantage in her proximity to the market, an advantage that did not count when Japan was in her industrial infancy, but one that must count tremendously when Japanese ingenuity and resourcefulness have mastered the processes and methods of industrial success. The energies of a nation called forth by a successful Titanic war for self-preservation are inevitably seeking an outlet in the industrial sphere.

What reasons exist under present conditions in this country for the growth of American commerce in Manchuria? We held a predominant place in that region ten years ago, largely because of lack of competition and in spite of our notoriously bad trade methods. Now there is Japanese competition to meet. To overcome Japan's advantage of an enormously cheaper labor market and much lower freights, what efforts have we made at home, what new resources have we brought to play on the Chinese market? At home the mockery of tariff-revision sends the cost of living steadily upward, and makes even the semblance of competition with Japan in the matter of labor-cost unthinkable. In China the American merchant clings to his fine antediluvian habit of carrying the stock he himself likes best, packing and labelling his wares to suit himself, and as for making himself familiar with the language and habits of his public—ridiculous!

Is it not now as plain as a pikestaff that if Japanese trade in Manchuria is growing and American trade is declining, it must be the wicked Japanese who are behind it all? Hence, we have piteous appeals to the State Department to keep the open door from being shut on American thumbs. Then come heroic measures for stimulating American interests with the strychnine and digitalis of railway loans forced down China's unwilling throat. At bottom, how sincere are our great manufacturers in all this pother about the disappearing Chinese market? If our tariff-fed industries displayed one-tenth the ingenuity in China that they expend in separating the American consumer from his money, they would not be howling every little while at the doors of the State Department. One fine Southern imagination has declared that if the Chinese people would add one inch to the length of their shirts, the product of our cotton mills would be doubled. But only let our tariff barons add one cent to what the American citizen pays for his yard of cotton cloth, and the Chinaman's shirt can go on lengthening till it sweeps the ground in sacerdotal folds, for all our manufacturers care.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Not often is the nation called upon to mourn a truer patriot than Richard Watson Gilder; not often has it been better served by one whose career was that of letters. For the inspiration of his pen was the desire to better not only the administration of the state, but the lot of every individual. So it has been that every civic movement of importance in New York city has turned instinctively to Mr. Gilder for encouragement, certain of his approval. The frail, delicate physique was lashed from one public service to another by the same dauntless spirit which, at seventeen, had made him a cannoneer at Gettysburg amid the hardships of a campaign that overcame many a stouter body—and always with a modesty so great that to far too many people the splendid character of the service rendered was quite unknown.

Not, however, to those who had followed or participated in the battle for a better and worthier New York. They know that Mr. Gilder took up the cause of the poor unasked, because his heart cried out against the conditions in which the poor lived and live; they know that in the work of the Gilder Tenement House Commission he set himself a monument of which any man might be proud. To his initiative and leadership more than to that of any other one man the three millions who live in New York's tenement houses owe the reforms which, as Jacob A. Riis has well said, "tore down a hundred 'dens of death' and gave the poor tenants' children playgrounds where before they had only the street and the gutter"; it was Richard Watson Gilder "who opened small parks and recreation piers, who compelled the building of new schools; who shaped the laws that made the tenant safe against the horrid peril of midnight fires"; thanks to him there were saved each year more than 12,000 infant lives. Yet great as was this civic achievement, the sum total of his many hundred others is even greater. In campaign after campaign for city righteousness he would take assignments to East Side meetings, often speaking in the open fairly at the risk of his life and always with complete self-abnegation.

The same kindliness and the same devotion to the highest ideals, the same simple modesty, characterized Mr. Gilder, the editor. The inspiration for those poems, lyrical and epigrammatic, for which as a writer he will chiefly be remembered, came largely from his pub-

lic service. Through all the exacting cares of so full a life he ever heard comforting melodies and wedded his activities to rhyme. If he never reached the poetical heights, he had the rare faculty of expressing popular emotion in graceful form. At dedications and other large public ceremonies his charm and tact rarely, if ever, failed him. In the volume of his collected verse, published only the other day, his poems of patriotism and civic duty are brought together and printed in capitals to correspond in type to the clear-cut style of the lines—as if they were meant to be cut in stone. Here, at times, he attained to true gravity and force. Who now, we may ask, shall inscribe Mr. Gilder's own character in fit and measured verse? In his sonnet to him Mr. William Watson has just—alas! in vain—urged Mr. Gilder still to

> sing with note sincere
> And English pure as English air hath heard,
> And so, though all the fops of style misuse
> Our great brave language—tricking out with beads
> This noble vesture that no frippery needs—
> Help still to save, while Time around him strews
> Old shards of empire, and much dust of creeds,
> The honor and the glory of the Muse.

But the greatest usefulness of lives like this is, after all, the assurance they give that, despite its shortcomings, in its finest citizenship America remains a land of ideals. There could be no more fitting time than this moment of the exposure of corruption in high finance, to recall to the country where the true human values really lie. Mr. Gilder owned no palace on Fifth Avenue; he had acquired no great means, and, in this "get-rich-quick" age, he had never taken care to cheat and bribe his way to the proud position of a multi-millionaire patron of the arts and sciences. It never occurred to his simple mind that greatness lay that way, that to serve one's country one should debauch its employees, and filch from its revenues. He never even deemed it desirable to purchase the highest legal talent to tell him how to circumvent the laws. And so he lived no life of luxury and commercial power, but a life that made him justly respected and cherished of all whose opinions were worth having. The friendship of every one bravely devoted to higher things was his, and rarely has any single New Yorker been beloved in so many places and circles. As it was said of Lecky, his was an extraordinary combination of gentleness and strength—the gentleness of righteousness, the strength of the unselfish patriot.

AUSTRALASIAN LITERATURE.

SYDNEY, November 1.

The literature of Australia and New Zealand is still largely merged in that of their Motherland. Australian authors often send their books to be published in London, desiring a wider recognition because they believe they are making contributions to English literature, or else despairing of such a sale at the Antipodes as will make the publication lucrative. Some of these have been authors before they relinquished academic or other positions "at home" to come out to Australia, where they have gained still higher positions, and where they continue the researches that have won them repute.

The writings of Professor Hearn of the University of Melbourne, belong to English literature. At first professor of classics in Queen's College, Belfast, he issued a volume on Economics, called "Plutology," which he afterwards recast and republished. About 1860 he published a work of greater importance, "The Government of England." It was remarkable, as the earliest attempt to apply the cosmic principles of Herbert Spencer to political history. At that date Spencer had reached only the second and still imperfect form of those principles about to be expounded in his "First Principles." It was a proof of Hearn's sagacity that, even so, he grasped their philosophical significance, and successfully applied them to the elucidation of English constitutional history. Does Dr. Hearn, asked at the time the skeptical *Saturday Review*, really believe that he is throwing light on that history by explaining it as a process of evolution, engineered by those two handy demiurges, integration and differentiation? No one asks so guileless a question now. When historians of the old school, like the late Samuel Gardiner, were confronted in the *Academy* (by the present writer) with the evolution of English kingship as described by Hearn, they were astonished and discomfited. Ten years after its publication the book was shown to Herbert Spencer with the remark that his name was only once mentioned in a volume of which not one line could have been written as it was but for his "Essays." The magnanimous philosopher seemed, however, more gratified with the application of his ideas than disappointed with the scanty acknowledgment made of their source.

Soon after he arrived in Australia Hearn was tempted, as C. H. Pearson the historian was tempted, by the allurements of politics and office. Unlike Pearson, he did not resign his professorship; but he was elected a member of the Legislative Council (or Senate), where his conspicuous talent soon made him a leader. He took an energetic part in the hot strife that waged for years between the first and second legislative chambers in Victoria over the right of the second to amend financial bills sent up by the first. He did not, however, sacrifice literature to politics. Always a secondary mind, deriving the generative concept of each work from some original thinker, he now assimilated the chief idea of his third treatise, "The Aryan Household," from Fustel de Coulanges's "La Cité antique." It was a remunerative loan, and it carried Hearn into fields of speculation far beyond the range of his primary author. His view of the origin of the state, in particular, was bold and novel, and showed that, if Spencer was his philosophical master, he was no slavish disciple. For the volume abounds in originalities, and it was notable for containing the first application of the evidence drawn from Indian history to determine the course of political evolution.

Hearn left behind him no pupils to carry on his work. The problems he grappled with were, however, approached from another point of view by inquirers trained in a very different school. A circular issued by Lewis Morgan, who put a number of queries to missionaries, travellers, and residents among savage peoples, fell into the hands of a missionary, Lorimer Fison, and A. W. Howitt, an Anglo-Australian. They unknowingly resumed the work of Sir George Grey in Western Australia thirty years before, when he discovered the system of exogamous clan-marriage. Fison and Howitt pushed their researches further, and discovered the unbounded privileges and the stern prohibitions attached to it. The subject had its comic sides, which excited derision. The black man on his travels could have, if a crow were his totem, a thousand wives belonging, say, to the kangaroo-clan. These writers also completed the solution of the problem, initiated by the discovery of exogamy, why a man could have no relations with his mother-in-law, though she might be his next-camp neighbor. Howitt continued his inquiries; and the results of them, stated in a work on "The Native Tribes of Southeast Australia," and in papers read before the Anthropological Institute, are recognized as first-hand sources of information on some of the most disputed points in anthropology.

In those days McLennan was still the chief authority on primitive marriage, and his condemnation of the first-fruits of Fison's and Howitt's inquir-

les, as shown in the answers to Lewis Morgan's queries, was authoritative and severe. He described them contemptuously as "a tangle of mystifications," as he had previously called Morgan's conclusions the product of delusion. When the results of the Australians' researches were afterwards published in a substantial form, they still met with little appreciation save from Tylor and Andrew Lang. Two new Australian inquirers were to confirm them in a decisive manner. Mr. Gillen had lived for twenty years among the Arunta tribe in Central Australia. Prof. Baldwin Spencer of the University of Melbourne had been trained by Tylor at Oxford. Both were believed by the blacks to be initiates. When, therefore, they engaged in the Horn Expedition of 1894 and the Syme Expedition of 1902, they were unhesitatingly granted access to all tribal ceremonies. The inner life of the tribes was laid open to them. Rites that had never before been witnessed by white men were seen and photographed. They gave the first account of the tribes between the Macdonnell Range of Central Australia and the Gulf of Carpentaria. They observed a gradual change in organization and beliefs as they passed from the more primitive tribes near Lake Eyre to the more advanced tribes of the Gulf, but yet established a fundamental likeness among them all. Some of the more specific conclusions are striking.

They ascertained the universality of the belief that children are not procreated, or, at all events, that every living member of a tribe is regarded as the incarnation of a spirit ancestor. They extended the area of the belief that the members of a totem-group are held answerable for the increase of the animal or plant that gives its name to a group. They have discovered that there is no radical difference in social organization between the tribes where female inheritance rules and those where descent is through the male line. But perhaps the most interesting of all their researches is that which has led them to the conclusion that the classificatory system of relationships first devised by Lewis Morgan, and confirmed as regards the Australian blacks by Fison and Howitt, is inexpugnable. The two latter inquirers the authors hold to be the founders of Australian anthropology. The structure that Gillen and Spencer have reared on that base in the volumes, "The Native Tribes of Central Australia" and "The Northern Tribes of Central Australia," is of inestimable value and high authority.

While these researches were being pursued on the continent, parallel inquiries were prosecuted in the adjacent islands of New Zealand. The "Polynesian Mythology" of Sir George Grey (of which a second edition, unrevised, has been issued by the Government) needed to be corrected and supplemented. John White had lived long among the Maoris in an official capacity, knew their usages and their beliefs as no other ever did, and had embodied fragments of his erudition in a fictitious narrative, "Te Rou." He was no less deeply acquainted with their legends and myths, and he was commissioned by the Government to translate his accumulations and to put them in literary form. After exasperating delays, there at length appeared a succession of volumes ("The Ancient History of the Maori"; Wellington, N. Z.), which was brought to a close, not to an end, by the editor's sudden death. The results are valuable, but perhaps need sifting. Of portions of the first-issued volume Sir George Grey declared to the present writer that White had sometimes mistaken obscene Maori songs for theological myths. But he brought together a large legendary collection, drawn from many different sources and derived from the very lips of priests and chiefs.

The pen that Death struck from the hand of White has been taken up by Johannes Carl Andersen. Of Danish birth, but of New Zealand rearing, he has come to the primitive Maori with a mind steeped in Scandinavian lore. A poet himself, his work ("Maori Life in Aotea"; Christchurch, N. Z.) is an attempt at an imaginative and sympathetic realization of the life the old Maori led. He is vividly portrayed in war and in peace, as cultivator, wood-carver, hunter, and sea-farer. He is seen, no less, in his recreations—in the ceremonious *haka*, and in the fireside recital of legends concerning fairies, demons, and gods. He is depicted as a warrior, creeping like a sleuth-hound on the track of his foe, crafty, remorseless, implacable, and, at the orgies of the cannibal feast, a very brute. Using White's collections, which he calls his "basework", and calling to his aid all appropriate contemporary research, Mr. Andersen has produced a very interesting volume, solid in its erudition, glowing in its idealization, and strangely attractive by its exotic manner of dramatic presentment. It is the work of an ancient skald in the South Seas. Mr. Ngata, a pure-blooded chief who writes the best English, a legislator who is on his way to cabinet rank, vouches equally for the broad truth of the pictured scenes and the accuracy of their details. Mr. Andersen believes that the painter and the sculptor will find in Maori lore subjects for many a canvas, figure, or group; and poets will discover matter enough for twenty epics. His own book is perhaps the first of those epics.

Two other recent New Zealand works, both published by Whitcombe and Tombs, Christchurch, deserve to be mentioned. One of them, Earle's "Nine Months Residence in New Zealand in 1827," is a reprint of a book first issued in 1832, when New Zealand was a land almost unknown save to the missionary and the beach-comber. In it were first made those charges against the Anglican missionaries, of appropriating Maori lands, which were sheeted home to them nineteen years later by Gov. Grey. In the *Quarterly Review* Southey (for it was evidently he) warned his readers that Earle's "statements must be received, for the present, with anything but rash confidence." The other book, "Bishop Harper and the Canterbury Settlement," by the Rev. H. T. Purchas, instructively shows once more how large a part is still played by the priests in the infancy of a community. The venerable prelate lived to see the young "settlement" become an important province in a new federation. We may add that he was the brother of that Jesuit father who has given a commanding synthetic view of the Scholastic philosophy, which also belonged to the less advanced stages of society.

J. C.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Louis I. Haber is another of the older book-collectors who are sending their treasures to the auction room. Mr. Haber has been collecting about twenty-five years, and many of his books and manuscripts were bought at prices which will be exceeded many times over at the sale to be held by the Anderson Auction Co. in twelve sessions, afternoons and evenings of December 1 and 2, 7, 8, 9 and 10. Part I, to be sold next week, contains the books from A to K of the alphabet, with a selection of the important literary manuscripts. Among the early English books are Gower's "Confessio Amantis" (1532), Barclay's "Ship of Fooles" (1570), Chaucer's "Workes" (the undated edition printed about 1550), John Heywood's "Woorkes" (1577), and Roger Ascham's "Toxophilus" (1571) and "Schole Master" (1579). Among books of the Seventeenth Century are Ben Jonson's "Works" (1616), Chapman's "Whole Works of Homer" (1616), Beaumont and Fletcher's "Comedies and Tragedies" (1647), Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" (1621), Greene's "Never Too Late to Mend" (1607), Cowley's "Poetical Blossoms" (1633), Phineas Fletcher's "Purple Island" (1633), and Herrick's "Hesperides" (1648). Of modern authors there are first editions of Keats's "Poems" (1817), "Endymion" (1818), and "Lamia" (1820); and books by Mrs. Browning, Matthew Arnold, Dobson, Gosse, Eugene Field, and other authors, English and American. Among club publications are nearly complete sets of the publications of the Grolier Club, the Bibliographical Society, and the Bibliophile Society, with a long series of William Loring Andrews's books and specimens of the Kelmscott, Daniel, and other presses. The manuscripts in this portion include a twenty-eight-page letter of Keats; a translation in Irving's autograph of a part of Sahagun's "Conquest of Mexico," 86 pages; O. W. Holmes's "The Stereoscope and

the Stereograph," thirty-one and a half pages; Bret Harte's "Lothaw," thirty-nine pages; J. Fenimore Cooper's "Life of Richard Dale," sixteen pages; Conan Doyle's "The Sign of the Four," 160 pages; and two sketches by Mark Twain, a set of autograph letters of the Presidents, and other interesting documents.

On Tuesday, November 30, the same auctioneers will sell Frank Maier's collection of miscellaneous autographs. There is a manuscript by Longfellow of his poem "The Children's Hour" on four pages, quarto; a manuscript by Holmes of "The Voiceless," one-page quarto; and letters of Carlyle, Gladstone, Dickens, Cooper, Hawthorne, Leigh Hunt, Oscar Wilde, Gen. Grant, and others.

On the evening of December 3 they will sell a collection of Japanese prints, upwards of two hundred lots, and some Japanese stamps and coins.

The collection of the late Clarence H. Clark of Philadelphia is to be dispersed this season by Stan V. Henkels, in several sales, the first being on November 30, afternoon and evening. This library is perhaps most notable for the extra illustrated copy of the Works of John Lothrop Motley, extended from nine to twenty-seven volumes and inlaid from octavo to folio. Mrs. Clark was a daughter of the historian, and on this account Mr. Clark took especial pride in building up this set, having spent, it is said, $35,000 upon it. The first sale includes also the illuminated manuscripts, among them being a fine Book of Hours of the Fourteenth Century, on 186 leaves, with thirteen full-page miniatures and twenty-four smaller ones, and an interesting Persian manuscript, being the "Shah Nameh" of Firdausi, of sixteenth century execution. There are several of the most famous books from the Elzevir. Among early Americana are Bullock's "Virginia Impartially Examined" (1649); Champlain's Voyages (1632), with the large map in facsimile; Capt. John Smith's "True Travels" (1630); the very rare "Breeden-Raedt aende Vereenichde Nederlandsche Provintien" (1649), and De-Vries's "Korte Historiael" (1655), the last two being among the earliest printed books relating to New York. Many of the books are in elaborate tooled or inlaid bindings.

On December 1 and 2, C. F. Libbie & Co., in Boston, will sell the libraries of W. K. Stafford of Newton, Mass., and William Parsons Lunt of Boston. The collection is chiefly notable for the books and pamphlets relating to the Indians and for American local history, especially books on Michigan, the region of the Great Lakes, and California.

Hawthorne's first book, "Fanshawe, a Tale" (Boston, 1828), a fine copy, sold in the first Maier sale last week for $350, and other first editions of Hawthorne sold at moderate prices: "The Sister Years" (1839) bringing $150; "The Celestial Railroad" (1843), $140; and "Time's Portraiture" (1853), $50.

Correspondence.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Few poems have been more often reprinted than "The Burial of Sir John Moore," but no two of the copies, even in the best anthologies, agree exactly in their reading. Concerning one of these variations, "sullenly," or "suddenly," in the seventh stanza, there has often been lively discussion among editors and critics; some asserting that "suddenly" is the only authoritative reading, others saying that Wolfe wrote "sullenly" at first, but afterward "altered it at the suggestion of a literary friend."

This latter statement, based upon a note from "an early friend of the author" (printed in the London *Morning Chronicle*, October 29, 1824), is incorrect. The "early friend," commenting on the line, "That the foe was suddenly firing," says that it "was originally written" thus: "Of the enemy sullenly firing." But the Rev. John A. Russell, in the "Remains of the Rev. Charles Wolfe," 1825, remarks that the line was at first written, "That the foe was sullenly firing"—the reading in the text as he prints it. He adds:

> It was subsequently altered as he [the writer in the *Morning Chronicle*] gives it, at the suggestion of a literary friend; but it seems proper to print it as it actually stands in the author's own manuscript, from which I take it. There is no difference in sense; but perhaps some may think the rhythm better as it was originally written.

This obviously refers, not to "sullenly" (which is the same in both readings, and which *would* make a serious difference in the sense), but to the words that *precede* "sullenly." I cannot, however, agree with Archdeacon Russell, that the "rhythm" of "That the foe was" is possibly better than that of "Of the enemy," which Wolfe adopted when it was suggested.

That "sullenly" was the original and the only reading of the poet is definitely settled by a communication I received more than ten years ago enclosing a careful copy of a letter from Wolfe, written immediately after he completed the poem. I regret that I have lost or mislaid the letter accompanying this interesting manuscript, and cannot recall the name of the sender. The original letter of Wolfe was somewhat worn and torn, and its imperfections are minutely indicated in the copy; but luckily they do not obscure the text, the only lost *words* being "rest" and "him," in the last two lines of the third stanza, with the last letter of "him" in the preceding line and the first letter of "Few" at the beginning of the next stanza.

The letter is addressed (on the same sheet containing the poem) to

> John Taylor Esq
> at the Revd Mr. Armstrong's
> Clononlly
> Cashel

It begins (or the portion copied does) thus:

> I have completed the Burial of Sir John Moore, & will here inflict it upon you; you have no one but yourself to blame, for praising the two stanzas that I told you so much
> [here there is something lost]

The text of the poem follows in the spelling and pointing of the original. The stanzas are numbered 1, 2, 3, etc.

> Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
> As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
> Not a Soldier discharged his farewell shot
> O'er the grave where our Hero we buried.
>
> We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
> The sods with our bayonets turning;
> By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
> And the lanthorn dimly burning.
>
> No useless coffin enclosed his breast
> Not in sheet or in shroud we wound [him],
> But he lay like a Warrior taking his [rest],
> With his martial cloak around [him].
>
> [F]ew and short were the prayers we said
> And we spoke not a word of sorrow
> But we steadfastly gaz'd on the face that was dead,
> And we bitterly thought of the morrow;
>
> We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
> And smooth'd down his lonely pillow;
> That the Foe & the Stranger would tread o'er his head
> And we far away on the billow!
>
> Lightly they'll talk of the Spirit that's gone,
> And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him
> But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
> In the grave where a Briton has laid him.
>
> But half of our heavy task was done,
> When the clock struck the note for retiring,
> And we heard the distant & random gun
> That the Foe was sullenly firing
>
> Slowly & sadly we laid him down
> From the field of his fame fresh and gory
> We carv'd not a line, and we rais'd not a stone
> But we left him alone with his glory.

The poet adds:

> Pray write soon—You may direct as usual to College [Trinity College, Dublin] & it will follow me to the Country
> Give my love to Armstrong, & Believe me
> My Dear John
> Ever Yours
> Charles Wolfe.

The letter is not dated, but is postmarked Sept. 6, 1816.

According to the "Remains," the poem was first printed "without the concurrence or knowledge of the author." The editor adds:

> It was recited by a friend in presence of a gentleman travelling towards the north of Ireland, who was so much struck with it that he requested and obtained a copy; and immediately after [in 1817], it appeared in the *Newry Telegraph*, with the initials of the author's name. From thence it was copied into most of the London prints, and thence into the Dublin papers; and subsequently it appeared, with some considerable errors, in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, which contained the narrative that first kindled the poet's feelings on the subject.

The biographer seems not to have known (and I do not remember to have seen any reference to the fact, which I accidentally discovered in preparing for this present writing) that the poem was printed in the first volume of *Blackwood's Magazine* (June, 1817, p. 277), with "some considerable errors," like "Nor in sheet nor"; "the face of the dead"; "tolled the hour"; "suddenly firing"; and the omission of "and" in the last line but one. The initials of the author are omitted (as probably in the newspaper reprints from the *Newry Telegraph*), and the editor appends the following footnote:

> This little poem first appeared in some of the newspapers a few days ago. It is too beautiful not to deserve preservation in a safer repository; and we have, accordingly, inserted it among our original poems. —[Ed.

In the "Remains" (1825), the only variation from the text of the letter to John Taylor is "hour" for "note"; and the only other change made by the poet appears to have been "Of the enemy" for "That the foe was," where the archdeacon, as we have seen, preferred to retain the original reading. These two authorities—the letter and the book—are the only trustworthy ones for the text as the poet left it at the time of his death, in February, 1823. The corruptions began, as those in *Blackwood* prove, as soon as the poem was printed (probably in the *Newry Telegraph*, where

tho author saw no "proof" of it), and have continued and multiplied ever since. I have examined many texts, English and American, but have found none that are absolutely correct.

Ward's "English Poets" (Vol. IV, p. 323) is one of the most accurate, but it retains "That the foe was," and in the third stanza has "nor" for "or" in the second line. In Linton and Stoddard's "Lyrics of the Nineteenth Century" (New York, 1883), where the reading (p. 102) is "suddenly," a note says: "*Sullenly* is generally misprinted for *suddenly*. Wolfe's manuscript has *suddenly*." The corruptions in *Blackwood* have all been copied in many reprints. Others are "confined" for "enclosed"; the insertion of commas before and after "like a warrior," marring both rhythm and sentiment, "ramparts" for "rampart"; "And we knew by (or "heard by") the distant and random gun that the foe," etc.; "told the hour"; etc.

The "Remains" contained twelve other poems by Wolfe (with two schoolboy efforts in blank verse), but none of them were printed during his life. The volume also contains a few prose sketches and fifteen sermons, none of which, as the editor remarks, "were designed by their author for publication," all being, "with a single exception, composed for a plain but intelligent congregation." They are markedly simple in style, with not a single poetical quotation, or any other rhetorical embellishment.

A long and eulogistic review of the book appeared in *Blackwood*, for March, 1826 (Vol. XIX, p. 323), both verse and prose receiving far more praise than they deserved. For instance, the song, "Go, forget me," which became popular when set to music, is declared to be "exceedingly beautiful—not only in thought and feeling, but in expression—and is sufficient to prove that he [Wolfe] had the deep and fine sensibility of the poet. The pathos is pure and tender as the moonlight." The first stanza, which is decidedly the best of the three, reads thus:

> Go, forget me—why should sorrow
> O'er that brow a shadow fling?
> Go, forget me—and to-morrow
> Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
> Smile—though I shall not be near thee;
> Sing—though I shall never hear thee:
> May thy soul with pleasure shine
> Lasting as the gloom of mine!
> Go, forget me, etc.

I remember hearing it sung by young friends some sixty or more years ago.

Strangely enough, the reviewer is doubtful whether Wolfe wrote the poem that made him famous. He asks:

> How could Mr. Russell publish the celebrated lines on the death of Sir John Moore as the production of Mr. Wolfe without giving any proof whatever that they are so? . . . Medwin knew no more of the matter than any coal-porter on Dublin Quay.

Medwin, in his "Conversations of Byron," as quoted by Russell, had referred to Byron's reading the poem to Shelley and other friends, and calling it "little inferior to the best which the present prolific age has brought forth." After reading it, he "repeated the third stanza, and said it was *perfect*, particularly the lines, 'But he lay like a warrior taking his rest, etc." Shelley said that he should have taken the poem "for a rough sketch of Campbell's," but Byron replied: "No; Campbell would have claimed it if it had been his."

The review in *Blackwood*, it will be seen, was written almost two years after the history of the poem had appeared in the London *Morning Chronicle*, and nine years after *Blackwood* had printed and praised it. It is amazing that the editor had not found out—or had forgotten—who wrote it. In the next number of the magazine (April, p. 489), he prints a letter from Rev. S. D. Sullivan, who says: "The poem was commenced one evening in my company, . . . and the first and last stanzas were actually composed in the same evening and recited by the author before he had committed them to paper"; and the other stanzas were completed soon afterward.

The poem which has immortalized both its author and his hero was at first ascribed to Byron, who regretfully disclaimed it, and was reprinted again and again in England before it was traced to its real source. Meanwhile it was claimed by at least one impostor, who sent to *Blackwood* a poor "Address to Sleep," purporting to be written by the same unknown hand. It was also disparaged by sundry critics who asserted that it was little more than a paraphrase of the report of Moore's death and burial printed in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1808, although the battle at Corunna did not occur until the 19th of January, 1809. The poem, moreover, varies from the report printed, in due season, in the *Register*, in representing the burial as taking place "at dead of night," while it must have been towards daybreak, as the "firing" which led to its being "hastened" for fear that it might be interrupted was "about eight in the morning." The full report is quoted in the "Remains."

It has been asserted again and again that the poem was a close translation of the French "Les Funérailles de Beaumanoir," which may be found in Father Prout's "Reliques" (Bohn's ed. p. 312), being one of his sportive renderings of many poems by Moore and others, in French, Italian, Spanish, Greek, and Latin. It professes to be a tribute to a certain Col. de Beaumanoir, killed in the defence of Pondicherry in 1640. Prout adds that "no translation is necessary, the Rev. Mr. Wolfe having reproduced it on the occasion of Sir John Moore's fall at Corunna under similar circumstances."

The fiction was not intended to deceive, but several writers have been entrapped by it, the latest repetition having been sent as "An Astonishing Discovery" to the *Critic* for July, 1906 (Vol. XLIX, p. 52). In the number for September (p. 195) the editors admit that they have been "hoaxed," but express the hope that it was not intentionally done. Certain alterations in Prout's story, however, suggest that it was carefully planned to deceive.

The "Remains" went through many editions abroad, the ninth of which (London, 1847) brings out the very interesting fact that the *Morning Chronicle* writer was "John Sidney Taylor," who must have been the "John Taylor" to whom Wolfe sent the letter given above.

W. J. Rolfe.

Cambridge, Mass., November 20.

SUMMER SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of September 2, Prof. William MacDonald outlines briefly the development and the present status of the summer school. He calls attention to the preponderance of teachers among those who attend summer schools; to the pedagogical aspect of summer school curricula, noting particularly their ineffectiveness in "the spread of higher education"; and, in conclusion, appears to intimate that the ideal of the summer school should be to continue the same kind of educational work in operation during the regular session.

While I am in accord with much that Professor MacDonald says, there are a few points of dissent. My attitude towards summer schools is based on experience as a public school teacher who formerly attended summer sessions; as a teacher in summer schools myself; and as a professor for several years in one of the smaller colleges. This retrospect may account for our slightly different views.

The record of about fifteen years in several of our summer schools shows that these sessions have been continued because of the sustained attendance of teachers. The attendance of regular college students during the summer session has not grown, and indeed has not been sufficient to warrant maintaining the summer school. It appears, therefore, that the summer school is kept up for those who are professionally engaged in teaching; and the majority of these are teaching in the public schools. It must be conceded that the instruction given should be that desired, and in all probability needed, by those who attend. Consequently there is no occasion for concern over the fact that in summer sessions we do not continue the same nature of work that is given during the regular college year; to do so would subvert what experience shows is the chief function of the summer school.

Of my own classes, while on the staff for four sessions in the Cornell Summer School, and one session (1909) in that of the University of Virginia, teachers constituted at least 90 per cent. Nevertheless, I seldom noted any obtrusive pedagogical interest, certainly never at the expense of subject matter. Lessons assigned were prepared conscientiously; laboratory and field tasks were eagerly completed. I was usually satisfied with the progress made by these teacher-students, and rarely felt they had not accomplished at least as much as I should expect of regular college students. The number who had enjoyed an academic college training was very small. In mental alertness, however, the average woman who has taught several years in our public schools compares very favorably with the average senior in college. These teachers are deficient in training so far as set courses are concerned, but their experience has brought them intellectual results of the same nature, if not of the same degree, as we attribute to the regulation college course.

The zeal of these teachers in their summer studies is generally conceded. If there were as much sustained interest in our college classes during the year, the laboratory and lecture room would be a pleasanter recollection to students when, later, they are men in business. I believe that most

of us find summer teaching, foregoing the inconveniences of the season, less arduous than the work of the regular session, largely because the preponderance of teachers in our classes divides between the instructor and the student the question of enthusiasm, whereas during the regular session the professor generally has to supply it all.

It is possible that many men who give instruction in our summer schools, lose sight of what seems to me the important privilege of the colleges and universities that maintain summer sessions. The fact that every year several thousand teachers from both secondary and high schools place themselves under the instruction of the college or university professor gives the latter some opportunity to be of great service to these teachers and, therefore, to do a little, at least, towards making the schools below the college conform to his ideals.

I am glad to read a protest against "extension" work and the "listener." A summer school of the Chautauqua type is a menace; it affords slight recreation, and practically no education. Progress comes only through serious work; merely listening to lectures, and watching demonstrations, unless supplemented by thorough reading and study, is almost wasting one's time.

FRANK CARNEY.

Denison University, Granville, O., November 19.

RULES OF THE BODLEIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Of the many American readers who have worked in the Bodleian Library, probably few have ever become familiar with the Staff-Kalendar, published by the Librarian annually for some years past, the 1909 edition of which has just come to my hand. This extraordinary little book, measuring only two and a half inches by four and a half, is a veritable revelation in what it shows—still more in what it implies—of the system that has grown up for centuries in connection with the administration of the venerable library whose name it bears. Who that has labored dreamingly among the ancient tomes in Duke Humphrey's room, occasionally pondering on the simplicity and quiet that reign there, in contrast with the noise and fussiness of the Bibliothèque Nationale, has realized that every man and boy employed in the library carries a printed book in which it is recorded that on February 1 the east end of "the H" is to be swept, that on February 8 the Bodley clocks are to be wound and set, and that on February 27 the Camera chimney and flues are to be cleaned? Or who that has received his books from the charming little boys that glide about the place has imagined that they are hedged about with an aggregation of rules seemingly utterly irrelevant to such gentle creatures?—as that "no bullying or assumption of authority will be tolerated," and that "boys must not run violently on stairs." Their regulations are also in part of a kindly paternal tone. Thus the Oxford climate has developed a paragraph admonishing that, "as boots often let in water unexpectedly, every boy is advised to keep at the library a dry pair of boots and a dry pair of socks." Boys are also warned against reading in a bad light—as though any other kind could be found during a good part of the Oxford winter! "It is no answer to say that they can see perfectly, because the more short-sighted they were becoming the better they *would* see in a bad light."

This bit of refutation brings out the fact that, whatever objection or exception or occasion you may postulate, you will find that the Staff-Kalendar has foreseen the contingency. Here is a note suggestive of many troublesome letters, following an elaborate account of the fire-alarm system: "Other libraries desiring information as to the details of this system are begged *not* to write to the Librarian, but to the Expansion Sprinkler Syndicate," etc. Yet a moment later, in a mollified mood, the Librarian adds that he "might, however, be willing to answer inquiries as to whether the system had or had not given satisfaction." The fire-alarm question runs through all the Kalendar, and one derives the impression that a kind of hysteria, or pyrophobia, pervades the place. Undergraduate demonstrations are clearly one of the chief causes of alarm—perhaps on other grounds also; at any rate, the staff is warned on every day from May 21 to June 2 that "eights celebrations [are] to be watched for." Street bonfires are a matter of special concern, and if they are not extinguished, on request, by the policeman on duty ("which *has* happened"), appeal is at once to be taken to higher powers. Most impressive, however, in this connection, are the warnings against carrying any kind of light, or striking any match, in the Bodleian building; these go back to a Latin statute of 1610, and have been sanctified further by various interpretations and enforcements. "In 1901 a newly admitted foreign reader lighted a cigarette in going down the Bodleian stairs, and his admission was cancelled." But later something still more tragic occurred. "In 1903 a graduate of forty-five years' standing struck a light on the same staircase, to examine a picture by, and was informed that he must never again enter the building: *the picture itself was removed.*" This last clause, whose italics are ours, certainly gives a fitting final touch to the solemnity of the subject. Talk of hanging animals for crime! That was child's play compared with punishing a picture, by forbidding it to hang, for inciting a venerable man to misconduct.

Enough of details. One thing is certain: "who touches this book touches a man." Not only the reverend past of Bodley's Library, but the arresting personality of Bodley's present librarian, make the Kalendar far more than the merely utilitarian production it professes to be.

LECTOR.

Palo Alto, Cal., November 15.

THE READING OF VERSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Gummere's plea in the *Nation* of November 11 for the reading of verse as verse is just and timely. Not only the professional readers and actors in vogue, as well as the delicate-handed dilettanti of our most esoteric circles, but too many of our most advanced young gentlemen profess and practise the pernicious heresy of reading verse as prose, sternly denying time-values to poetic lines, and resolutely submerging the emotional and the æsthetic elements of measured speech in the logical and analytical elements.

Whence comes this tendency? Is it an outgrowth of the attempt of Whitman and those who came after him to loosen the shackles of regular rhythm? Does it result from the disintegration of modern blank verse and its resolution into a bastard prose? Or is it simply due to the subjection of our generation to the pervasive influence of the scientific habit of mind and all its implications?

Our contemporary poets—those of the widest influence, at any rate—are not chargeable with it, nor do they countenance it. Rather, are not the new and pronounced rhythms of the schools of Kipling and of Swinburne protests against this tendency and landmarks in a new reaction against over-refinement and emasculation of rhythm and the levelling of verse into prose? Even the tyro or the iconoclast can hardly render such movements of speech as

Thus saith the Lord in the vault above the cherubim,
Calling to the angels and the souls in their degree—

otherwise than with the rolling rhythm of chant or pæan.

The sensuous effect of flowing measures, the glamour of verse and its spell, are still the things sought for. Herrick's "holy incantation of this verse" is still felt today as the test and touchstone of poetry. Are our neoterics in their turn trying to start a reaction against even the newest school of poetry?

I fear that much of the blame rests with those who profess to teach literature from the chairs of learning. How many of our college teachers can sincerely testify that they themselves have never subscribed to this heresy, in practice if not in theory?

FREDERIC IVES CARPENTER.

University of Chicago, November 12.

Literature.

H. M. STANLEY.

The Autobiography of Sir Henry Morton Stanley, G.C.B. Edited by his wife, Dorothy Stanley. With sixteen photogravures and a map. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5 net.

Stanley's story of his early life is not only profoundly interesting, but is full of stimulating thoughts and experiences, especially for young men. For it is the story of one who, "without a parent, relation, or friend on earth to turn to," began his life in a workhouse and ended it in Westminster Abbey. The name, *Bula Matari*, "Breaker of Rocks," given him by the natives who saw him with drill and hammer helping to hew a road around the rapids of the Congo, and engraven on his tomb, fitly characterize a man who from his youth victoriously battled with the hardest that earth could afford. To those who know him only as the African explorer the story of his early career will be full of surprises. John Rowlands by name, his father having died in his infancy and

his mother having cast him off, he was brought up in a Welsh workhouse. Here he stayed till he was fifteen, when, on account of inhuman treatment, he escaped from the "house of torture" and shipped as cabin-boy on a vessel bound from Liverpool to New Orleans. It was in those days the custom of many shipmasters to be so cruel to their boys that they would desert on reaching port, and so forfeit their wages. This was the case with our hero, and his next years were spent in the South in shops, on plantations, and on a flatboat. On the breaking out of the civil war he enlisted in the Sixth Arkansas Regiment. At the Battle of Shiloh he was taken prisoner and carried to Chicago. Here his sufferings in the prison at Camp Douglas were so great that, to secure his release, he enlisted in the Union army, his sympathies also now being entirely with the North. Being discharged on account of having "prison-disease," he joined the navy as "ship's writer." In this capacity he took part in the capture of Fort Fisher, a graphic account of which he sent to the newspapers, and so began his career as a correspondent. The real autobiography ends with his discharge from the army on June 22, 1862, when, without a penny in his pocket, he worked his way from Harper's Ferry to Baltimore.

As the record was written nearly at the close of Stanley's active life, it is not impossible that the boyish thoughts and aspirations here portrayed may be to some extent the product of his maturer years. But of their general accuracy and truthfulness one may be assured by the success of his later life. This success was won, it is evident, by his determination to do his duty, to make the best of everything, and not to give way to discouragement. "I exclude all words like 'fail,' 'can't,' from my vocabulary," he writes at a depressing period. "I have nothing to fall back upon but energy, and much hopefulness," is another inspiring thought; as is also, "I mean by attention to my business, by self-denial, by indefatigable energy, to become, by this very business, my own master, and that of others." Another striking characteristic, which is but little emphasized in his published works, is the religious strain running through the whole of his life. While in the workhouse a conviction came which never left him, that, though without an earthly father, "he had a Father in Heaven." When he landed in New Orleans the book in his pocket was a Bible given him in the workhouse for "general good conduct," and the first man whom he asked for employment, seeing it, became interested in him and finally adopted him, giving him his name. This Bible, it may be added, was the one book which he took with him when he went in search of Livingstone.

The personality of the Stanley, who, as special correspondent, accompanied the British Abyssinian and Ashantee expeditions and our Gen. Hancock's campaign against the Comanches, who sought for Livingstone in the wilds of Africa and founded the Congo State, the "traveller in five continents" and the member of Parliament, is revealed by extracts from his journals, note-books, and private letters. Lady Stanley links together the different parts with many interesting and reminiscent passages, her predominant aim being to show "something of the working of his own mind and heart." So he thinks aloud, as it were, on almost every page. Very little material is taken from his published writings, ten in number, and much new light is thrown upon the varied experiences in this, the most important part of his life. Among other things, he says that Livingstone's "return to home and kindred—though he found his energies waning, age creeping on him, and fettering him in its strong bonds—was prevented by an overscrupulous fidelity to a promise that he had made to his friend, Sir R. Murchison, that he would set the matter of that watershed north of the Tanganyika at rest." An ardent affection for the self-sacrificing missionary was kindled in his breast during the four months they were together, and when the parting hour came, "I was as a sensitive child of eight or so, and yielded to such bursts of tears that only such a scene as this could have forced." The inspiration of Livingstone's example had much to do with the founding of the Congo State. For, in this, Stanley's main purpose and passion was the "betterment of mankind; . . . to pour the civilization of Europe into the barbarism of Africa." Apparently, he did all in his power to induce his countrymen to undertake this noble task, "but the government and the people of England turned a deaf ear" to his pleas. An interview with Mr. Gladstone in 1890, shows how little was the interest of the ex-Premier in Africa's crying needs. This was not the case with Queen Victoria, who sent for him on his return from his Livingstone expedition:

> The conversation, which was principally about Livingstone and Africa, though it did not last more than ten minutes, gave me abundant matter to think about, from having had such good opportunities to look into her eyes, and absorb as it were my impressions, such as they were. What I admired most was the sense of power the eyes revealed, and a quiet, but unmistakeable, kindly condescension; and an inimitable calmness and self-possession. I was glad to have seen her, not only for the honor, and all that, but also, I think, because I have carried something away to muse over at leisure. I am richer in the understanding of power and dominion, sitting enthroned on human features.

The closing years of this adventurous life were spent in travelling, giving lectures, and in Parliament. His travels extended to Australia and South Africa, where, in 1897, he went in Pretoria to the house of President Krüger, of whom he gives one of the most graphic descriptions we remember to have read:

> You have seen lots of stout-bodied old Parisian concierges; and I dare say you have seen them in their seedy black clothes, when going out on a visit; put a little top-hat on one of them, give him stooping shoulders, with a heavy, lumbering, biggish body, and you will know Krüger at once! Well! let him sit vis-à vis to you; put much obstinacy into a face that is unusually large, with an inch of forehead and two small eyes; let the figure sink in his chair, with an attitude of determination in every line, and give him a big briarwood pipe, which is held in his left hand, and there you have him.

Taking the autobiography as a whole, it is a work of remarkable interest and value, not so much on account of the information which it gives, as for the spirit with which Stanley approached the hard life-problems he had to solve. Should it reach a second edition, we would recommend that two episodes of his boyhood in this country be omitted, on account of their suggestiveness to the youthful reader. Ten of the sixteen illustrations are portraits showing him at different ages from 15 to 54, and on a map of tropical Africa are traced the routes of his three great expeditions.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Southerner: A Novel. Being the Autobiography of Nicholas Worth. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The novel is hard to define, and this book may be one. We incline, however, to think it rather less than a novel, correctly defined, and we are quite sure that it is also a good deal more. To constitute it a novel, there are some more or less fictitious characters, a thin thread of a plot to hold it together, and an intermittent love-story. But it is also biography, since decidedly more than suggestions of many of the characters were got from real persons—some of them still living. It is likewise autobiography, and at times unusually frank autobiography at that, although, on the other hand, even in this department, the admixture of fiction is large. It is history—with a like qualification. It is a study in politics and sociology. And it is a pretty lively, though a trifle belated, tract for the times.

So far as it is fiction, its quality may be indicated by placing it about midway between Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's "Red Rock" and the lurid stories of the Rev. Thomas Dixon, jr. But it differs from both quite otherwise and more fundamentally than by coming in between. Mr. Page is a very pleasing and well-bred, Mr. Dixon a very coarse and violent, defender of the South's past and

present, of its traditions, and ways and point of view. The writer of this book is a critic and a would-be reformer and transformer. The feeling for the South which his work reveals is strong—possibly as strong as theirs—but the point of view and the animus are utterly different.

The animus, as well as the method—in so far as so nondescript a work can be said to have a method—is, we think, decidedly open to criticism. There is too much of the spirit of the combatant, and something, we fear, of the bitterness of unpicturesque repulses. That is what makes the putting of real people into the story so plainly questionable, particularly since the fictional form permits a disregard for such requirements of accuracy as an out-and-out biographer or historian would have to meet. This, taken with the anonymity of the work, may provoke enough resentment, and give a sufficient opening for violent retorts, to defeat whatever purpose of constructive criticism it has. It is not for common mortals to assume Dante's privilege with his enemies, whether living or dead.

Nevertheless, it is the animus, the steady and strong and at times passionate rebellion against what may be called the forces of delay in the South, against whatever and whoever may be holding it back and keeping it apart, that gives to the book its force. We should say that much of the true spirit of reform and progress, although mixed with other and less worthy heats, and although too little alleviated by reverence and appreciation, is here to be found. The principal character, a young Southerner, with a Northern education, sees much that is false and insincere in Southern civilization and manners, much that is anachronistic in Southern life, and is gradually drawn into a protagonism of common sense, candor, and progress. He comes to deplore and to hate and to fight cant and ultra-conservatism in religion, Bourbonism in politics, archaic aims and methods in education, and false sentimentalism in everything; and winds up his career by getting elected State superintendent of education on a fusion ticket—and then being counted out. His stanchest ally is "Professor Billy," of the State University, who, by persistency, shrewdness, good nature, and a gift for story-telling of the cross-roads variety, does succeed in reforming education at the bottom, and dies president of an industrial school for girls. A young woman with the old Southern sentimentality, busy about Confederate memorials, falls away from the hero to an Episcopal clergyman; a woman with his own vision and ideals takes her place. A Confederate colonel, with stilted eloquence, but a shrewd eye to the political value of hero-worship and negrophobia, is his arch-antagonist. The Republican machine, made up mainly of postmasters, plays its part—a good deal to the life. A Yankee college-mate makes some investments. A quiet younger brother takes up the industrial problem without leaving the old home, and solves it. Negroes come into the action. Hardly a type is neglected.

The best pages are those given over to vigorous talk about "the problem," and, perhaps, the best of these is that which declares it to be no problem at all, but a condition, capable of indefinite improvement, but not, in the nature of things, capable of any "solution" at all. Here are words in which few Southerners—and not so many Northerners as a few years ago—would concur:

> I care nothing for the negro merely because he is a negro. I care for him because he is a man—or a child. I prefer to think of the people in the Southern States as a people—white and black alike—living under certain conditions, which can be made very fortunate and prosperous conditions, rather than about any particular class or race of them. . . . In any proper scheme of education, there are no white men, no black men—only men.

On the contrary, the feeling that, however both the races may be changed by training and education, there are fundamental differences between them which can probably never be eradicated, and that they can never live together as if they were all of the same race, is probably quite as strong in the South to-day as it ever was, and in the North stronger than it has been since the civil war. This is, we think, but one of several instances in the book of a failure to sense correctly some of the problems with which it essays to deal. Its appeal is, of course, to public opinion, and the author evidently shares the inability of most radical reformers to see clearly the nature and workings of that mysterious force. In dealing with it, not one in a million seems to have Lincoln's gift. The book would doubtless do more good than harm in the South if it should be widely and candidly read there. It is much more likely, however, to get a wide reading, and a rather too serious acceptance, in the North.

While no real person is put bodily into the story, and no career quite as it happened, the real persons who suggested—and more than suggested—certain of the principal characters may be named with a good deal of confidence. The State is North Carolina. For "Professor Billy" one may read Prof. Charles D. McIver; for Col. Graham, of Graham's School, Col. Robert Bingham, of Bingham's School; for Senator Barker, Senator Matt. W. Ransom; for Col. Stringweather, Gen. W. R. Cox, with admixtures, perhaps, from Col. Spier Whitaker—two chairmen of the State Democratic Committee; for Capt. Bob Logan, Col. J. C. L. Harris; for Mr. Birdcastle, Mr. Birdsong, once State librarian; for the *Globe*, the Raleigh *Chronicle;* for the *White Man*, the Raleigh *News and Observer;* for the *Cotton Boll*, the *Progressive Farmer;* for "Brother Charles," Mr. Henry A. Page; for Nicholas Worth, hero and author, Mr. Walter H. Page. The list of recognitions and partial recognitions could be lengthened.

Old Rose and Silver. By Myrtle Reed. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The harmless necessary novel blooms again, and the voice of Myrtle Reed is heard in the land. Old heads nod happily over the old rose-leaf chapters; young muscles stretch and gladden at acrobatic episodes; the world that loves a lover turns the pages contentedly, knowing that all really true love runs at last smooth in the land of Myrtle Reed. The disciples of the Woman's Column feast on visions of old gold satin, deep green velvet, clinging chiffon, spangled net, and gems to match: all the costuming being done with nice regard to the soul, as well as to the eyes and complexion. For music lovers, a yearning melody is braided, motive-wise, into the story, and as often set down in real musical notation, arranged for two hands on the piano, name and address furnished in a note. For epigram-searchers, there is good hunting:

> Men keep best in a cool, dry atmosphere.
> Wisdom consists largely in a graceful acceptance of things that do not immediately concern us,—

a priceless saying!

So are many fed. But those who ask for the untidy or the unwholesome, find the cupboard bare.

A Castle of Dreams. By Netta Syrett. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Stories of a pretty romantic flavor, having to do with young, innocent, and modest girls who chance also to be titled heiresses, are never a drug in the market. It is always interesting to see by what specific path they are to be brought to the desired haven of matrimony. Adventurers are to be avoided, calf-love is to be shunted aside with sisterly affection, the plottings of adored but mercenary parents are to be set agley, the rivalry of naughty ladies is to be triumphed over: no end of untowardnesses may threaten—in vain. The conventions of this type of fiction may as well be accepted as the conventions of polite comedy. They afford a perfectly trustworthy and irreproachable form of entertainment for people who do not care to let their literature worry them. The Lady Bridgit O'Shaughnessy of this tale (it is to be noted that a cook or a saint spells her name "Bridget," but a heroine "Brigit" or "Bridgit") conducts herself efficiently in the part assigned. She almost does more than that—almost proves herself

not a mere romantic heroine, but a delightful creature of flesh and blood. But something too much is required of her: she is a bit too clever, too efficient to be credible. A girl whose aristocratic blood empowers her (at the age of twenty-two) to shift in a half-hour from a colleen in short skirt and bare legs to a lady of fashion and form, a self-possessed and dominant hostess, is hardly of this world. She must be as the child Bridgit has fancied herself: a fairy-lady. She must in that character have been to London and seen the great Queen to some purpose, to have acquired this conquering way. However, she has it, and it suffices to bring her safe through a difficult situation without a tremor. What that situation is, with what special perils it is hedged about, by precisely what means the girl's force and cleverness serve her in the event, far be it from the commentator to specify. There you have the single fair excuse for the whole performance—unless it be in the quiet figure of "Standish," the one real and stable figure in this world of polite and presentable ghosts.

Lost Borders. By Mary Austin. New York: Harper & Bros.

It is difficult to believe that this collection of short stories is the work of a woman, so manly is its general tone. It is a tribute to our own Western desert that will rejoice those who have felt the magic of that place of sand and thorns, which to its lovers has no whit less of awful majesty than much-worded Sahara. The stories tell of primitive human experiences with an impressive simplicity—episodes of life lived in the face of the great waste, where so many of the apparent essentials, as civilization sees them, die out like the vegetation of the tilled fields, leaving only those hardy growths that are one with the soil. It is a wholesome book for city-dwellers in its largeness of understanding, the essence of which is finely embodied in the dedication with its Kiplingesque swing. Reading, we cannot but feel for the moment "the wind that wakes the morning on a thousand miles of sage."

TWO STUDIES IN LITERARY TYPES.

The Short Story in English. By Henry Seidel Canby. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.60 net.

The Autobiography. By Anna Robeson Burr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

During the last ten years, all sorts of geniuses, critics, and professors have been discussing with marked animation the type, technique, and development of the short story. It was, therefore, inevitable in the heyday of literary history that some one should write the history of this ubiquitous parvenu. Let it be said at the outset that Professor Canby has performed with much tact and adroitness a pretty difficult task.

If the book was written to remove the curse of popularity from the study of the short story, it should be successful. It clothes the subject with a severity which will surprise the uninitiated. In his vivacious preface, Professor Canby admits that he runs the risk of "aggravating" the critic by overmuch of theory, interpretation, and technical discussion. The difficulty does not really lie there. It lies partly in the lack of illustrative material in the periods where it is most needed. It lies partly in the extreme condensation in other periods—the entire eighteenth century is disposed of in thirty pages. But it lies chiefly in a unified treatment of things fundamentally diverse. The short story is a singularly unsatisfactory type for the evolutionist. The Anglo-Saxon "Judith"—not mentioned in this treatise—is, by virtue of its brevity, poignancy, and singleness of effect, nearer to the "Cask of Amontillado" than almost any of the short stories of the sixteenth century. Again, short story telling *retrogresses* steadily from Chaucer to the nineteenth century. Though Professor Canby does not attempt to establish a continuous and orderly evolution, it is fairly obvious that he does approach all his material and measure its permanent importance with the purely literary standards established in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The constant forward reference, explicit or implicit, in his criticism of the early English, mediæval, and Elizabethan periods unifies the intention of his history, but subtracts from its interest. To write, with one eye fixed on Poe, of such a Protean and wholly indefinable type as "the short narrative in English," to write of all sorts of religious, moral, and sociological tracts—the *exempla* of the Anglo-Saxon homilists, the coney-catching pamphlets of Greene, the euphuistic conversations of Lyly, the "Oroonoko" of Mrs. Behn, the character sketches of Addison and Johnson—to write of all these things which never had the faintest intention of being short stories, with one eye fixed on the master of short stories, is to be rather dry and unedifying. The catholic historian of all types of short story in every period of English needs to forget Poe, and exercise the historical imagination. Professor Canby's historical sympathy and imagination are at times distinctly defective. Speaking of Alfred's apology for the heathen myths in Boethius, he says: "A hateful spirit this is, and the abomination of priggishness in the eyes of Chaucer." The remark does not indicate the most favorable temper in which to approach and interpret the narratives of a religious age.

Of its own well-defined kind or *genre* Professor Canby's book is a very good specimen—well-informed, critical, compact, severe, instructive. And yet when we read such an entirely unamusing account of the most purely amusing of literary forms, we cannot help recalling Goldsmith's observations made some time ago "Of Learning in Great Britain":

> To acquire a character for learning among the English at present, it is necessary to know much more than is either important or useful. It seems the spirit of the times for men here to exhaust their natural sagacity in exploring the intricacies of another man's thought; . . . others have carried on learning from that stage where the good sense of our ancestors have thought it too minute or too speculative to instruct or amuse. By the industry of such, the sciences, which in themselves are easy of access, affright the learner with the severity of their appearance. He sees them surrounded with speculation and subtlety, placed there by their professors, as if with a view of deterring his approach. Hence it happens, that the generality of readers fly from the scholar to the compiler, who offers them a more safe and speedy conveyance.

It is hardly just to compare Mrs. Burr's "The Autobiography" with Professor Canby's study in the short story, and yet the juxtaposition of the two books is suggestive—the defects of the two are opposite, their virtues are complementary. If "The Short Story in English"—to borrow Jonson's comment on the verses of Drummond—"smelled too much of the Schooles," the defects of "The Autobiography" arise largely from the boldness of the undisciplined student. The latter work is not, strictly speaking, a contribution to the history of literary types. It originated in a passion for knowing personalities through their own records, and in a desire to kindle a similar passion in other readers. As the circle of acquaintances widened, however, the author found certain laws of autobiographical writing revealing themselves under her eyes, and she began to suspect that her data had a genuine value for psychologists as well as for the layman. She accordingly made a number of investigations of which the results suggested the division of the book into chapters on such subjects as The Autobiographical Intention, History, The Three Great Archetypes, The Autobiographical Group, The Nervous Systems of the Past, Memory, Humour, etc.—and the list might have been extended almost indefinitely!

The field of the exploration is delightfully wide, ranging from Marcus Aurelius through most civilized countries—with special emphasis upon the material of France—to writers as recent as Edmund Gosse. Indeed, Mrs. Burr is so bold as to declare, "the reader may be sure that the omission of a work simply means that it contains no definite matter worth noting in the following

pages." When we turn to the list of two or three hundred "capital autobiographies" and find Charlotte Charke and Sir Egerton Brydges present, and Montaigne, Thomas Browne and Amiel absent, we question whether the statement was carefully weighed. The absolute ignoring of Montaigne is quite incomprehensible. In her chapter on "The Three Great Archetypes" the author says, "Augustin, Cardan, and later Rousseau and Mill—these are the autobiographers who have influenced others, and these are the great self-students." A little later she asserts that Cardan's "Book of His Own Life" was "as much read and as much imitated as the "Confessions" of Rousseau. Until we have seen some shadow of evidence to the contrary, we shall continue to believe that Montaigne was incomparably the greatest and most influential "self-student" before Rousseau, and also that the influence of Mill's "Autobiography" is not to be mentioned in the same day with the influence of Rousseau's "Confessions."

A reckless audacity of statement is the prime defect of the book. Christianity brought the subjective influence into literature: The "Meditations" of Antoninus were written after the birth of Christianity; therefore, the subjectivity of the "Meditations" was due to Christianity. Here is a specimen law of autobiographical production: "*The subjective autobiography groups itself about the great intellectual movements and changes of the world, and lessens or disappears in times of material change.*" Mrs. Burr does not give the dates of publication, but the birth and death dates of her authors; and whatever element of truth there may be in this law is not supported by her extremely vague and jaunty references to history. The "intellectual uprising," she declares, "produces Rousseau and his group; when action followed, the self-study disappeared." We should be inclined to state the matter thus: "Rousseau and his group produce the intellectual uprising; when they were dead, they ceased from self-study." A touch of the modern scientific condescension appears in her comment on "Richard" Burton. (There seems to be some confusion here with a modern bearer of the name; she always refers to him as "Richard.") Having spoken of two recent views of the nature of religious phenomena, she remarks:

> To the second, Richard Burton, in the "Anatomy of Melancholy," has *unconsciously* added the weight of his erudition, for the section on religious melancholy is packed, *though all unwittingly*, with examples to maintain the neuropathical opinion.

We suspect that Mrs. Burr has rather avoided the acquaintance of Burton in behalf of her favorite Alfieri. We suspect that if poor old "Richard" could rise from his grave, modern psychologists would not find him quite so "unconscious" or so "unwitting" as she would have it appear.

In spite of its defects, however, the book is remarkably entertaining. There is not a particle of doubt that Goldsmith would have preferred it to Professor Canby's "Short Story in English." It really accomplishes its most valuable purpose; it makes one desire to possess the entire list of "capital autobiographies"—and two or three besides. It almost makes one wish that Professor Canby and Mrs. Burr could collaborate in writing literary history.

Studies in Mystical Religion. By Rufus M. Jones. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

There are special difficulties in writing the history of Christian mysticism, or even in treating certain selected phases of it, as Professor Jones is careful to state was the intention of this work. The very question of selection, for instance, is a vital one, for it is decisive of the purpose of the work as a whole. It happens sometimes that the teaching of certain mystics is more influential than their personality; on the other hand, as in the case of St. Bernard, the man himself is much greater and more important than any part of the theological system he held. In the present volume there is no evidence of systematic choice. While much of it is well written, and while some chapters, notably the one on Dionysius, show originality, the result of a vigorous and independent study of a hard and wearisome author, there is not enough analytical power applied either to the theory or the different phenomena of mysticism. The plan of the work, too, is somewhat spoiled by the fact that it was prepared as the introduction to a history of English Quakerism. Some of the concluding chapters, though extremely interesting in themselves for the light they throw upon the obscurer developments of English religion during the periods of the civil wars and Commonwealth, are appropriately introduced to illustrate the environment in which Quakerism emerged, but are disproportionately long in a general appreciation of mysticism.

If Professor Jones had pursued his work with some definite object in view, he might well have confined his attention to the mysticism of unorthodoxy, to the influence of mystical tenets on the parties which opposed the Church during the mediæval period from the Paulicians to the Waldensians and Lollards. But his studies present a conglomeration of orthodox and unorthodox mysticism without any special attempt to discriminate or explain why certain mystics felt thoroughly at home in the communion of the Catholic Church, while others stubbornly resisted its authority. Viewed solely from the theoretical point of view, the mystical principles of the heretic and orthodox churchman might be closely allied, yet the orthodox mystic, as in the case of Thomas à Kempis, could speculate undisturbed while the heretic would be confined to the dungeon of the inquisition and subsequently burned. What possible place for a church organization of any kind would there be if Christians followed the standard of the "Imitatio"? Any ecclesiastical regimen must to mystics seem secondary; if treated seriously, their views are nothing more than religious anarchy. Why, therefore, was the Waldensian damned and the "Imitatio" given to the faithful as a standard devotional manual? On these doubtful and far-reaching problems which have both a place in the progress of human thought and can be seen to be of predominant importance in the study of society, little help can be got from this volume. Yet in a collection of essays these structural defects are not so serious as they would be in a systematic treatise, and there can be no question that Mr. Jones's sympathetic appreciation of mystical types of thought and his ability to present them succinctly and in popular form are certain to secure for his book the attention and recognition of many readers. They will find in him a stimulating guide, even when he fails to satisfy their deeper questionings.

Wisconsin Historical Commission: Original Papers. No. 1, A View of the Vicksburg Campaign, by William F. Vilas, Lieut.-Col. of Twenty-third Wisconsin Volunteers. No. 2, Capture and Escape, A Narrative of Army and Prison Life, by John Azor Kellogg, Colonel of the Sixth Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry and Brevet-Brigadier-General.

These handsome books introduce what will probably be a long series relating to the part played by Wisconsin in the civil war. They are well printed, but now and then the editing is careless. An officer of the distinction of Joseph E. Johnston ought not to appear as "Johnson"; and still worse is describing Gouverneur K. Warren as "George G." It is a good plan, no doubt, to fortify the series with a well-known name, but we think Mr. Vilas's paper is no very valuable contribution to history. It is a rather heavy account of the Vicksburg campaign, containing no new facts or judgments. There are serious omissions. Grierson's raid, an important incident of the campaign, tending as it did to confuse the Confederate leaders, is not mentioned, and a line or two only are given to the embarrassments caused by McClernand, the commander of the Thirteenth Corps. The campaign in general has often been more vividly and accu-

rately described, and there is an utter absence of the personal touch which a participant in so marvellous a drama might easily have imparted.

Of much greater value is the companion narrative of Col. Kellogg, who, as a captain, was captured on the skirmish-line in the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, undergoing imprisonment from which he finally escaped six months later. He traversed Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia at a time when exasperation was at its height: he endured the jail and the prison pen at their worst, barely got off alive while tunnelling to escape, leaped for liberty from a train at full speed only to be hunted down by bloodhounds, was incarcerated under Federal fire in Charleston, but at last through the aid of friendly negroes and mountain Unionists made his way to Sherman's lines just before the opening of the March to the Sea.

It is indeed a harrowing recital, and the heart of the reader bounds when at last after famine and nakedness the stout captain grasps once more the hands of comrades. But, turning to Rhodes, what shall we say of a declaration like the following, in the light of such a story? Summing up his account of the treatment of prisoners of war, he remarks: "All things considered, statistics show no reason why the North should reproach the South." (Vol. V, p. 508.) Rhodes is an historian always thorough, and his investigation here has been especially painstaking. The strait in which the South was placed could scarcely have been more severe. The constant and vigilant patrol of gunboats on the Mississippi cut off all help from the West, the blockade made impossible relief from the East. Grant and Sherman, each with a hundred thousand men and more, were at Richmond and Atlanta, the Eastern and Western citadels. Every effective man was needed at the front; food and clothes in vast supply must be provided. Though the slaves still caused the land to produce, the Federals had so far devastated even the interior that transportation was scarcely possible. While thus at disadvantage many thousands of their enemies fell into their hands to be cared for. The Richmond government, says Rhodes, did not intend inhumanity. The rations of prisoners were the same as those issued to soldiers; there was no thought of deliberate starvation or torture. But the captures came overwhelmingly. To guard the multitude a force was detailed, the minimum as regards number, the poorest as regards efficiency. It becomes explicable, such being the circumstances, why there should have been "a dead-line," why the prisoners should not have been furnished with tools to provide shelter for themselves; axes and saws in the hands of men desperately bent on escape would become formidable weapons. As to food it is confidently asserted to this day that at Andersonville, the ration of prisoner and guard remained always the same; but if not, naturally the armies would be first served, and, impaired as the transportation was, the prisoners might easily fall short.

Meantime, there prevailed a like congestion at the North, a corresponding crowd of Southern captives languishing at Fort Delaware, Elmira, and Johnson's Island. It may well be asked why could there not be an exchange? The answer is because Grant refused; he believed that whereas the Northern forces, after such an exchange, would be only feebly recruited, "the release of all the rebel prisoners in the North would insure Sherman's defeat and would compromise our safety here." So he wrote August 18, 1864, at City Point (War Records, serial number 120, page 607), persisting in a refusal to exchange which dated from the preceding April. "It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them," said Grant, "but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles." By this stern insistence, setting at naught his own gentler nature, the piteous and universal clamor of Northern hearts, and the tears of a multitude of captives, he very possibly saved his cause. Here, at any rate, we find the highest proof he ever gave of his strength of character and the singleness of his devotion to his country.

Painful though Col. Kellogg's narrative may be, yet weighing duly the situation and the facts of human nature, it does not conflict with the conclusion of Rhodes, that the North has no reason to reproach the South for the treatment of its prisoners of war. Such horrors are an inevitable part of the thing we call war, as much so as the carnage of the battlefield. They always have occurred when the struggle becomes close and desperate; they will constantly recur until war shall be no more.

A Manual of Welsh Literature. By the Rev. J. C. Morrice, M.A. Bangor, England: Jarvis & Foster.

Mr. Morrice gives, in a book rather longer than the familiar primers of Jebb and Stopford Brooke, an outline of the literary history of Wales down to the end of the eighteenth century. While his work hardly bears comparison with those models of compact presentation of similar material, it is a useful introduction to the subject and a convenient handbook for reference. All the more important Welsh authors are passed in review, the significant facts of their lives noted, and their chief works named and characterized. Considerable space is given to quotations, which are frequently introduced to illustrate historical statements or expressions of critical judgment. In spite of a certain monotony in the plan, the book never becomes a mere dull catalogue of authors, for Mr. Morrice selects his material with skill and comments upon it with interest. But as a result of his choice of a method so largely biographical, general historical considerations—the analysis of intellectual movements and influences, or the study of literary *genres*—are rather neglected or obscured.

On the whole, the treatment of the early periods is less satisfactory than of the modern, perhaps because in Old Welsh literature some of the most immediate and fundamental questions of chronology and authorship are still unsettled. In the case of the bards traditionally assigned to the sixth century, so much is matter of controversy that the problem of the author of a brief history is especially difficult. Mr. Morrice has tried to treat the subject with due care; but cautious as his statements are, even to the point of vagueness, they go rather beyond what conservative scholars will be disposed to concede as regards the authenticity of the poems in question. The discussion of the "Mabinogion" (pages 29 ff.) is also decidedly inadequate. The possibility of a Gaelic element in the oldest stories and the explanation of its presence, if so regarded, are not dealt with at all. And in the case of the latest group of tales—"Owain," "Geraint," and "Peredur"—the question of French influence is dismissed (page 31) with a few general remarks about Geoffrey of Monmouth and the proximity of Normans and Britons, and without a single reference to the parallel romances by Chrestien de Troyes. Furthermore, the explanation of the title "Mabinogion," as a term of contempt, meaning "tales for the young" (page 32), surely needs some defence in view of the abandonment of this interpretation by most scholars in recent years. While Mr. Morrice could not properly enter upon extended argument about controverted matters, he ought to have taken pains to indicate his departures from prevailing opinion, and to have stated some reasons for his views.

With regard to the book as a whole, two general observations may be added, though they apply rather to the present state of knowledge on the subject than to any special delinquency on the part of Mr. Morrice. No one can read the manual without being impressed by the quantity of important Welsh writings which are not yet accessible in print; and it is clear that before anything like an adequate history of the literature can be written, a great deal of work must be done in the way of editing texts. It is equally plain that little more than a beginning has been made in the study of the relations of Welsh literature to that of the rest of Europe. Mr. Morrice, to be sure, does not take account of all that has been accomplished in this di-

rection, and his book is hardly a measure of the results thus far obtained. But it is true, in general, that Welsh literature has been treated too much as a thing apart; and there is an inviting field here for the application of the much-talked-of comparative method.

Mexican Trails: a Record of Three Years in Mexico, 1904-1907. By Stanton Davis Kirkham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75 net.

Mr. Kirkham, already an author of experience in other fields, now gives a charming picture of Mexico. He does not attempt to instruct; the book is an impressionistic painting, full of the atmosphere and color of the real Mexico—the Mexico of the Indian trails. Not specializing in any one subject, he has looked at everything with seeing eyes: he is interested in the mining camps, the making of pottery and sugar, the flowers and insects; and he shows an intimate acquaintance with the birds which fly across his trail. Finally, in the scenery of mountain and desert, he finds continual delight, observing everything under the spell of Mexico's dramatic history.

Mr. Kirkham has traversed many miles of territory still untouched by modern civilization, and his pictures of Indian life are full of feeling and pathos, relieved by touches of humor. Among his many intimate descriptions of the native life, there is one of especial interest. It was only a chance encounter with a small Indian lad on the Atlacomulco Road, but Mr. Kirkham soon won the child's friendship, and it was not long before little five-year-old Juan, bent under a thirty-pound load of wood, was confiding to his new friend the all-important fact that he was on his way to market, two miles distant over a rough road, adding proudly that for his load of wood he hoped to earn three cents. To Mr. Kirkham this childish burden-bearer is representative of the unceasing patience and unrewarded toil of the race:

> Little Juan has helped to wear these ruts in the high-road. They are eloquent of many Juans, toddling bravely in their diminutive *guarachas;* striding later after the burros laden with loaf sugar from the hacienda, or making the pilgrimage over the mountain, staff in hand; tottering feebly at last to the market to chat with old cronies and to beg something to eat. Juan will inscribe the story of his life on these stones. He will wear them down a little, but they, in turn, will wear out his life.

A short and truthful picture of the national fiesta is given on page 115:

> The fiesta in Mexico is the legitimate offspring of the Aztec fair, and quite as much a matter of barter as religion. So now there be many who will sell a hen, later to hargain for a sombrero, presently to go upon their knees within the church yonder, candle in hand; lastly to lie by the roadside, overfull of pulque and oblivious of this world or the next.

The narrative is refreshingly free from statistics and chapters on the financial resources of the country and the political situation. As an artist is said to catch the expression of his model, so Mr. Kirkham has succeeded in portraying the individuality, the elusive spirit of Mexico. The book is attractively illustrated with twenty-four full-page reproductions of photographs.

The French Revolution: A Short History. By R. M. Johnston. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

Speaking of the work of the historians of to-day in the field of the French Revolution, Professor Johnston says that the "trend of modern effort is to straighten out the details, but to avoid the large issues; to establish beyond question the precise shade of the color of Robespierre's breeches, but to give up as unattainable having any opinion whatever on the French Revolution as a whole." Most students will consider this a cavalier characterization of the recent literature on the subject. Declaring that the "main outlines of the Revolution, the proportion and relation of things, tend to become obscured under the accumulation of historical detail that is now proceeding," he therefore attempts "to disentangle" from this mass of material "the shape, the movement, the significance of this great historical cataclysm," and to judge freely the importance of its incidents.

How has he succeeded in his task? He has written a brief and animated account of the history of France from 1789 to 1799. But that he has disentangled anything that cannot be found already disentangled in many other compendiums, is not apparent. He treats almost exclusively the personal and the episodic in the Revolution. The careers and fate of important individuals, the struggles of parties and factions, are traced with a fulness out of proportion to their real significance. The treatment of the causes and the results of the great movement is slight and apparently incidental to the more spectacular aspects of the story. Professor Johnston devotes more space to Beaumarchais than to the remarkable changes in the civil and criminal laws of France, more to the Revolutionary calendar than to the Constitution of 1791. The extraordinary popular movement, which, all over France, followed the storming of the Bastille and which practically destroyed the feudal system, is merely characterized as "a regular Jacquerie." As a consequence, the night of August 4, which was simply its culmination and ratification, has nothing like its proper setting and is greatly over-emphasized.

As the author approaches the end of his volume after long descriptions of the factional struggles and the Revolutionary days, he says:

> Meanwhile unconsciously the great social revolution had become an established fact. In the short space of five years—but such years—social equality, freedom of opportunity, a new national attitude, a new national life had become ineradicable custom; the assemblies in their calmer moments had passed laws for educating and humanizing the French people.

If this great social revolution, which was, however, certainly not accomplished unconsciously, if this attainment of a new national life, the really important thing in the whole movement, had been described we should be content with shorter accounts of the Diamond Necklace, the flight to Varennes, and the quarrels of Hébert and Danton and Robespierre.

Frequently the precise information we desire seems about to be vouchsafed only to elude us. Thus on page 32 it is stated that the feudal taxes will be noticed later in connection with the session of August 4, but when we reach that point we find no description of them, but only a vivid account of an exciting meeting which decreed their abolition. It is the same in regard to the Constitution. On page 75 it is stated that it may be left for the present to be considered when it becomes operative. When that moment arrives, on page 125, less than four hundred words are given to it, fewer than are devoted to the conspiracy of Babœuf.

There are many evidences of carelessness in the construction of the book. It is stated on one page that the Assembly of Notables met in January, 1788, and on the next that it was dissolved on May 1, 1787. Neither date is correct. Nor did that assembly consist of one hundred and fifty members. The deputies did not declare themselves the National Assembly on June 14, but on June 17. The march of the women to Versailles is given on page 82 as occurring on October 5, on page 85 as occurring on October 6. The Constituent Assembly did not vote the exclusion of members from the ministry "at the end of November," 1789, but did vote it on November 7. The first session of the Convention was held on the day of Valmy, as apparently asserted on page 157, not on the day after as asserted on page 158. The 10th of Thermidor is wrongly given as the 29th of July, whereas four pages earlier the 8th of Thermidor is correctly given as the 26th. It is stated on page 229 that the Treaty of Basle was signed on April 5th, 1795, and on page 230 that it was *followed* by one with Holland, March 16th. Moreover, the Treaty of Basle certainly did not give the French Republic a free hand *south* of the Rhine. It is asserted on page 90 that "the greater part of French citizens" were exclud-

ed from the franchise under the Constitution of 1791. Aulard, on the other hand, estimates the number of active citizens at nearly 4,300,000 and of passive at about 3,000,000. The amount of *assignats* issued during the Revolution is exaggerated on page 252 more than three thousand-fold. There is a jumble of incorrect French on page 265. Unfortunately, this does not exhaust the list of errors.

In the opening chapter of his book Professor Johnston criticises Carlyle as failing "to resist the high lights of his subject," Taine as "hasty" in much of his erudition, and Sorel as "incorrect in details."

Notes.

"Dorian Days" is the title chosen for the new volume of poems by Justice Wendell P. Stafford of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, announced by the Macmillan Co.

The Chaucer Society will soon publish an important short paper by Professor Skeat, entitled "The Eight-Text Edition of the Canterbury Tales, with especial reference to the Harleian MS. 7334."

A former professor at the University of Liverpool, W. H. Woodward, is preparing for publication a biography of Cæsar Borgia, based upon all the published documents and the results of his own researches in the Archivio Segreto of the Vatican, and in other libraries.

Henry Frowde will soon issue the first volume of Oxford Studies in Social and Legal History, edited by Professor Vinogradoff. Included are "English Monasteries on the Eve of Dissolution," by Prof. A. Savine, and "Patronage in the Later Empire," by F. de Zulueta.

The first volume of the collected edition of the works of Fiona Macleod (William Sharp) will soon be issued through Duffield & Co. His writings under his long baffling pseudonym from 1894 to 1905 are here first presented in a complete edition with certain revisions and excisions which have been carefully made by Mrs. Sharp, as editor, according to the wishes and instructions left with her.

Barbey d'Aurevilly is to be honored this week in the erection of two monuments: Rodin's at his birthplace, Saint-Sauveur-le-Vicomte; that of Mlle. Lucienne Delambre in the Montparnasse cemetery, Paris.

Provost Charles Custis Harrison of the University of Pennsylvania succeeds Dr. C. W. Eliot in the chairmanship of the board of trustees of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.

The Open Court Company publishes an English translation of Spinoza's "Short Treatise on God, Man, and Human Welfare," rendered from the Dutch edition by Lydia Gillingham Robinson. The chapter on Spinoza from Dr. Albert Schwegler's History of Philosophy is reprinted as an introduction.

The interest in the life of Margaret Gordon, Lady Bannerman, is altogether too slight to warrant the publication of a volume which, though containing only 169 pages of text, is made bulky by thick paper and expensive by the London tradition. The title of the book, "Carlyle's First Love" (John Lane Co.), will explain, if it does not quite justify the purpose of the author, Raymond Clare Archibald. As a matter of fact, he has extremely little to say about Carlyle, and that little neither very new nor interesting. Those only who are concerned in certain Scotch genealogies will find the book valuable. One reflection it raises. Now that virtually the whole mass of Carlyle material has been published, and all the facts of his career are easily available, why does not some ambitious scholar undertake a thorough revision of Froude's biography? By the correction of dates and quoted texts, by an occasional note or modification of the text where Froude goes too far astray in his interpretation of events, that much maligned life might be restored to its high place. It is scarcely within probability that any one will ever *de novo* write a life that will compare with Froude's in general interest or even, in certain aspects, come as close as Froude's to the real man Carlyle. The great need is to purge it of its errors, and that for the most part could be easily done.

When Carlyle, in 1843, published "Past and Present," the exaggerated cult of optimism which we have to-day was not, as yet, a literary limitation. Carlyle was permitted to write, in his Proem, that "England is dying of inanition," without being ruled out of court. And now one of our latter-day prophets, Gilbert Keith Chesterton, writes an introduction for Carlyle's book, which is published in the World's Classics, by Henry Frowde. Mr. Chesterton is not at his best in this introductory essay. "All skepticism is like seasickness," he writes; and we do not relish the figure. Nor do we admire its expansion: "If you cannot enjoy the universe it is better to throw it up." Mr. Chesterton too often parodies himself in his occasional essays: and this kind of parody is the least admirable of all. When, however, he protests against the everyday use of the words "reactionary" and "progressive" as, inevitably, terms respectively of offence and of praise, we are more sympathetic. "Progress," he writes, "happens, in short, whenever men can endure one tendency for a long time. And reaction happens whenever some particular man can endure it no longer. A progressive is always a conservative; he conserves the direction of progress. A reactionary is always a rebel." There speaks Chesterton in his better vein. And his reactionary rebel is, of course, Carlyle. It is good to have "Past and Present" in this new and excellent reprint.

We are glad to see a good edition from the Clarendon Press, of Hobbes's "Leviathan," one of the great clarifying books, both for its style and its ideas. Nor does such praise necessarily imply an acceptance of Hobbes's theories, or of what would be their equivalent to-day. "It is idle," says W. G. Pogson Smith, in his introductory essay, "to qualify such a political philosophy: it is rotten at the core. It is valueless, save in so far as it stimulates to refutation. We may be content to leave it as a precious privilege to the lawyers, who need definitions, and have no concern with morality. And yet, no thinker on politics has ever probed its fundamental conceptions more thoroughly; and I say advisedly, if you would think clearly of rights and duties, sovereignty and law, you must begin with the criticism of Hobbes." Mr. Pogson Smith, whose recent death was much deplored at Oxford, shows that he has himself gone deeply into the analysis, not only of Hobbes, but of the political philosophy generally of that age and the next. Some of his remarks are penetrating, as when he speaks of Rousseau's survey of human nature as often strangely and suspiciously resembling that of Hobbes; but he fails, nevertheless, to give us the appreciation of Hobbism still so much needed. His comparison with Rousseau might have set him on the way, but he goes aside to consider subsidiary matters. What we desire is a thorough study of the element of social illusion, which, to Hobbes in the form of kingship, and to Rousseau in the form of the *volonté générale* (and, we might add, to Plato, and other philosophers in a variety of forms), seemed the necessary basis of government. In this, Hobbes and Rousseau agree; they differ in their respective views of human nature as essentially evil and egotistic or good and sympathetic. A proper study of Hobbes must, in the end, be psychological, rather than legal, and such a study Mr. Pogson Smith, with all his knowledge, does not give us.

Readers whose interest in the poet has been revived by his death will find in "Swinburne's Dramas," selected by Arthur Beatty (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.), an attractive one-volume edition of "Atalanta in Calydon." "Erectheus," and "Mary Stuart." The editor has supplied judicious notes explaining classical obscurities, and an introduction apparently not dictated by intemperate enthusiasm. In placing Swinburne beside Matthew Arnold as an interpreter of the results of "The Origin of Species," he touches upon an important subject demanding rather fuller elucidation than he has been able to accord. In praising the rhythmical splendors of the choruses in the Greek plays he emphasizes a poetical virtue felt in varying degrees in the non-dramatic work as well. If this re-offering of the dramas is to be of service in strengthening Swinburne's hold upon the public, it should invite reëxamination of what is purely dramatic in the poet's contribution. It will never persuade any one that Swinburne had mastered the art of Webster—"Mary Stuart," though it contains much virile verse, is merely the best in a trilogy of the most formidably undramatic plays in the English language. It should, however, allure some of the sad young people who go about, intoxicated with mortality, chanting lines of "Hesperia" and "The Garden of Proserpine"—

> There star nor sun shall waken,
> Nor any change of light——

it should allure those hot-blooded lovers of death into the sobering shadows of the Greek tragic spirit. There is in "Atalanta" and in "Erectheus" not an intellectual, but an emotional depth, a sense of pity and terror, which seems constantly to escape the facile apprehension of critics. It is easy to declare that the abandoned volubility of these plays, especially the earlier, is Swinburnian and not Aeschylean or Sophoclean. On the other hand, it is easy to point with

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delight to metrical or pictorial triumphs—the slaying of the boar, the choruses, the sacrifice of Chthonia. To grasp their variety and respond vitally to their unity is another matter. For full participation in the terrific ideas of life, death, and destiny involved in the tragedy of Meleager, or in the magnificent conception of civic duty symbolized by Chthonia, demands a rebirth in the antique world, demands a reader divested, collected, hearkening like the stricken Œdipus for the voice of the God. It is a task for a still, long, sunlit morning or for the privacy of a stormy midnight; and it is worth while.

The authorities of the Jamaica Institute are about to follow up their publication of "Bibliographia Jamaicensis" by the issue of a Bibliography of the West Indies, omitting Jamaica. The work includes all islands in, and lands adjoining, the Caribbean Sea. It is arranged chronologically under each country, and geographically round the Caribbean, beginning at Barbados and ending with St. Vincent. It includes foreign countries and colonies, as well as British possessions, and has a full index. The volume has been prepared by the secretary of the institute, Frank Cundall, who is the author of the "Bibliographia Jamaicensis" (1902), and its supplement (1908). Mr. Cundall has done much to draw attention to Jamaica and other British West India colonies by his writings, which include: "Studies in Jamaica History"; "Biographical Annals of Jamaica"; "Jamaica in 1905" (a handbook of information for intending settlers and visitors); "Brief Guide to an Exhibition of Maps of the Sixteenth Century, illustrative of the Discovery of America," and "Jamaica Place Names." He is collaborating with Dr. Izett Anderson in the preparation of a collection of Jamaica proverbs.

The first volume of "The Correspondence of Jonathan Worth," edited for the North Carolina Historical Commission by Prof. J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton of the University of North Carolina, has just appeared. The chief interest of the papers is in the light which they throw on political conditions in that State during the period of civil war and reconstruction. Worth, who entered public life early as a Whig, was one of the most determined opponents of secession, and in 1861 opposed the calling of a convention to consider Federal relations, on the ground that such action by the Legislature was unconstitutional. Like so many of his associates, however, he "went with his State," and while condemning both the war and the conduct of it, was active in urging enlistment and labored faithfully for the success of the cause. His well-known Union sympathies earned him bitter opposition, but in 1862 he was appointed salt commissioner for his country, and presently became State treasurer, in which difficult office he achieved notable success. In August, 1863, he was sure that peace was at hand, and that the masses were for it "on any terms"; but his loyalty to his State forbade him to take any part in the peace movements of 1863 and 1864. When W. W. Holden became provisional Governor, Worth was made provisional treasurer, and later State agent, an office which required him to collect the scattered property of the State which had been seized by Federal officials or stolen outright by individuals. On the downfall of the Holden administration, at the end of 1865, he became Governor, and had the good fortune to commend himself to Gen. Sickles, the military commander of the district; but with Sickles's successor, Canby, whose administration took little account of either the prejudices or rights of the people, he was at sword's points, though he succeeded in preventing the appointment of Albion W. Tourgee as a judge of one of the State courts. In 1868 he was removed from office "to facilitate the process of restoration," and lived in retirement until his death the following year. Aside from their political interest, the letters afford some information regarding prices and the conditions of business during the war. The few references to the negro are always kindly, but at the end of the struggle Worth was apparently hopeless of finding a satisfactory race adjustment; for he writes to his brother in September, 1865, that "it would be better for you and for everybody else who is a white man to leave North Carolina," since "we who were born here will never get along with the free negroes, especially while the fools and demagogues of the North insist they must be our equals."

As an intimate picture of conditions in the Far West during the last period of its epic history, the period from 1871 to 1883, when even the officers and soldiers of the United States army had to reckon with Indians and desperadoes, we find Mrs. Frances M. A. Roe's "Army Letters from an Officer's Wife" (D. Appleton & Company) more than ordinarily interesting. It is not a pretentious book; the author assures us that "all flowery descriptions have been omitted," but in spite of the lack of such floral ornamentation the wild land between the Mississippi and the Pacific, with its perils and fascinations, is very vividly described. Mrs. Roe was with her husband during sixteen years of service in what was then Indian Territory, Colorado Territory, Montana Territory, and Idaho Territory; and her account of the country and of life in camp bears the stamp of absolute veracity. It is an interesting experiment to recall one's early impressions of Deadwood Dick and his compeers and see how far they square with the realities as described by one who was in the magic land just about when we were reading of it in the dime novels. Mrs. Roe participated in the running down of Indians and was, on several occasions, nearly captured by them. One gathers that, in spite of such recreation as buffalo and antelope hunting afforded, supplemented by dancing and theatricals, the life was an exceedingly hard one. The charm of a more than usually attractive personality is felt throughout the book, whether it is a question of the domestic and social life in officers' circles, hunting parties, or occasional encounters with desperate and gentlemanly outlaws. Mrs. Roe's sojourn beyond the Mississippi was broken by a short stay in the South. At Vicksburg in 1877 she spent three weeks in the house of Jefferson Davis, whom she sketches with a good deal of sincere sympathy.

Calderon, indifferent to the future fortunes of his dramas, gave forth no personally supervised editions of them, apart from a few *autos* or religious plays. After his death, his Gongoristic disciple, Vera Tassis, published the most complete collection of them, and this, in the opinion of so important a critic as Menéndez y Pelayo, shows probable traces of alterations at the hands of the editor, who is not unduly suspected of having introduced purple patches into some of the best works for the purpose of catching the depraved taste of the end of the seventeenth century. Vera Tassis's edition is, unfortunately, the chief basis of the modern editions of Calderon's plays. In the case, however, of the "Vida Es Sueño" we have also the edition, published (with several other Pieces) by the poet's brother José in 1636, and then, surreptitiously, in the same year, at Saragossa. Making use of the two 1636 prints and of that by Vera Tassis (1685), Dr. Buchanan has prepared the present welcome edition. ("La Vida es Sueño": Comedia famosa de D. Pedro Calderon de la Barca, 1636, edited by M. A. Buchanan. Vol. I. University of Toronto Library). He has undoubtedly improved upon Keil, Hartzenbusch, MacColl, Krenkel, Menéndez y Pelayo and others, who, in the course of the nineteenth century, have sought to present the drama in critical form. In the choice of variants among the readings of his three texts Dr. Buchanan has shown good judgment, and we shall look forward with interest to the appearance of the second volume, in which he is to discuss the previous history of the theme of the play and its general literary importance.

The quarto "Odyssey" printed at the Oxford University Press in the type designed by Robert Proctor will be treasured by all who love what is rare and beautiful. The type itself, as Mr. Proctor has explained, "is based on the celebrated Alcala font of 1514. This was cut by order of Cardinal Ximenes for use in the New Testament of the great Complutensian polyglot Bible, and is usually supposed, though there is no direct evidence, to owe its form to an ancient manuscript which was sent to Spain by Leo X from the Vatican library to serve as the basis for the text of the New Testament in that work." Whatever the origin, it is singularly rich in curves, and, after the first look of strangeness has passed away, easy to read. The Alcala type had only one capital letter, a H, and for the rest Mr. Proctor was obliged to call on his own inventive ingenuity. He has been highly successful here, with the exception, possibly, of the epsilon and omega, which would have better matched the other capitals, if they had been more angular. But this is a small matter, and we give our opinion here with diffidence. The paper is identical in manufacture with that used by William Morris for his Kelmscott Press. The text is that of Dr. D. B. Monro, issued at Oxford, in 1901. The edition is limited to 225 copies, and the price is four guineas. Such a book is distinctly and frankly a luxury, but why should not scholarship have its own magnificent rewards?

In 1907 the British Academy accepted a gift of £10,000, bestowed in memory of Leopold Schweich of Paris, as the foundation of the "Schweich Trust," to be devoted "to the furtherance of research in the archæology, art, history, language, and literature of ancient civilization with reference to biblical study." A portion of the income has been appropriated for annual lectures of general interest on the themes

indicated in the foundation. The first addresses were made by Canon S. R. Driver on "Modern Research as Illustrating the Bible" (Henry Frowde). They sketch briefly the progress made in biblical archæology in the nineteenth century, and, more particularly, describe the information which has been secured recently on the early history of Palestine from the inscriptions and monuments brought to light from excavations. Excellent illustrations accompany the text.

The principles of the "New Thought" movement in American religious circles are set forth in a series of tractates by the Rev. J. Herman Randall, pastor of the Mount Morris Baptist Church of New York. Some of the titles are: "The Real God," "The Subconscious Mind," "The Power of Suggestion," "The Rebirth of Religion." (H. M. Caldwell Co.)

Henry Frank's "Modern Light on Immortality" (Sherman, French & Co.) surveys all history, all biology, and all philosophy in its quest for evidence concerning the problem of life after death. Since the author has no first-hand and little accurate knowledge in any of these provinces and manifests no sense for the distinction between guessing and reasoning, his book, which is written in pretentious and ungrammatical English, has only the merit of earnestness and of independence of traditional opinions.

The Rev. M. W. Paterson of Trinity College, Oxford, makes no claim of original research for his "History of the Church of England" (Longmans), yet it is an uncommonly good summary. The author's point of view is that of a moderate Anglican, and the treatment is characterized throughout by fairness and self-restraint, even while party spirit still runs so high in the English Church that the books dealing with its history—and they are legion—are all too frequently partisan in method. The account of the ecclesiastical revolution under Henry VIII and of the critical generations that followed is, on the whole, admirable. The eighteenth century, on the other hand, fares very badly. Nothing could be more unsatisfactory than the brief reference to the deistic movement, and nothing further from the truth than the notion, traditional among English churchmen, that Bishop Butler's "Analogy" gave deism its death blow. Deism succumbed to quite other forces, and hardly an important book of the eighteenth century had less influence in its own day than the "Analogy." The nineteenth century, like the eighteenth, receives relatively too little space. The account of the Oxford Movement is fair and sane, but other matters get scant attention. Taken as a whole, however, the book is one of the best, as it is one of the most readable, of the many brief histories of the English Church.

A bibliography of the hymns of Paul Gerhardt and of the editions of his poems and sermons, the biographies, monographs, popular essays, and addresses, and the musical and dramatic observances occasioned by the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of his birth in 1907, has been prepared by a warm admirer of Gerhardt, Rudolf Eckart (Pritzwalk: A. Tienken).

The work of Prof. Karl Beth of the Protestant theological faculty of the University of Vienna, entitled "Der Entwicklungsgedanke und das Christentum" (Berlin: Edwin Runge), is a sign of the times, as it is an earnestly meant and skilfully undertaken attempt to reach an understanding between the positive principles of Biblical Christianity and the development idea. In the second part of the book Beth shows in detail the influence of this idea on such prominent problems of theology as Theodicy, Sin, the Original State of Man, Revelation, Jesus Christ, and Immortality. Beth concedes that, in view of what the modern development philosophy has accomplished, it is necessary even for orthodox theological thought to make concessions that would have shocked older generations.

The death is announced of William Richard Morfill, professor of Slavonic languages at Oxford University and curator of the Taylor Institution.

From Paris is announced the death of the classical scholar, Henri Weil, who was born at Frankfort (1818) and educated at Heidelberg, but became a naturalized Frenchman (1848), and held several academic appointments in the Université de France. In 1882 he was elected to the Académie des Inscriptions, where he succeeded Delaurier. He was the editor of numerous texts and of several works of scholarship, among them "Théorie générale de l'accentuation latine" (in collaboration with Benlœw), 1855; "Etudes sur le drame antique" and "Etudes sur l'antiquité grecque," 1900; "Etudes de Littérature et de rhythmique grecques," 1902.

John Bannister Tahb, a professor at St. Charles's College, Ellicott City, Md., and, since 1884, a priest of the Roman Catholic church, died on November 19, in his sixty-fifth year. He was born in Amelia County, Virginia, and served during the civil war in the Southern navy; becoming in 1864 a prisoner of war. Though his verses have appeared even very recently in the magazines, Father Tahb was some months ago stricken with total blindness. His published work includes "Poems," "Lyrics," "An Octave to Mary," "Rules of English Grammar," "Poems Grave and Gay," "Two Lyrics," and "Quips and Quiddits."

William M. Laffan, publisher of the New York *Sun* for the last twenty-five years, died November 19 at his home in Lawrence, L. I. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, January 22, 1848. His education was received at Dublin University. Later he studied at St. Cecilia's School of Medicine. On coming to this country, he entered journalism, and in 1870 became managing editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin*. Later he became editor and part owner of the Baltimore *Bulletin*. In 1877 he joined the *Sun* as a general writer, being elected publisher in 1884. Three years later he founded the *Evening Sun*. In 1900 he purchased the interests of the Charles A. Dana estate. An abiding interest, other than that of journalism, was that which he always had in the fine arts. During an early visit to the far East, he began those studies of Chinese ceramics which he pursued through his life, the chief monument of which is his catalogue of the Morgan-Garland collection in the Metropolitan Museum. Upon the reorganization of the Metropolitan Museum, after the death of Gen. Cesnola, he was elected a trustee, and was ever an influential member of the committee on acquisitions. He produced not only a considerable number of essays for newspaper publication, but also a volume entitled "American Wood Engravers," 1883; and he edited several monographs and catalogues.

Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century Magazine* since its organization in 1881, died November 18 in New York city. He was born in Bordentown, N. J., February 8, 1844. His father was a Methodist clergyman, from whom the author inherited, perhaps, a part of his creative impulse. Owing to his frailness, he was educated at home; but when the Northern cause seemed threatened in the campaign of 1863, his state of health did not deter him from enlisting in Landis's Philadelphia Battery, and he was under fire in the defence of Carlisle. In 1865 he entered newspaper journalism. Five years later he joined the staff of *Hours at Home*, a monthly magazine issued by the Scribners. It was in the same year that *Scribner's Monthly Magazine* was started under the leadership of Dr. J. G. Holland. Dr. Holland made Mr. Gilder managing editor of the new monthly. On the death of Dr. Holland, the managing editor became editor-in-chief; and when, in 1881, the magazine was purchased by Roswell Smith, and the name changed to the *Century*, he continued the editorship of the magazine under its new name. It is as poet, however, rather than as editor, that Mr. Gilder attained the greatest reputation. His first collection of verses, "The New Day," was published in 1875; "Five Books of Song" came out in 1894, and included earlier publications; "In Palestine" was issued four years later; "Poems and Inscriptions" (1901), and "A Christmas Wreath" (1903) and "A Book of Music" (1906), both anthologies, followed. Other books were "For the Country," "Fire Divine," and "In Helena's Garden." But Mr. Gilder was more than editor and man of letters. His enthusiasms included an ever active sense of civic responsibility, and he was an unflagging worker for the city beautiful and the city righteous. As president of the Tenement House Commission of 1894, he achieved invaluable results, and his was one of the voices raised, not in vain, against the abandonment of St. John's Chapel in Varick Street. He was one of the founders of the Society of American Artists and of the Authors' Club, and will be remembered as one of the members of a circle of literary men of whom William Dean Howells and Mark Twain alone survive.

Science.

Œcology of Plants; an Introduction to the Study of Plant-Communities. By Eug. Warming, Ph.D., professor of botany in the University of Copenhagen. New York: Henry Frowde. $2.90.

To some readers, the name of the branch of botany here treated will, perhaps, be new. It is that division of the science which attempts to answer all possible questions in regard to the mani-

fold relations of plants to their surroundings. It touches, therefore, upon agriculture, horticulture, forestry, and economic botany, and makes use of the methods of morphology, physiology, and taxonomy. In fine, it leaves untouched very few interesting topics in the applied biology of plants.

Professor Warming is a pioneer in this attractive field, and is recognized as its leading authority. His previous works on the subject have obtained wide circulation by their clearness and thoroughness, and have exerted a profound influence. It is, therefore, with great pleasure that botanists receive this volume, which is substantially new in all respects. The English publishers secured the services of two eminent botanists to prepare this edition, and they have had a great advantage over those who have hitherto made translations of scientific works. Professor Warming took the pains to prepare for these two botanists, who may be fairly called his English collaborators, fresh manuscript, and hence this volume differs widely from ordinary translations. He was assisted in the preparation of the work by Dr. Vahl, his associate, and he has been aided throughout by the editorial skill of Professor Groom and Professor Balfour.

Like all new branches of science, œcology has a multiplicity of unfamiliar terms, but the occurrence of these in great numbers in Warming's book must not discourage the general reader, who will find that there is hardly a problem presented which does not have its captivating aspects. Plant-œcology clearly recognizes the fact that every plant, in its struggle for existence, must be in harmony with its surroundings, or must disappear. When, therefore, we have before us a small patch of ground, with established vegetation, we are forced to admit that these competing plants are the survivors in a long fight, which has ended in a truce. If we compare the plants in one limited locality with those which have been peacefully growing together for a long while in another place, we see at once the differences which separate plant-communities. And this brings us face to face with the difficult and absorbingly interesting questions, why the species congregate to form plant-communities, why these have a characteristic physiognomy, and why they are distinctly localized. The "growth-form" of a plant, as it is called, is the external and internal structure, which has developed in complete harmony with the environment. Here we meet the first of the newer technical terms, namely *epharmony* of species. These epharmonic growth-forms are the units in œcology. Leaving out of view the plants which are dependent on other plants for nutrition or for mechanical support, and likewise those which are aquatic, there remains a vast group of autonomous plants, which are the common species all around us. This immense group has been divided and subdivided skilfully by Warming into minute classes, which have definite characteristics of structure fitting them for specific homes. It is this part of the subject which the general reader can easily strip of all embarrassing technicalities and interpret in terms of the familiar plants around his dwelling-place. Every bit of dry soil assumes a new interest as we look upon it, with its desert vegetation, and every swamp lying in the hot sun becomes a miniature jungle. It is by no means necessary to visit the tropics to find plants worthy of study as valiant fighters against great odds. In the tropics, plants have the climate which is best adapted to the most vigorous growth, but the struggle comes chiefly between the contesting kindred and the intruding strangers. Hence a tropical jungle has no fight against climate, whereas, in a tangled, wet thicket in our so-called temperate climate, plants must contend with untoward climatic influences, with sudden frost, and most unwelcome thawing. Methods of protection against these perils, and the range of injury are among the objects of study in plant-œcology. In short, the œcologist is the historian of an unending battle, and, like the historians of human warfare, he must take precautions against misinterpreting the signs of advance and retreat.

We can heartily recommend this volume to all who are at all interested in the activities of living beings.

The American Anthropological Association and the American Folk-Lore Society will meet in affiliation with Section H of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Boston, December 27, 1909, to January 1, 1910.

The Third International Congress to discuss the education of children at home will be held in August, 1910, under the patronage of the Belgian government, in connection with the Universal Exposition at Brussels. The Congress will consist of five sections, for the study of children, of child-education, of abnormal children, of miscellaneous subjects related to childhood, and of documentation, respectively. Americans wishing to participate in its discussions, or to further its work by becoming members, should correspond with the secretary of the American committee, Prof. W. C. Bagley, Urbana, Illinois.

English writers are awakening to the importance of a scientific study of afforestation. An elaborate volume on this subject is announced by T. Fisher Unwin in Percival Trentham Maw's "Practice of Forestry." The writer was formerly professor at the Cirencester Agricultural College.

"Mendelism," by R. C. Punnett (New York: Wilshire Book Co.), is a work which deserves a better setting than the poorly printed pages and the blurred diagrams of this American edition. The whole treatise is of small size, and comprises only three distinct papers, together with a short but interesting preface by the American editor. The first essay gives in a limited space a clear account of Mendel's experiments and inferences; the second applies the so-called principles to practical improvement of organisms, and the last essay is controversial. The second of these papers ("Applied Heredity") is reprinted from *Harper's Monthly* for December, 1908, and is doubtless remembered by many readers, because of its attractive account of Professor Biffin's successful attempts to improve cereal grains in England.

Drama.

JOHN GALSWORTHY'S "STRIFE."

The production of John Galsworthy's "Strife" is the most satisfactory achievement of the New Theatre up to the present time. It is good in itself and an earnest of better things to come. The play, in comparison with the great bulk of contemporaneous stage shows, is a notable piece of dramatic work. It deals with a subject of vital and present interest, it is full of vivid incident and of characterizations which are veritable transcripts from actual life. But it is not a great play, because it is founded upon insufficient premises, is specious and illustrative rather than logical in its development, and because it ends inconclusively, so far as the main problem is concerned, or, at all events, in a moral which is by no means of universal application. The action covers the last six hours of a strike in some tinplate mills, which has been in progress for many months, to the great loss of the employing company and the direst suffering on the part of the workers and their families. The directors, on the one hand, save their president, John Anthony—an indomitable old fighter—and the men, on the other—with the exception of their fanatical leader, David Roberts—are ready to accept a certain compromise, but neither chieftain will yield by a hair's breadth. At last, when the credit of the company has been shaken and ruin is impending, and when Roberts's wife has died of starvation, the more timid directors overrule their chairman, while the men desert their champion, and the original compromise, which would have obviated all the loss and suffering, is adopted. Both the protagonists are discredited and broken, and the savage struggle has been wholly fruitless. "That," says the union delegate as the curtain falls, "is where the fun comes in."

The implication is that all strikes, with their deplorable accompaniments, might be avoided by mutual concessions. That is true. It is also a platitude. But it does not follow, by any means, that a compromise must necessarily be the wisest, or even the most humane, policy. A concession, for instance, that would spell financial ruin

in the near future, would not greatly benefit those who extorted or those who granted it. This is the argument used by old John Anthony and no attempt is made to refute it. This is the essential weakness of Mr. Galsworthy's play, that it generalizes unjustifiably from a particular instance. As a demonstration of familiar and conceded evils, it is picturesque, forcible, and truthful, but it suggests no practical solution of the problem which it proposes. It simply arrays antagonistic facts and figures without any effort to establish a balance between them. But his representation of the conditions which he has selected is admirable. His directors are all live men, most cleverly and consistently differentiated. Anthony and Roberts, bold in contrast, are absolutely veracious types. His workmen and their women are sketched with equal felicity and with rare power of observation. His dialogue, too, is singularly appropriate to each speaker, simple, significant, forcible, and unaffected. He knows how to be realistic, without being vulgar or trivial. And the convincing way in which he was interpreted by the New Theatre company is a most hopeful indication of its future capacity.

Louis Calvert, a little deficient, perhaps, in techiness and choler—in sheer brutal domination—furnished a finished and striking study of narrow but reasoned obstinacy, as President Anthony, while Albert Bruning, an actor of great ability, contributed a really remarkable embodiment of the ascetic, fanatically radical Roberts. His impersonation thrilled with fiery zeal. Another notable characterization was the life-like Welshman of Ben Johnson, with its humorous admixture of piety and prudence. Almost equally good was the passionate acting of Miss Thais Lawton as his daughter, Madge, maddened by a sense of needless misery. Both Mr. Gottschalk and Mr. McVay, the one as a fussy, egoistic and timid. the other as a dull, lethargic, utterly selfish director, acted with humorous veracity, while Mr. Anson, as the younger and more sympathetic Anthony, played with distinction and feeling. The stage setting and management—especially of a mob scene—were admirable. In fact, the whole achievement was of a high order of merit, though a clear mistake was made in shifting the locality of the piece from England to this country. Several of the chief personages are too essentially British to harmonize with their American environment.

A dramatization by Philip Littell of W. J. Locke's "Septimus," which was tried in the Hackett Theatre on Monday evening, did not prove very successful. The story, not easily credible in its original form, seemed still less plausible and much less pleasant when reduced, without much dexterity, to its bare incidents. George Arliss, a dry and mannered but humorous and skilful comedian, succeeded in reproducing the surface characteristics of Septimus with much cleverness, but failed to suggest the finer intellectual and moral qualities which distinguish him from the common brood of eccentric simpletons. He excited plentiful laughter, and the delicacy of his technical execution commanded admiration, hut the true soul of the part eluded him altogether. With Septimus mainly an excuse for merriment, the production, of course, had small dramatic or literary importance.

Recruits for the New Theatre company in New York city include Miss Annie Russell, last seen in "The Stronger Sex," and, just previously, as Puck in a revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Matheson Lang, and Guy Bates Post, who will, it is understood, have the principal rôle in Edward Sheldon's play of the new South, "The Nigger."

Euripides's "Medea" in Gilbert Murray's verse translation will he produced in Jordan Hall, Boston, on the evening of December 10 and on the afternoon of December 11, under the auspices of the Bryn Mawr Club of Boston. The proceeds are to swell the fund heing raised for the further endowment of the college. George Riddle, who played Œdipus in the Harvard production of that play, twenty-eight years since, has been appointed coach for the performances. Joseph Lindon Smith is planning and supervising the scenery and costumes, and Malcolm Lang has composed the music for the choruses and is training the singers and accompanists.

Mr. H. B. Irving is steadily growing; perhaps it will not he long before he is generally acknowledged as the legitimate heir to his father's position as master of the English stage. True, he has not yet wholly escaped from his troublesome identification with some of his father's most famous parts. Just now he has attained great success in a revival of "The Lyons Mail," at the Queen's Theatre, London. The *Times* comments (the words are, of course, not Mr. Walkley's) that the genius of the son is the same as his father's in this respect, "that he turns what in the hands of many good actors would he mere melodrama into a vivid and real tragedy."

Formed only in March of the present year, under the special patronage of J. M. Barrie, Ellen Terry, Sir A. W. Pinero, Sir Charles Wyndham, and others, the Playwrights' Association in London is already so well advanced in practical working order as to he able to announce the presentation of two plays at the Aldwych Theatre. These are a comedy in three acts, "Love in a Tangle," by Harry B. Vogel, and a one-act play, "The Debt," from the pen of Mrs. Tom Godfrey—both authors, who, in accordance with the requirements of the "regulations," have not had "a three or four-act play produced by any recognized London management in the evening [illegible]."

We have referred to the completion of a new drama by Gerhart Hauptmann, of which the title is now announced: "The Night." The piece is intended for the Lessing Theatre, Berlin. The dramatist's brother, Karl Hauptmann, has meantime made his first appearance as a playwright. His offering takes the form of two Napoleon dramas.

Louis N. Parker's English version of the three-act play hy René Fauchois, "Beethoven," first given at the Odéon last spring, will be produced by Sir Beerhohm Tree, at His Majesty's Theatre, this evening. The composer is not for the first time presented on the stage; he appeared as a character in a play by Pietro Cossi, produced at Milan, as well as in a German piece, "Beethoven und sein Neffe," by Heinrich Heinemann, and in an earlier French play hy Walther Schinz, produced at Paris in 1907.

The Teatro Argentina of Rome, which hears to the Italian stage something of the relation of the Comédie Française to that of France, opens its present season on December 1. The piece chosen for the opening is a comedy by Goldoni. The modern repertory for the season 1909-1910 will include the French plays "Connais-toi," by Paul Hervieu; "Griselda," by Gerhart Hauptmann, and Galsworthy's "Strife." Among the new Italian pieces will be Butti's "Il Paese della Fortuna," Moschini's "Tristano e Isolta," Giulio di Frenzi's "Saturnale," Cirinini's "Reginetta," Vannicola's "Elsa l'abandonnata," Lucio d'Amhra's "Esuli," Soldani's "Andrea del Sarto," Beneili's "Il Amore dei tre re," and unnamed comedies by Nino Martorio and Vincenzo Morello. There will be also an adaptation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," by the poet and novelist, Diego Angelo, for the performance of which Mascagni has heen engaged to conduct the orchestral rendition of the music of Mendelssohn.

Music.

The Macmillan Company will. puhlish at an early date "A Book of Operas," by H. E. Krehhiel, the veteran musical critic of the New York *Tribune*. An account of the history and plots of the more celebrated operas, with little or nothing of technical criticism, is promised.

A sixth printing of E. L. Burlingame's translation of the "Art, Life, and Theories of Richard Wagner," selected from his writings, is announced hy Henry Holt & Co. In this one volume the cream is skimmed from the eleven volumes of the German edition of the master's works.

There is a steady improvement in the quality of the songs selected and printed for use in puhlic schools. "Standard Songs and Choruses," by M. F. MacConnell (American Book Co.), corroborates this statement. It is encouraging to find in such a collection. in place of the trash formerly offered, such gems as Schumann's "Lotus Flower," Schubert's "Hark! Hark! The Lark," Grieg's "To a Primrose," Chopin's "Maiden's Wish." Such songs cannot fail to awaken a love of what is best in music, which ought always to be the chief object of musical exercises in schools, though it seldom is.

The revival of dancing is among the striking phenomena of the day. One of its most interesting hranches is well illustrated in "The Folk Dance Book," compiled by Dr. C. Ward Crampton, director of physical training in the New York public schools (A. S. Barnes & Co.). Here are "The Chimes of Dunkirk," a "Danish Dance of Greeting," a "Shoemaker's Dance,"

a "Children's Polka," a "Vineyard Dance," an "English Harvester's Dance," a "Finnish Reel," a "Cossack Dance," and others in great variety. The music is given in each case, reduced to its simplest form, so that any one can play it at sight; and preceding it are detailed directions to the dancers. This form of exercise combines the elements of song, play, drama, and vigorous muscular work. The present collection is carefully supervised, everything that might prove objectionable being eliminated. The editor pays a tribute to the teachers of physical training and the class teachers in the New York city schools, "whose devoted efforts have developed folk dancing in its legitimate sphere to the great benefit and joy of many thousands of children."

D'Albert, Busoni, Mottl, Reuss, Stavenhagen, Stradal, Wolfrum, and Weingartner are the editors of the complete edition of Liszt's compositions, now being issued in Leipzig by Breitkopf & Härtel. In their prospectus the publishers say pertinently that, if these works really were, as some still maintain, insignificant, the world would have long since passed them by.

Francis Thomé, the composer, died at Paris on November 16, aged fifty-nine years. He had made several popular musical adaptations of poems by Hugo, Musset, Lamartine, etc., and was the author of numerous compositions for pianoforte, as well as of songs and of operas, including "Roméo et Juliette."

Art.

TWO KINDS OF REALISM.

In the past days the National Museum at Rome and our own Metropolitan Museum have put on exhibition each a Greek statue displaying the unusual characteristic of realism. Yet a greater contrast than these two marbles afford can hardly be imagined. One has to remind himself that the Temple Ministrant of Rome, a mere serving maid at her work, is not a nymph or even a goddess, while at first glance the Old Market Woman of the Metropolitan strikes one as a bad *genre* piece of no very ancient date. Yet both were cut by Grecian hands, presumably not a century, either way, from the Venus of Milo. On close scrutiny also, the nobler figure of the two appears the most conscientiously realistic, while the meaner form is prettified for effect. We have to do with contrasting ideals of Greek realism, and since realism is the leading artistic motive of our generation, a comparison of the two manners should be instructive.

First, as nearer at hand, we will look at the Old Market Woman. She strains forward crying her wares. The whole body is contorted as by a sort of recoil from her vociferation. Her right arm, now missing, brandished some dainty before a possible buyer; her left clasps two fowls to her side while the hand holds a laden basket. Her brow and exposed breasts display the outrages of time, but her legs and sandalled feet have through the drapery the easy elegance of a Tanagra statuette. The artist has flinched from creating a complete effigy of shrivelled decrepitude. No Greek has given us the tragic fact embodied so pitifully in Rodin's Armorer's Wife. This Market Woman is caught at her most energetic moment, at one of those instants in which she defied her habitual lassitude. Surely, the theme is highly characteristic. Why, then, is the impression of the thing so unsatisfying? An examination of the Temple Ministrant will go far to answer the question.

The Temple Ministrant at Rome is plainly a daughter of the people. Her sturdy body is girt by a clumsy yet decorative mass of drapery rolled tight to raise the impeding garment from her ankles. Her hair shows nothing of that elaboration which we have come to regard as invariable in Greek sculpture. Two short tresses are drawn forward from the nape of the neck and roughly knotted over the brow—just the easiest method of getting the hair out of the way. The head is as boyish as the figure. The Girl of Anzio, as the Italians call her affectionately after the place of her discovery, is standing intent on some minor office in the cult. Her left arm bears the fragment of a salver upon which stood some utensil needed for the service. Her firmly poised body betrays her solicitude. The eyes regard the salver fixedly, less with reverence, it seems to us, than with a simple determination that the trifling service shall be well performed. Yet the beauty of this menial action is akin to that of the processional marbles of the Parthenon, and the realistic traits in figure, costume, and hair-dressing so readily adjust themselves to the grand style of the whole that only with difficulty does one perceive that these elements are quite exceptional. The whole thing is of a lofty yet intimate beauty which finds Christian expression in the familiar lines:

> Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
> Makes that and th' action fine.

Between the Temple Ministrant and the Old Market Woman there is an immense difference in workmanship, the latter being quite mediocre in execution, but this difference is transcended by a far deeper discrepancy in vision. Whoever made the Old Market Woman saw her as she chose to be seen, and as every passer-by saw her. He accepted for his theme just the insight of everybody about. Whoever created the beautiful Temple Ministrant managed to see something that probably everybody else overlooked. The common gaze doubtless would have been on the statue of the divinity, or on the officiating priest. It was the artist who caught the simple majesty of that robust figure poised as it held faithfully a cup, a knife, or some such nothing. The joy of that discovery we feel as we look upon the Girl of Anzio.

Yes, the difference transcends technic. You might put the Roman statue through a series of casts and reductions until in handling it became infinitely the inferior of the Old Market Woman, yet it, whatever its debasement, would remain wholly superior as a work of art. It is, as with all creation, a question of vision. If you do your seeing with simple curiosity, accepting unchallenged the average testimony of the eye and the casual observation of all the world, no technical mastery will save the result from cheapness and essential insignificance. The true artist is the aristocrat of the eye. He makes his bold exclusions and stern selections. He looks deep into appearances, and is wary of their immediate appeal. Thus he reveals things that the rest of us are too hurried or too untrained to see at all. Let no one say that the mere age and ugliness of the Old Market Woman are the trouble. She simply is seen too quickly and at the wrong moment. There is now at the Union League Club, a picture by Daumier in which marketwomen and decrepit clerks are huddled into a third-class compartment, and the group and each individual have the sombre distinction that we associate with Michelangelo and Millet. It seems all a matter of the aristocracy of the eye. Otherwise the difference between the artist and the average man would be merely quantitative—only that, for example, between the champion golfer and the awkward amateur.

The Story of Dutch Painting. By C. H. Caffin. New York: The Century Co. $1.20 net.

Mr. Caffin has taken advantage of the Loan Exhibition of Dutch painting to bring out one more of those books which he produces with such facile amenity. He gives in attractive form a considerable amount of historical and biographical information of timely interest. His enthusiasms are safe, his style engaging and well-bred—in fact, he commands so many of the qualifications of an æsthetic mentor that one feels a distinct ungraciousness in going below the suave appearance to the critical reality.

And, first of all, though much is said about the times, the lives of the artists, and the subjects of the pictures, surprisingly little is said about the pictures themselves—and that often in very general terms. Frequently words are used in the loosest sense. "Abstract," for example, as applied to Rembrandt, seems to mean nothing more than spiritual. But the word leads Mr. Caffin into linking Rembrandt up with the Far Eastern painters and the modern followers of Matisse. Now, these moderns may or may not belong in this galley, but nothing is more certain than that

the most phantasmagoric invention of Rembrandt is based firmly on reality. He always consents to the appearance, however he may sublimate it for his own purposes. To confound him with the Buddhist painters, real followers of the abstract, only wastes words. Botticelli, Greco, Goya, Blake, may seem variously to belong in such a category, but hardly Rembrandt. Mr. Caffin is caught as he frequently is by putting on an equal basis the artist's concrete work and his own inferences as to its spirit.

The neglect of facture as such will, indeed, seem to many the cardinal defect of this interesting book. One might read it without grasping that masterly touch by which main planes and linear accents are made identical, which is the especial contribution of Frans Hals to painting. Again, Hals is called "a follower of surfaces" as if that were a defect in a painter. Note the subtle confusion between the literary and technical connotation of the term. Mr. Caffin seems to imply superficiality as a defect where an artist would regard it as a high merit. One may well doubt whether those pathetic masterpieces, the latest of Hals's regent pictures, do, indeed, bespeak a senile decline. Fromentin said as much, but still felt the rare emotional qualities of the work. But is it possible that only palsy and failing sight put Hals in position to compete with Rembrandt? Many will feel that here we have to do with an ultimate and superb experiment. The later years of Titian afford an interesting parallel, and here, too, we are asked to believe that his most tremendous work is a product of disintegration. Such judgments will bear revision.

Vermeer of Delft is treated with a somewhat perfunctory enthusiasm, for here our guide fears lest we be over-persuaded by a consummate technique—a peril which is possibly small. There is no recognition of the variety and loveliness of the textures; even Chardin is not Vermeer's superior in this regard. But, again, such considerations may seem perverting to the simplicity of the popular view of art.

This book, with its numerous well-chosen reproductions from European galleries, will hardly serve the turn of those who love painting as such. Those, however, who wish merely information about artists and their times, and discursive meditation about pictures, will find it both edifying and entertaining.

From Lemcke & Buechner we have received sample sheets, with a plate of Count A. de Lahorde's "Les Manuscrits à peintures de la Cité de Dieu de Saint Augustin." This fine work will be published in largest folio with more than one hundred and thirty heliogravures. The edition (for sale) is limited to 100 copies, and the price is 250 francs. Of the bibliographical value of the work the name of the author is a guarantee.

From the same source we have the prospectus of "Die Bildnismlnlatur in Deutschland von 1550 bis 1850," by Ernst Lemburgen. The form is small folio; there will be 65 colored and 300 monochrone reproductions; the edition is of 400 copies, and the subscription, subject to increase after December 5, is from 200 marks, according to binding.

The sculptor Rodin and the art-critic and poet Charles Morrice are collaborating on a book treating of old French churches.

When the late Mr. Walters of Baltimore invested in Barye bronzes, Barye and his friends, the painters at Barbizon, were held in cheap consideration by their compatriots. The Baltimore man bought the sculptor's works, Scotch amateurs the painters'. They were wise in their generation. A good opportunity to see Barye at his best is afforded by the exhibition of some of his bronzes at the Cottier Galleries in New York city. There are fine Baryes, many of them early proofs, at the Metropolitan, and there was an excellent collection to be seen last season at the Grolier Club, but these specimens were and are shown under glass. At Cottier's one sees the bronzes quite exposed. And to appreciate such work to the full, this is the great condition.

Peter Kroeyer, the Danish painter, died in Copenhagen November 21.

Pierre Langlade, the designer whose death is announced from Scotland, was of French birth, but had long resided in that part of the world where he died at the age of ninety-seven. Another artist, English by adoption, who has recently died at the age of eighty-one, is Edward Rischgitz, a native of Hungary. A pupil of Corot's, he has been better known as a teacher than as an exhibiting artist. He was one of the founders of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, and the author of books on tapestry designing and china painting.

Finance.

THE WHOLE WORLD'S HARVEST.

The Liverpool estimate of Broomhall on the whole world's wheat crop of 1909, perhaps the most important of the annual European calculations, is at hand this week. It shows the present year to have established an absolute high record in wheat output. The 3,346,968,000 bushels named as the world's total mean an increase of 9¼ per cent. over the 3,063,280,000 of 1908. Compared with the 3,226,768,000 bushels of 1906, the previous record, the increase is 3⅝ per cent.; compared with the year of scarcity, 1907, it is 15 per cent.

Two continents exceed all preceding records with their wheat production—North America and Europe. North America runs 17,000,000 bushels above 1901, which was the previous record. Europe's total runs 158,616,000 bushels beyond 1908, and surpasses the previous high record, that of 1906, by 21,160,000. Every important wheat-growing country of the world shows increase over the previous year except Austria-Hungary, Germany, and Spain. Russia's harvest runs 68,800,000 bushels beyond its previous high record. Canada's crop is 24,000,000 bushels above its best previous yield. The English harvest is the largest since 1899, and with that exception the largest since 1892; though it is highly interesting to observe that its 64,000,000-bushel yield of 1909, while making these encouraging comparisons, is still less than half the 140,000,000-bushel harvest of 1855, which has never since been equalled.

No such change in the world's grain trade from the two years of actual scarcity, 1907 and 1908, could occur without important results on commerce, finance, and industry. The wheat crop shortage of 1907, pretty much throughout the world, may have had some effect in aggravating the financial disturbances of that year. The failure of 1908 to replenish the empty storehouses—the whole world's "visible supply" of wheat, at the end of that year's harvest, was 14,000,000 bushels below even that of a year before—caused the past season's enormous shrinkage in the international grain trade, and also made possible the extortionate price to which wheat and flour were raised in last May's "Patten corner" at Chicago. It is a matter of interest, then, to inquire how far the financial situation generally will be benefited by the new turn in events.

The two immediate questions which arise are: first, what is the bearing of this harvest on the world's industrial prosperity, and, second, what is its bearing on our own export trade in grain? That return to abundant harvests, after scarcity, will be a help to better times, is a certainty. It is commonly said that the world-wide industrial activity of 1906 and 1905 had its origin largely in the world's bumper wheat crops of those years, and the inference is reasonable. It is also true, however, that the wheat yield does not settle everything. The world's bad wheat crop of 1889 was accompanied by an industrial "boom," and the two years of troubled markets, 1893 and 1884, broke all previous records in the harvests. This does not prove that good crops or bad crops had no effect at all, but it shows that the harvest's influence may be superseded by other economic forces. In the years referred to, it was the money market whose influence was paramount. Unbounded financial confidence and easy credit offset the bad world's harvest of 1889; derangement of money markets, due to abuse of capital and credit, offset the good harvest results of 1884 and 1893.

Our export trade in wheat will be influenced necessarily by the fact of bumper crops abroad. In so far as Europe raises enough to feed itself, it has less need to draw on the United States; and even in those European markets which must always buy foreign wheat, Russia

and Canada are already competing actively with our exporters. This would apparently mean that wheat prices cannot continue high. The question of storehouses depleted as a result of two short crops just before 1909, is, however, also to be considered. The granaries of the world, on November 1, held 30,000,000 bushels less of wheat than in 1906, but slightly more than in 1908 or 1907. What is more immediately interesting is that the stored-up supply in Europe's hands, though still some 12,000,000 bushels below November, 1906, is above all other years since 1904. In other words, a long forward step has already been taken towards restoring normal equilibrium between supply and demand.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anstey, F. The Travelling Companions: a Story in Scenes. Dutton. $1.
Apuleius. Apologia and Florida. Trans. by H. E. Butler. Frowde. $1.15.
Ayscough, J. San Celestino. Putnam. $1.50.
Barclay, F. L. The Rosary. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Barnes, A. M. A Little Lady at the Fall of Quebec. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.
Barr, A. E. The House on Cherry Street. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Beach, E. L. An Annapolis Second Classman. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.
Chesterton, G. K. Tremendous Trifles. Dodd, Mead. $1.20 net.
Church, S. H. Religious Progress in America. Address del. before the Centennial Convention of the Christian Church, Oct. 16. Pittsburgh, Pa.: R. P. Morris.
Coggins, P. H. Parliamentary Law. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.
Collins, W. W. Cathedral Cities of Spain. Dodd, Mead. $3.50 net.
Doyle, A. C. The Crime of the Congo. Doubleday, Page.
Edmison, J. P. Stories from the Norseland. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.
Elliot G. F. S. Botany of To-day. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Emerson, R. W. Journals, Vol. I, 1820-1824; Vol. II, 1824-1832. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net, each.
English Love Poems Old and New. Edited by H. S. Krans. Putnam. $1.25 net.
English Prose Fiction. A selected list of about 800 titles and authors. Minneapolis. H. W. Wilson Co. 15 cents.
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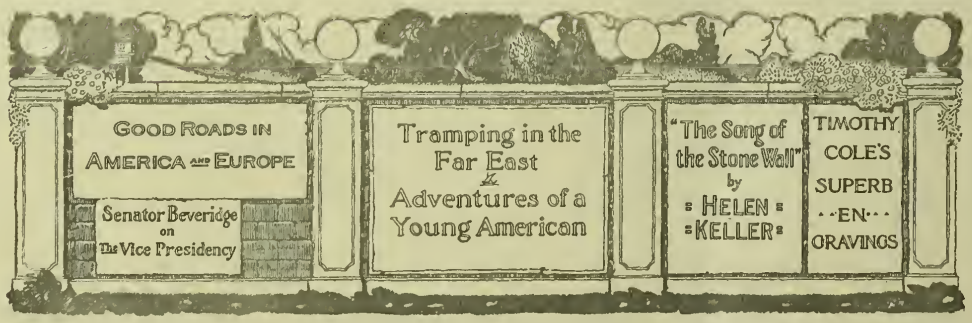
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The Week.

The tariff question has been so wisely and so definitely settled, the mouths of the remonstrants have been so emphatically stopped, the ultimate consumer has been so unmistakably persuaded of his own non-existence, and the country's desire to be let alone has been so forcibly expressed, that just three months after the enactment of the wisest, safest, and best tariff measure this country has ever known, the standpat champions are facing the dread possibility of a reopening of the tariff discussion in Congress. That the call to battle is sounded from within the ranks of true believers in Aldrich and Cannon, only makes the situation worse. The prospect of a tariff war with Canada is bothering the Administration. The men who shape our tariff laws for us have so got into the habit of taking for granted the submission of a free and valorous people that the possibility of a foreign nation refusing to do likewise seems scarcely to have entered into their consciousness. Hence we have the challenge to Canada, flung out in sublime indifference to the fact that to-day Canada can get on better without us than we without her. We sell Canada manufactures nowadays and buy raw products from her. War with such an opponent would mean that our protected interests had been robbed in the house of their friends.

There was an undeniable appropriateness in asking Speaker Cannon to make an address before the Knife and Fork Club of Kansas City. He has always been able to rival the gentleman whom Thackeray saw dining on a Mississippi steamboat, and of whom the novelist testified that "the play of his knife was fearful"; while the fork that the Speaker uses is by preference a pitchfork. He had glorious sport in describing the insurgent Republicans as so many Luciferes flung over the battlements of Heaven. If they are not "read out of the party"—and Mr. Cannon denies that he has attempted to read them out—they ought, he declares, to take themselves out and no longer remain as so many traitors in the camp. What the Speaker would like is a nice little, tight little party, in which discipline would always be perfect, and in which no members would have such queasy stomachs as not to be able to swallow his alliances with Tammany, and his other pretty ways. Whether such a party could ever carry an election or not, is a question with which the Speaker does not vex his righteous soul. But he is going to be the most loyal supporter of President Taft, let no man doubt of that. On this point, Uncle Joe's words were effusive to the point of being suspicious.

The gathering of eleven hundred New Yorkers at the dinner of the Economic Club, last Monday night, to listen to the exposition of the Monetary Commission's work and purposes by its chairman, was a most wholesome sign of the times. Remodelling of a bank and currency system is commonly esteemed a dry and technical topic, and a long address on that theme, in which the problem itself is canvassed without even specific discussion of the political programme of the Commission, is not what is usually classed as material for an after-dinner speech. Yet this large audience listened with the closest attention to Senator Aldrich's analysis of banking practices as the Commission had found them here and abroad. Senator Aldrich frankly stated that no banking bill has yet been drawn up for Congressional consideration, and that in fact the Monetary Commission itself has not yet agreed, even in principle, on the solution which it will recommend. That Senator Aldrich personally favors a Central Bank of Issue has long been known, and was easily to be inferred from his address, notwithstanding the fact that he carefully abstained from recommending that recourse as a probable solution. Our readers are aware of our own feeling that the plan of a Central Bank must be approached with the utmost caution and reserve, until three important considerations have been made clear, viz., its actual relations to existing banks, its possible relation to politics, and the question not only of its nominal but of its certain independence of promoting and speculating influences in finance. We do not feel ourselves ready to subscribe unreservedly to Mr. Aldrich's conclusion that, because the central banks of England, France, and Germany have no political entanglements, therefore a central bank of the United States could have none. Nor, until we know how such immunity is to be guaranteed, should we feel confident in the freedom of such an institution from the influences which have at times so balefully perverted the functions of our life insurance companies and even of our banking institutions.

In answer to the question, "Will Congress investigate the Sugar Trust?" Representative Payne is quoted as saying:

> I don't think it will. The matter is being pretty thoroughly investigated now. An investigation by Congress will depend on whether the Federal district attorney cannot do it more effectively than Congress.

But this is not at all the question. If a Congressional investigation at this time would involve any risk of interfering with the effectiveness of the criminal prosecutions, it should by all means be put off to a later day; but the prosecutions, while the most urgent thing now in hand, cannot possibly cover all the ground of this portentous scandal, and cannot in some respects search as deeply. We all hope that Mr. Stimson may succeed in getting one or more of the real criminals—the big men in the Trust—behind the bars, but it is only too certain that a great part of the rascality will prove to be beyond the reach of legal punishment. The country has a right to know the full truth of the case, and to fix the guilt of those responsible for this great body of corruption, both in business and in politics. Congress only can bring out this truth. Senator Culberson and Senator Borah have declared most emphatically for a Congressional investigation, and there is every reason to expect that it will be urged upon the Senate. The only proper qualification of the demand is that expressed by Senator Borah, that it should be made subject to the necessities of effective prosecution of the criminal cases.

The State Department's "waiting" attitude towards Nicaragua is rather a peculiar policy, if its purposes are as pub-

liely given. The chances of Zelaya's being kicked out of the Presidency by Estrada are considered so good at Washington that it has been decided to let Estrada avenge upon his rival the execution of the two Americans, Cannon and Groce. This is in strange contrast with the earlier announcements of the awful things we were going to do to Zelaya. The State Department at that time had a good section of the press behind it. If, backed up by popular opinion, Washington has as yet done nothing, the implication is that it has insufficient information to proceed on, or that the information it has secured does not make out a good case for us. The American soldier of fortune and professional trouble-maker is not the proudest product of our civilization in tropical countries. If Spanish-American revolutions were not so plenteously officered by natives of this country, and if Spanish-American revolutions were not so frequently backed by the sympathies and money of American residents, there might be fewer upheavals in Spanish-America. If Groce and Cannon belonged to the stormy petrel class, our hands are by so much weakened. If their execution was a violation of international law, the State Department should demand reparation without delegating Estrada to get it for us.

Interested as we have long been in the modernization of the navy yards, we have felt that any reform to be thoroughgoing must begin with the Department itself—that is, with the eight bureaus. Now Secretary Meyer strikes a genuine blow at the faults of the bureau system by planning to abolish one of them in its entirety—the Bureau of Equipment—and grouping all the others in two divisions. In one of these are placed all the bureaus dealing with the human material of the navy, the Bureau of Navigation, the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, the office of the Judge-Advocate-General, and the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts. In the other are to be found the Bureaus of Steam Engineering, of Yards and Docks, of Construction and Repair, and of Ordnance. This change has repeatedly been urged by Secretaries of the Navy and boards of officers, and cannot be too highly commended from the point of view of theory. Whether a closer coördination and coöperation of all the bureaus and both divisions will be obtained under the new system, time alone will show. But Mr. Meyer is not content with thus stirring up the "mossbacks" of the Navy Department. He has created a long-needed division of inspection and a division of operations of the fleet which will, it is to be hoped, provide for the systematic training of the crews and their officers in minor and advanced tactics. Abolishing the Board of Construction, which has been of little use save to formulate and demand of Congress great schemes of naval expansion, Mr. Meyer has provided an "advisory council" of four officers, the chiefs of the four divisions of material, personnel, inspection, and operations, who will become *de facto* a small "general staff" for the Secretary. Both in the Civil War and in that with Spain it was necessary to create such a council after the outbreak of war. Unquestionably, this arrangement will place enormous power in the hands of the four "aides" to the Secretary, as the new advisers are to be called. But here, again, everything will depend upon the unselfishness and devotion of the men in the highest places.

In the navy yards, Mr. Meyer has compromised. He has not adopted the Newberry reforms *in toto*, which seemed to us based on common-sense and accepted business practice. He has instead established two divisions in the navy yards, one of hull and one of machinery. It is only fair to add that this is in line with some foreign practice, and that the head of each division will report to the officer in charge of the navy yard, who is, hereafter, to be chosen with an eye to his especial qualifications. It would obviously be unfair to the Swift Board and to Mr. Meyer to pass upon this plan before it has had a chance to demonstrate its advantages. A single manufacturing department must always be superior to two, in theory. It remains to be seen if, in practice, the navy-yard situation warrants a division. Great economies and a marked increase in efficiency accompanied the Newberry plan, and ought, in any event, to be maintained. We are glad to note, therefore, that the installation of a modern bookkeeping system is to be continued, and that technical officers will be kept at the head of the navy-yard divisions.

There is one resource which might and should be availed of to make such horrors as that of the Cherry mine impossible. The Department of Commerce and Labor would be exercising a function that is wholly salutary, and would be performing a plain duty, if it instituted a thoroughgoing investigation of the subject, and laid down the conditions which ought to be insisted on by the laws of every State in order to secure proper protection for the lives of the miners. The practice of other countries, especially Germany, is far ahead of ours, and American public opinion, if authoritatively informed on the subject, would insist that the present conditions should no longer exist. The plea that the expense of taking proper measures would be prohibitory may safely be pronounced worthless in advance. With the many agencies concentrating public opinion upon the right treatment of problems of this kind, there can be no doubt that, with the guidance of the Federal Government, the necessary legislation could be secured in all our mining States.

The defeat of the proposed prohibition amendment in Alabama, known as the Comer amendment, is important as the first serious setback sustained by the anti-saloon wave which has swept over the South in the past few years. The majority against it is decisive, being reported as more than 20,000 in a total vote of about 100,000. The political prestige of Gov. Comer, and the political future of Judge Weakley, whom he had fixed upon as his successor, were staked on the issue, and the contest was intense. The result is one more illustration of the fact that sudden changes in fundamental matters are seldom so complete as they seem on the surface, and that it is wise to allow time for the setting in of a reaction before concluding that the change is permanent. A special interest attaches to the outcome on account of the reported intention of Mr. Bryan to declare for prohibition as a paramount issue. First rate "paramounts" are rare birds, and the Nebraska gentleman will have to wait a long time before he can catch another as lively as was the silver paramount under the peculiar conditions of 1896.

Gov. Fort's strong opposition to the establishment near Lakewood, New Jer-

sey, of a sanatorium for the treatment of incipient cases of tuberculosis, undoubtedly reflects local sentiment. People everywhere resist the building near them of hospitals for the treatment of infectious diseases. The Lakewood protest is only one of many of the kind. Our readers will recall how strenuously the proposal to found a hospital for consumptives in Sullivan County was withstood by the residents there. This is natural, but it is none the less unreasonable, and, we might almost say, inhuman. The danger is greatly exaggerated in all such cases. Under proper regulation the exposure to infection is very slight. But even if it were not, can we deprive sufferers of what may be their one chance for life? It is a lamentable thing that our very scientific advance in the knowledge of the causes and nature of maladies like tuberculosis seems to implant a new instinct of dread or cruelty regarding those afflicted. No one hesitated in the old days of ignorance to care for consumptives under conditions which were far more dangerous to others than the location of a preventorium near-by could possibly involve. The change to the modern aversion and alarm is neither pleasing nor creditable. It makes the tender mercies of science to look cruel.

The report of football casualties for the last day of the season is seven severely injured, of whom three may die. Five of the accidents occurred in a single Western game, in which the players evidently took football seriously. They have at least rendered a service in giving a final demonstration of the danger of the present game. But there should be no let up in the agitation for a radical overhauling of the rules because the season is over. The Rules Committee's meetings are held in December and January, and the final changes are sometimes not made until well into the spring. Hence the necessity for keeping after the committee from now on in order that they shall not be deceived into thinking that the outcry during the playing season was merely newspaper agitation and public hysteria. Never before has the feeling against football been so deep and widespread; never have the college authorities heard more directly and frequently from alumni and parents of students.

Mr. Roosevelt's words of congratulation on Commander Peary's achievement should bring home to people's minds the true question that has been raised by Dr. Cook's claims. The matter at issue has been no ordinary affair of personal rivalry; it was something in which all the world, and especially this country, had a real stake. "I am inexpressibly rejoiced," writes Mr. Roosevelt, "at his [Peary's] wonderful triumph, and proud beyond measure as an American that this—one of the great feats of the ages—should have been performed by a fellow-countryman of ours." This is the feeling with which we should all have been filled, and which would have been echoed throughout the world, had not attention been turned from the glory of the achievement to the question of the genuineness of Dr. Cook's asserted priority. It will be impossible ever to reëstablish the state of mind that would naturally have prevailed in the absence of this controversy; the thing has been hopelessly cheapened and belittled. This injury, not simply to Peary, but to all the world, and especially to all Americans, Cook has done by his imposture, if he is an impostor.

Though the weight of numbers in the House of Lords was thrown against the budget by a vote of 350 to 75, it cannot be denied that the weight of argument in the upper chamber has been decidedly against both the constitutionality and the wisdom of rejection. No one speaks with more legal authority than Lord James of Hereford, and this eminent Conservative made a reasoned protest against the plan of the majority of the peers. When we reckon in Lord Cromer, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and Lord Rosebery, on the same side, we begin to see what a preponderance of intellect and statesmanship the "lords from the wild" were counted upon to swamp by mere number of coronets. The spectacle lends point to the contention of the Conservative *Daily Telegraph* that the House of Lords ought to be reconstituted in such a way that really able peers should not be swept away by a brute majority of noble nobodies. Lord Morley's powerful speech of last Monday cannot be brushed aside merely because he is a member of the Government. It was a delicious stroke of satire by which he called Lord Lansdowne the Hampden of the present day. There may well have been in this a slanting reference also to Rosebery's comic suggestion that the Lords were withstanding taxation without representation.

The relations between Church and State in France enter on an acute stage, curiously enough, with the accession of M. Briand to power. It was M. Briand who carried the Separation Law of 1905 through the Chamber, and who, as Minister of Public Instruction and Worship, was concerned with the application of the law and the supplementary legislation of 1906. The Minister was then attacked by the extreme anti-clericals on the ground that his attitude toward Catholicism was too conciliatory. Now that he is Premier, the time would seem to have come for establishing a lasting peace between the Government and the Church. Instead, we have the bishops taking the field against the Government's policy in primary education, and the organization of a Catholic party is seriously discussed. Have the bishops been led to believe that M. Briand may be driven into making concessions? That would be a risky step for the new Prime Minister to take, facing as he does, within his own party, the Combes faction of rabid anti-clericals: a faction that is strong, and alert, and hungry for power.

At the Parliamentary election recently held in Norway, women for the first time voted for the candidates, and were themselves eligible for election. This revolution was accomplished, writes a correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*, with the same calm which prevailed when Norway detached itself from the sister-kingdom. At Christiania, for example, something under forty thousand women ("twenty-three thousand married women and fifteen thousand spinsters") took part in the election of members of the Storthing, yet there was "no outcry in the streets, no posters on the walls." They order elections more noisily in France: if no more wisely. Perhaps the tranquillity with which the innovation was effected is partly traceable to the long participation by the women of Norway in the communal elections—and to the circumstance that they have also served as members of the municipal councils.

THE SUPREME COURT VACANCY.

There has been no denial of the statement, first explicitly made by the Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post*, that President Taft intends to appoint Judge Lurton to succeed the late Judge Peckham in the Supreme Court. Indeed, the President has been avowedly conferring with members of the Senate Judiciary Committee for the purpose of discovering whether the confirmation of Judge Lurton would be opposed. There is no objection that we have heard of except on the score of age. Judge Lurton is a Democrat, but might well be selected to succeed a Democrat. His judicial record, with which President Taft is personally acquainted, is declared to have been honorable, and we know no reason to doubt it. But he is sixty-five years old; and it is gravely open to question whether any man of his age should be named for the Supreme Court, especially in view of the present composition and needs of that body.

Section 114 of the Federal Judiciary Act provides that "when any judge of any court of the United States resigns his office, after having held his commission as such at least ten years, and having attained the age of seventy years, he shall, during the residue of his natural life, receive the same salary which was by law payable to him at the time of his resignation." Later acts provide for retirement, with pension, on the ground of physical disability, short of ten years' service. Now, of course, there is no direction here that a President shall not appoint a judge who is above sixty years of age, but it is at least a fair implication that Congress expected every Federal judge to be capable of serving ten years before retiring at seventy. We believe that when Mr. Edmunds was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, he and his able colleagues, such as Senators Hoar and Thurman, insisted upon a strict construction of the statute; they would not report favorably the nomination of any Federal judge upwards of sixty. The Judiciary Committee of the present Senate, which is decidedly weak in its Republican membership, may not follow that precedent. In fact, it is announced that Senator Borah, who is probably the best lawyer among the Republican members, though his name is at the bottom of the list, has already seen the President and has agreed to waive his objection to Judge Lurton on the ground of age. It is to be presumed, therefore, that Mr. Taft can secure Lurton's confirmation, if he makes a point of it. But that will not alter the misgivings of many persons whose only interest is in the strong personnel and continued usefulness of the Supreme Court.

This conviction is not based upon a narrow interpretation of the Judiciary Act so much as upon the general principles which ought to govern, and upon the exigency which exists to-day in the Supreme Court. As a rule, everybody admits that a reasonably long service by the judges of the Supreme Court is desirable. It tends both to heighten its prestige and to give consistency and force to its decisions. If a powerful and dominating mind appears in the Court, as in the case of a Marshall or a Miller, let us say, service during a period of years will give it freer and richer scope, and leave a deeper impress upon our jurisprudence, than would be possible in a short time. And the abler the associates of such a judge, and the longer their term of vigor on the bench, the greater will be the unity and weight of their decisions. All this is elementary, and there is general agreement that Federal judges ought to be under sixty at the time of their appointment. Historically, only six Supreme Court justices have been named at the age of sixty-one or upwards, the oldest being Mr. Lamar, who was sixty-three when appointed.

The greatest actual need of the Supreme Court is the addition of one or two vigorous junior judges. This is not to say that the older justices are incapacitated, or that we ought not to value their old experience. No one charges that their mental powers are unequal to their work. But there is also a physical strain put upon them, from which they ought to get relief at the hands of younger and more able-bodied associates. We refer, of course, to the hard labor which has to be expended upon the preparation of opinions. After the Court has decided in conference what view to take in a given case, there is need of prolonged industry in compiling precedents and examining the authorities and running down the citations in the briefs of opposing counsel, and then of care and pains in beating out the whole in a decision that shall be as lucid in form as it is masterly in substance. A vast amount of this kind of work is constantly thrown upon the Court, and it is obvious that the older judges are not equal to the exertion required.

It is, we know, said of Judge Lurton that he is as robust at sixty-five as most men at fifty-five. But we cannot disregard the law of averages in these matters. If a judge turns out in old age to be a physical wonder, we may thank our lucky stars, but we have no right in advance to count upon his being a physical wonder. In all these things, we have to reckon with the general expectation of life. We cannot go on the supposition that every judge a President names will prove to be an Eldon. And with nothing but regard for Judge Lurton, we think that Mr. Taft would show a keener appreciation of what is lacking in the Supreme Court to-day, if he filled the vacancy with a younger man.

SECRETARY BALLINGER'S REPORT.

It is doubtful if any annual report by a Secretary of the Interior was ever watched for as was that published by Mr. Ballinger last Monday. This is due not only to the importance of the matters dealt with, but to the controversy which has been raging, in the press and at public meetings, over the policy of the new Administration respecting what remains of the national domain. We have had a whole series of charges and rejoinders. Subordinates of the President have been almost literally flying at one another's throats. The dispute went such lengths of bitterness that Mr. Taft himself was finally compelled to take notice; and in his long and clear review of the points at issue he definitely referred to Secretary Ballinger's forthcoming report as a document which would cover the whole case in a way to satisfy all reasonable men.

It would be too much to expect that the actual report will make an end of controversy, but it is only fair to say that on the main question it is strong and satisfactory. After reading what Secretary Ballinger sets down about facts and policies relating to the conservation of water sources, it will not be possible longer to assert that there is a quiet official conspiracy on foot to alienate to the public harm public lands which are capable of being used to develop water power. The Secretary, of course with the President's approval,

goes so far as to contend that such lands should never be patented to any private owners whatever—whether individuals or companies—but should be held in perpetuity by the Government. This policy, which we heartily commend, is not intended to eliminate private development of these resources, but the plan is to grant only easements on the land, under long-term leases, and not further to allow sale and ownership outright. Obviously, if a Water Power Trust has been, as alleged, scheming to obtain for itself all the shores of streams in the Northwest, it must now consider its plans frustrated by the Interior Department.

Indeed, so thoroughgoing is the project of control and regulation which Secretary Ballinger outlines, that we shall probably hear many cries of protest from Western Congressmen, and it may be from Western people. They will say that the terms laid down are so onerous that no one will undertake to meet them, and that these untouched lands will not be taken up and improved. But this will be for Congress to decide. As the President promised, the whole matter is sharply placed before those who frame the laws. It is for them to write the laws about land into the law of the land. In the long run, the President and his Cabinet can only execute what they decree. The withdrawals of public land from entry are merely provisional, until Congress shall determine what is to be done with them. Secretary Ballinger's citations from the official records show, as President Taft said they would, that no land whatever available for power sites has been restored to public entry by this Administration. The suspensory power of the Government has been duly exercised. It is now time for the law-making power to do its work.

The Secretary's report further calls upon Congress to amend the laws relating to the classification of public lands, which are now too roughly or vaguely defined. Much deception and fraud have arisen from patenting as timber lands areas which were really desired for mining. Mr. Ballinger urges that the law should be framed to describe public lands "according to their greatest apparent use," as made evident by the studies of the Geological Survey. Far-reaching, too, is his recommendation that, in connection with coal lands, the right to mine should be separated from the title to the soil. We may also mention the Secretary's request for an appropriation to cover the cost of surveying the railway-grant lands in national forests. He enumerates over 6,000,000 acres of unsurveyed lands, which, because they have not been surveyed, are not subject to local or State taxation. In this way, asserts Secretary Ballinger, an "annual donation" of about $300,000 is made to these timber-land owners. He would, therefore, have Congress order the lands to be surveyed at once, and impose a lien upon them for reimbursement of the cost of the work.

Outwardly and formally, then, we must conclude that the Secretary of the Interior has made a full answer to those who have been alleging that he was secretly in collusion with land-grabbers and monopolists. There is a sense, however, in which no answer has been made, and none can be made in writing. A vast amount of discretion is necessarily reposed by the laws in the Secretary of the Interior. Immense property rights are constantly coming before him for adjudication, and he may, always within the letter of the statute, turn the scale insensibly to the side of injustice or bad public policy. Hence the urgent need of having a Secretary whose bearing and reputation are such that fraud shrinks from his presence and charges of wrongdoing fall broken before him. It is to establishing a name for probity and official sternness, like Secretary Hitchcock's, that Mr. Ballinger will need to devote his main energies, so that the people will believe that sound laws are energized in the pure and vigorous personality of their enforcer. In that view, Secretary Ballinger is still on trial, as any new man in his office must be.

THE COMMON MAN'S VOCABULARY.

The gulf between life and the literature that pretends to mirror life is something we are always aware of, and something we always wink at. We speak of Kipling's India. But competent authorities tell us that not only do British administrators in India behave quite differently from Kipling's heroes—which we might have guessed for ourselves—but they talk differently. People who know the Far West assert that the cowboy's language is not Alfred Henry Lewis's. People who know Alaska assure us that the English tongue in the Yukon Valley is not what it is in Jack London's books. Chimmie Fadden's dialect is a highly polished elaboration of the real Chuck Conners. All this is familiar enough. What is not so commonplace is the difference between the way in which the literary man misrepresented life a hundred or even fifty years ago, and the way in which he does it now. To talk like a book in Jane Austen's day meant something quite different from talking like a book in Richard Harding Davis's. Once upon a time "affectionate and ever-dutiful sons" wrote to their "beloved and honored parents." Nowadays, if we may take the novelist's word for it, "yours in haste, T." writes to "Dear Pop" for a fat remittance. A hundred years ago, as to-day, the scribblers have, as a rule, been false to the spoken language of life. One hundred years ago they rose above the vernacular. To-day we generally sink below it.

The present hour has supplied us with two striking examples of how the common man thinks and writes in the presence of that most impressive of all facts, Death. Among the twenty men who were rescued after a week from the St. Paul's mine at Cherry, Illinois, was an Italian, Joe Peggatti, who had drafted the following last testament, addressed to his wife:

> This is the fourth day we have been down here. That's what I think, but our watches stopped. I am writing in the dark because we have been eating the wax from our safety lamps. I also have eaten a plug of tobacco, some bark, and some of my shoes. I could only chew it. I hope you can read this. I am not afraid to die. O, Holy Virgin, have mercy on me! I think my time has come. You know what my property is. We worked for it together, and it is all yours. You have been a good wife. May the Holy Virgin guard you. I hope this reaches you some time and you can read it. It has been very quiet down here, and I wonder what has become of our comrades. Good-by until heaven shall bring us together.

Samuel Howard was not so fortunate as Joe Peggatti. Rescue for him came too late; his body was found in the second level of the mine, and with it a diary which he seems to have kept up until the last moment of consciousness. Some of the entries run:

> If I am dead give my diamond ring to Mamie Robinson. The ring is at the post office. I had it sent there. Henry Caumicent can have the ring I have home in my good clothes. . . . The only thing I regret is my brother that could help mother out after I am dead and gone. I tried my best to get out but could not. . . . To

keep me from thinking, I thought I would write these few lines. . . . Sixteen to 1 P. M., Monday. The lives are going out. I think this is our last.

This is indeed simplicity of style, the simplicity which comes upon man in the face of ultimate facts. But its simplicity is not enough for the modern novelist, who would proceed to reduce Joe Peggatti's or Samuel Howard's last words to a mixture of slang, blasphemy, and ejaculatory heroics; reduce him, that is, from a man thinking upon himself and Fate to—what is the favorite phrase?—a brute beast with his foot in a trap.

Take the ordinary American in his normal condition, and nothing does him more injustice than the strong mixture of slang, expletive, and primitive vocabulary with which the literary man endows him. Actually, your farmer, clerk, or commercial traveller knows the meaning of long words from the Latin, likes them, and uses them, probably with greater frequency than the college professor outside of his classroom. The college professor says, "I missed my chance," where the man in the subway says, "I overlooked the opportunity"; the professor says, "Billy worries me," where the man in the subway says, "Billy causes me anxiety"; the professor says, "I bought myself some clothes yesterday," and the other says, "I completed my purchases yesterday." Professor, artist, and literary man in revolt against the old conception of a book-language strive and attain the limit of baldness in expression. The tendency is emphasized by the literary tradition that high social standing goes with more or less complete inarticulateness.

A real Bronx street-cleaner has been overheard saying to a fellow street-cleaner: "You are old enough to have conquered your timidity." How many college professors would let fall a phrase, like that without feeling very priggish for five minutes thereafter? Whether the cultured classes profess simplicity because it's the right thing socially or because it's the language of the Bible, novelists should not overlook the fact that butchers and grocers say "desire" for "want," "precisely" for "just," "magnificent" for "great," and "substantial" for "a good deal." If we need further proof we find it in the newspapers written for the masses. There is no stinting of the long word and the pedantic phrase in the columns of your great popular tribunes.

As a nation brought up on much oratory from the platform and the press, we naturally incline to the long, orotund word. As a nation of traffickers, we incline to the commercial traveller's ideal of style, which takes the same direction. Our cultured classes are under the influence of rugged British usage, which says "The Twelve o'Clock Sunday Closing Bill," instead of "An Act for the Regulation of Sunday Traffic in Liquors"; and says, "I am quite sure we can put you up," instead of "Plenty of accommodation for every one, Bill." It is greatly to be desired that Literature and the Drama should take notice of this fact.

WILLIAM DE MORGAN.

After the word "Finis" in Mr. De Morgan's latest (and longest) novel* are appended a few paragraphs alluringly headed, "The Author to His Readers Only." They might have been printed as a preface; but the writer seems to offer them as a kind of reward for those who have faithfully made their way to that final milestone. As bearing upon Mr. De Morgan's theory of fiction, these paragraphs have more than the casual interest suggested by their opening lines. *Verser comme si c'était pour soi* is, he declares, what the story-teller should be encouraged to do.

This certainly is his own habit, and the secret of his charm. He has poured himself forth as if merely for his own satisfaction, and has thereby gained a whole world of affectionate auditors. There has been nothing at all like it in our day. The best of our contemporary novelists, highly as we are able to commend their technical skill, their ingenious matter, their remarkable "average" of workmanship, do not so come home to our business and our bosoms. What we really await with impatience is the man who is simple and strong enough to disregard the rules with safety—*verser comme si c'était pour soi*. Fiction, indeed, if we are to judge it by its masterpieces, has thus far declined to be reduced to code In a vague sense, it bears a relation to the drama similar to that which painting bears to sculpture. Its triumphs have been subjective and intimate. Cervantes, Le Sage, Fielding, even Balzac, are more akin to Montaigne than to Shakespeare. De Morgan has more in common with Dr. Holmes than with Mr. Pinero.

The antecedents and personal history of such a writer are of more than ordinary interest. William Frend, De Morgan's grandfather, was a lieutenant-colonel in the Indian army; his father, Augustus De Morgan, was born in Madras in 1806. He was presumably "sent home" to be brought up, according to Anglo-Indian custom. At all events, his later life was spent in England, most of it as professor of mathematics at University College. He was a master of his subject and a voluminous writer; you may find a dozen titles under his name in any large public library. There are lively touches in more than one of these books, and the reminiscences of the mathematician's wife make it perfectly clear that he had a very characteristic humor of his own. The writer of these reminiscences was herself an interesting person, if for no other reason than because she knew Lamb personally. Her father, William Frend, once a Cambridge tutor, became an insurance actuary in London, and may very likely have known that Charles Lamb who perched at a desk in the East India Office as well as the stammering, convivial Elia.

His namesake, William Frend De Morgan, was born just seventy years ago, in November, 1839. He went to the University College School, but from the first his bent seems to have been toward art rather than scholarship. At twenty he entered the Royal Academy Schools. He studied painting there for several years, but himself says that he cannot claim ever to have been a painter. His first serious work began when, in 1864, he busied himself with stained glass. Even then he had not found his lifework. It was six or seven years later that he took up ceramics: a potter he remained till 1904. In this art he won a *succès d'estime*, but no widespread recognition, and a very moderate pecuniary reward. It is to be wondered whether his popularity as a novelist may not have "boomed" his tiles and vessels of "Persian ware"; may not have made a merchantable thing of the "De Morgan lustre," which has long been favorably known among amateurs. Mr. De Morgan disclaims the invention of this ware, regarding it rather as a re-discovery of certain colors—one blue in particular—to be found in ancient Persian pottery. Oddly enough, he has made a number of inventions in other fields—a duplex gearing for bicycles, a sieve for refining clay, and a smoke-consuming grate. These again, though he still has faith in them, have failed of commercial success. It remained for him, at sixty-four, with ill health and old age upon him, and a lifetime of half-rewarded endeavor to deter him from further effort, to make the final triumphant invention of himself as a popular novelist.

It is easy to make too much of the accidental aspect of such a success as Mr. De Morgan's. How we encouraged ourselves to marvel, only the other day, at Du Maurier's similar emergence into

*"It Never Can Happen Again." By William De Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

the focal point of that immense applause which is chiefly reserved nowadays for the conqueror in the popular arena of fiction! And with De Morgan does not the marvel assume to the fancy some sort of arithmetical or geometrical increase, since the author of "Joseph Vance" was eight years older yet than the author of "Peter Ibbetson"? Yet it may fairly be held that these two men had had the best possible preparation for ripe imaginative work. It would be a happy day (for the reviewer at least) if ninety-nine hundredths of our busy young novelists were suddenly to perceive the folly of attempting to utter what is not in them. Suppose they were to reckon up the real masterpieces of fiction—the dozen or so great novels which the world can not afford to let die—and note how many of them were written on the farther side of the Ostlerian deadline! Du Maurier and De Morgan brought to their self-delighting task hands and brains unwearied by the piteous struggles of professional authorship. The cream of experience had not been detached piecemeal by the separator of daily copy-making. There is a heavy risk for those who lisp in copy because the copy has to come, and whose mature years are given to the effort (not without its satisfactions) of wresting a livelihood from the manufacture of an endless series of words to be paid for according to the testimony of the editorial yardstick.

If his portraits are at all to be trusted, Mr. De Morgan looks ten years older than he really is. His face is that of an old man, lined, sunken, and sombre. Six years ago, when a serious illness overtook him, he might well have seemed to himself nearly at the end of his activity. But at a certain stage of his convalescence he was casually moved to set pen to paper by way of pastime. A dim notion of a story had come into his mind, and the result was the first chapter of "Joseph Vance." As completed some time after, the tale took a very different shape from that in which the writer had at first vaguely fancied it. According to report, he had projected a severe and realistic narrative, unrelieved by humor, and the attempt went heavily until he presently hit upon his true vein. With the appearance of Lossie, he says, the story took hold of him, and after that he was eager to find out the end of it. It came to him, however, in a way so haphazard that he had great difficulty in giving it any appearance of consecutiveness.

"Ill-written" it is, according to all the canons of our "well-made" fiction—without rhyme or reason to the hasty or impatient reader who wants to know what happened, and be quick about it. Very much of it seems irrelevant to the progress of the tale, and yet so packed with subtle intimation and cross-allusion are these many pages that it is not safe to skip a sentence, if one is to stand even a chance of understanding the matter as a whole. And the matter as a whole will not seem to a certain type of mind quite worth the pains—a simple series of events, surely: why not tell them straight out, and be done with it? The difficulty appeared so serious that the present writer, in reviewing the story at the moment of its first appearance, assumed confidently (and, no doubt, complacently) that it would prove caviare to the general. Let us hope that the instant and amazing success of the book proved a lesson to him! He had overlooked the fact that "Joseph Vance," however it might impress a certain type of mind, went straight to the heart we all have in common. As Lady Cecil has said—perhaps a trifle superciliously—De Morgan writes for people who "like to read with the senses as well as with the reason."

The thing that struck us all first about "Joseph Vance" was its well-nigh incredible indifference to the literary fashions and tendencies which have manifested themselves during the past three or four decades. It almost seemed that the story must have been written a generation ago. Could any writer with a knowledge of Meredith and Hardy and Kipling and Mrs. Humphry Ward have written such a book? Belated Victorianism was the cry everywhere lifted and prolonged by really modern critics. There was some difference of opinion, perhaps, as to whether the phenomenon represented a survival or a reversion. I do not know that any authority is capable of deciding that important point even now. But there was no doubt about the main fact: the Victorianism itself was as plain as a pikestaff. In the address "To His Readers Only," on page 688 of "It Never Can Happen Again," Mr. De Morgan admits the charge good-humoredly—or with the least possible hint of impatience:

> At the risk of more Early Victorianism—I have a heavy score against me—may I use the rest of this fly-leaf, otherwise blank, to touch on another point? I know that gossiping with one's readers is a disreputable Early Victorian practice, and far from Modern, which everything ought to be.

But Early Victorianism was only half the verdict; the author of "Joseph Vance" was at once detected as an imitator of Dickens, a master long more or less discredited in polite circles. I suppose Mr. De Morgan would not dream of denying a discipular relation to the Boz who ruled the world during his growing years as school-boy and art-student. Perhaps the younger De Morgan imitated him in certain early attempts at satirical writing to which he confesses. That would have been natural enough; what strikes us as odd is that after half a century he should have retained his allegiance to the now half-discredited despot of his youth. There is a Rip van Winkle suggestion about the whole affair—as if the forty years' addiction to stained glass and pottery were nothing more than a long dream, from which the writer at length awoke, to take up the sentence where he had broken it off.

An idle suggestion, of course. Without that forty years of labor and of ripening, these "Early Victorian" novels could not have come into being. But if we were to follow the fancy a little farther, we should picture the first chapter of "Joseph Vance" as done at the moment of awakening. And there are scenes and figures in all of the later novels which could hardly have been written if Dickens had never set the model. However, a little study of this resemblance reveals the fact that it is chiefly a matter of surface and minor detail. Fondness for the grotesque-pathetic, as found in the low life of a great city—*the* great city; a tendency toward caricature and mere facetiousness; a passion for strange nomenclature—some such matters as these the earlier and the later novelist appear to share. No doubt De Morgan, like his master, does "like to be read with the senses as well as with the reason," and no doubt he is content with the broad method when it best promises the attainment of his end.

But his method, as well as his material, is very different in most important respects from that of Dickens. He is far less the showman, the dashing prestidigitator. The supreme test of modern fiction is, after all, characterization. What we are always asking of the novelist is, Are these people of yours real, do they live and move before us—with us? If not, you cannot think to put us off with your inventions, your lectures, your bits of description, your mere events.

That effect of breathing reality cannot be given offhand. Dickens had his exciting creative experiences: you recall how Pickwick emerged gradually, as if by his own volition, from the fat elderly buffoon of the earlier chapters, to a sort of benevolent and venerable Father Christmas. But that kind of steady growth and development is not characteristic of most of his people. They are rather like figures at first blocked in roughly upon a well-lighted canvas—destined to change much in coloring, a little even in outline but never to move, to step down and out into life. De Morgan's people are far more like Thackeray's—persons whom we meet, and of whom we at first get a vague impression based upon their physical appearance, their manner, their speech. We better our acquaintance with them very gradually, as we must with people in "real life." Their sponsor does not pretend to know much more about them at the outset than we

do; but he knows where they are to be found, is sure that they are worth following up, takes us again and again into their company, and, with our assistance, as it seems, makes in the end some appreciable approach toward an understanding of them. He does not try to persuade us that we have got to the bottom of them: they live, hence are unfathomable.

In this best achievement of De Morgan's art there is nothing distinctively Victorian—it is precisely what the most "modern" novelists are striving for—for the most part in vain. The theory of his belatedness is further discredited by a little attention to his "plots"—that range of action within which the inevitable delimitations of the author's mind and sympathy leave his creatures free to move. Fancy the theme of "Somehow Good" in the hands of the great Philistine Boz, or the great snob Titmarsh: De Morgan's treatment of it would have been inconceivable to the Early Victorian mind. It is essentially, amazingly modern. It assimilates all that is wholesome and affirmative in our somewhat self-conscious tolerance with regard to sexual matters, and shows how naturally what the Victorians would have disposed of as a lost woman—a woman betrayed by ignorance in girlhood—may be throughout her mature life a strong, happy creature.

"Somehow Good" still stands, I think, as De Morgan's best work thus far. There he evidently saw his way pretty well from the outset. In "It Never Can Happen Again" he is embarrassed by two distinct themes, or groups of characters, and hardly succeeds in getting them to work together plausibly, though there is one supreme point of contact. The first two chapters open in a way strikingly suggestive of "Joseph Vance" and "Alice-for-Short." "Lizarann," in her slum, with her blind father and her drunken uncle, is very like another Alice. We expect her to emerge, after many quiet adventures, into a kindly and comfortable middle-class circle, where she may marry the amiable young fellow she deserves, and be duly happy. One doubts if the author may not have had himself some such faint foreshadowing. Perhaps he was turned aside by the fear (to which he has owned) of repeating himself. Lizarann is the most enchanting of children, and would have become, we are sure, a maiden worthy of her irresistible forerunners, Lossie and Alice and Sallie. The fact that "Blind Jim" was the original title suggests that Lizarann and Jim Coupland were intended to be the important figures in the book. So in a sense they are, but a small minority of the multitudinous pages of this narrative concern them. They remain, for the most part, an infinitely lovable and pathetic pair, in the background of the action. In due time Lizarann dies of the consumption to which she is doomed from the outset, and blind one-legged Jim is cut off at the moment when the news of her death is being brought to him. In the act of death he becomes, it is true, the determining factor in the main action. If Lizarann's dying cry had not mysteriously reached her father across those miles of English country he would not have run out upon the highroad, Lord Felixthorpe's car would not have run over him, Sir Alfred Challis would not have been knocked on the head, and Judith Arkroyd would have found herself a little later in a position equivocal, to say the least.

It is with Judith and Challis and his wife, Marianne, that the story as a story is concerned. If it were not for the considerations connected with Deceased Wife's Sisters, the story would have been simple enough, and could have been told in fifty words. But there are such considerations, and many of them; the result is a considerably involved plot.

But it is all unnecessarily ingenious. Surely the author of "Somehow Good" does not need to hatch up this sort of complication. The disappointing thing is that neither Challis nor Judith nor Marianne is quite worth the infinite attention we are called upon to pay them. Perhaps the trouble is that one finds it hard to like any of them thoroughly. The warm personal affection wrung from us by the chief characters in the other novels remains untouched by this minutely exhibited trio—though it goes forth readily enough to several of the other characters: Lizarann, Jim, the Reverend Athelstan Taylor, and his Adeline. Unfortunately, the Deceased Wife's Sister group have the floor the greater part of the time. I am not sure that the impatient mind may not be justified of its impatience as to the lengths, linear measure, to which is carried the discussion of them.

But it would be sad to believe that no more volumes as portly were to come from this in all senses genial hand.

H. W. Boynton.

THE POETRY OF FATHER TABB.

Father Tabb was not only a poet, but a scholar, and he would permit us to approach his somewhat singular work in a spirit of academic classification. And first his mood was eminently gnomic and sententious. A poem exceeding the measure of the sonnet was exceptional with him. He not merely limited the number of lines, but their length. The pithy octosyllable was his favorite form, and shorter lines are common. Nearly the whole of his work consists of epigrams in the Greek sense. These miniature poems recall the passages that one extracts from the more discursive meditations of Henry Vaughan or our own Emerson. But no one is tempted to excerpt from Father Tabb. One quotes the entire poem or nothing. Nor is this lack of salient line or phrase a defect. Examine these epigrams microscopically, and no member but shows some curious felicity, some delicate modelling touch of the file. These tiny gnomes are calculated wholes, structures so unitary that decoration is almost excluded. This work has an odd artificial naturalness, to find a parallel for which I am driven to the minor arts of Japan. You will recall how an artisan of Nippon, finding a knot of wood, a water-worn lump of amber, or the bleached tooth of a beast, will work out some most ingenious and expressive bit of sculpture by the slightest modifications of the natural form. He seems to be indeed less of a creator than a discoverer and exhibitor of some casual beauty already existing. And so many of Father Tabb's best poems give the impression of simply occurring under a hand that gives only the ultimate contour. Take

THE BIRTH OF A WORLD.

A hidden world,
Unwombing, hurled
From dark to light.
And to the skies
Its wondering eyes
The livelong night
Doth Science turn, with sighs
When shadows take their flight.

Another birth—
A soul to earth
But newly come!
Its destiny
Eternity.
With wonder dumb,
The heavens look down to see
Our faces turned therefrom.

Here is a wonderful knot on the two sides of which the skilful carver, perceiving two solemn masks, has with reverent solicitude merely cut away the obscuring fibres.

On several of his title-pages is found the word lyrics. It seems to me a misnomer. Elaborately musical as his verse is, it has little singing quality. We find in these miniature structures not the free and spontaneous gush of song, but the balanced and calculated forms of concerted music. And here the outer form corresponds perfectly to the inner mood. These poems are products of meditation, they suggest quite as much a way of thinking as a mode of feeling. In fact, for most of them one could find a quite definite formula. All this relates Father Tabb to those English poets who by a stretch of language are called metaphysical, Donne and Vaughan being the perfect examples of the tendency. But there was something so finely traditional, so eminently Christian and Catholic, about Father Tabbs's formula, that his conceits seem purged of personal whim. At all times Christians have believed that the visible world is but a glass in which we see darkly the image of God

Childish as the process seems to the eye of skepticism, this habit of regarding the outer world as a provider of *exempla* which must be converted into spiritual values has been profoundly salutary, and if its literary fruits have been too often barren allegory, it has also kept alive a fanciful and questioning attitude toward nature. This is soil in which the imagination may thrive. The danger for poets of this allegorizing temper is that of writing into the ensample book of nature their own hasty answers; and the critical question with regard to such poets is, how far intellectual ingenuity has usurped the place of authentic imagination. Now is not the time to weigh Father Tabb in this balance. To me personally it seems he veered now inward to his own agile fancy, now outward to the gradual undertone of nature, as his mood and inspiration served. A poem like the following, one of his subtlest, will bear either classification, in which case the pragmatist tells us the distinction really doesn't matter:

DUST TO DUST.

"In the centre of each snow-crystal or drop of rain, is found a minute particle of dust."

Earth wedded, life atwain
In heaven, were endless pain,
Uplifted from the plain
To realms of snow or rain,
Of dust each lonely grain
To dust will come again.

To me, however, this seems a border-line poem of an especially instructive sort. Its quality is, I think, genuinely imaginative, but a fuller inspiration would have drawn the prose text into the rhythmical homily. To exemplify the difference between Father Tabb possessed by his theme and merely playing with it, I need only cite one of his most engaging conceits:

SHEET LIGHTNING.

A glance of love or jealousy,
It flashes to and fro—
A swift sultanic majesty,
Through Night's seraglio;

Where many a starry favorite,
In reverence profound,
Awaits, with palpitating light,
A step without a sound.

It is odds whether Father Tabb is most likely to be remembered by a few little masterpieces of this frankly artificial sort, or by those poems that reach deeper issues. I sometimes fear that, in the mood of sheer artistry and moral detachment he is most perfect.

At any rate, for sheer lapidary perfection, Father Tabb hardly has his mate among American poets, or for that matter, among the English poets of his time. Even Aldrich had a vaguer sense of his own limitations and was more frequently below his best. Except for the French poet Heredia, with his single sheaf of sonnets, I can hardly name a modern poet whose garden being so small is at once so habitable and so impressive. At Father Tabb's more obvious affinity, Emily Dickinson, I can only glance. It seems to me that he contains in far finer form pretty much everything that is valuable in her thought. He, too, has his lapses. The intricate balance of his little poems made the construction of each almost as much of a technical adventure as the framing of an ode, and he did not always come out well. I could, but will not, cite a number of poems where the allegory will bite a sensitive reader.

Within the permitted space, I can merely hint at the variety contained within limits apparently narrow. We have seen that most of the poems are parables in little. The texts are usually furnished by the singing birds, thickets, meadows, and hills of the Maryland Blue Ridge. Except for the simpler Bible Stories, there is rarely a suggestion of history. The verses are profoundly literary, yet one hardly guesses what latent influences from older poetry may have transpired. The world of struggling men and women is held far away. Occasional intimations of a love become reminiscent hardly constitute a bond. We have to do simply with the transaction between nature and a curiously meditative mind.

The life that so tranquilly expressed itself in poetry was a broken one. Born in Virginia, in 1845, John Bannister Tabb gave his youth to the Confederacy. His education had been solitary, from tutors, from whom, perhaps, like Vaughan before him, he got an inkling of "logicals." He puts himself down modestly as a "clerk" in the Confederate navy. Serving on the blockade-runner Robert E. Lee, he had the unclerkly privilege of being shot at without returning the fire. After many successful trips to the British East Indies, the Lee was captured, and "Johnny T.," as his shipmates called him, sent to the military prison at Point Lookout, Maryland. There Sidney Lanier found him, and their life-long friendship began. At the age of twenty-seven, we find John B. Tabb a Catholic proselyte already in deacon's orders, and a belated undergraduate of St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Maryland. This institution, with occasional interruptions, he served as a professor of English literature until his death. In his thirty-ninth year, he was ordained priest. Whether the twelve years' delay implies a mental hesitation, or mere inertia, whether one may link with it those more lyrical poems of unrequiring love that appear in his first volume, we, perhaps, have no right to ask. In any case, postponement was almost the rule of Father Tabb's life. The only thing regular about it was the tireless cultivation of the solitary muse. The magazines soon gave him recognition, and his name became a bond between readers of a certain discernment, but he was nearing fifty before the first of those little square volumes saw the light, in 1894.

Of his personal predilections, except that he was a cultivated lover of music and a pianist of no mean accomplishment, one knows only what may be gathered from his verse. Possibly some of his associates of St. Charles may supply the personalia one craves, but this were better left undone than done indiscreetly. About two years ago, the blindness that for years had threatened him became imminent. It found pathetic reflection in his poetry. There were rumors that he was in want and dependent upon the bounty of his college. This he denied in a characteristic note to the *Nation* (August 27, 1908), in which he declared that despite the wishes of his associates, he would live in college just so long as his savings availed to support him and no longer. Happily, the dire issue never arose, for death overtook him among his colleagues and on the scene of his long labors as a teacher.

Father Tabb had his rebel side. His correspondents could tell of whimsical drawings and pungent limericks of most unpriestly, if innocent, stamp. Some of these oddities, I believe he printed in a volume which I have not by me. I fear they made but a poor showing in the types, though they were heartening enough in his own fine chirography.

Father Tabb was the poet of the single metaphor. His sonnets reveal this strikingly. They follow usually the consecrated formula. "As" leading the octave; "so" announcing the sestet. Their lack of density as compared with his briefer forms reveals the tenuity of the ingredients. To borrow a pertinent term from the graphic arts, he was one of the "little masters" of the metaphor. Take from his first volume that audacious but eminently Catholic conceit:

OUT OF BOUNDS.

A little Boy of heavenly birth,
But far from home to-day,
Comes down to find His ball, the Earth,
That Sin has cast away.
O comrades, let us one and all,
Join in to get Him back His ball!

I know of no poem that illustrates better the artful simplicity, the whimsical mating of sheer imagination and pure conceit that make Father Tabb to his readers simply one of the most engaging figures in poetry. He would have been the last one to regard such personal enthusiasms as final measures of literary values. Yet gratitude for a gift that never presumed, never imposed itself, never sunk to commonplace, is more in order now than criticism.

Father Tabb's intimate and genuine feeling for correspondences is fully expressed in the poem "Fraternity," with which this brief tribute may fittingly close. The stanzas might have been cail-

ed more ambitiously "Predestination Unto Poesy."

I know not but in every leaf
That sprang to life along with me,
Were written all the joy and grief
Thenceforth my fate to be.

The wind that whispered to the earth,
The bird that sang its earliest lay,
The flower that blossomed at my birth—
My kinsmen all were they.

Ay, but for fellowship with these
I had not been—nay, might not be;
Nor they but vagrant melodies
Till harmonized by me.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Among collectors the books of Poe are still in the ascendant. On the evening of November 22, the large sum of $3,800 was paid for Mr. Maier's copy of that thin pamphlet, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" (1843), which has been already referred to in this column. This is the highest price ever paid at public auction for any American printed book. There are a few other American books which, if they were to come upon the market would undoubtedly surpass this record, such, for example, as the Bay Psalm Book (1640), the first book printed within the limits of the present United States; the first Massachusetts Laws (1648), and the first New York Laws (1694). These are all much older books. One other modern book is as valuable—Poe's first book, "Tamerlane and Minor Poems" (Boston, 1827). Of this, which may be considered the most valuable nineteenth-century printed book in existence, three copies only are known, two, both perfect and with the covers, being in the library of F. R. Halsey of this city, and one, lacking the covers, in the British Museum.

Two thousand nine hundred dollars was paid at the same sale for the interesting association copy of Poe's second book, "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems" (Baltimore, 1829). This, as we noted last week, was the copy used by Poe when preparing for the press the collection of his poems published in 1845 as "The Raven and Other Poems." In that book the following note, signed "E. A. P.," was prefixed to the section "Poems of Youth":

Private reasons—some of which have reference to the sin of plagiarism, and others to the date of Tennyson's first poems—have induced me, after some hesitation, to republish these, the crude compositions of my earliest boyhood. They are printed verbatim—without alteration from the original edition—the date of which is too remote to be judiciously acknowledged.

Notwithstanding this statement these poems are not "printed verbatim." The variations are numerous as shown by the alterations in Poe's autograph in the Maier copy. Another peculiarity of this copy is that the date of imprint instead of 1829 is (or seems to be) 1820. The late J. C. Chamberlain, who examined the book when it came up in the Harold Peirce sale in Philadelphia in 1903, was of the opinion that the date had been altered in ink from 1829 to 1820 and *by Poe himself*. His purpose was, Mr. Chamberlain surmised, to show a book which antedated Tennyson's first volume of verse, the "Poems of Two Brothers" (1827), which is referred to in the note quoted above. If this could be proven it would make the volume still more interesting. It is certainly, as we said before, the most interesting "association" Poe book in existence.

The most important items in the second Haber sale, which will be held by the Anderson Auction Company on December 7 and 8, afternoons and evenings, are the early editions of the works of Edmund Spenser. They include the first edition of "The Faerie Queene," both parts (1590-1596), also a second set with the first part, second edition (1596), and the first and second folio editions (1609 and 1611), the "Complaints" (1591), "The Shepheard's Calendar" (1591), and "Colin Clouts Come Home Again" (1595).

Among other early English books are Langland's "Vision of Piers Plowman," the second edition (1550); More's "Utopia," first edition in English (1551); Puttenham's "Arte of English Poesie" (1589); the "Mirrour for Magistrates" (1610); Phaer and Twyne's translation of Virgil (1596); Milton's "Poems," first edition (1645), and the second edition (1673); "Paradise Lost" (1667), with the second title-page, and with the seven preliminary leaves added from a later issue; Shirley's "Poems" (1646), and Killigrew's "Comedies and Tragedies" (1664).

Among books by American authors, the Whittier items are perhaps the most interesting. Mr. Haber's "Mogg Megone" (1836) is the copy given to Miss Lucy Hooper, and the letter of presentation accompanies the book; his "Narrative of James Williams" (1838) is accompanied by Whittier's letter acknowledging the authorship of the book; and his "Moll Pitcher" (1832), is the Foote copy with two letters from the author relating to it, in which he says, under date of April 22, 1884: "I doubt whether any copy of 'Moll Pitcher' is extant. It was a mere pamphlet and only a few copies printed."

The oldest book in the collection is a fine copy of that famous picture book of the Middle Ages, the "Nuremberg Chronicle" (1493), which contains upwards of 2,000 wood-cuts. This copy contains the numbered leaves at the end which were left blank, in order that the owner might write in a continuation of the history.

On December 6, Stan. V. Henkels will sell in Philadelphia a collection of autograph letters and historical documents, mainly from the correspondence of Elbridge Gerry, including fine specimens of many Revolutionary names.

In presenting One Hundred Famous First Editions in English and French Literature, Ernest Dressel North, No 4 East Fifty-ninth Street, has been guided quite as much by literary interest as by bibliographical rarity. The earliest volume is Sidney's "Arcadia," 1590, with six facsimile leaves. Only ten copies of this book are known in any state. The latest item is the modest volume, Whittier's "Snow Bound," 1866.

Between these terms there is much of interest that can only be glanced at. Milton's "Paradise Lost," with the second title page—or is it the first? the doctors disagree; Goldsmith's "The Vicar of Wakefield"; Butler's "Hudibras" with the sequels; De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe," all three parts; the thin pamphlet in which FitzGerald published the first English Rubáiyát—here are some of the most striking exhibits. The original issue of the "Tattler" and "Rambler" are to the layman among the more inviting volumes.

In sheer rarity, all yield to Robert Burns's "Poems," the third edition, 1787, This copy is in its original binding, and throughout the skeletonized proper names have been filled in in the poet's handwriting.

There is an excellent catalogue, with full literary and bibliographical indications. The exhibition extends from December 1 to 14, and will appeal equally to bibliophiles and unpretentious gentle readers.

Correspondence.

ENGLISH FOOTBALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your article on "The Football Deaths" (the *Nation*, November 4), you mention the reluctance of the football rules committee to change the game

in such a way that it will resemble the English, or soccer, game, in which players are not allowed to run carrying the ball. The chief argument we have heard against this change is that the English game is not an exciting enough contest for the young American.

Permit me to point out that "soccer" is not "the" English game, and that it is not an exciting enough contest for most young Englishmen. In the English universities two games of football are played—Association, or "soccer," and Rugby. Rugby, in which the player is allowed to run carrying the ball, is somewhat the more popular. But neither game has the universal vogue among schools and colleges which the American game enjoys. At Eton, for instance, neither game is regularly played; there are instead two local varieties of football, the "wall game" and the "field game," both differing widely from the games played at the universities. Winchester and Harrow also have games of their own. In the colonies Rugby is played in a way which seems to tend toward something like the American game.

There is, therefore, no game which occupies in England the position held by football in America, and the English universities have no predominant autumn sport. There are rowing events of some importance, track meets, hare and hound runs, and golf tournaments. Lacrosse has been introduced, and has met with some favor. Hockey—which we call "shinny" and relegate to vacant city lots—is nearly as popular as "soccer" football. But no one of these games is absorbing enough to arouse universal interest and displace its rivals. A few hundred undergraduates watch the more important "rugger" games, but no match except the Oxford-Cambridge is played on a field provided with seating arrangements for a large audience.

Those who have followed football on both sides of the Atlantic believe it would be a useless retrogression to attempt a modification of American football in the direction of either Rugby or "soccer." It is not the rules that make the English game safe. The excessive softness of the ground, which is covered with very thick turf and rarely freezes or even dries out in the football

season, is one explanation of the comparative freedom of English players from injuries more serious than sprains and bruises. But the great reason is the different spirit in which the games are played. The Englishman looks on a game as a means of finding amusement and exercise. He therefore refuses to take sport seriously, to "go in to the game hard" regardless of injury to himself or his opponents. Except in rowing, he pays little attention to training, coaching, and practice. And if he can afford to keep horses and hunt, or if he has facilities for shooting, or plays a good game of court tennis, he will not go in for organized athletics at all. A man in an English university does not play football unless he thinks football the most agreeable form of outdoor exercise, and as long as he finds in the game what he is looking for, he does not care a great deal whether his side wins or not. This increase of efficiency at the cost of time and comfort would not appeal to him at all, for the English athlete has other interests outside his game, and would not think of sacrificing his studies, his social pleasures, or his leisure to a sport.

It is this calm, casual, excessively amateur spirit, incomprehensible to many American athletes, which makes English games comparatively safe. Rugby, "soccer," and hockey might be dangerous indeed if played "for God, for country, and for Yale." If we wish to obviate the perils of American football it is not the rules we must Anglicize, but the temperament of the players.

F. SCHENCK.

Oxford University, November 15.

OPEN FOOTBALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In dealing with recent football casualties in an editorial paragraph, November 25, your statement, in reference to the Yale-Harvard game, that "the expectation that the Yale team would open up the game for the game's sake proved fruitless," seemed to one reader at least to do some injustice to an eleven which surely during the past season has practised the new football, with its theories of open play, more consistently and brilliantly than any other eleven in the East. Any unprejudiced observer of the game you criticise will bear witness to the fact that that contest illustrated with peculiar force the advantages from a strategic, as well as a humanitarian, standpoint, of the open game, as actually played by Yale, over the football of ten years ago, as employed by Harvard throughout the afternoon. Lilley's injury was not due, as you intimate, to Harvard's line-plunging tactics, but occurred in a broken field, and was caused by what seemed to many spectators an unnecessarily rough tackle, which the tension of the opening play of the game may explain, if it does not excuse.

New rules for enforcing less rough and more open play should undoubtedly be advocated, but it seems that the efforts of the football authorities in New Haven during the season which has just closed, as well as in previous years, to develop the game along open lines, should receive appreciation and approval, certainly from the *Nation*.

FRANCIS PARSONS.

Hartford, Conn., November 26.

[We certainly had no intention of doing injustice to the Yale team. Our criticism of the game agreed with the comments made generally in the press. —ED. NATION.]

THE "FOOTBALL" IMPOSTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems curious that the opponents of the fight to kill or cripple, miscalled a game, and miscalled football, have never noted the fraudulent shelter under which its advocates take refuge, and the false pretence by which they secure a good will meant for a wholly different and real game. It is not football; it is handball. It is not the continuance of the old football of our boyhood; it is a "protective mimicry" of the name, used for something wholly different, and used "with intent to deceive." The reason why almost none were injured in the old and none are reasonably secure from death or maiming in the new is that in the former the ball was kept on the ground; in the latter it is kept in the arms; hence, in the former the violence was expended on the ball, in the latter it is expended on the holder, or his companions. The "old boys" who rave over the game for old associations' sake, and revile its opponents, are unconsciously befooling themselves or consciously befooling others.

ANTAPATE.

Hartford, Conn., November 26.

THE READING OF VERSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Whether or not it was by a coincidence that in your issue of November 11 there appeared an interesting paper by Professor Gummere of Haverford College, protesting against the modern method of reading verse from the platform and stage, and a criticism of the opening of the New Theatre, and of the inability of most of the players, including those taking the parts of Antony and Cleopatra, to render Shakespearean verse as verse, I do not know. In any case, I am sure that a great number of your readers hope that there may be an awakening of the players, the dramatic schools, and those who profess English literature and elocution, to the fact that prose is prose and verse is verse. Why should the interpreters of Stephen Phillips (his "Herod" is now to be seen in New York city), why should those who attempt to revive Shakespeare, fear to read their lines, not, to be sure, in the ranting or sing-song style of old-time barn-storm-ers, but in such manner as to treat their audiences to something of the beauty of the line, and to the richness of the poetical rhythm?

I wonder if the readers of the *Nation* happen to have seen the interview with Mr. Forbes-Robertson, that master of dramatic diction, which was published in one of the newspapers only yesterday? What the English actor says is so truly to the point, and bears so directly upon the discussion which the *Nation* has itself started up, that I presume to quote freely from his remarks. The trouble with contemporary stage elocution springs, says Mr. Forbes-Robertson, "from the actor's very desire to act well." Perhaps the word "realistically," expresses more precisely what must have been in the speaker's mind. Continuing:

In his effort to appear natural, he [the actor] mumbles his words as too many people do in everyday life. Much of this can be corrected by constantly bearing in mind the true value of vowels, the percussive value of consonants, and the importance of keeping up the voice until the last word is spoken. There must be plenty of wind in the bellows, so to speak. The great thing is to have the sound come from the front of the mouth. . . . The actor must learn to breathe deeply from the diaphragm and to take his breath at the proper time. Too often the last word is not held up, and that is very often the important word. . . . Schools for acting are valuable, . . . but, after all, the actors, like other folk, must be taught how to speak as children in the home, at school, and in society.

The people of the Latin races are, as a rule, better speakers than we Anglo-Saxons. They speak more distinctly and with a better sense of the value of sounds and words. They elide their words, to be sure, but they do it beautifully. We are slovenly of speech, we drop our "r's" and ignore our "ings," not only among the untutored, but more and more among the cultured, especially in England. . . . In Paris the best French is spoken. There the French actor should get his standards. In London the best English is spoken—the English actor should speak as the most cultured do there. In America it is different; there is not much to choose between the English spoken at Boston, New York, Washington and other cities. The American actor should follow the best practice among the cultured of all cities.

I need not apologize for citing so fully the words of one who is not only sane in his views upon right speaking, on and off stage, but who is also a successful exponent of his own philosophy. It is only fair also to add to Professor Gummere's apt discussion of the subject Mr. Forbes-Robertson's comment upon the elocution of the French stage. The art of reading verse may have become well-nigh lost, so far as we Anglo-Saxons are concerned, but even the casual visitor to Paris ought to know that it is not lost to the leading members of the Théâtre Français. Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that the proper manner of reading English verse and French is so distinct that the practices of a Mounet-Sully and of a Forbes-Robertson have, in fact, almost nothing in common save a regard for that part of tradition which is sound, and a respect for the poetry of the drama represented.

W.

New York, November 22.

GENERAL MEADE AT GETTYSBURG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of November 18, 1909, you publish a most interesting letter from Mr. Jesse Bowman Young about the movements of Meade's army from and after Gettysburg. Permit me to add some remembrances of my own confirming his conclusions.

At the time of the battle of Gettysburg I was in Washington with a new regiment of infantry. The military authorities there were naturally much disturbed over the situation, and we were dispatched in great haste to join the army under Meade. Arriving soon after the battle of Gettysburg, I found our army encamped at or near a small town called Funkstown. I had previously served upon the staff of Gen. Sedgwick, who commanded the Sixth Corps, and I now called upon him. He received me kindly, and informed me that he had just returned from a conference of all the general officers, at which they had decided that it was then inexpedient to attack Lee, since

he had a force about as large as ours, and occupied a position for defence very much stronger than was our position for attack. Our army was so depleted by the three days' fighting at Gettysburg, losing 25,000 men killed and wounded, that my regiment of a thousand men compared favorably in numbers with almost any brigade that had been in the fighting.

Some years after the close of the war I saw Gen. Meade in Boston, and had an opportunity to ask him about the battle. He told me that, of course, he desired to attack Lee after Gettysburg, but regarded the risk as too great.

We were then making every effort to recruit the army by enlistment bounties and draft, but with no great success. Had we met with a disaster following what was called success at Gettysburg, the recruiting would have stopped entirely. Had Lee captured Washington, which was then poorly defended, the political, moral, and foreign effect would have been frightful, and the game of bagging Lee under such risks as these was not worth the candle. Of course, neither Gen. Meade nor any other soldier supposed that this was our last chance to fight Lee, and, if you remember, we won at last under Gen. Meade.

CHARLES L. PEIRSON,
Late colonel commanding Thirty-ninth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, and brevet brigadier-general.

Boston, Mass., November 22.

LACKS A PRESIDENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The British republic lacks a President. Is not this the moral of the legislative difficulty in England? If the King had a real veto, the budget bill might be sent back for reconsideration in a perfectly constitutional and unobjectionable way.

That the House of Lords needs complete change to make it a fair court of legislative revision cannot be doubted. But the objection to the present bill seems to be that under the guise of a fiscal measure it carries in it social and political change. This nobody who has read Mr. Lloyd-George's speeches can fail to see.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Toronto, Can., November 24.

Literature.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—I.

Gertrude W. Arnold has placed in a compact "Mother's List of Books for Children" (McClurg) titles to suit all ages from two to fourteen, the prescribed span of childhood, and, with the assistance of the supervisor of children's work in the New York Public Library, has given sufficient comment under each to characterize the story. The selection is suggestive, provided one is content to pass over the latest novelty.

In one volume, Charles Welsh attempts with a commendable amount of success to gather together "Stories Children Love" (Dodge), guaranteed by experts who have had opportunity for extensive observation as to juvenile taste. By as fair a system of grading as grading will allow, the editor makes "The Story of A Apple Pie" dwell amicably under the same glaring cover with Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face." Mr. Welsh keeps faith with his selections, but not so the editors of "Kipling Stories and Poems Every Child Should Know" (Doubleday, Page), who have in a single volume reduced the great storyteller to terms of one syllable and have shown no fairness because they give only a smattering to each class of reader. Undoubtedly they have some rich material here, but that is Kipling's fault; he cannot be harmed by the commonplace remarks at the head of the selections, printed in excruciating type, and serving as superfluous connective tissue.

Publishers may succumb to the popular demand, but they show feeling in special ways. Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" (Dutton), one of the eternal classics for children, comes to us embellished with delightful and delicate color drawings by Arthur Rackham; as a companion volume, he has likewise furnished illustrations for the Lambs' "Tales from Shakespeare" (Dutton), effectively sketchy in conception and perhaps on that account not as appealing to children as the edition of Lamb, with brilliant color plates by N. M. Price (Scribner). Rackham's volume of "Grimm," as imaginative as his "Midsummer Night's Dream" (Doubleday, Page) and as his "Peter Pan" (Scribner), has just been imported (Doubleday, Page).

For depth of imagination and for majesty of color, nothing exceeds Maxfield Parrish's plates for a group of "The Arabian Nights" tales, selected by Kate Douglas Wiggin and her sister, Miss Smith (Scribner). The editors' introduction is entertaining, and their work with the text seems to be carefully thought out.

One usually associates "Robinson Crusoe" and "Swiss Family Robinson" together, and deservedly so, apart from the conscious and successful imitation of the latter. This season they are both reissued with double guarantee of their perennial worth. E. Boyd Smith, whose brush and pen are exceptionally clever when not overtaxed, is part sponsor for "Robinson Crusoe," while the unnamed editor in a Publisher's Note (Houghton Mifflin) exploits the excellence of this "kitchen literature." W. D. Howells is beholden to the new edition of "Swiss Family Robinson" (Harper) for his first reading of the story, in order to write the introduction, wherein he makes the discovery that girls are as much entranced by this wrecked household as boys. Louis Rhead's illustrations are decorative and are not at all harmed by the fact that he made his sketches actually in the tropics.

The Lippincotts are to be commended for their holiday editions of such juvenile classics as MacDonald's "At the Back of the North Wind" and Ouida's "A Dog of Flanders." We remember no stories more satisfying than these, and, were it possible to establish a school of writing for children, there are passages in MacDonald we should like to use as correctives for "simple" style.

Ever welcome is Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring," and especially so in the Stokes edition with such fine drawings as those by Gordon Browne. The charming *format* given to Mrs. Ewing's "A Flat Iron for a Farthing," by the Macmillan Co., will assuredly gain many new readers among whom appreciation will see certain subtleties quite absent in much of our recent writing for children. We prefer the quiet simplicity and quaintness of the cover design for this story to the pretentious color scheme for Rand McNally's edition of Miss Mulock's "The Little Lame Prince," which is nevertheless deserving of examination; the color work shows a certain excellence, though possessing little feeling. Certainly it is devoid of the old-time color which Cecil Aldin has caught for his pictures in Irving's "Old Christmas" (Dodd, Mead), a most commendable Yuletide gift in which our early American author presents his impressions of the rich English traditions.

There are very few Christmas books as such in our season's output. Such an anthology as "The Book of Christmas" (Macmillan), with its introduction by Mr. Mabie, is in some ways striking evidence of our fragmentary hold upon the healthy legendary spirit that educators are driving out, along with Kris Kringle. That is why, apart from the undoubted appeal of Norman Duncan's "The Suitable Child" (Revell), which tells of an orphan boy's Christmas eve on an express train, we welcome his cry against those whose ethics would steal from childhood an atom "of innocent delight."

There is no end of picture books for the youngest readers; the parent, we hope, has a natural antipathy toward the glaring supplement style which we were surprised to find adopted by *St. Nicholas*, when Denslow's pictures and verses, now gathered together in book form, under the title, "When I Grow Up" (Century), ran as a serial. The "ambitions" savor, both in observation and in imagining, of the Sunday comic section of the newspaper. In direct contrast comes the modest and distinctive description of "The Animals in the Ark" (Duffield) from the French of P. Guizou, with Vimar's delightfully humorous sketches.

In "The Circus," which is a fairly attractive oblong book issued by the Stokes, E. Boyd Smith shows a decided falling off from his Santa Claus of last year, and from his initial volume recording the fun in Noah's Ark (Houghton). When his brush becomes literal, it loses its felicity. His humor is usually reached through his "asides," and he loses his own facility in trying to keep abreast of three rings in a "faithful" manner.

The Walter Crane picture book, "The Song of Sixpence" (Lane), contains three sets of remarkable drawings by that superior nursery illustrator. The "fairy ships" launched by him bring joy to more eyes than those in the curly heads of youngsters. Of grosser nature, though purporting to have refining effect, Gelett Burgess's "Blue Goops and Red" (Stokes) illustrates the power of conversion whereby the naughty blues are changed into model reds. We fear Gelett Burgess will soon reach the extreme limit of his manners. B. Cory Kilvert's "The Kite Book" gives sufficient adventure (Dodd, Mead) to please the youth needing stimulus, and what the artist lacks in fine humor he counteracts by action sufficiently exciting. He has done better work, and we have seen color plates more exactly registered on the press.

There are two volumes of somewhat similar character. Millicent Sowerby's "Yes-

terday's Children" (Duffield) is sentimentally charming, while Jessie Willcox Smith's "Seven Ages of Childhood" (Moffat, Yard) is up to this artist's average level. What strikes us as most distinctive about the latter volume, is the verse by Carolyn Wells, with a flavor of excellence rather unexpected, where verse is made to order.

Publishers have different ideas regarding what constitutes the complete Mother Goose. The Stokes edition, claiming distinction on account of Miss Betts's illustrations in color, differs greatly from the large book which is issued by the Dodge Publishing Company. This latter volume, according to the title page, is edited by Walter Jerrold, the same who is responsible for that remarkably sumptuous "Big-Book of Nursery Rhymes" (Dutton), which all children should either have or see. Let us beseech the Dodge Co. to be careful hereafter with their cover designs! This "Mother Goose" is copiously and well illustrated by John Hassall, though he is hardly to be compared with Charles Robinson in his grace and easy use of lines.

The field of biography shades from collections of short accounts, to individual life stories; from individual effort dependent on character, to fame based on historical importance. Unlike Mrs. Wiggin and Miss Smith, who seem to have a monopoly now on all types of folk-lore, and who this year continue their "fairy literature" with "Tales of Wonder," the fourth in a series (Doubleday, Page), Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Lang find it necessary to turn to the heroic in real life. Still retaining their rainbow enthusiasm, they call their newest product "The Red Book of Heroes" (Longmans, Green), in which are presented satisfactory accounts of such figures as Palissy the Potter, the Marquis of Montrose, and Florence Nightingale. The publishers have adopted a *format* altogether rich in general effect.

The individual "lives" narrow down in number to four with any special distinction. Prompted by the same commendable intent which marked her "Boys' Life of Lincoln" (Century), Miss Helen Nicolay has written in similar vein her "Boys' Life of Grant." Mrs. Laura E. Richards, chosen by the Appletons to prepare a story of "Florence Nightingale" for young people, succeeded in making a slim volume, which, if it is slightly marred by a certain condescending style, nevertheless accomplishes a difficult and delicate task with much skill. From the Appletons, also, there comes a more youthful and appropriate biography of "Louisa May Alcott" than Mrs. Cheney's "Life and Journal," which has, up to the present, been the only available record of this great author's career for children to read. Miss Belle Moses has written this very direct and sympathetic book, and she has pleasantly and simply accentuated the charm of the woman whose charm is so easily felt in "Eight Cousins" and "Little Women." Frederick A. Ober continues his "Heroes of American History" (Harper) by writing, with his customary fullness and picturesque knowledge, an account of "Sir Walter Raleigh."

What one might well take to be a human record is the volume compiled by Miss M. G. Humphreys from Catlin's "My Life Among the Indians" (Scribner); it is a book which boys will welcome heartily as being stranger than fiction, however careful the fact. The illustrations are from Catlin's drawings.

Biography readily shades into history and into literature. Francis Jameson Rowbotham's "Story-Lives of Great Authors" (Stokes) introduces seven men in a pleasing and anecdotal manner, while the illustrations by their imaginative character serve to decorate the text. Agnes Carr Sage's "The Boys and Girls of the White House" (Stokes) sweeps over all our administrations in an interesting style, and mingles history and diplomacy with the home life of "Presidential children." John T. Faris's "Winning Their Way" (Stokes) is modelled along the line of Samuel Smiles's "Self-Help"; it is more definitely arranged according to special activities, and gives to each subject considerable space.

We may reach history through the suggestive "Decisive Battles of America," modelled by the editor, Ripley Hitchcock, on books of similar character, though not of equal thoroughness; it is an appropriate companion to Creasy's book (Harper). The chapters are indeed ample in scope, and each one is prepared by a specialist; this type of book, carefully planned, with adequate maps and full index, is one that teachers as well as the layman should welcome. Tudor Jenks, also, in "When America Won Liberty" (Crowell), has written a very satisfactory account of this country's struggle for independence; he has done this in no stereotyped spirit, but has applied the excellent method of viewing a movement or an event in perspective, of picturing the *force* primarily, and of stating the fact secondarily. An age *lives* if treated thus.

HISTORY OF THE HARVARD LAW SCHOOL.

History of the Harvard Law School and of Early Legal Conditions in America. By Charles Warren. 3 vols. Illustrated. New York: Lewis Publishing Co. $25.

In these volumes, with only two of which we have to deal, the third being a catalogue of past members of the school, Mr. Warren has construed liberally the duty of an historian of the Harvard Law School. The result is that, while the history appeals most strongly to the interest of those who have been connected with this particular institution, it has nevertheless a not inconsiderable value for any member of the profession interested in legal history and legal education in America.

The first dozen chapters, comprising approximately half of the first volume, give a brief history of the early American bar. A short chapter suffices for the consideration of New England Law and Lawyers in the Seventeenth Century; this is followed by a somewhat fuller account of the law and the lawyers in all of the colonies during the eighteenth century, while The Bar and the Law, 1789-1815, especially the Massachusetts bar, receive adequate attention. An interesting account is given of legal education in the eighteenth century, of the early law professorships, the first of which in America was founded at the College of William and Mary in 1779, and of the influential Litchfield Law School started five years later Mr. Warren has also a word to say on the lawyers and the law of England during the seventeenth and the succeeding century; he calls attention to early American barristers and bar associations, and to the early American law books; and he points out the obstacles and prejudices which, from the Revolutionary War to the founding of the Harvard Law School in 1817, worked against the growth of the bar and the development of legal studies as a science. These early chapters, with another picturing Cambridge and Harvard College in 1817, are a fitting introduction to the history itself.

The first law professorship in Harvard College was established in 1815, when Isaac Parker, Chief Justice of Massachusetts, was chosen Royall professor. His inaugural address, delivered in the following year, contained, to quote Mr. Warren, "the first suggestion ever officially made at Harvard for the founding of a separate school of law." Asahel Stearns was appointed University professor of law. He began with one student, and five more entered the first year. The first degree of LL.B. was not conferred until 1820. Mr. Warren's history of the Law School falls, naturally, into half a dozen periods, beginning with the decade or so when the school was under Professor Stearns. The almost complete failure of the school—there seems to have been but one law student in the spring of 1829—Mr. Warren does not lay at the door of the hard-working professor; he attributes it rather to "the expenses of life at Harvard, the lack of a proper building for the school, the prejudice in States outside of New England, as well as within, against the supposedly ultra-Unitarian proclivities of Harvard, the depressed conditions of the national finances during many of the years 1817-1829, and especially the rise of other law schools more conveniently located." The endowment of a law professorship by Nathan Dane within a couple of months after Stearns's resignation led to the immediate appointment of Joseph Story as Dane professor. During the same month the Royall professorship, which had remained vacant since the resignation of Judge Parker two years before, was filled by the election of John Hooker Ashmun. These two appointments set the Law School on its feet again. Furthermore, Ashmun's untimely death in 1833 necessarily brought Story into closer relations with the school.

Ashmun's successor as Royall professor was Simon Greenleaf. With his appointment opens one of the most brilliant and interesting periods in the his-

tory of the Harvard Law School—the twelve years ending with Story's death in 1845. Dane Hall had been completed in 1832. The number of students grew during these years from about forty to one hundred and fifty; the school became increasingly national in character. It was prosperous financially. The school was in "full blast," as Story expressed it; and though he himself was in Washington part of the time—"sick at heart and longing for the quiet of home and for a good and substantial reason for resigning the bench," as Greenleaf wrote to Charles Sumner, and though the burden of carrying on the school was not light, both professors worked with enthusiasm. Story was an enthusiast, and, for all his discursiveness as a lecturer, fired his students with something of his own spirit. Greenleaf, on the other hand, was concise and clear, confining himself closely to his subject. "Story," writes a student of the early forties, "magnified the civil law and told us of the indebtedness of the world of law to it. Greenleaf magnified the common law and told us of its superiority over the civil law." The completion of an addition to Dane Hall was celebrated in July, 1845, shortly before which time an arrangement had been made whereby Judge Story was to resign from the bench and give his whole time to his Law School work. His death occurred, however, before this plan was carried out.

What Mr. Warren terms the transition period lasted from 1845 to 1850. To fill the vacancy left by the death of Story, Greenleaf was transferred from the Royall to the Dane professorship, and William Kent, son of the ex-chancellor, was appointed Royall professor. This position he held only one year, and Joel Parker, Chief Justice of New Hampshire, was chosen his successor. Greenleaf's ill-health brought about his resignation of the Dane professorship in 1848. Rufus Choate declined the appointment, and Theophilus Parsons was made Dane professor.

In the period between the resignation of Greenleaf and the appointment of Langdell in 1870, Joel Parker, Parsons, and Emory Washburn, chosen University professor in 1856, were the chief figures in the school. In spite of the high standing and distinguished ability of the members of the faculty, considerable dissatisfaction had arisen with the condition of the school during the sixties. The resignation of Professor Parker in 1868, and then of Professor Parsons, foreshadowed a revolutionary change in the methods of instruction. Parsons's resignation was accepted in January, 1870, and on the same day, C. C. Langdell was appointed Dane professor. To quote Mr. Warren, for the first time in the history of the Harvard Law School there was chosen as professor "a young man of no legal reputation (except among the few lawyers who had employed him), a man of no national fame, and a lawyer who had had substantially no court practice." What this appointment accomplished for the Harvard Law School and for legal education Mr. Warren shows in his last eight chapters, covering the administration of Professor Langdell from 1870 to 1895, and of Professor Ames from the latter date to the present time.

Of especial interest is the account of the decade between 1871 and 1881, when the case system and the stricter requirements of the school were on trial. The final chapter sums up the influence of the Harvard Law School and of the case system. The system is well described by Prof. J. B. Thayer:

> The Case System at Harvard is not a method or system of teaching. It is a system of *studying* law. The whole essence of the Case System as we understand it at Harvard is that instead of placing in the hands of a student a text-book on which he has to prepare himself for the exercises with the instructor, there is placed in his hands a very carefully chosen series of cases selected by an expert, and he is expected to prepare himself upon them. The whole essence of the Case System lies, then, in this preparatory study of the subject in hand by very carefully selected cases.

Interesting, too, is the sketch, quoted from Professor Beale, of Professor Langdell as a teacher:

> When we entered his lecture room, we were struck by the massive intelligence of his brow. We admired his severe and almost impassive face, and we seemed to find the quiet, intellectual atmosphere of the cloister. In our time, as a result of his failing sight, he never used the Socratic method in his teaching. He simply talked, slowly and quietly, stating, explaining, enforcing, and reënforcing the principles which he found in the case under discussion. Our note books read like his articles on Equity Jurisprudence; quiet, forceful, full of thought, and requiring close study to follow them. Only now and then, when some subtle point was raised by Judge Mack or Professor Williston (not then judge or professor), his face would light up, and he would think aloud, to the vast delight of those members of his class who could follow him. Those were halcyon days. And once in a great while, something would amuse him, and he would throw back his head with a laugh that seemed to have the full strength of his mind in it.

When it is remembered that there are no official law school records before 1870, so that for the official facts relating to the school between 1817 and 1870 it was necessary to go to the Harvard archives in general; when, moreover, one notes the large number of extraneous sources from which material for this history are drawn, the great amount of research and labor which Mr. Warren has given to these volumes is apparent. On the whole, he has done an excellent piece of work, of permanent value in spite of occasional inaccuracies, such as referring to Prof. J. B. Scott as a former dean of the Law School of Columbia University; giving to genial Dr. O. W. Holmes the title of Reverend; alluding to Col. Shaw of Fort Wagner fame as Robert *Quincy* Shaw, and to the Georgia statesman as Alexander *F.* Stephens. Unfortunately, however, the errors chargeable to the publishers, rather than to the author, are glaring and inexcusable. The first volume is prefaced with two pages of errata; but a careful reading of these volumes discloses almost as many more errors of which no correction is made. It is seldom that a book comes from the press with more, or more exasperating, typographical faults.

Very unsatisfactory also, both in form and in matter, is the third volume an "Alumni Roll" of the Law School, for which Mr. Warren disclaims responsibility. The illustrations, mostly portraits, are poorly done. In view of the somewhat authoritative way in which a history like this is almost necessarily brought to the attention of former members of the institution for their support, one wonders whether there is not a certain quasi-moral obligation on the part of the authorities of the school to guard against the shortcomings of a publisher, which, in the present instance, have resulted in lessening to an appreciable degree the value of the work.

CURRENT FICTION.

Options. By O. Henry. New York: Harper & Bros.

O. Henry's determination not to be recorded in literary annals as the prophet of any particular "section" is emphasized by his latest offering. In "Options," he has brought together stories of New York, Pittsburgh, Georgia, Texas, South America, and the Philippine Islands. Notice of his recent volumes must take account rather of his discovery of fresh scenes and actors than of any marked difference in his approach or development in his highly sophisticated technique. Yet in this collection, there are symptoms, perhaps, of a faint and timorous movement toward romance. Of course, romance must be understood in the earlier Kiplingesque sense—a touch of fine passion or idealism in the day's work. Love is allowed to figure somewhat seriously here and there; but it must still be dealt with brusquely, curtly, and with a touch of ironic disdain befitting the hotel veranda, or the smoking-car.

For the rest, O. Henry remains his familiar self. His unrivalled "timelliness" as a writer of fiction may be suggested by the title of one of these stories —"The Higher Pragmatism." The humor which rises from the juxtaposition of the remote and the immediate can scarcely go further than his comparison of the beauty of a Texas sheep-ranch-

man asleep to that of a "cab-horse leaning against the Metropolitan Opera House at 12:30 A. M., dreaming of the plains of Arabia." Nor can much advance be expected upon the artifice of construction which makes "No Story" in reality no story till within a dozen lines of the end, where it suddenly becomes, *ex post facto*, as the author might say, an extremely dramatic incident, and forces the reader to think it all through again. Structural cleverness is O. Henry's darker angel. A sounder impulse is at work in "The Rose of Dixie," which is concerned with an unsuccessful attempt made by T. T. Thacker of New York—who is everything that his name suggests—to boost and hustle a Georgia literary magazine into a paying investment. Here the interest lies in broad type-caricature, sectional contrast, and keen yet genial and equal-handed satire of the confronted Northern and Southern foibles. In a land of highly-diversified provinces, this is a vein worth working; and O. Henry's command of many different local colors is an excellent qualification for the task.

Bella Donna. By Robert Hichens. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

After his holidays in the Mediterranean, Mr. Hichens has returned to his bailiwick, or thereabouts. The Nile supplies his scenery, the atmosphere is laden with mysterious scents and cries of the East. He again extends his powers to demonstrate that the East is not what the Cook tourist imagines, and that the "Easterns" are a queer lot. And the demonstration is again prolonged by that process of verbal repetition and attenuation which belongs to those arch-compellers of the inattentive mind, Mr. Caine and Mr. Hichens. Nothing is taken for granted, nothing left to the synthetic or analytic intelligence of the reader, everything is "rubbed in" deliberately and remorselessly. The purely narrative portions of the book might be condensed to a few pages. It contains much less description than "The Garden of Allah" and its successors. Nine-tenths of the space is given to dialogue and the detailed rehearsal of the thoughts and feelings of three of the four characters. These are: a typical youngish blond Englishman named Armine, whose work is the reclaiming of desert lands in the Fayyum; a fashionable London physician of Jewish blood, and a loose woman who has dropped from the great world to the half-world, and finds herself, at forty-two, dangerously near the end of her powers. She succeeds in appealing to the pity and chivalry of Armine, and marries him in virtual defiance of the physician Isaacson, who is the victim's most intimate friend, and perfectly understands the woman's character and motives. The pair set out for Egypt, and on the way fall in with a Turco-Egyptian, Baroudi, who turns out to be a great person in Cairo and throughout Egypt. "Bella Donna" is already tired of her romantic husband; she and the Oriental understand each other at a glance. Soon after he reaches Egypt Armine's chances of succeeding to a title vanish, and with them the chief guarantee of Bella Donna's respectability. She gives herself secretly to Baroudi, and they plan to dispose of Armine by slow poison. Stray bits of information come to Isaacson in London which make him suspicious, and he hurries to Egypt to find his friend almost *in extremis*. He rescues the husband and unmasks the wife, who is forthwith cast off by her Egyptian lover as an encumbrance.

This, it will be seen, is more direct and forcible than the usual plot of Mr. Hichens. Its treatment, morever, seems to depend less obviously upon an artificial high flavor. It has less of that subtle prurience in which prudish minds delight. As for the persons, they are more nearly "convincing" than any of Mr. Hichens's previous creations—three of them, at least, for Armine is little more than a puppet. Baroudi in particular (perhaps because he says so little) approximates the dignity and solidarity of characterization which Mr. Hichens (again like Mr. Caine) calls upon us so loudly and so vainly to connect with all of his proper names.

John Marvel, Assistant. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This story is written in that florid and ingenuous style which yet survives in Dixie. The hero and supposed narrator is a youth named Glave, for whom Mr. Page evidently cherishes an unaffected regard, but who to the cold Northern eye seems a good deal of a cockscomb, not to say cockerel. He spouts, he swaggers, he takes offence at the least fancied infringement of his personal dignity. We first become acquainted with him at college, where he signally neglects to distinguish himself, except as a beau and blade upon a somewhat antiquated model. Thereafter he becomes a lawyer, nearly briefless for a long time. He makes enemies among the powers, social and political, by refusing to truckle to them. They can do him no real harm; his rise is slow but sure; and having fallen in love with a daughter of the plutocracy, he is in due time made blest. Throughout his adventures he is accompanied, at nearer or farther remove, by a darky and a dog, persons who afford a good deal of mild diversion by the way. The perpetual drunkenness and dishonesty of said darky are regarded by Glave as necessary and even amusing characteristics of an inferior creature, while the impudence of a Pullman porter rouses him to lynching fury. The firmness of Glave's conviction that he is a gentleman is continually goading him to a violent attitude toward such as do not give him all possible elbow-room.

To say the truth, Glave is a not desirable survival of the Southern fire-eater. It is rather tedious to have him and his equally conventional "Angel of Lost Children" so much in the foreground. The other persons of the story —Leo Wolffert, Jew and Socialist—John Marvel, the Christ-like young parson, "assistant" to whomever he might find in trouble—are of far greater interest. And the multiplicity of minor characters and scenes gives an effect—kaleidoscopic, perhaps, rather than panoramic, but certainly a vivid presentation—of various aspects, social, moral, and political, of current American life.

The Big Brother of Sabin Street. By I. T. Thurston. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

Those who have read the story of "Theodore Bryan, the Bishop's Shadow," will remember that he was a little guttersnipe of Boston, who, falling in with "that great bishop that everybody loved," set himself "to live as he thought the great man would have wanted him to live." Such readers will be interested to meet young Bryan again, now a Harvard graduate, giving himself heartily to the work of redeeming young toughs, and to the "cleaning up of Sabin Street." It is a story of settlement work with a leaning to rosy accomplishment, but with rather less than usual of the sickly impracticality of philanthropic fiction. Bryan's temporary loss of courage, Marjorie's repugnances, the boys' obstinacies, and the girls' wilfulnesses, furnish a reasonable number of pricks to kick against. It depends on the personal equation whether any given reader shall find it rather grown-up for a boys' book, or rather saccharine for adult taste. But of its fine aspiration and healthful import there can be no question.

DIPLOMACY.

American Foreign Policy. By a Diplomatist. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Our recent acquisitions in the Caribbean and the Pacific are a source of military weakness. Hence we should fortify ourselves by a comprehensive and thoroughgoing diplomacy. Such, in brief, is the main thesis of this book. In particular, the Monroe Doctrine, since our expulsion of Spain from two oceans, has lost all moral prestige, and now carries no further than our guns. Here again diplomacy, by securing the adhesion of possibly interested Powers to the Doctrine, might reduce the chances of war. In general, the writer is a believer in friendly understandings as opposed to treaties. There can hardly be

too many. Each is in its measure a guarantee of peace. On the part of the United States he advises foresight and a prompt adjustment of all outstanding issues.

Our first step towards assuming our due position in the world should be an *entente* with England:

> While no incentive for hostility exists on either side, with no other Power would the advantages of an understanding be so great or the liabilities so small. England controls the key of the situation for us both toward the Continent and toward Japan. Under existing circumstances were she unwilling, no power could menace us. Nor are such circumstances likely to alter so long as the Continent remains divided. To guard against this (*sic?*) is the primary object of British diplomacy, and her present guarantee against a united Europe lies in the understanding with France. What France is to England England is to us. Hence the preservation of the Anglo-French understanding, and in smaller degree the understanding with Russia, concern us only a little less than the main participants.

This programme obviously opens up too large a matter to be discussed in the space allotted for a review. Speaking broadly, something like the above suggested *entente* seems possible, even desirable. Whether either England or ourselves would gain by hurrying the day is questionable. One must consider the possible irritation of such Powers as Germany and Japan. In fact, understandings are by no means invariably the good which "Diplomatist" considers them. They may be causes of offence. We feel the mooted Anglo-American understanding may be more useful for the present as a potentiality than it could be as an actuality.

Our relations with the Latin republics of America are dictated largely by nearness and remoteness. At the earliest chance we should seek to secure the formal adhesion of the European Powers to the Monroe Doctrine. Evidently, we must give a *quid pro quo*, and here "Diplomatist" regrets that we did not take our slice of the Congo region, buy St. Thomas, take up our share of Moroccan bank stock—accept anything, in fact, that might advantageously be traded off. Diplomacy, to our author, largely reduces itself to such playing for points. To us such advice smacks uncomfortably of smoking-room world politics. If we are to count internationally, it will be precisely because we refrain from all meddling and small trafficking. Algeciras should have taught "Diplomatist" the weight of a disinterested attitude. Returning to the Latin Republics, the United States is obviously in a closer relation to the Caribbean Powers, so much so that we should formulate a definite "Caribbean policy." In this region we should exercise a firm protectorate; be prepared, if need be, to revise awards to European claimants, and prevent these republics from uniting among themselves or with Mexico. Here is a long order with a vengeance, though it is fair to say that between President Cleveland's arbitration at the pistol's point and President Roosevelt's Panama aggression, there is a precedent for pretty near the whole programme. "Diplomatist" nowhere attenuates policy with morals.

In the Far East, it is pointed out, our policy, in contrast with our usual habit of non-intervention, has been consistently an active one. Here there is little to regret except the partial alienation of Japan. How to deal with that growing and ambitious Power is one of the thornier problems of the future. In the matter of regulating yellow labor we should stand in with the British colonies, Canada, New Zealand, and Australia, by exchanging with them consuls-general diplomatically accredited. Yet in offering this united front, we should avoid giving a common grievance to Japan and China. To keep them apart should be our effort. It is suggested that we might play Russia off against them both, but to us such a move seems perilous, and calculated to unite the two Far Eastern Powers.

An underlying levity in this book appears nowhere more plainly than in the chapter on the Near East. No one will be surprised that the United States must be represented in the next session of the Berlin Congress. So far, so good. But when it is suggested that we should establish commercial spheres of influence in Asia Minor and beyond, which shall incidentally serve as buffers between England and Russia, the conviction grows that certain portions of the volume were improvised on the steamer between smokes.

What is said about the reorganization of the State Department, with territorial under-secretaries, is sensible, as is the counsel that closer relations should be maintained with the Senate, preferably through a special Congressional secretary. Whoever is able to detect the occasional admixtures of wide speculation and sheer nonsense in this vivacious book may use it safely and with profit.

Inchiesta sulle Condizioni dell' Infanzia in Firenze. Eseguita per incarico della Giunta Comunale dal Prof. G. Mya.

This report includes a detailed study of the vital and health statistics of children under ten years of age during the years 1905-7; a concise statement of the scope and interrelations of the various institutions, public and private, for the relief and protection of children; a consideration of the topographical distribution of the chief contagious diseases (illustrated by an admirable map); an examination of the actual working of the recent maternity law for factories and workshops; and, finally, recommendations of measures for checking the enormous waste of human life. The statistics show the influence upon health of age, taken by months during the first year of life; of birth, legitimate or illegitimate; of seasons of the year; of surroundings; of the health and habits of parents. The diseases of above six thousand children were studied in relation to the health of their parents. The results emphasize the striking connection between parent and child not only in tuberculosis, but in alcoholism, diseases of the nerves, and a few other abnormal conditions, and furnish additional incentive to the fight against these evils. Yet infant mortality is not relatively high in Florence, being 14.4 out of every hundred births for children under one year of age, whereas in Chicago (the only American city cited) the percentage was 26.7 in the corresponding year, 1907.

A general law passed in 1907 requires factories and workshops employing women to permit mothers of nursing children to leave the factory at fixed hours under well-defined conditions, in addition to the usual hours of rest established by law, or to provide a special room attached to the factory for their use. The provision of such a room is obligatory wherever more than fifty women are employed. The state law also requires a certificate of health from a physician before a woman is admitted to such establishments. Employers in Florence appear to have complied readily with these provisions, but through inconveniences of location, distance from residence, the difficulty, the expense, or loss of time in having the child brought to the factory, the law has failed in large measure of the desired effect. The traditional employment of wet-nurses, even by the very poor, and the consequent habit of both communal and charitable institutions of making grants of money for this purpose, and even of supporting the children of the very poor during the nursing period in the Foundling Hospital, have contributed to defeat the law's intention. Its logical development would seem to require not only a room, but all the adjuncts of a day nursery to be attached to every workshop.

While some of the recommendations of this report apply to purely local conditions, the general trend of its conclusions includes important truths. All the statistics show that the maximum of mortality and disease occurs in the first year of life, and that disease is most prevalent during the nursing period. The effects of the illnesses of this period extend throughout life; and where the highest rate of infantile mortality prevails, occurs also the maximum of delinquency, especially of delinquent children. The protection of the newly born and the nursing child is a duty of the community and

should be exercised as one of its chief public services, not left to private philanthropy, which is not always well-directed and rational, and which ends almost inevitably in recourse to public funds. The city spends a considerable sum annually for a milk fund, and, as already stated, in other measures for the nurture of infants, in addition to their care in hospitals. Experience, illustrated by these statistics, has proved that this money is badly spent with no security that its purpose will be attained. The report, therefore, among other things, recommends that the Commune, following the example of Milan, Rome, and many French and German towns, should appoint, in connection with its Health Department, a special medical service whose duty shall be to pass upon applications of women, demanding grants from the milk and similar funds, and especially to visit at frequent intervals and inspect the nourishment of all those young children, wherever placed, who are supported wholly or in part by public funds and charities. The report appreciates the importance of model tenements but overlooks the value and the obvious need in Florence of public playgrounds and well-distributed, accessible public parks.

History of Scotland. By P. Hume Brown. Vol. III: From the Revolution of 1689 to the Disruption, 1843. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

This is presumably the last instalment of a work which has received recognition on both sides of the Atlantic as the soundest and most trustworthy history of Scotland produced by modern scholarship. The field here covered, 1689 to 1843, especially the latter part of it, does not offer an opportunity for picturesque narrative equal to that dealt with in the two earlier volumes; for it is primarily an age of secular and commercial interests. On the other hand, it affords fresher material than any other stage of the national development; for books dealing with Scottish history since the union of 1706 otherwise than as a side issue of the general history of Great Britain, are still exceedingly rare.

The story opens with an account of the reëstablishment of Presbyterianism in Scotland after the arrival in England of "Dutch William." The admirably temperate and scholarly account of the Massacre of Glencoe deserves a special tribute: "Had it occurred at any period previous to the Revolution it would have been accounted merely as another of the long list of atrocities that are recorded in Highland history." Its exaggerated prominence to-day is to be attributed to the fact that it was the first of a long series of similar outrages to be made the subject of a regular investigation, the demand for which is to be traced rather to personal hatred of Dalrymple, the Secretary of State, and a desire to discredit the Government, than to any awakening of the public conscience. The Scots Darien scheme, of which much has recently been written, next claims Prof. Hume Brown's attention. He discerns in that commercial enterprise a significant illustration of the profound change which came over the national spirit in the end of the seventeenth century, and transformed the Scots "from a nation of theologians into a nation of traders and merchants and economists." The author here strikes the note that remains dominant throughout the remainder of the volume. Commercial and industrial considerations are really the determining factors at all crises of the national history henceforth. "Trade," as Fletcher of Saltoun remarked, "is now become the golden ball for which all the nations of the world are contending." It was for the sake of trade, at the last analysis, that Scotland accepted the Union in 1706, though that acceptance entailed a sacrifice of institutions with which her independence as a nation was inseparably bound up, a sacrifice to which only the instincts of self-preservation could eventually have reconciled her. Occasionally—as in "the 'Fifteen" and "the 'Forty-five," when the Stuart Pretenders were on hand to fan the flames—the old spirit of independence flared up, but the successful repression of these two revolts merely served to establish the new order of things more firmly than ever. The half-century in the history of Scotland that followed "the 'Forty-five" has been described by David Masson as "the period of the most energetic, peculiar, and most varied life"; and foreign observers, at least, would endorse the statement:

> During that period Scotland made her largest contribution to the world alike in the sphere of speculation and practical ideas; in literature, in philosophy, in economical science, she may then fairly claim to have been a pioneer in the opening up of new possibilities for the future of nations. Commerce and the modern spirit had vanquished the Stuarts and the political principles which they represented, and they had concurrently overriden the theocratic ideals which had been the bequest of the Reformation.

With the dawning of the French Revolutionary era, Scotland, like other European countries, entered a new phase of her national life: from revolt against the "despotism" of Henry Dundas, she was soon launched upon the struggle for Parliamentary reform. The last two chapters, on the meaning and results for Scotland of the great Act of 1832, and the "Disruption" in the Scottish Church which occupied the succeeding decade, are somewhat weary reading, and, perhaps inevitably, in the nature of an anti-climax; but it is a period of history which it is difficult to make thrilling. Some surprise and regret will be occasioned by the author's apparent resolve to follow the example of the Oxford history schools (at least until very recently), and break off before the middle of the nineteenth century. For what Prof. Hume Brown has given us, however, we are truly grateful, and we gladly add that his last volume, though covering what in our estimation is a far more difficult field, is thoroughly worthy of the high standard set by its predecessors.

The Philippine Islands. Edited by Emma H. Blair and James A. Robertson. Vols. LIV and LV. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.

The thousands of entries which, in two large octavo volumes, make an analytical index of 968 pages, together with a bibliography of 419 pages independently indexed, display the wealth of the fifty-two volumes of text in this now completed work upon the Philippine Islands, consisting, in the main, of translations from Spanish official reports, together with many of the originals on the opposite pages. These volumes treat, one may add, of almost every conceivable subject that has concerned the Philippines, from the earliest times until the American occupation. They are very rich, for instance, in relation to the Chinese colonization within those limits, and, indeed, concerning southern, or Cochin, China proper. No element of public life seems overlooked, and they expose many of the minutest details of domestic manners. These materials begin with the bulls of demarcation by Alexander VI in 1493 and close with the famous Friar Memorial of 1898, dated barely a fortnight before the fateful first of May.

Notwithstanding its bulk, this thesaurus does not claim completeness; but it is by far the most distinctly first-hand and serviceable English collection to which the student of the Philippine past may turn. Even more valuable in its way is the prodigious bibliography, which accounts for a vast mass of manuscript and printed material in public and private hands. Besides instructive notes appended as required, the volumes are enriched with a liberal historical introduction by Professor Bourne of Yale, and with acute bibliographical notes by James A. Le Roy, an officer of the Philippine Commission when it was engaged in establishing civil government in the islands. It is particularly noteworthy that Le Roy in many particulars discredits Foreman, who has been regarded as the best informed and most impartial writer upon these debatable people and their ways.

Reviewing these original papers and making all allowance for the interested reports of the religious who zealously

accompanied and encouraged the *conquistadores*, and of the official "relations," upon both of which so much of our knowledge is based, we must admit that the non-Mohammedan tribes were distinctly raised to and maintained upon a much higher plane by the Roman Church than other Malays as a body have ever reached; and, moreover, as Bourne points out, the measures that influenced them were quite similar to those by which the Teutons, for instance, became technically, one may say officially, Christians. One evidence of their progress is the repression of tribal wars, and a vast increase in population has followed a more reasonable mode of life. Thus, from a probable half-million of natives at the time of the conquest, the Christians numbered 830,000 by the middle of the eighteenth century; at the beginning of the nineteenth a million and a half; in 1845 it was calculated that there were nearly 4,000 000, and by 1900 the estimate was 8,000,000 souls. Slavery, as we have known African slavery, was non-existent under the Spanish rule, although in the earlier days forced labor, practical bondage of the recalcitrant natives, and cruel treatment were common enough. A variety of feudal villeinage long prevailed, and a form of peonage for debt, hereditary as well as direct, is perhaps not yet extinct, depending upon traditional, not legal, obligation. However mixed the motives of their masters, these East Indian natives suffered no such atrocities as those of the West Indies; although at first armor and arquebuses opened the way for the cross, and the non-Spanish stock has, of course, been systematically treated as racially inferior. And notwithstanding that from our point of view there were oppression, official corruption, and that lethal overlordship of the state itself to which the Roman Church always inclines, nevertheless what may be called the soul of that communion and much of its working spirit were beneficent. Thus: "In provision for the sick and helpless, Manila at the opening of the seventeenth century was far in advance of any city in the English colonies for more than a century and a half to come." For instance, the Hospital San Juan de Dios in Manila intramuros, was in vigorous, although perhaps not perfectly efficient, operation at the exchange of flags in 1898, and had had a corporate existence for hard on 300 years. The Pennsylvania Hospital was opened in 1752, and the Massachusetts General in 1811, the first institutions of their kind in their respective regions.

This library of Spanish service brings out all sorts of curious information for those who are to develop in permanent shape the history of those days of the sword and the crucifix.

Penguin Island. By Anatole France. Translated by A. W. Evans. New York: John Lane Co. $2.

Jacques Tournebroche. By Anatole France. Translated by Alfred Allinson. The same.

These two books wear with unequal dignity their English dress; they well illustrate the difference between girding up one's loins for a *magnum opus*, and merely tossing off a few trifles in idle moments. Upon the merits of "L'Ile des Pingouins" the *Nation* has already made sufficient comment. It is one of the fullest, raciest, and most characteristic expressions of Anatole France's genius, and is likely to remain one of the satirical masterpieces of French literature. It deserves, therefore, a really distinguished translation. So far as we have observed, Mr. Evans's rendering is idiomatic and fairly graceful, but by no means accurate. For example (p. 122), "I perceive that thou art a living being among the shades, and that thy body treads down the grass in this eternal evening" is a very blundering version of "Je reconnais que tu es vivant à l'ombre que ton corps allonge sur l'herbe en ce soir éternel." Again, Virgil in Hell, having just declared that in life he kept to the golden mean—*rien de trop*—says: "J'ai fréquenté modérément le lit des femmes étrangères; et je ne me suis pas attardé outre mesure à voir, dans la taverne, danser au son du crotale, la jeune syrienne." Mr. Evans renders (p. 125): "I have, indeed, to some extent gone with strange women, but I have not delayed over long in taverns to watch the young Syrians dance to the sound of the *crotalum*." By introducing "indeed" and substituting "but" for *et*, the translator has made Virgil apologize for going with strange women, and so has quite spoilt the point of the passage. As both the text and the context show there is no opposition whatever between the two clauses; there is simply an emphasis of pride upon "modérément" and "outre mesure." On page 126, "nuées allégées" is translated "burdened clouds" instead of "unburdened clouds." More serious is the mistake (p. 125) of transforming past tenses of the verb into present, by virtue of which Virgil continues his diet of lettuce and olives in Hell! Furthermore, Mr. Evans takes unnecessary liberties with the length of M. France's sentences, breaking them up or combining them at pleasure.

"The Merrie Tales of Jacques Tournebroche" is an odd and rather unedifying mélange of mediæval drummers' stories masking as courtly tales very suave in their indecency, burlesque miracles, monkish tales pointed at the modern clergy, and idylls of innocent childhood. The risky stories are not very merry, nor, if we look upon them as weapons, can we regard them as very dignified instruments of attack upon the Church. The pretty little pictures of children are, on the whole, somewhat insipid. The only really piquant thing about the book is that Gallic lubricity and infantile sweetness are bound up together. The idea of such a union is perhaps original with Anatole France At any rate, it is quite in his vein. Yet it is hardly a great stroke of art. If the "Merrie Tales" had not pressed into English with the "complete works," it would have waited long for a translator.

Wendell Phillips, Orator and Agitator. By Lorenzo Sears. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50 net.

To most students of American history, Wendell Phillips is probably known chiefly, if not solely, as the orator of the anti-slavery movement, and it is in this capacity that Dr. Sears principally considers his public career. Beyond this, however, the book has the broader purpose of showing the relation of Phillips to the anti-slavery movement as a whole. It would, indeed, have been strange if, intimate as he was with Garrison and other abolition leaders, and singled out by circumstances and the power of his unrivalled oratory to expound and defend the doctrines and methods of the abolitionists to audiences of every degree of friendliness and hostility, he had not become more than the popularizer of other men's ideas; and it is one of the merits of Dr. Sears's volume that the attitude of Phillips as a leader is well brought out. Analysis of his almost innumerable speeches, and of his course in the proceedings of abolition societies, shows how unmistakable was his radicalism from the start. More than almost any man of equal prominence in his day, he represented the extreme view of the potential equality of the negro and the white; and in this view he seems never to have wavered. Naturally, therefore, slavery appeared to him, not as a temporary phase of advancing civilization, but as always and everywhere an absolute moral evil, to which neither laws nor the Federal Constitution could for a moment give sanction. Naturally, too, he was impatient of delay, scornful of compromise, intolerant of everything save whole-souled devotion to the cause of immediate emancipation, and largely indifferent to the historical episodes in the great struggle through which he was living.

Yet Dr. Sears's volume but confirms the judgment of impartial historians, that it is as an orator and agitator, and not as a thinker or organizer, that Phillips is entitled to be held in worthy remembrance. With the exception of his uncompromising radicalism, his extant speeches and writings afford practically no trace of original ideas on either

slavery or emancipation, while of constructive statesmanship he cannot be credited with even a rudimentary sense. It has been said of him with truth that he never knew that the civil war was over, but, unlike Garrison, insisted on continuing the anti-slavery agitation in organized form after slavery itself had ceased to exist. Never having known what it was to be beaten, he failed to realize that a victory had been won. But of the power of his matchless eloquence there was, even in his own day, general admission, his enemies themselves being judges. He had every endowment of the orator: a dignified and gracious presence, a musical voice capable of filling the largest hall, perfect command of himself and his theme, unerring apprehension of what was in his hearers' minds, a vast store of pertinent illustration and effective repartee, and exhaustless power of varying the treatment of his one great theme. Speaking for thirty years, and to hundreds of audiences, on the subject of slavery, no one ever complained that he repeated himself. No American ever faced so many hostile crowds, bent, often with the approval of the public authorities, upon denying him a hearing; yet he never failed to compel their attention once his voice could be heard above the din. As time went on, and he became conscious of his powers, he seemed to delight in hurling at his listeners at the outset his most extreme and irritating arguments, confident that the angry outburst of disapproval would later be turned to applause.

Dr. Sears's style suffers from an intrusive jauntiness, but it is at least clear and readable. For the thoroughness with which he has studied his sources, as well as for the skill with which he has avoided writing a history of the period instead of a life of Phillips, he is entitled to praise. The two chapters on the substance and form of Phillips's oratory are excellent examples of analysis and criticism.

The Moral Economy. By R. B. Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

Professor Perry's volume has the value and the limitations that belong to the work of those moralists who conceive the problems of conduct to be much like problems in mathematics. There is a little of the spirit of Jeremy Bentham in the book—of a Bentham of wider sympathies, more liberal tastes, and a more ornate and graceful style. Mr. Perry has, at any rate, the Benthamic freedom from cant, the same impatience of subtlety and sophistication, the same hearty conviction of the essential simplicity of ethical questions, and of the possibility of solving them in a certain exact and "objective" manner; it is merely necessary to define a primary, homogeneous unit of value and then apply "moral arithmetic" to the computation of the quantity of such units realized by a given mode of action. The author's fundamental doctrine, in short, is that moral differences are readily calculable, quantitative differences. His fundamental units, however, are not pleasures, but "interests" or "satisfactions of desires." One could wish that he had taken time to make clear the qualitative nature of these, and to establish their commensurability *inter se.* The problem of finding a "logical" ground for the obligation to seek the maximum good of all, even at the cost of absolute self-sacrifice, disturbs Mr. Perry less than it disturbed the utilitarians. To disregard others is to deny that their interests or desires are real—which is a statement contrary to the objective fact. Surely, regarded merely as logic, this confutation of the egoist is a little too simple, and involves some confusion of the judgment of fact with the judgment of worth. Sir Leslie Stephen once somewhat maliciously represented a certain English moralist as holding that the only reason why a man ought not to beat his wife is that he thereby untruthfully denies that she is his wife. Mr. Perry would appear to hold that the only reason why the man ought not to do so is that he thereby untruthfully denies that the wife dislikes to be beaten.

But whatever be said of the technical ethical reasonings of the book, its pervasive moral temper has a wholesomeness and balance and a freedom from the prevalent itch after paradox which make the volume eminently profitable reading for a perplexed and over-sophisticated age. As a college text-book, also, it has many excellences, and perhaps one serious defect. Those who would instil philosophy into the young barbarian at play must often first create in him the doubts from which he is to be delivered. From "The Moral Economy" it is not certain that he will get the impression that there are any real problems to solve or any debatable issues to discuss. He is likely to agree with its vigorous and persuasive affirmations altogether too promptly.

Motoring in the Balkans, Along the Highways of Dalmatia, Montenegro, the Herzegovina and Bosnia. By Frances Kinsley Hutchinson. With map and over one hundred illustrations from photographs by the author. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.75 net.

The peculiar charm of the region visited in the motor trip described in this book, making it in some respects the most attractive in Europe, lies in the fact that here sea and mountain combine to offer scenery of unparalleled beauty. It is also the meeting point of East and West, for village mosque and Christian church stand side by side, and the veiled Turkish lady leaves the harem to wander through the streets and bazaars with her Christian sister. Every variety of costume is to be seen, from the sheepskin coat of the Bosnian peasant to the scarlet and gold garments with coin necklaces and headdresses of the townswomen. Then, in addition, in the springtime a wealth of flowers and blossoms clothes the mountain-sides, and the air is vocal with the songs of larks, orioles, and nightingales. The start was made at Trieste, and the Dalmatian coast was closely followed to Ragusa. An excursion was made from this place to Cetinje, the capital of the little principality of Montenegro, and one of the most impressive sights was the "unpretentious, comfortable-looking, large, sunny," royal palace, the childhood home of the Queen of Italy and her three princess-sisters. The portraits of Prince Nicola and his wife are the most interesting of the illustrations.

Leaving the seacoast, the travellers crossed the mountain-chain of the Dinaric Alps, and Herzegovina and Bosnia. Vienna was the terminus of this trip of forty-eight days and 1,483 miles. Mrs. Hutchinson's narrative is largely taken up, as is natural, with the daily experiences, many of which are trivial and uninteresting except to the personal friends of the motorists. Too much stress also is laid upon the different costumes and the market and street scenes, which are often virtually repetitions of what has been said before.

The value of the book would have been much increased if some account had been given of the methods employed by the Austrian rulers in the development of the recently annexed provinces; how, for instance, the capital, with its large Mohammedan population —"there are over two hundred mosques in Sarajevo"—is governed. Instead of this, she simply says, "during the last thirty years under Austrian administration much has been done to sweep away the old order of things, to replace the Asiatic by the European, and the attempt has been lamentably successful." Some historical information is given, but the facts are not always correctly stated. Diocletian, for example, was not "born a slave."

The book's chief value is to be found in the information given as to journeys, whether by motor or by rail and diligence, through a country whose wonderful scenery and picturesque people make it a "continuous delight." There is an excellent map of the route on the inside cover, and an itinerary and table of distances give the names of the places stopped at and the hotels—which were excellent.

Notes.

Viscount Morley of Blackburn makes his first entry into the book-world since his elevation to the peerage in the collection of his "Indian Speeches, 1907-9," to be published by the Macmillan Co.

The late Gov. Johnson of Minnesota is the subject of a biography, written by Frank A. Day and Theodore M. Knappen, which will be published at an early date by Forbes & Co. of Chicago.

The Putnams are to publish in their Memoir Series a volume by Winnifred Cockshott, entitled "The Pilgrim Fathers," and presenting a comprehensive account of the Puritans throughout all their vicissitudes, from their emergence in England to the final absorption of the Plymouth Colony by Massachusetts in 1691. Accounts are given of the early Separatist movement, of the establishment of the church at Scrooby, of the persecutions that precipitated the migration to Holland, of the life of the Pilgrims in Amsterdam and in Leyden, and of their acquisition of new ideals, which were to be perpetuated in their new-world home.

"Lyrics of Life" is the title of Mrs. Florence Earle Coates's new volume of verse, announced for publication on December 4, through Houghton Mifflin Co.

Another book of verse to be published by Houghton Mifflin Co. is the collection of lyrics by Louise Imogen Guiney, in a special limited edition.

The Rumford Press of Concord, N. H., will issue, on December 20, a volume containing twenty-four addresses by William Jewett Tucker, former president of Dartmouth College. These addresses, delivered before educational or patriotic gatherings between 1893 and 1908, and discussing many of the responsibilities and problems of good citizenship, are entitled, collectively, "Public Mindedness."

The Harvard Library has received as a gift from Prof. A. C. Coolidge and C. L. Hay, a recent graduate of the college, a collection of four thousand books, principally on Spanish-American history, from the library of Señor Luis Montt, of Santiago, Chili.

On November 4, occurred the reopening of the courses of the Sorbonne, at Paris. The dean of the Faculty of Letters, Alfred Croiset, announced to the assistance, in the Amphithéâtre Descartes, that among the new courses would be a series of public lectures on "American Men and Things," to be delivered in English by Prof. Bliss Perry. There are registered at the Faculties of Letters and Sciences, this year, 2,957 students, against 2,854 for the preceding year. Of these, 1,150 are foreigners, and more than half of the last number, Russians.

The Société des Amis de Victor Hugo will place a bust of the poet outside the farmhouse of Papelotte, near the Waterloo battlefield. Here Victor Hugo wrote a great part of "Les Misérables."

"Leaves from a Madeira Garden," by Charles Thomas-Stanford (John Lane Co.), is a series of rambling chapters concerning the writer's gardens—and their setting—in Madeira. The book is very pleasing. Lacking the time and money for a trip to the island, one cannot do better than to see it through the eyes, quizzical yet sympathetic, of this easy-going observer. His book is by no means confined to gardening; he speaks of history, scenery, politics, the plague, and old furniture—the latter in such terms as to make us envious. A Chippendale chair (to be sure he puts it in quotation marks) for twenty-two shillings! But the best remarks in the book are of the gardens, their beauties, difficulties, gardeners, and climate. A genuine service of the author is to express, in the following sentences, what we all have felt. "It is sad that one of our finest roses here should bear the prosaic name of William Allen Richardson," he writes. "Herr Druschki's wife may, as far as I know, personify all the virtues, but is it not cruel to condemn a supremely pure and delicate rose to bear the harsh-sounding title of Frau Karl Druschki? Nor has Oberhofgartner Terks a pleasant sound to English ears. A Society for the Protection of Flowers from being called Bad Names is one of the crying needs of the day." Catalogue names have, nevertheless, their occasional compensations. Has Mr. Thomas-Stanford never noted the grim humor of the plant-breeder—and he an Englishman!—who called his new cabbage "Tender and True"? Cabbages, and all such northern delicacies, cannot be grown in a Madeira garden, nor can many of our best flowers. But compensation is almost the keynote of the book; the northerner in Madeira makes the best of what he has. One catches the spirit of this philosophy particularly in the closing pages, as the author leaves his gardens to nature and the native during the eight months before his return.

A book like E. V. Lucas's volume of casual reflection and comment, "One Day and Another" (The Macmillan Company), reminds us that the "light touch" in contemporary journalism belongs neither to the French with all their wit, nor to us in America with all our imaginative drollery, but to the supposedly stolid, brawny, and somewhat heavy nation of fox-hunters and rulers of empire. The ordinary French causerie is concerned with really grave matters of life, and civilization, and manners. We, for all our Irish, German, and Japanese slang, are equally taken up with such truly important matters as the tariff, woman suffrage, Polar exploration, or Mr. Roosevelt. But your Englishman goes on writing sentimental little chapters on dogs, and old furniture, and eighteenth-century letters. There is no denying that they do it very well and that Mr. Lucas is not the least among his tribe. Precisely a study of canine psychology is the most delightful essay in the lot before us. When a fine old Scotch collie tells us of his schemes for ridding himself of an upstart rival of a spaniel, and how, on hearing of the success of his efforts, he had to pretend he had a flea to conceal his emotions, Mr. Lucas gets his laugh honestly. Dainty, in a sentimental way, are the two or three pages giving a carrier-pigeon's view of fair France, as you cross it on the way from Barcelona to Brussels. But excellent as these exercises in fancy may be in themselves, a whole volume of them brings satiety. Mr. Kipling has so accustomed us to think of Englishmen as forming hollow squares and taming the impetuous Afghan, that we begin to resent this other Englishman who seems intent on spinning the most gossamer webs in romantic London chambers. As a volume to dip into now and then or to read aloud to visitors lacking the gift of conversation, the book can be heartily recommended.

Sir James Murray's preface to Volume VII of the "Oxford English Dictionary," now completed with the triple section Prophesy-Pyxis (Henry Frowde), lends to this vast undertaking something of that solemnity associated with the Egyptian pyramids and the cathedrals of the Middle Ages. For the building of this monument of English speech, more perennial than marble or brass, had begun when mature men now living were yet unborn; and many of those who spent long years gathering materials for the edifice, some of them with a voluntary and almost religious devotion, have already passed into oblivion. The mortuary roll with its two or three words of tribute and the muster of scores of living collaborators, distinguished in all arts and sciences, detract but little from the impressive impersonality of the work. The catalogue of those who died before the fruition of their labors is, however, extremely suggestive. It helps the remote and vermiculous reader to understand—when he has burrowed out a dozen symbols of speech apparently encrusted in their virginal mould—why he has been forestalled.

The statistical summaries furnished with this issue are unusually interesting. The total number of words recorded by the dictionary from A to P is 264,917. Of this great company 48,870 are marshalled under O and P. Within the limits of these two letters Johnson recorded only 4,485; yet Johnson remains, relatively, the next most copious illustrator with 12,111 quotations. The "Century" with 25,585 words gives 20,340 quotations; Funk's "Standard" with 27,097 words gives only 3,243; the "Oxford Dictionary," considerably improving on Johnson's ratio, gives 175,130. The section O has the honor of containing the longest preposition in the language, *of*, which requires eighteen full columns for its display. The article on *put*, a comparatively modern factotum, is next to the longest that has appeared; and printed like a light modern novel—it is more diverting than some we have read—it would require a volume of 60 to 100 pages. On the other hand, both the article on *Pullman* and the definition of the thing impress us as rather inadequate; "a railway carriage constructed and arranged as a saloon, and (usually) with special arrangements for use as a sleeping car"—is not a very illuminating differentiation. Furthermore, we should like to see *Pullman-porter* recorded, and recorded as a "main-word"—but this is not an American dictionary. In Cudworth's "Intellectual System" (1678) we note two terms not listed here—"Pseudo-Platonick," p. 559, also p. 560, "Pseudo-Platonick Trinity," and "Protagorean," p. 719. In Prynne's "Histrio-Mastix" (1633), p. 547, "Purser" is used with the meaning "cutpurse" sixteen years earlier than the example cited in Prophesy-Pyxis.

Why Brander Matthews's "The American of the Future and other Essays" (Scrib-

ner), like a syllabub, resembles food, but isn't, your reviewer is a little at a loss to say. It is sprightly, entertaining, clear, at times even forcible—though rarely—and one ought to get "forrarder" with it. Yet one doesn't. Perhaps the reason is that there is an odd lack of accent and a judicious weighing of opposites which efface every impression about as soon as it is made. This balancing method appears most clearly in the half-dozen more or less apologetic essays on our American walk and conversation. We are inordinately wealth-loving, but so has every nation been; our manners leave something to be desired, but our heart is in the right place; we are politically grasping, but learned it from the English, and so were the Romans. All these judgments are indisputable, but only the craving of expectant college audiences for tranquillizing utterance seems to justify their formulation. On the question of the theatre, Professor Matthews is more cogent. The New Theatre actually embodies most of the ideas he advocated some years ago. Again, in the essay on Reform and Reformers—a class whom even his good nature fails to enfold—a more pungent, indeed, a gently vitriolic flavor is noted, and the matter naturally gains in interest. A greater charity for the frailities of reforming human nature might have seemed in order, for the monster raises one of its most frightful heads in this very volume—to wit, spelling reform. Here nobody will dispute a free American author's right to spell as he pleases, but the quoted text of that fastidious talent Aldrich should have been respected. Could Aldrich have seen himself respelled and his pages adorned with such orthographical gems as "reacht," we opine he would have sought retirement and "retcht."

A second edition of A. W. Ward's "Electress Sophia and the Hanoverian Succession" (Longmans, Green & Co.) is now issued in a single handy volume without the illustrations of the earlier edition (Goupil & Co., 1903), but with a certain amount of revision which takes account of the more recent studies of the subject. The changes are in no sense radical, and the work retains its character of sober judgment, with perhaps a slight inclination to magnify the virtues and mininize the faults of the Brunswick family. The list of errata is pretty long, but still fails to note several minor errors, including the odd blunder on the first page of the life of placing the birth of its heroine in 1640 instead of 1630. In one respect the work is fresh. In a long appendix, Dr. Ward gives the original text, with a translation, of thirty-four letters which passed between Königsmarck and the ill-fated Sophia Dorothea, wife of George I, and which, by some unknown chance, have been preserved in the Royal Archives of State at Berlin in a packet inscribed by Frederick the Great. These letters (now, with the exception of two, first printed) fit in perfectly with the correspondence preserved at Lund, and remove any doubt, if such still exists among the well-informed, of the guilt of the lovers. In a French whose spelling (the third letter begins, "Que ne soufertong") recalls that of Thackeray's fine ladies, the princess and the count give vent to a passion of tragic intensity. Nothing, however, has come to light which gives a clue to the mysterious disappearance of Königsmarck.

It is probable that Professor Ward is familiar with the form of the late Arvède Barine's *nom de guerre* and knows that she was a woman, Mme. Charles Vincens, but it shocks one a little, nevertheless, to find in the new edition of his "Electress Sophia" a note referring to the author of "Madame, Mère du Régent" as M. Arvé de Barine. He should have been more careful in respect toward a book which now in its English dress ("Madame, Mother of the Regent," translated by Jeanne Mairet; G. P. Putnam's Sons) may be read as a pleasant supplement to his own. Madame, it is scarcely necessary to say, was the daughter of Sophia's oldest living brother, who succeeded to the Palatinate some time after the death of his father, the "Winter King." By birth she thus had a prior claim to the English crown, and would no doubt have succeeded Queen Anne (she outlived both Anne and Sophia) had she not gone through a farcical conversion to Catholicism, in 1671, for the sake of marrying the brother of Louis XIV. Her home thenceforth was at the court of France, from which she poured out a stream of letters to her aunt and others, which for voluminousness and minuteness of detail have scarcely a parallel in history. Out of this mass of writing, published and manuscript, Arvède Barine has made a volume as amusing and as thoroughly documented as any of her previous memoirs. Madame had a caustic pen; she never ceased to regret the homeliness of German ways and the lusciousness of German sauerkraut; and her amusing comments on the under side of French court life have furnished German historians with abundant material for chauvinism. Part of the amusement of the present volume is the dexterity with which the author turns the tables, showing the miseries of the Palatinate during the Thirty Years' War (when cannibalism became rife), the coarseness of life at Hanover, and the personal causes of Madame's spite against the French. Among the last was Madame's love (or feeling which closely approached love) of the King, and her consequent jealousy of Madame de Maintenon and all others who came between her and the object of her admiration. Altogether the story of her life is wrought into a delightful bit of comedy, not, however, to the neglect of its more serious aspects.

It may be that Ernest F. Henderson's "Lady of the Old Régime" (Macmillan), which is really another life of Madame, was inspired by the French original of Arvède Barine, but his work is based on first-hand acquaintance with the letters, and is in no proper sense an imitation of its predecessor. The weakness of Mr. Henderson's work is its lack of chronological sequence; its chief interest lies in its discursive account of life in the palaces of the Grand Monarque. In these pictures he naturally, while not going so far as the German historians, takes an un-Gallic attitude toward the court. "All are really like cats and dogs as regards each other," he writes, quoting Madame. And again: "Viewed from afar all is brilliant and attractive; but go behind the scenes, look at the ropes and pulleys, and nothing can be more sordid and disgusting. . . . The sadness that reigns here is indescribable." All that is true, if you choose, but you feel that Madame was by nature one of those sharp, cynical wits who would have had much the same report to make if she had lived in a hovel instead of Versailles. It is a pity that Mr. Henderson has not given more of those quotations that contain her philosophy of life. "There are a hundred different subjects," he says, "with regard to which, if space only permitted, one would like to quote Madame"; space would have well permitted, if he had left out much of his discursive story, interesting enough otherwise, of the life about Madame. No doubt, however, he knew his audience, and supplied the side-lights they needed. Nor is solid matter wanting, as in his brief analysis of the economic justification of much of the court's extravagance in so far as it brought the world to France to purchase luxuries. In one respect Mr. Henderson's work is far more enjoyable than the English version of Arvède Barine's: his style is good, whereas the language of the other, though correct enough, is still unmistakably a translation.

The October issue of the *American Journal of International Law*, with which Vol. III ends, contains Part iii of Mr. Hornback's elaborate study of the most-favored-nation clause of treaties, throwing much light on that rather technical and complex subject. It also contains the second part of Hamilton Wright's paper on the International Opium Commission, in which body he was the United States representative. The opium problem assumed great importance from the American standpoint with our acquisition of the Philippines. Not only Great Britain, but also France, the Netherlands, and other Western nations are directly interested, through their colonies. Early treaties, as that with China in 1844, and that with Siam in 1833, made it clear that we sympathized with Eastern governments in their attempts to suppress the habit; and as lately as 1902 Congress has passed restrictive legislation. British officials have negotiated with China, stipulating that importations from India should be gradually diminished, to the point of ultimate extinction, but Mr. Wright shows that at present one-seventh of the 52,688 tons consumed yearly by China is imported from India. The agitation against the habit has, however, rapidly gained momentum. Our own State Department, inspired by the work of the Philippine Commission, inaugurated a new movement: on its initiative the International Opium Commission was appointed and met in China, where it unanimously adopted very definite resolutions and regulations, which, when confirmed by the Powers, will have the force of international law. Here, also, are discussed, in the voluminous Editorial Comment, the Persian revolution, and the Anglo-Russian *entente* relating to Persia. But one of the most significant matters presented is contained in the separately printed and paged Supplement of Official Documents: "A Preliminary Arrangement for Municipal Organization in the Zone of the Chinese Eastern Railway." This arrangement is embodied in a treaty between China and Russia, relating to a part of Manchuria. The surprising fact is that provision is made for the exercise, by the inhabitants, of the elective franchise.

The Rev. R. E. McBride's translations of the choruses of the "Bacchæ" of Euripides

and the third book of Lucretius published as "The Revellers" (Broadway Publishing Co.) are not to be judged by the conventional canons of literary and philological criticism. They subserve higher ends to which petty questions of metre and phrasing are subordinated. Dionysus is a symbol of The Liquor Power. His conduct in the play is that of the Chicago saloonkeepers, who warned "the friends of decency that this activity must cease, or 'we will burn your churches and cut the throats of your praying women.'" We learn from this drama that "the liquor controversy was on in the fifth century before the Christian era. The venerable poet employs his latest effort in striking a blow at the traffic, and, incidentally, settling a few scores with his former critics and persecutors." This suggestion opens a vein which could be properly exploited only in an imaginary dialogue between the Rev. R E. McBride, Professor Münsterberg, Walter Pater, the ingenious Professor Verrall, and the author of "Testimonium Animæ."

A contributor to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Munich protests against the overweening ambition of the authorities of Berlin, city and university, to secure for their university a primacy in education. Not only is the drawing off of the best men from the provincial faculties deplored; the lament is added that young doctors of philosophy should consider it necessary to worship at the Berlin shrine "for at least one semester, in order to become *personæ gratæ* at that university. It is even considered dangerous to express convictions and conclusions running counter to those held by its learned authorities." The ambition of the Berlin university to head an academic hierarchy in Germany, and to become the only German *Weltuniversität*, occupying in the Fatherland the position held by the Paris schools in France, is amply sustained by the State, which lavishly pours out its millions for Berlin, while counting out every pfennig the other institutions of equal grade receive. Of the 95,160,000 marks distributed by the government to the nine Prussian universities in the last forty years, Berlin received almost twenty-eight million.

Ludwig von Pastor, doubtless the ablest Roman Catholic historian of Germany, has published the fifth volume of his "Geschichte der Päpste seit dem Ausgange des Mittelalters" (Freiburg-im-Breisgau: Herder), with the special title Paul III (1534-1549). This work as a whole is the ablest presentation of the Reformation period from the Catholic standpoint and an answer even to such men as von Ranke. It is too scholarly to be a mere *apologia pro domo* for the church of the author, and its wealth of new sources makes it particularly welcome to the real student of those troublous times. Special light has been thrown on such historic characters as Eugene IV, Pius II, Alexander VI, Julius II, and Leo X.

New York city will welcome, during Christmas week, at least eight thousand members of various learned societies, which will hold more than thirty sessions. The American Historical Association and the American Economic Association have taken the lead in making the arrangements. The meetings will begin on the afternoon of December 27 and continue through Friday morning, December 31. Among the men of national reputation who will give addresses are David R. Dewey, president of the American Economic Association; Albert Bushnell Hart, president of the American Historical Association; President A. L. Lowell; W. L. Mackenzie, Canadian minister of labor; H. W. Farnam, president of the American Association for Labor Legislation; W. G. Sumner, president of the American Sociological Society; S. N. D. North, acting president of the American Statistical Association; John H. Finley, president of the American Social Science Association, and various foreign delegates: G. W. Prothero of London; Eduard Meyer of Berlin; R. Altamira of Madrid, and C. T. Colenbrander. Addresses are promised also by Profs. F. H. Giddings, W. S. Ferguson, A. G. Keller, J. P. Bretz, A. C. Howland, A. W. Small, C. A. Elwood, R. F. Scholz, F. L. Paxson, C. M. Andrews, H. E. Bourne, F. H. Hodder, and E. S. Meany, and by Waldo G. Leland of the Carnegie Institution and Paul Diesernd of the Library of Congress. On December 27, at 8 P. M., there will be a citizens' meeting of welcome at Carnegie Hall, with Joseph H. Choate presiding, and President Taft, Gov. Hughes, Mayor McClellan, and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler among the speakers. On Tuesday, the 28th, meetings will be held at Columbia University and at the New York Historical Society, and a luncheon and reception to members of all the associations at Columbia. On Wednesday, the chief meetings will be held at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, and on Thursday, conferences at Columbia University, at the Merchants' Association, the Chamber of Commerce, etc. On Friday, further meetings will be held at Columbia University and the Waldorf-Astoria, and a special train will take the representatives of the societies to West Point. These meetings mark the twenty-fifth anniversaries of the American Historical Association and American Economic Association.

On November 15 the Cotta'sche Buchhandlung in Stuttgart, one of the oldest and most important publishing houses in Germany, celebrated the 250th anniversary of its foundation. The Cotta family was of Italian origin, and in the tenth and eleventh centuries held the highest position among the nobility of Lombardy. In 926 Andrico Cotta was chosen Archbishop of Milan. Among their ancestors the Cottas included the Roman prætor L. Aurelius Cotta, and they trace their descent back to Aurelia Cotta, the mother of Julius Cæsar. Early in the fifteenth century Bonaventura Cotta migrated to Saxony and acquired an estate near Dresden. Other members of the family settled later in Eisenach, where they soon distinguished themselves as ardent adherents of Luther. John George Cotta, who was born in 1631, became a bookseller, serving six years' apprenticeship with Mervius in Wittenberg, and later marrying the widow of Brunn of Tübingen. To his wife's book-shop Cotta added a publishing house under his own name. Before his death in 1692 he had become one of the most celebrated publishers in Germany. Later the house which he had founded was moved to Stuttgart, where it remained in the hands of the Cottas for seven generations. On the death of Carl Baron von Cotta, in 1888, the business was purchased by Adolf Kröner, who, in 1901, opened a branch establishment in Berlin. In connection with this rare celebration the publishing house has also issued a large "Jubiläums-Katalog," containing 407 pages of authors and composers, including the most illustrious Germans in the departments of literature and music, and adorned with portraits of the founder of the house and his five successors. An interesting supplement to the catalogue is the correspondence of Goethe and Schiller with Cotta from 1794 to 1831.

Arthur William Moore, since 1898 Speaker of the House of Keys, died recently at his home in the Isle of Man. Born in 1853, he was educated at Rugby and Cambridge. As the chief authority on Manx history and customs, he was editor, 1885-1887, of the "Manx Note-Book." He published also "The Surnames and Place-Names of the Isle of Man" (1890), "The Folk-Lore of the Isle of Man" (1891), "The Diocese of Sodor and the Isle of Man" (1893), "Manx Ballads and Music" (1896), "A History of the Isle of Man," two volumes (1900), and "Manx Worthies" (1901).

From Paris is reported the death, in his seventy-seventh year, of Camille Bainville, author of numerous works inspired by sojourns in the Orient, in Greece, and in Italy.

The death of Edmé Piot at his home in Saint-Mandé, aged eighty-one years, is announced. A capitalist and contractor of the Côte d'Or, he was, besides, counsellor-general and senator for his department. With Bertillon, he was an early and active propagandist of the repopulation of France, in which connection he figured as the author of two pamphlets, "Enquête sur la dépopulation de la France" (1900), and "La Dépopulation" (1902).

The poet and painter, too, Valère Bernard, has been elected *capoulié* (chief) of the Association Félibréenne, of which the author of "Miréio" (Mireille) is the honorary president. M. Bernard succeeds in office M. Devoluy, and the election took place in the rooms of the Muséon arlaten. The new head of the *félibres* is the author of a novel, "Batagatouni," descriptive of the Marseilles of an older generation, and of poems which, gathered together under the title, "Paouriho," are accepted as among the best products of the Provençale Renaissance. To these books, and the several others which we have not mentioned by title, are shortly to be added a volume of short stories, "Feruno," and a new volume of verse.

From Alsfeld is reported the death of Dr. Max Rieger, in his eighty-second year. He was once an authority on the older German poetry, and the author of controversial essays, "Zur Kritik der Nibelunge," etc., of "Klingers Leben und Werke," and "Der falsche Baurat."

Science.

SETON'S ANIMAL BOOK.

Life-Histories of Northern Animals. By Ernest Thompson Seton. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $18 net.

To the American and English publics, Mr. Seton is very much *persona grata;* and this is his monumental work. Its scope is suggested by the sub-title: "An Account of the Mammals of Manitoba";

but it is by no means bounded by it. The first volume is devoted to "The Grass-eaters," and it includes not only the hoofed animals, but also the rodents, to a total of twenty-nine species. The second volume is given up to "The Flesh-Eaters," and it embraces the true carnivora, the shrews, the moles, and the bats—thirty species in all. These species do indeed inhabit Manitoba; but all of them inhabit regions far beyond the borders of that province, and therefore the author's results cover animals that are quite as much at home in the United States as in Canada. Indeed, if a balance were to be struck, it is probable that the greater part of Mr Seton's discourse would be found to apply southward of the international boundary.

It is quite impossible to give within available limits anything more than a bird's-eye view of this really great and also delightful work. First of all, the reader must be assured that it is a serious, scholarly, exact, and at times almost painfully conscientious work of science, yet made clear and "popular" for the benefit of the reading multitude and having also the most understandable and charming dissertations on the various habits of wild animals that have ever been laid before the public under the rules of science. The only thing in any way against the book is its price, but the reader soon becomes convinced that such a wealth of illustrations, maps, and beautifully-printed text could not be produced for less money.

Each of the fifty-nine species included is admirably handled, and with satisfactory fulness of detail. There are no long and tiresome lists of synonyms, descriptions of characters already well known, and anatomical details that are interesting only to the comparative anatomist. Whenever a species is thrown upon the screen, the author plunges at once into a consideration of the facts regarding it that are most interesting, most valuable, and freshest to the reader. Each species is considered systematically under thirty distinct heads; but the author is "shocked to find in how many cases the heading is missing, because there are no facts available for classification under it." With the smaller forms, and especially the earth-dwellers, this is not at all surprising.

It is interesting to note in detail the sub-heads under which this lover of wild animals classifies his knowledge. First of all, it is to be remarked that, contrary to the custom of those scientific writers who use Latin names only, Mr. Seton gives English names the important place, and treats the ever-changing Latin terms as the by-product that they really are. His descriptions aim to give "the impression that the animal makes when seen alive," and "the points that will distinguish it from its nearest relatives." The measurements given are only those that are of prime importance. His facts and figures relating to the speed of animals are new and most welcome; and so are the many admirable illustrations of tracks and feet. As an authority on tracks, Mr. Seton's book will be welcomed by thousands of persons who are seriously seeking to become skilled in woodcraft.

The subject of scatology—the droppings of animals—is here treated in *extenso* for the first time; and the publishers have courageously, and in the true scientific spirit, published Mr. Seton's very illuminating drawings in excellent form. Every outdoorsman who goes into the haunts of wild animals will gladly certify to the value of this section, and thank the author for the first information of importance, so far as we are aware, ever published in English on this subject.

The mind of the animal, its environment, geographic range, home range of the individual, migrations, numbers, food, property rights, storage habits, social habits, language, senses, amusements, mating habits, and mental and moral traits generally—all have been set forth for each animal, so far as knowledge was available. To many readers, the most interesting and valuable side of this work will be found in the observations of the author on the mental and moral life of wild animals.

In elucidation of the geographic ranges of his fifty-nine species, Mr. Seton has with great labor wrought out sixty-eight maps, nearly all of them of full-page size. Only those who make such maps can appreciate the amount of research that they cost. As a rule, the maps show not only the geographic range of the species specially considered, but also that of each of its nearest relatives. For example, the caribou map shows not only the range of the woodland caribou, but also the ranges of the entire nine other species found in North America; and they are now mapped in detail for the first time. It is noticeable that in the map of the author's own working range, his red line of travel goes up to the barren grounds of Canada, north of Great Slave Lake; but we regret the absence of the musk-ox from the life-histories. We do not place high value on the map of the faunal areas of North America. Like every map of its kind, it is too elaborately complicated, too much like a geographic puzzle, to be of great use. The impression that it leaves upon the mind is distinctly chaotic; but that is not the fault of the author.

The most important animals treated in the 1267 pages before us are the Canadian elk, white-tailed deer, mule-deer, moose, woodland caribou, prong-horned antelope, bison, grizzly bear, and black bear. In space and attention all these are treated liberally. The text brings each species squarely down to date, although it is to be noted as an exception that the moose recently introduced in the Adirondacks, to restock the northern wilderness, are all dead, and that this very commendable effort has ended in failure. The mountain sheep, mountain goat, and musk-ox have not been included, because they are not found in Manitoba. Among the smaller mammals treated are seven species of the squirrel family, the woodchuck, beaver, the muskrat, twelve species of mice and voles, the gray gopher, Canadian porcupine, and three rabbits and hares. All these are in the first volume. The second volume contains the Canada lynx, four wolves and foxes, ten valuable fur-bearers of the marten family, the raccoon, two bears, six shrews and moles, and six bats. Incidentally, we do not subscribe to the author's new notion of writing the English name of *Ursus americanus* as "blackbear."

One of the most novel and interesting features is the wealth of new information, set forth with the aid of many plans and drawings, illustrating the underground life of the burrowing animals. All this is absolutely original, and reveals years of painstaking observations. In this field Mr. Seton's pencil has given him an advantage over the ordinary naturalist, and he has used it to the utmost.

As might be expected of Mr. Seton, the illustrations of this work are well-nigh all of them by his own hand, the two volumes containing, in fact, 560 drawings by the author. In this day of many camera pictures of young wild animals in captivity, and of other photographs that fail to illustrate thoroughly their subjects, it is a pleasure to open a book liberally supplied with well-executed drawings that show precisely what the reader wishes to see. Take, for example, the plate of the Eastern chipmunk, after page 336. We venture to say that the camera has not been made that can catch and record from the living animal such an abundance of desirable details as are so beautifully shown in that hand-made plate. In the photographing of living animals of small size there is a point beyond which the camera cannot go. At the same time, not all of Mr. Seton's drawings are perfect. The cow bison in plate xxii was not drawn from a healthy, typical specimen; and the legs of the grizzly bear in plate lxxxviii are blacker than those of the black bear in plate xcvii; but such small defects as these are "trifles, light as air" in comparison with some of the shortcomings of the camera when conditions are not quite right.

"Life-Histories of Northern Animals" may well be called a sumptuous work. As a specimen of modern bookmaking, it is delightful. Its typography, paper, presswork, and arrangement are all that could be desired, and its index is exceptionally good.

Drama.

Shakespeare und unsere Klassiker. Band I: *Lessing.* Band II: *Goethe.* Von Arthur Böhtlingk. Leipzig: Fritz Eckardt Verlag.

Looking up to Shakespeare as the "King of Poets," beside whom Goethe, at best, may be regarded only as *der Dichterfürst*, and recollecting Lessing's convincing query in the "Dramaturgie," "Is it Shakespeare, always Shakespeare, who understood everything better than anybody else?" together with Goethe's memorable outcry, "*Shakespeare und kein Ende!*" Böhtlingk has sought to show, in three volumes, the enormous indebtedness of German literature to the English, and, in particular, the indebtedness of the three greatest of modern German writers to Shakespeare. In volume one he treats of Lessing, and endeavors to indicate when and where the reformer of the German drama came upon Shakespeare, how he appropriated him and thereby developed as he probably would not have done if left entirely to himself, until at last he was able to pass the glowing torch on to Goethe. In volume two, Böhtlingk follows the well-known paths of the youthful Goethe at Leipzig and at Strasburg where he met Herder, searches for the evidences of the English master in the various masterpieces of Goethe, and crowns all by the declaration of the author of "Faust" himself, on the evening of his long life, that without Shakespeare he could have attained to nothing. In the third volume, announced, but not yet published, the author expects to prove that even Schiller, with all his native talent and his fortunate apprenticeship under Goethe, picked up some of his best chips in the "Will of all Wills'" workshop.

In a preface to the series, Böhtlingk sketches the relation of Shakespeare to various world celebrities, including Dryden, Voltaire, Hugo, Tolstoy, and even Bismarck, and laments that so little should have been done hitherto, by Germans or Englishmen, to make clear the beneficent effect of Shakespeare on later German letters. Starr and Gervinus both slipped by the index-fingers, and Erich Schmidt, Lessing's biographer (as a self-constituted deity after whom no one need attempt any criticism of Lessing!), refused to hear aught of Shakespeare as a guiding star to his hero. Alois Brandl alone had the sagacity and courage, according to Böhtlingk, to claim for Shakespeare the fullest homage from the Germans, and he but indicated the path that should be followed. Had Böhtlingk contemplated, however, a more scientific form for the results of his researches, and a bibliography, he would probably have cited various stray contributions on this subject that have appeared in the Goethe *Jahrbuch*, the publications of the German and the English Shakespeare societies, and elsewhere.

How did Lessing come upon Shakespeare? Not, as many have supposed, through Von Borck's translation of "Julius Cæsar," which was too miserably done to have attracted any one with a grain of genius. Lessing probably first came in touch with the English bard through Mylius, who, though a *Schwärmer* for Gottsched, had a general interest in the theatre. It was not long before Lessing broke away from Gottsched, and though he did not move towards Shakespeare in particular, he did make for the English stage. To the end of his work on "Miss Sarah Sampson," Lessing had but a faint idea of the real Shakespeare, the best evidence of which is his excessive admiration for Dryden. Lessing was made aware of Shakespeare as a ruler of the stage through Voltaire's "Letters from England," and in the English playwright the great German was born again. The full flood of Shakespearean life in Lessing is first seen in "Minna von Barnhelm," where Böhtlingk finds numerous points of similarity. In Minna and Franziska he discovers Portia and Nerissa; the fortunes of the ring given by Minna to her lover recall the ring in the "Merchant of Venice"; the dialogue in general has a flavor of Shakespeare about it, and there is a Shakespearean reminiscence in the contrast of serious and comic in the Saxon comedy. The *Grundakkord* of Lessing's "Minna" is the sentiment of the familiar lines, "How far a little candle throws its light!" In the over-conscientious Tellheim, also, we are expected to see Hamlet's stern idea of truth, though we are also told that Lessing, in portraying the passionate major, had in mind the earlier and more immortal Moor of Venice. Only a trace of Shakespeare is apparent in "Laokoon"—Lessing's reference to the English poet's method of depicting ugliness; but Emilia Galotti's father is none other than Othello in German garb, while the Prince and Emilia are Romeo and Juliet. Finally, "Nathan der Weise," the last fruit of Lessing's busy pen, and imbued with his ever-increasing admiration for the English dramatist, is so full of Shakespeare that it might well be called the "Merchant of Jerusalem." Never did any one warm himself so modestly at the hearth of a stranger as did Lessing in his early acquaintance with the stimulating Shakespeare; but, just as Lessing maintained that only a genius could awaken a genius, so, when once inspired by his English master, he easily surpassed all his German contemporaries.

Goethe, on the other hand, came under the spell of Shakespeare earlier in in life than Lessing, and not merely through Herder, but also through Lenz. Goethe perceived in his English model not a dramatist, but nature itself, and thus more easily fashioned his strenuous "Götz." "Hamlet" contributed much also to "Werther," "Faust," and "Egmont," and Goethe's analysis of "Hamlet" is to-day of great value for the understanding of both the English and the German poets. "Macbeth" also helped Goethe to fashion "Faust," especially the scene of the *Hexenküche.* "Wilhelm Meister," in part at least, is almost a second edition of Shakespeare, in another and prose form. Only when Goethe was busy with his "Iphigenie" did he swing away somewhat from Shakespeare, and simply because of their different attitudes toward the antique: while Goethe would wed himself to the ancient *Kultur*, Shakespeare rather toyed with and made sport of it. Yet notwithstanding that, and the contributions of the French school to Goethe's mental advancement at this critical juncture, Shakespeare remained much to him, and, as director of the Ducal Theatre at Weimar, he staged Shakespeare repeatedly, and so contributed to the latter's popularity in Germany. Finally, the "Tempest" sweeps through the second part of "Faust."

Summing up Goethe's relationship to Shakespeare—a theme, as we know, that Goethe frequently selected in his chats with the Boswellian Eckermann—Böhtlingk finds that his indebtedness to the Briton cannot be estimated too highly. Great as Goethe was, and necessary as it is to remember that, after all, he is what he made out of predecessor and contemporary by stamping his own magnificent ego upon them, Goethe appropriated Shakespeare so thoroughly that he derived from him ethically, æsthetically, and in a religious sense, almost his entire *Welt-* and *Lebensanschauung.* And thus it was that, white-haired and full of wisdom, he still described his early acquaintance with the poet-genius as the experience of one who suddenly came upon the source of his very being. "I sprang up into the free air," said Goethe, "and felt for the first time that I had hands and feet!"

Of the many series now being published in England and Germany on the old English stage, none is more attractive in form, and few, if any, more useful in content, than that of the Malone Society. The six volumes of 1907 are now followed by a second six, which include five plays and a continuation of the "Collections" of the earlier issue. The plays are: "The Old Wives Tale" (1595), "The Tragedy of Locrine" (1595), "The Tragical Reign of Selimus" (1594), "The Life of Sir John Oldcastle" (1600), and "The Interlude of Calisto and Melebea" (c. 1530). The object is to present exact type-facsimiles; and to this end the printer, where possible, is provided with a photographic reproduction of the original, while the proof is not only read by the editor of the particular volume, but is also checked by the general editor, W. W. Greg. In the introductions there is no attempt to discuss debatable matters, but in some in-

stances the editorial work is otherwise heavy. Thus, to the first quarto text of "Sir John Oldcastle" the editor, Percy Simpson, has added a complete list of the variants in the second quarto and a few in the folios. The most important part of the "Collections" is that which contains the documents drawn from the Burghley Papers. Many of these have already been printed by J. P. Collier and others, but they are here for the first time brought together. To go through them is to get another notion of the many-sided activity of the great Sir William Cecil; it is to have impressed on the mind also the fact that from a very early date the theatre was more or less an outlaw in the state, and a centre of disturbances.

Marguerite Merington, a playwright of some experience, has undertaken the thankless and unnecessary task of making another stage version of "The Vicar of Wakefield" (Duffield & Co.), a tale whose immortal charm is almost wholly literary and vanishes when description is translated into action. For modern stage purposes the mere incidents are for the most part antique melodrama of the clumsiest description. Mr. Wills, by omitting many and modifying other details, succeeded, in his "Olivia," in preserving a few whiffs of the original fragrance. Miss Merington, less judicious, has, by a sadly mistaken fidelity, succeeded only in turning an exquisite story into a singularly awkward and preposterous play.

Very likely the biography of Ernst von Wildenbruch, now in preparation, will tell us whether it was by mere coincidence or by a romantic return to an early love, that the dramatist was prompted in the closing hours of his life to take up again a theme similar to that once selected for a youthful theatrical essay. In "Der deutsche König"—the drama staged for the first time on November 2 in the Königliche Schauspielhaus in Berlin—one is reminded of the original draft for "Die Karolinger," and of Wildenbruch's most popular late production, "Die Rabensteinerin." The action occurs a thousand years hence, and the Saxon is once more threatened by the Hun. Possibly no previous drama of Wildenbruch's excels this one to which, with the accumulated experience of a warring lifetime, he put the final touches but shortly before his death.

From Paris comes to us the first volume of the "Théâtre complet" of Edouard Pailleron, author of that play of undying popularity, "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie." It is a pleasant reminder that the dramatist wrote, before he composed the play named, charming pieces in verse: "Le Parasite," "Le Mur mitoyen," "Le Dernier Quartier," etc.

Paul Bourget's play, "Divorce," a dramatization of his novel of the same name, of which an English version by Stanislaus Stange was produced in the Lyric Theatre on Monday afternoon, is not likely, for several reasons, to excite public interest here as it did in Paris. There is here, for instance, no general political conflict between civil and religious authority; the theme dealt with is vital to only one section of the community; the premises from which the dramatic action proceeds are too plainly devised for debating purposes to give the illusion of reality, and the acting is not brilliant enough to make the academic characters human and sympathetic. But the chief weakness of the piece, in its present shape, lies in its pusillanimous conclusion. At the final crisis it dodges, by means of a compromise, what ought to have been the catastrophe. Gabrielle Darras, married in the Roman Catholic faith, sacramentally, gets a civil divorce from an uncongenial husband, after bearing him a son, and enters into a civil contract with an intellectual atheist, whose views she gradually, but not entirely, adopts. Her daughter, born of the second union, is reared, by prenuptial agreement, in the faith, and in time reconverts her mother. The son, meanwhile, hating his stepfather, falls in love with a Socialist nurse, a believer in free union, and offers her marriage, although she is already the mother of an illegitimate child. He insists that his case is parallel with that of his mother. Out of these complications a number of ingenious emotional situations are constructed. Finally Gabrielle, her first husband having conveniently died, prompted by a priest, tells her second that she will live with him no longer, unless he weds her religiously. He refuses, declaring that such an act would be a practical admission that they had been living in concubinage. In this dilemma she appeals to the priest, who strangely tells her that she must remain in her home, in the hope that her husband's love will prevail over his rational convictions, as, at the last moment, it is made to do. So the play ends with the triumph of expediency, where faith and morality could only offer a deadlock. This is the real lesson of the play, although it is not the one designed by the author. If M. Bourget wished to prove that in contracts law is less potential than a creed, he has failed in his demonstration.

Miss Grace George will play Lady Teazle in the revival of "The School for Scandal" at the New Theatre on the evening of December 16. She joins the company for that play only. The cast throughout will be interesting. Matheson Lang, the English romantic actor, who was recently engaged, will make his first appearance here as Charles Surface. The Sir Peter Teazle will be Louis Calvert; the Joseph Surface, A. E. Anson; the Sir Oliver, Jacob Wendell, jr.; the Mrs. Candor, Miss Rose Coghlan; the Sir Benjamin Backbite and his uncle Crabtree, Messrs. Gottschalk and Bruning; the Rowley, Cecil Yapp; the Maria, Miss Olive Wyndham, and the Moses, Lee Baker.

"The Man of Iron," a new play by Israel Zangwill, will be produced this season by Liebler & Co. The theme is universal peace. This is the seventh play which these managers have bought from Mr. Zangwill, including a dramatization of "The Mantle of Elijah," which has not yet been produced.

"A Russian Tragedy," the one-act piece which Sir Herbert Tree has just produced at His Majesty's Theatre, in London, is an adaptation by Henry Hamilton from the Russian of Adolf Glaes. It is the story of a woman who, eager to avenge the death of her lover, seeks out the governor of the jail who directed his execution and, playing the part of la Tosca to his Scarpia, murders him in cold blood. Mrs. Patrick Campbell plays the part of the heroine.

The historical play, "Beethoven," based on the life of the composer and accompanied by orchestra selections from his works, which Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree recently produced in London, is among the new productions promised for next month by the New Theatre.

On November 23 a deputation of English actors presented to the Comédie Française, on behalf of their profession, a memorial to Coquelin *aîné*. The deputation consisted of Sir John Hare, Sir Charles Wyndham, Arthur Bourchier, and others. The design for the memorial, in the form of a bronze shrine, was suggested by Mr. Forbes-Robertson, and it was executed by Gilbert Boyes.

On November 2 the monument to Constant Coquelin, the work of Binet, with a bust by August Maillard, was unveiled at Pont-aux-Dames, in the Retreat for Aged Players founded by the comedian.

From Lyons comes an account of the first performance, unless at Brussels, of the "Mangeront-ils?" of Victor Hugo. The production of the drama, at the Théâtre des Célestins, was preceded by a lecture by Léo Claretie.

The new comedy at the Athénée, in Paris, is the work of Gaston Devore. It has for the central figure an eighteen-year-old maiden whose mother has brought her up in absolute ignorance of all things wherein sex is concerned. Her mind, indeed, is the "Page blanche" which gives the piece its title. "Our young contemporaries err, rather, in an excess of knowledge," writes one of the critics of the piece, who finds M. Devore's Juliette too naïve a character to be truthful. Described as an *œuvre à idées*, the play has also abundance of the Gallic salt. The thesis defended is much the same as that of Wedekind in his "Spring's Awakening."

Madame Dinah Félix, sister of the famous Rachel, has died in Paris, at an advanced age. Her sister, the great tragédienne, she had mourned with a marked devotion for a quarter of a century. As early as 1847, at the age of ten years, Dinah Félix appeared on the stage which she was long to occupy as a soubrette of the Odéon and of the Comédie Française. Her first appearance at the latter theatre was in 1863, in the "Folies amoureuses." In the part of Lisette, in Marivaux's exquisite comedy of "Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard," and in that of Dorine, in "Tartuffe," she was for twenty years a favorite of Parisian theatregoers.

Music.

Success in Music, and How It Is Won. By Henry T. Finck. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

The chief musical critics of America are at present quite unanimous in giving reminiscences. Mr. Krehbiel of New York began this fashion recently, with his "Chapters of Opera." Mr. Upton of Chicago followed with his "Musical Memories," and now comes Mr. Finck with his "Success in Music." All three of these books deal largely with the personal experiences of the authors and describe the acquaintances made in art circles by veteran critics. But Mr. Finck's volume goes considerably beyond this, for he interpolates shrewd estimates of the various artists and also gives several short essays that are of

value to the student in music. The personal pronoun is used in this work (as in the other two) and adds to the informality with which the information is imparted. The author's own musical reviews in the *Nation* are freely quoted, of which the reader will be glad, for many of these deserve more than the evanescence of journalism.

The book begins with some interesting statistics as to the pecuniary returns of a musical career. Much curious matter is here assembled. We learn, for example, that the great Flonzaley Quartet gave a public concert in Cologne to which only three tickets were sold and that the well-known composer Pfitzner was less fortunate than this, for he sold none at all to his recital of some of his important compositions. The financial data range from "The Merry Widow" to Brahms, and seem reliable as well as interesting. Yet we venture to doubt that the publishers of Winner's "Listen to the Mocking-bird" made *three million dollars* out of that song, for that would mean at least one copy in every household of the entire United States.

There follows a number of biographies that have especial interest. In order that he might carry out the promise of his title, Mr. Finck has included, among the singers, accounts of Catalani, Jenny Lind, Pasta, Schroeder-Devrient, and other celebrities of a bygone epoch. Of these he has little new to tell us. But it is quite a different story when he reaches the lives of Patti, Nilsson, Tetrazzini, Lilli Lehmann, Brandt, Schumann-Heink, Sembrich, Mary Garden, Nordica, Farrar, and Eames. Here his foot is upon his native heath, for he has a personal acquaintance with nearly all of them and his pages glitter with many personal anecdotes and conversations.

It is a quite natural phase of heroine-worship to desire to know all possible details of the *prime donne* of the present, and there is no work that puts us so closely in touch with them as this volume. Boswellian detail (without Boswellian servility) makes the biographies of Sembrich, of Lilli Lehmann, and especially of Schumann-Heink and of Geraldine Farrar, models of their kind. The letters of Miss Farrar to our author and his wife are one of the most delicious surprises in the volume. The artist is revealed in an entirely new light and stands higher than ever before because of the revelation. Here we find art-study of the sincerest and most intelligent kind, and many a music student will be astounded to discover how many channels there are for self-advancement. Male singers are also passed in review in this book, and Maurel, Renaud, and Wüllner bring this portion of the work quite up to date. On Jean de Reszke our author has two chapters explaining why he is supreme among all tenors and teachers.

A procession of pianists is ushered in by a well-studied estimate and analysis of Chopin, both as pianist and composer. A parallel is drawn between Liszt, the king of the piano, and Paganini, the virtuoso of the violin. Bülow, Rubinstein, and Paderewski are next estimated and described. In the case of Paderewski, Mr. Finck again uses superlatives. We note that he does not cite the comical view of that blundering music critic, Bernard Shaw, who, at the end of Paderewski's first season in London, found that "at last he almost displayed a little of temperament."

The parade of violinists includes many of the chief ones who have "drawn the hairs of the horse across the bowels of the cat," from Paganini to Fritz Kreisler. Of teachers who have become famous we have sketches of Leschetizky; of Sevcik, the great violin teacher; of Garcia, William Mason, and Jean de Reszke. Later there come several short chapters on musical instruction, advice to students, rules of practice, and health hints.

Last of all (and the volume has the merit of presenting a steady *crescendo* of interest) comes a chapter written in English by Paderewski himself, especially for this volume. It is on a subject that has not been sufficiently written about—the *tempo rubato*—and the views of the leading pianist of the present on such a subject are of importance to every musician of the world. Paderewski complains of the term itself—"stolen time"—which is really not stolen at all. He thinks that the term *mouvement dérobé* would suit the case better, or possibly, in English, "evasive movement." He combats the notion of regarding it as sentimental:

> Our human metronome, the heart, under the influence of emotion, ceases to beat regularly—physiology calls it *arythmia*. Chopin played from his heart. His playing was not national; it was emotional

He believes the *tempo rubato* to be much older than is generally estimated, and holds that it belongs even to the most ancient classics. He thinks that the *rubato* should not be avoided in Beethoven's works.

"The Decline and Fall of Wagner" was the title of an article in the *North American Review* about a year ago. This decline and fall is still going on merrily at the Metropolitan Opera House, where there have just been four Wagner performances within ten days, before crowded houses—two of "Lohengrin," one each of "Parsifal" and "Tristan and Isolde," whereas Caruso, who was supposed to have killed Wagner, sang last Saturday night to a comparatively small audience. The present interest in the Wagner operas is the more notable because there have been greater casts in the past; but never before have the orchestra, chorus, and scenic outfits been quite equal to those provided by Mr. Dippel for "Lohengrin" and "Parsifal," and by Mr. Gatti-Casazza for "Tristan"; and this is the first time since the Metropolitan was built that the management has heartily aided the singers, players, and stage managers in their zealous efforts to realize all of Wagner's intentions. The success of "Tristan" calls for particular mention because it was largely due to an Italian, Mr. Toscanini, who has proved himself worthy of being ranked with Seidl, Mottl, and Mahler. In the matter of Wagner conductors, New York has been singularly fortunate always.

Timely not only because of the nearness of the holidays, but because of the increased interest in Wagner, and particularly in his "Tristan and Isolde," is a sumptuous volume on this opera, just issued by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. It is a composite work, including a new translation of the poem by Richard Le Gallienne, a critique by Edward Ziegler, and seven full-page illustrations in color after paintings by George Alfred Williams, which are well executed and romantically rather than operatically conceived. Mr. Le Gallienne proved himself a dauntless hero when he undertook the task of englishing this poem, so unique in its versification, so saturated with feeling, so rich in words pregnant with meaning and suggestion. There are lines, as for instance "Höre ich nur" to the end of the poem, which seem to defy translation, for they are like music itself; yet here they are done into clear, poetic English. For the first time, one who does not know German can get an adequate conception of the glowing beauty of Wagner's poem. Mr. Ziegler's contribution is not merely a critique, as the title page intimates, but also a history of this greatest of all music-dramas, enlivened by many citations from Wagner's own writings, particularly his letters to Frau Wesendonck, the original Isolde—for "Tristan and Isolde" is autobiographic.

Novello & Co. (London) have published the "Proceedings" of the Musical Association, Thirty-fifth Season (1908-09). The papers include a discussion of the music of the Byzantine Liturgy, by R. R. Terry; "Dr. John Blow," by Dr. W. H. Cummings; "Thomas Mace, Musick's Monument," by Dr. Henry Wilson, and a study of the effect of "Orchestral Color" upon design and texture in musical composition, by Dr. H P. Allen.

Vincent d'Indy's "César Franck" is to be published, in English translation by Mrs. Rosa Newmarch, by John Lane Co.

"Izeyl," the new opera by Eugen d'Albert, with a libretto by Rudolph Lothar, has been well received at Hamburg, which is, as the London *Times* observes, "one of the most difficult towns to please in Germany." The story of the opera is an old one, and recalls incidents in the life of Buddha and his great renunciation, even more than certain other passages in the story of "Thaïs." The score is praised by the Hamburg critics for its melodiousness.

Prior to its production at the Opéra two weeks ago, Paris had had no opportunity of hearing the "Rheingold," except at symphonic concerts. For the performance, a thoroughly satisfying mise-en-scène was offered; and use was made of the French translation of the opera by Alfred Ernst.

"Quo Vadis," the opera founded upon the novel of Sienkiewicz by Henri Cain,

with a score by Jean Nouguès, was produced on the evening of November 26 at the Théâtre de la Gaieté, Paris. It was first produced last February at Nice. The mounting of the piece is both realistic and beautiful, but the music is universally described as banal, and pleasing only in its reminiscences of Massenet and Gounod. The composer of "Quo Vadis" has on the stage of the Opéra Comique a more recent composition, an opera of the Basque country, "Chiquito," which is rather more promising.

Frederick Bechtel died at his home in Brooklyn, November 23, aged eighty-one. For nearly fifty years he was a teacher in the Adelphi Conservatory, and he was the composer of many vocal and instrumental pieces, and of one opera, "Alfred the Great."

The Danish composer, Ludvig Schytte, died the other day in Berlin, where he taught at Stern's Conservatory. Born in 1848 at Aarhuus, Denmark, he was a pupil of Rée and N. W. Gade. His compositions are brilliant and technically interesting, but lacking in deeper originality. His Concerto, op. 28, was played by Rosenthal and others, his "Across the Prairie" (Über die Steppe) by Sofie Poppermenter, etc. He also wrote an opera bouffe, "Der Mameluk," and a song cycle, "The Deserted Woman." His sonata in B flat is widely known in America.

Dexter Smith, formerly a musical critic, died in Boston, November 29, aged seventy-one years. He was the author of several popular songs, and produced, in conjunction with the late Eugene V. Tompkins, at the Boston Theatre, in 1885, the light opera, "Zanita."

Art.

A BRADSHAW FOR ART.

The artistic rating of various European countries and America has been studied by Mr. M. W. Brockwell in the appendix to his excellent book, "The National Gallery: the Lewis Bequest." His figures are based not on total artistic treasures, but upon paintings of the Italian school of sufficient consequence to appear in Mr. Berenson's lists. It is as if one were to rate rival estates merely by their holdings in first mortgage bonds. It affords, however, a sufficiently accurate comparison of the artistic wealth of nations as expressed in painting by the old masters.

England's supremacy in this regard is well understood, but even so it is amazing to learn that in London, including Hampton Court, there are 874 Italian old masters of note, of which 389 are in public galleries. No account is taken of country collections in England. The private galleries of London boast no less than 485 fine Italian pictures, as compared with 455 in the three main galleries of Florence. The private treasures of London alone exceed by 50 per cent. the total of any other capital, saving only Florence.

Paris with 376 pictures, of which about two-thirds are in the Louvre, is a rather bad third. Then follows Berlin with a total of 335, of which 70 are in private possession. Vienna, with 311 in public galleries, and its private hoards unreckoned, presses Berlin hard for fourth place. Between Vienna and Rome there is a gap of nearly a hundred. Dresden and Budapest are neck and neck at 124 and 123, respectively. On a general count of all schools, however, the superiority of Dresden would be clearly manifest. Venice leads both by a trifle. We have ignored Siena and Perugia, which show startling figures high in the hundreds, because their pictures are of the local schools, and happen to have been listed with uncommon thoroughness.

America is naturally low in the rating. We have, with a notable exception or two, been gathering in Italian old masters only for a matter of twenty years. Our respectable total of 255 exceeds the figures for Rome, Dresden, Budapest, St. Petersburg, Turin, Munich, and other famous art centres. But here one must recall that comparison is made between a nation and single cities, and also that in quality our American collections still fall behind those of Europe. The American record, city by city, is a surprising one. Boston, including Cambridge, with 23 in public, 46 in private galleries, a total of 69 pictures, is easily the first city as regards Italian old masters. Philadelphia, with a total of 49, only two of which are in public galleries, is a fair second. The collection of Mr. John G. Johnson is largely responsible for this favorable showing. Whenever the proposed Elkins-Johnson-Widener gift to Philadelphia shall be effected, that city will easily lead the country in older painting. New York, with 26 in public and 15 in private galleries, a total of 41, falls a little behind Philadelphia. If the more recent acquisitions at the Metropolitan Museum had been reckoned in, the standing of the two cities might have been changed, though Philadelphia would retain the qualitative superiority. Oddly enough, New Haven, in virtue of 38 pictures listed from the Jarves collections, occupies fourth place. Since there is little else of artistic note at New Haven, its high rating is fortuitous.

It would be interesting to speculate on the reasons for the low rating of New York in Italian old masters. It is evident that, until the other day, they have been little in favor either with museum officials or amateurs. Possibly the material tinge of our life, our intense preoccupation with money-making and luxurious living, has made us the natural patrons of the realistic art of the Netherlands. In any case, while the experts of Europe are coming over to see a portion of our treasures of Dutch painting gathered temporarily together at the Metropolitan Museum, the connoisseur of Italian art in Europe is very likely to know all about Boston, Philadelphia, and New Haven, but very little about New York. The aggressive purchasing policy of the Metropolitan Museum will in time change all that. It may be hoped, too, that our collectors will gradually broaden their taste to include the only painting that fairly bears comparison with antique art.

Mr. Brockwell's figures show clearly the absurdity of the British panic over the exportation of art treasures. The hoard is so abundant, the superiority of the National Gallery so thoroughly established, that no conceivable hazard of the market is likely to impair England's supremacy as an art-owning nation. Her wealth, on the contrary, is so great that she is in a position to be magnanimous, and all the more that magnanimity implies the receipt of a substantial *quid pro quo*. We fancy Mr. Brockwell's statistics may allay the alarm prevailing in English artistic circles. In any case there seems to be no occasion for restricting export of pictures, after the Italian precedent.

As for ourselves, the most hopeful feature of the ratings is the position of Berlin. In less than a generation she has passed from an inconsiderable condition to fourth place, being overtopped only by London, Florence, and Paris. Of course, our museums and collectors cannot hope to repeat the record of Berlin. Times have changed, prices have risen tenfold, the supply of marketable old masters has been much diminished. Still, good sense, good-will, and a long purse will do wonders even to-day.

Arthur C. Champneys will publish this winter a work on "The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland" (London: Bell). The book is expected to throw light on the sources of Irish architecture and decorative art, and will be generously illustrated.

From Lemcke and Buechner we receive a thin portfolio, "Botticelli," being the fifth section of the Italian division of Ludwig Justi's "Geschichte der Kunst in Drei Tausend Tafeln." There are sixteen plates, halftones, of fair execution. They represent the artist in practically every phase, and we note no substantial omission except the Tornabuoni frescoes in the Louvre. Dr. Justi's text gives for each picture a modicum of historic information with hints that make for æsthetic appreciation. For its popular purpose the work promises well.

A group of nine portraits by Van Dyke, from the Frick and Widener galleries, is shown at Knoedler's, in New York city. Two of the portraits belong to Van Dyke's first Flemish period: that of the painter Franz Snyders, executed when the greater artist was only twenty-one years of age, and that of his wife, who was the sister of Cornelis de Vos, another painter. These belonged, originally, to Philippe l'Egalité, and were separated at the sale of his collection in 1798. They are now both in the possession of Mr. Frick.

An exhibition of bookplates which will be opened in the Lenox Library Building on December 1 will be devoted mainly to modern American work. A few modern English, French, German, Dutch, and South American plates will be included, as well as a selection of books on the art. Among the foreign plates, a group by C. W. Sherborn, the English artist, who has been called the "father of the modern engraved bookplate," is particularly noteworthy. He engraves on copper, utilizing conventionalized foliage with rich effect. Among the American plates, those by the late Edwin Davis French are the most remarkable in their classic serenity and dignified beauty of decorative line. Sharing the place of honor with them in this exhibit will be the work of the late J. Winfred Spenceley, marked by variety, adaptiveness, freedom in handling, and nobility of expression. The exhibition will remain open for several months.

Through the sale, last season, of Sir John Day's collection, in London, many art treasures have reached this country; among them most of the fine set of etchings by D. Y. Cameron and Axel H. Haig, and two by Muirhead Bone, now on exhibition at the Kraushaar Galleries in New York city. It is only comparatively recently that the high excellence of Cameron as an etcher has been appreciated; yet, even in his life-time, some of his etchings have increased more than ten times in value since they were issued. Among them is The Crucifix, Rouen, a big subject described with effective simplicity, and the no less simple Stairs at Rowallan.

A number of American painters have been invited to exhibit in Berlin and Munich during the months of March and April, 1910. The invitation is extended through the Royal Academy of Berlin and the Royal Society of Munich; and the object of this exhibition is to make known in Germany the work of contemporary American artists.

The Archæological Institute of America will meet in Baltimore, December 28-31. Profs. W. N. Bates and John C. Rolfe of the University of Pennsylvania will read papers on "Two Labors of Heracles on a Geometric Fibula" and on "The Connection of Mirrors with Burial" respectively. Prof. Campbell Bonner of Michigan has for his subject "The Standard of Artaxerxes at Cunaxa," and his colleague, Prof. Walter Dennison, "The Artistic Value of the Pompeian Putealia." Princeton is represented by Howard C. Butler, with his paper on "Two Roman Fortresses in the Provinces of Syria and Arabia"; Charles R. Morey ("The Coinage of Bostra"); Thomas Jex Preston ("The Bronze Gates of Canosa"), and Oliver S. Tonks ("Experiment with Mycenæan Glaze"). "Structural Notes on the Erechtheum" are to be discussed by L. D. Caskey of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and B. H. Hill of the American School at Athens. George H. Chase ("A Bronze Cista belonging to James Loeb"), Francis G. Fitzpatrick ("Byzantine Architecture in France"), and Kendall H. Smith ("Unpublished Transcriptions from Corinth") are the Harvard representatives; and Arthur Fairbanks will treat of "A New Marble in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts." Arthur L. Frothingham will read two papers, of which the titles are not yet announced. Other papers are: "Recently Published Measurements Relating to the Leaning Tower of Pisa and the Pisa Cathedral," William H. Goodyear; "The Tano Language of New Mexico," John P. Harrington; "Identification of the Persons Represented upon the Attic Grave Reliefs," Harold R. Hastings; "The Excavations of the School of American Archæology in 1909," Edgar L. Hewett; "Esoteric Doctrines of the Eleusinian Mysteries," Thomas Spencer Jerome (to be read by M. L. D'Ooge); "The Side Entrance to the Stage of the Roman Theatre," Charles Knapp; "The Correlation of Maya and Christian Chronology," Sylvanus C. Morley; "The Story of a Grease Spot," William Peterson; "Reconstruction of the Later Toga," C. F. Ross; "Hercules and Samson," Martin L. Rouse; "Architecture on Attic Vases," F. B. Tarbell; "Some Problems in Mediæval Vaulting," Clarence Ward; "Sources of Gothic Sculpture," F. D. Washburn, and a "Note on a Scyphus in Boston," James R. Wheeler. Many of the papers will be illustrated by the stereopticon.

In connection with the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of Italian unity, in 1910, an international art and architectural exhibition will be held. An international competition of more than common interest will be that for the building of a "Modern House." The purpose of this competition is to afford "the best criterions for the building of a modern house, in order to attest, with the originality of the architectural models, the variety of the decoration and the elegance and practical usefulness of the furniture, the progress that has been realized during the last thirty years in this kind of building, and to display the latest productions and needs of civilization in the various nations." Three prizes of 150,000, 100,000, and 50,000 lire will be awarded. There will also be other prizes.

George Hay Brown, landscape gardener of public grounds and buildings in Washington, died at his home in that city November 23. He was born in Edinburgh in 1838, and was himself the son of a landscape gardener. The public grounds of the White House and of the Capitol were laid out under his direction, and he was superintendent of the Washington Botanic Garden.

The sculptor-decorator Alfred Darvant has died at Paris, aged sixty-nine. He was a collaborator with Charles Garnier during many years, and executed the decorations of the foyer and of the exterior of the Grand Opéra, at Paris; the Hôtel de la Monnaie, at Brussels, and the restoration of the amphitheatre at Orange, and of the Porte Saint-Denis, the Panthéon, and the Hôtel des Invalides, at Paris.

Cyprien Godebski, the sculptor, who was born in 1835 at Méry-sur-Cher, France, died at Paris November 26. His works are to be seen at Lemberg, in Galicia; at the Viennese Arsenal; in the Cathedral of Warsaw, etc. He was the sculptor of the monument to Théophile Gautier at the Cimitière du Nord, in Paris; and many of his portrait-busts and other works have been shown at the exhibitions in Paris since 1857. At the centennial exhibition in Philadelphia he received a medal for marbles shown there.

Sigismond V. Myrton-Michalski, the Polish painter, has died at Paris. He was a member of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, at whose last exhibition he showed two portraits.

Finance.

STANDARD OIL DECISION AND FINANCIAL MARKETS.

In response to the Circuit Court's decision against the Standard Oil Company on Saturday, November 13, such declines occurred, in the closing hour that day, as 2¾ points in Amalgamated Copper, 1⅞ in Steel, 2⅜ in Union Pacific, and 5 in Reading. On Monday there was another break—Amalgamated falling 2⅝, Steel and Union Pacific 2 each, and numerous other stocks a point or more. Recovering partly from the lower level, during the next few days, the stock market on Monday and Tuesday of the present week saw another violent decline, in which the Steel shares fell 3½ points, Amalgamated Copper 3¼, Reading 5¾, and Union Pacific 2½. This further break caused anxious inquiry as to the probable ultimate effect of the decision.

Such a question can be answered only in the light of experience, and our markets have had two experiences in point. One came when the Federal Circuit Court, on Thursday, April 9, 1903, decided the Northern Securities case against the company. Like last Saturday's decision, the decision of 1903 became known shortly before the market's close. It caused some weakness then. Friday and Saturday were holidays. On Monday there was a violent break, running in a day or two to 5 or 6 points in the active stocks. The next week, part of these losses were recovered. But the break began again in May; one began to hear of "rich men's panic"; declines of 15 to 30 points were made before the year was over. and in the autumn, not only the Stock Exchange, but important industries, were in the grasp of severe depression.

The other precedent occurred when the Supreme Court, on Monday, March 14, 1904, sustained the Circuit Court's decision. Wall Street had waited anxiously for weeks; the stock market had almost ceased to move. The news, when it came, was received with dismay; yet prices refused to decline. After a day of absolute inactivity, the market suddenly began to rise. It developed such violent activity that within a month such advices as 9 points in Pennsylvania and Atchison had been scored, 10 in St. Paul, and 16 in Union Pacific, while volume of daily trading, from 74,000 shares on Thursday, March 10, rose to 1,338,000 on the 22d. In the longer sequel, there was a continuous "bull movement" up to the middle of December, with steady improvement in real industrial conditions.

What was the reason for so oddly different a reception of the news on the two occasions? Wall Street said that Judge Brewer's deciding opinion of 1904 was conservative, and made much of Attorney-General Knox's promise that the government did not intend to "run amuck." But there were also many experienced observers who pointed out that the decision of 1903 came on a market overloaded with "undigested securities," with a surplus bank reserve of only $2,130,000, and a very recent call money rate of 15 per cent.; whereas the decision of 1904 arrived when a six-months' liquidation was complete, unwieldy speculative accounts cleaned up, call money 1½ per cent., and the surplus bank reserve at $27,000,000.

This comparison leads to the question, which of those two periods most resembles the present? So far as the money market is concerned, it cannot be said that the comparison is all that one might wish. Credit facilities have notoriously been much abused in the great Wall Street speculation of the few past months. The New York bank position has been so far strained that a deficit in reserves has been averted only through the most industrious recourse to lending institutions outside of our own market —this at times when their own domestic requirements would naturally have made them reluctant lenders here. By virtue of such expedients, the surplus reserve has been maintained; but a familiar sign of an ill-adjusted New York bank position, the excess of loans over deposits, has presented itself in the rise of such disparity from $2,500,000 on October 30 to $20,400,000 on November 27, as against $84,000,000 excess of deposits over loans a year ago last week, when the actual surplus reserve was only $12,000,000 over to-day's. This, and the cognate fact of a stock market held at high prices for many weeks through very artificial manipulation, goes far to explain the weakness on the Stock Exchange, as contrasted with the rising prices which followed the Northern Securities decision of 1904.

On the other hand, the present situation cannot fairly be paralleled by that which existed in 1903. That was the climax of an orgie of promotion and speculation, which had covered nearly four preceding years, and whose scope and recklessness have rarely been matched. Nothing akin to this has occurred in 1909. "Promoting schemes" have been largely in abeyance. Bad banking, in the sense applied to the exploits of 1901 and 1902, has not been indulged in. More than all else, the financial and industrial revival which has inspired the recent demand on facilities of credit followed a period of thorough-going liquidation and readjustment, so that the start was made from a sound and normal level. These facts, and the further fact of the country's unquestionably great agricultural prosperity—outside certain portions of the cotton belt—give ground for believing that the decline in prices, since the Standard Oil decision of November 13, is in reality merely the readjustment of the Stock Exchange, which was, in some shares, out of line with the real investment situation before the Circuit Court had acted. The fact that sensational declines have thus far been in the main restricted to a few stocks whose prices had been arbitrarily pushed up, while the general market had halted in its rise, points to the reasonableness of this conclusion.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, L. The Airship Almanac. Boston: Luce & Co.

Arbor Day. Edited by R. H. Schauffler. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.

Barnett, E. S. The Dragnet. Huebsch. $1.50.

Bergé, I. The Shepherds' Vision: A Cantata for Christmas. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co

Bernstein, E. Evolutionary Socialism. Trans. by E. C. Harvey. B. W. Huebsch. $1 net.

Birch, U. Anna van Schurman: Artist, Scholar, Saint. Longmans, Green.

Blanchard, A. E. When Mother Was a Little Girl. Pictured by A. Waugh. Dutton. $2.

Brandl, L. Erasmus Darwin's Botanic Garden. Vienna: Wilhelm Braumüller.

Brewster, E. T. Life and Letters of Josiah Dwight Whitney. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

Brockwell, M. W. The National Gallery: Lewis Bequest. London: Geo. Allen & Sons.

Brodie, R. D. Changing Voices, and Other Poems. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.

Brunner, J. Tracks and Tracking. Outing Pub. Co. $1.25.

Bryce, J. The Hindrances to Good Citizenship. New Haven: Yale Univ. Press.

Burrell, D. J. The Cloister Book. American Tract Society. $1.

Calendar of the Fellowship, A. D. 1910. Chosen and edited by H. M. Kilburn. Boston: Bacon & Brown.

Cameron, A. D. The New North: Being Some Account of a Woman's Journey Through Canada to the Arctic. Appleton.

Carlyle, T. Selections, edited with Introby E. C. Marsh. Brentano. $1.

Carpenter, E. J. Roger Williams. Grafton Press. $2 net.

Carus, P. The Pleroma: an Essay on the Origin of Christianity. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. $1.

Cawein, M. New Poems. London: Grant Richards.

Chance, Mrs. B. The Care of the Child. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.

Clarke, J. H. Vital Economy. A. Wessels. 50 cents.

Compton-Rickett, A. The London Life of Yesterday. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Conant, L. L. Plane and Spherical Trigonometry. American Book Co. $1.20.

Connelly, W. E. Quantrill and the Border Wars. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press. $3.50.

Cousin, V. La Société Française au XVIIe Siècle Ed. by L. Delbos. Frowde.

Curtis, A. T. Grandpa's Little Girls, and Their Friends. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.

Ozaki, Y. T. Warriors of Old Japan and Other Stories. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Davison, R. C. Concrete Pottery and Garden Furniture. Munn & Co. $1.50.

De Foe, Daniel. Selections, with Introduction. Ed. by J. Masefield. Macmillan. $1.10 net.

De Morgan, W. It Never Can Happen Again. Holt. $1.75.

De Quincey's The Spanish Military Nun, and Revolt of the Tartars. Edited with Introduction by V. H. Collins. Frowde. 60 cents.

Fawcett, E. D. The Individual and Reality. Longmans, Green.

Field Museum Pub'n 130, Vol. VII, No. 3, Catalogue of Bronzes, reproduced from originals in the Nat. Museum of Naples; Pub'n 136, Vol. II, No. 7, Contributions to a Flora of the Bahamian Archipelago, by C. F. Millspaugh; Pub'n 137, Vol. I, No. 5, The Birds of the Leeward Islands, Caribbean Sea, by C. B. Cory; Pub'n 138, Vol. X, No. 1, A Peculiar Bear from Alaska, by W. H. Osgood. Chicago.

Frazar, M. D. Practical Guide to Great Britain and Ireland. Vol. I, England and Wales. Vol. II, Ireland and Scotland. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1 net, each.

Hale, A. Practical Guide to Latin-America: Mexico, Central America, West Indies, South America. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1 net.

Handbook of Flower Pollination. Based upon Hermann Müller's "The Fertilization of Flowers by Insects," by Paul Knuth. Trans. by J. R. A. Davis. Vol. III. Frowde. $3.75.

Handy Man's Workshop and Laboratory Compiled and edited by A. R. Bond. Munn & Co. $2.

Harnwell, A. J. Locks to Pick: a Book of Charades. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.

Hinton, H. My Comrades, or School-Days at Mt. Pleasant: A Story of the Hudson. Reissued. Ossining-on-Hudson: Mt. Pleasant Academy.

Jefferson, W. Verses. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.

John Crerar Library: A List of Books in the Reading Room. Chicago

Kelly, F. F. Rhoda of the Underground. Sturgis & Walton. $1.50.

Korkunov, N. M. General Theory of Law. English trans. by W. G. Hastings. Boston: The Boston Book Co.

Ladd, H. O. The Trend of Scientific Thought Away from Religious Beliefs Boston: R. G. Badger. 75 cents.

Lanciani, R. Wanderings in the Roman Campagna. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.

Learned, M. D. Abraham Lincoln: An American Migration. Philadelphia: W. J. Campbell.

Massachusetts Historical Society. Index to Second Series of the Proceedings. Vols. I—XX. 1884-1907. Boston.

Meynell, A. Ceres' Runaway and Other Essays. Lane Co.

Morton, N. G. The Silver Lining, and Other Poems. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.

Nygaard, A. Toleration: a Novel. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.50.

Peabody, F. G. The Approach to the Social Question. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Pisani, P. L'Eglise de Paris et la Révolution. II, 1792-1796. Paris: Picard et Fils.

Post, L. F. Social Service. Wessels. $1 net.

Putnam, G. H. Abraham Lincoln. Putnam. $1.25 net.

Reeve, S. A. Energy: Work, Heat, and Transformations. McGraw-Hill Book Co.

Report of the Commissioner of Education, for the year ended June 30, 1909. Vol. I. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.

Ritchie, J. W. Primer of Sanitation. Yonkers-on-Hudson, N. Y.: World Book Co. 50 cents.

St. Helier, Lady (Mary June). Memories of Fifty Years. Second impression. London: E. Arnold.

Sheavyn, P. The Literary Profession in the Elizabethan Age. Manchester, England: Sherratt & Hughes.

Smith, A. M. Mother Goose and What Happened Next. Dutton. $1.25.

Smith, C. S. Tarry With Me and Other Verses. Cheltenham Press.

Spargo, J. The Substance of Socialism. B. W. Huebsch. $1 net.

Sudermann, H. The Song of Songs. Trans. by Thos. Seltzer. Huebsch. $1.40 net.

Tatlock, J. S. P. The Harleian Manuscript 7334 and Revision of the Canterbury Tales. London: The Chaucer Society.

"The Baron." The Marquis of Murray Hill. Boston: Roxburgh Pub. Co. $1.25.

The Book of Restoration Verse. Chosen and edited with notes by W. S. Braithwaite. Brentano.

Whitcomb, R. Skimming the Skies. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.50.

Wilde, O. Poems. Brentano.

Wilkinson, M. The Last Phase of the League in Provence. 1588-1598. Longmans, Green.

Wilson, S. South African Memories. London: E. Arnold.

A Check List for Christmas

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1909.

The Week.

Several important topics which President Taft was expected to deal with in his first annual message he reserves for later and special communications to Congress. The conservation policy is one of them; others are the Anti-Trust law and the Interstate Commerce act. The first result of this deliberate omission of exciting subjects is to cause the message to appear routine and unemotional. That of itself is not a bad thing. The country has not yet recovered an appetite for the highly spiced message of which it had more than enough in recent years. The proverb might be amended to read: "Happy the nation whose Presidential speeches and messages are dull." Yet there is, after all, one theme, and the chief one, in President Taft's message, which is so great a novelty that it might almost be called startling. We refer to his urgent demand that public expenditures be cut down. Not since President Cleveland has Congress heard anything like this from the White House. Moreover, he does not stop with singing the praises of economy merely in the abstract. He not only declares that savings are necessary, but shows how they may be made. By means of the so-called "budget committee" of the Cabinet, and through imperative directions to heads of departments, he has caused the knife to go deep into the estimates of public expenses. This total, as submitted to Congress by the Secretary of the Treasury, has been decreased from the last estimates of the Roosevelt Administration by more than $90,000,000, and is $42,000,000 under the actual appropriations for the current fiscal year. Even to have set such a mark for Congress to attain is a great political event. It gives firm Presidential sanction to retrenchment, and may help to bring back again the homely virtues of prudence and thrift in governmental affairs.

Economy and efficiency in the public service are the real watchwords of the message, though many other matters are touched upon. Of these, we shall here refer only to what the President says upon the tariff. First of all, he utters a reassuring word about the application of the maximum tariff in a retaliatory sense. Mr. Taft is not spoiling for a tariff war with other nations. Quite the reverse, he informs Congress: "I beg to express the hope and belief that no such result need be anticipated." Further, in dwelling upon the powers of the Tariff Commission, which the President thinks are ample, he says that "if the facts secured by the tariff board show generally that the rates of duty imposed by the present tariff are excessive, . . . I shall not hesitate to invite the attention of Congress to this fact, and to the necessity for action." This is a great advance over the Winona speech. It may not be a promise of definite tariff relief, but shows how it can be got, and faces in the right direction. It appears from his concluding paragraph that the President is troubled by the continuance of high and increasing prices. But he does not admit that this high cost of living is due to the tariff. Nor is it, in its entirety, for some prices have risen all over the world. But the President would not deny that the tariff on woollen goods, which he has publicly declared to be indefensible, compels Americans to pay exorbitant prices for woollen clothing or else wear cotton or shoddy. There we have at least one set of high prices for which the tariff is directly responsible.

The executive order providing a systematic method of appointments and promotions in the diplomatic service marks an important step toward making that career attractive to qualified young men. The scheme laid down contemplates more than the mere introduction of an examination system. Initial appointments from outside the service are to be made only to the lowest grades, and the Secretary of State is directed to report from time to time to the President the names of those who have demonstrated special capacity. Careful records of efficiency are to be kept, as a basis of recommendations for promotion; and all the secretaryships in the diplomatic service are to be graded according to their importance and difficulty, so that a transfer from one to another shall have a definite significance. The entrance examinations themselves will, of course, be of a character bearing expressly on the special needs of the diplomatic service; and provision is made for preventing the appointment of those who may have the ability to answer examination questions but have not the peculiar personal qualifications required, by limiting certifications to persons specially designated by the President, subject to examination and other tests.

A man has been found brave enough to dare to accept the mission to China. Marvellous to say, he, like Mr. Crane, comes from Chicago, and his heart is yet undeterred within him. The new appointment seems promising. Mr. W. J. Calhoun is not merely a lawyer of high repute; he has several times rendered governmental service. As special commissioner of President McKinley to Cuba, just before the outbreak of war, Mr. Calhoun made a report which did much to increase public indignation over conditions in that island. It is only fair to say, however, that this was written in a judicial tone, and criticised Cubans and Spaniards alike. For some time after the outbreak of war, he was a valued adviser of President McKinley, who, on March 8, 1898, appointed him Interstate Commerce Commissioner. This office he resigned in 1900. In the year 1905, President Roosevelt appointed him special commissioner to Venezuela. His judicial report upon conditions there is believed to have changed Mr. Roosevelt's intention to be very drastic with the ill-behaving Venezuelans. Mr. Calhoun is, therefore, not without diplomatic qualifications for his new post.

We regret to note that the Secretary of War supports in his annual report the pending bill to increase the army by 612 officers. That there is serious absenteeism is admitted—he reports 709 officers who are away from their organizations, among them not less than one-third of the captains of companies. Unfortunately, Secretary Dickinson, like his predecessors, believes that the only remedy is increasing the total number of officers. The history of the army has demonstrated, however, that this is no remedy at all, so long as the War

Department fails to set its face against useless and unnecessary details. When the number of officers for each regiment of cavalry and infantry was increased, on the reorganization of the army in 1901, it was on the distinct assurance of the War Department that the surplus officers would take care of all necessary details. If the Department continues to lend officers to committees of Congress, to so-called military schools, and for a dozen other non-military purposes, as instructors, the drain will continue. To-day, no less than twenty-nine officers are with the Panama Canal Commission, 105 on recruiting duty, and sixty-three at private schools. Secretary Dickinson is on the right track in asking that capable retired officers should be assigned to active duty temporarily. This he can do now only if the officers consent. Before deciding on an increase in officers which would be without parallel in any European service, Congress should begin by giving him this permission, letting him understand that unnecessary details should be cut off.

One recommendation for reform is not to be found in Secretary Meyer's preliminary statement of the coming reorganization of the Navy Department. There is no suggestion that the "political navy yards" which exist only by grace of the Senators and Congressmen in whose States they are located, be done away. The Secretary or the President with the moral courage to grapple with this question has not yet been found. Yet there lies an opportunity for enormous saving, to say nothing of the release of officers for other duties than policing obscure naval stations, such as that at New Orleans, or the one at Port Royal, South Carolina, whose useless drydock no battleship can reach on account of insufficient water in the channel. If manufacturing efficiency calls for the concentration of power plants in navy yards, the efficiency of the whole service demands the concentration of naval work at four or five yards at most. The reorganizers of the defunct United States Shipbuilding Company speedily found that the most economical way to handle those ship-yards which were worth keeping up was to let each yard do a specific work. Thus, one or two build large ships, one small vessels, another concentrates on repairs, and still another on equipments of various kinds. The Government should do likewise. There is nothing in the argument that in the event of war, it would be well to have a number of yards in case one might fall into the enemy's hands.

To most people, the news that J. Pierpont Morgan has purchased from Thomas F. Ryan the majority interest in the Equitable Life acquired by Ryan from James H. Hyde in 1905, has doubtless come as a great surprise. Those, however, who were fully conversant with the nature of the Ryan control knew that a change of some sort was inevitable. The deed of trust, whereby Ryan placed voting power over his Equitable stock in the hands of three trustees, was due to terminate on the 15th of next June. One of the three trustees, ex-President Cleveland, had died, and his place in the trust had not been filled. Ryan himself had been withdrawing from active business, and a belief had long existed that his Equitable holdings were for sale. The arrangement whereby control of the life insurance company should be independently exercised by Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Morgan J. O'Brien, and Mr. George Westinghouse was, in other words, a necessarily temporary expedient, and only a few months more remained to it. Conversion of the Equitable Life into a mutual organization, either through alteration of its charter, or through purchase of the Ryan stock by the company itself, had apparently been prevented by the courts, at the instance of minority shareholders. Mr. Morgan's purchase of control is a not unnatural sequel.

The President's recommendation concerning the Naval Observatory is eminently sound. He urges that the official head of that great astronomical establishment should be an eminent astronomer, and not a naval officer detailed for service for a shorter or longer term. This mode of filling the post of head of the Observatory could not have survived so long as it has were it not for the false notion conveyed in the name of the institution. As the President truly says, all the uses of the Observatory specifically related to the needs of the navy might be subserved at a small fraction of the present cost. The part it really plays is that of a great national observatory, and its material equipment is of a character befitting such a part. The President calls it "the most magnificent and expensive astronomical establishment in the world." Together with its important observational work is carried on the Nautical Almanac, in connection with which the labors of Simon Newcomb and of George W. Hill have made American mathematical astronomy illustrious the world over.

Importers of works of art are suffering the necessary inconveniences that accompany a reform, as well as some that are wholly unnecessary. That it should take a fortnight to get an old picture through the customs is perhaps due to the sudden increase of importation. Yet when one recalls that a skilled examiner should generally know offhand whether a picture is or is not twenty years old—the really ambiguous cases being very few—it seems certain that the organization of the customs is not adequate to the new work. If it were merely a question of waiting, doubtless the importers would possess their souls in patience. But an old painting on panel is about as perishable an import as a pineapple. What must have been the feeling of that dealer who, after waiting a month, received three old Dutch paintings which had entered the public stores intact, cracked from top to bottom? It is idle to say that he may sue the Government. That may or may not indemnify him for his loss. But damage of this sort cannot be reckoned merely in dollars. To deface a fine picture diminishes the resources of civilization itself. We know of four notable pictures that have been thus injured—in every case it seems through heat—while in the custody of the government. For these delicate objects either a special storeroom at a low and equable temperature should be provided, or, if that be impracticable, some system of prompt release under bond should be devised.

The brusqueness of Secretary Knox's dealings with Nicaragua would appear heightened if it should prove to be true, as reported, that the Mexican Government was not consulted and does not wholly approve of the steps that have been taken. Mexico as well as the United States was interested in the Central American treaty of peace and amity which was signed at Washington in 1907. It was a part of the skill with which Secretary Root conducted the ne-

gotiations that he was able to induce the Mexican Government to appear alongside ours in urging the five republics to agree to leave off their chronic revolutionary and filibuster habits. Mexico is their nearest neighbor, territorially, and her joining with us gave the movement for assuring peace in Central America an air of sincerity which otherwise it might not have worn. And it was so obviously the thing to do to keep the Mexican Government fully advised of the whole situation and of the intentions of the Administration that we can hardly believe that Secretary Knox omitted this precaution. If it be true, as Napoleon said, that imagination rules the world, it is nowhere more true than in the world of diplomacy. No foreign minister should fix his eyes on business to the neglect of sentiment. And it is already plain from the expressions of those entitled to speak for the feelings of South Americans, that the effect of Secretary Knox's proceedings may be greater upon their imagination than upon actual conditions in Nicaragua.

Mr. Asquith's followers are much encouraged by the promise of hearty cooperation held out by the spokesman of the Labor party in the House of Commons. The Labor influence is important not only on account of the fifty and odd seats it now controls in Parliament, but because of the many doubtful constituencies it can swing to either of the two great parties. The question is whether the Labor leaders feel that the present constitutional crisis threatens their own ultimate interests to an extent warranting the sacrifice of immediate party advantages to the common Liberal cause. It has been argued, for instance, that the Labor party, like the Irish party, would be happy to see a large reduction in the present Liberal majority; that would mean the balance of power in the hands of the small third parties. It may also be argued that if the Laborites can increase their own Parliamentary representation by a score of votes, they can even afford to see a Conservative Ministry in power. That would be a policy of indifference as to who rules the roost until the time when the Labor party is itself strong enough to think of office. But, on the other hand, the Labor leaders cannot overlook the fact that a victory for the House of Lords would mean a reaction which would take years to stem.

It has repeatedly been shown that people can be more royalist than the King himself. Hungary is now in the midst of a political crisis centring about the question whether it is possible for a politician to be more Kossuthian than Kossuth himself. In 1906 the Independent party, under the leadership of Francis Kossuth, a son of the patriot leader of 1848, secured a majority in the Hungarian lower house, and Francis Kossuth became practically the leading spirit in a coalition Ministry of Independents and Liberals pledged to the establishment of universal suffrage and the reconstruction of the economic arrangements with Austria. No serious endeavor was made to redeem the promise of electoral reform, and the prestige of the majority also suffered from dissensions within the Independent ranks. As a result, the Wekerle Cabinet resigned early in the present year and an interim Ministry was installed. The break within the Independence party has come over the question of a separate Hungarian Bank which the extremists, led by De Justh, the former president of the Chamber, wish to see established by January 1, 1911. The project was opposed as impossible by Francis Kossuth, who, however, has been unable to carry the majority of the party with him. Kossuth accused his followers of treachery and declared that without the prestige of his name most of them could not have made their way into Parliament. Whereupon the Justh faction accused Kossuth of being recreant to the principles of his famous sire, because of his lukewarm defence of Magyar interests. There are now, therefore, an Independence and 1848 party, led by De Justh, and an Independence, 1848, and Kossuth party under the old leadership. The prospects for a stable Ministry in the immediate future are not bright.

Premier Giolitti, who resigned office last week, has been the dominating figure in Italian politics since 1901, when he entered the Zanardelli Cabinet as Minister of the Interior. In 1903 he formed a Cabinet of his own, and with a year's interval in 1905-6 he has remained at the head of the Government. The combination against Giolitti shows an odd alliance of Constitutional Liberals, Republicans, and Socialists, reinforced probably by the "fluid" vote that always inclines towards the victorious side. The specific question on which the Government has found itself weak is its ship-subsidies bill, in which it is accused of having made favorites of certain shipping interests. Giolitti might have saved himself by throwing over the unpopular members of his Cabinet, the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, who negotiated the subsidy arrangements, the Minister of Instruction, who has antagonized the Anti-Clericals, and the Minister of Agriculture and Industry, who has against him popular opinion in Sicily. The chances are, however, that Giolitti's retirement means only a brief vacation. The Opposition may form a temporary coalition Ministry, but it is evident that the Anti-Clerical Socialists and Republicans cannot work together with the Constitutional Liberal leader, Baron Sonnino, who is strongly opposed to a hostile policy towards the church.

A contributor to the *Revue Bleue* writes that, with the exception of the nobility and the purveyors to their Christian majesties, "no one in Spain is interested in King or Queen, or royal infants." He recalls the words of Ferdinand VII: "Spain is a bottle of beer, and I am the cork," and puts them into the young King's mouth. It may be granted that the patience of the country has been sorely tried; that cynicism is, perhaps, a natural enough philosophy for the Peninsula. But let it be noted that "the protests abroad prove that there is a common patrimony of liberty and democracy," as the Madrid *Imparcial* has declared. The Pyrenees are no longer a perfect insulation. If the present situation does not inspire overpowering optimism, yet the throwing down of the barrier is itself evidence against generalizations of a too sombre kind. During the regency were realized important domestic reforms. Under Maria Christina revolution was subdued to evolution: the Anglo-Saxon method, as we like to think. There is no need to be too despondent over Spain's future. The good work of years is not to be effaced in months. Already the new Liberal Government is at work, and the wide extension of local rights and home rule just announced by Premier Moret may be an earnest of good things to come.

SOCIALISM AND HUMAN NATURE.

"After all," says an able and effective writer in the *Contemporary Review*, "those who want Socialism want it because they want liberty, because they are tired of being crushed and thwarted in a confused and planless world where men and peoples struggle and die without knowing for what they struggle or why they live." The sentiment is fine, and it undoubtedly underlies the attitude of the finest and highest spirits among those who to-day range themselves more or less completely on the side of Socialism. But what assurance have they that any socialistic reconstitution of society would furnish that basis of life which they crave? What reason have they to think that, in the new world they dream of, men would be penetrated with a knowledge of "what they struggle for and why they live"? In Edward Bellamy's phantasy, to be sure, there was to be nothing that could properly be called struggle at all; and it is the unattractiveness of such a world to men of vigorous nature which partly accounts for the rapid dying out of interest in that kind of Utopia. But, struggle or no struggle, how are we to infuse into the material world around us, or into the institutions of society, that which will give to human life an absolute foundation? That no such foundation exists to-day, Socialist enthusiasts have no difficulty in showing; but that any change in social arrangements will bring about a state of things in which men will know a whit better than they now do "for what they struggle and why they live," none of these writers gives us the faintest reason for believing. Men may be happier or less happy; they may be better or worse; but the meaning and purpose of life will remain, just as it has always been, a mystery illumined only by the inward experiences of each individual. To imagine that any contrivance can supply us with a full solution of the problem of human existence is to indulge a childish delusion.

Perhaps the one man who has most consistently held up an ideal of life freed from the meaningless complexities of modern civilization is Tolstoy. The typical Socialist is set aglow by dreams of the beauty that might be breathed into the lives of all men if only the conquests of science and invention were properly utilized for the broadening of every man's horizon, the enrichment of every man's opportunities! Tolstoy sees hope only in the abandonment of all the vanities of learning and art, all the endless developments of scientific progress, and in the devotion of mankind to the pursuit of the simplest duties and the cultivation of the simplest virtues. The ordinary Socialist holds that when progress has done her perfect work, all mankind will be emancipated, as a fortunate minority now are, from the dull pressure of exacting toil; and he assumes that this freedom will carry with it true felicity. Tolstoy believes that only in the common performance of homely tasks is the salvation of men to be found. The two views differ diametrically as to the means by which the goal is to be attained; but the goal in both cases is the same. That goal is a condition of the world in which the activities of life shall give to the soul of man a satisfaction different not merely in degree, but in kind, from that which man has hitherto enjoyed; different in kind because the satisfaction is definite where it is now vague and elusive, absolute where it is now relative.

An interesting exposition of Tolstoy's attitude, in the form of a letter to a peasant, appeared recently in the *Times*. That science is not only vain, but harmful; that its development has been but part of the exploitation of the poor by the rich; that the only true science is that which teaches man "how to live true to conscience, before God, his appointed term of life"—these familiar Tolstoyan doctrines are, of course, set forth. "People need only cease to believe in the science introduced by force and by rewards, and not study it, but keep to the one free science" of right living, and the existing wretchedness of the great mass of mankind will "vanish of itself." How purely this belief of Tolstoy's as to the future is an act of faith, may, perhaps, be best inferred from a single instance. He has been bitterly denouncing the desire of any workingman for education, based upon the deceitful plea that this education will be used in the service of the people; what really happens, he says, is merely that one of the oppressed becomes one of the oppressors. The poor he describes as "the half-naked, half-famished, dirty, never-resting, illiterate men, made dependent for life by poverty, who work sixteen hours a day for two rubles a week." And it does not seem to occur to Tolstoy that it is only in Russia, where popular education is unknown, that even the most extravagant agitator would dream of so describing the condition of the working masses; nor that the superiority of the state of the people in countries in which modern ideas of science are predominant has any bearing on his notion that science is the handmaiden of robbery.

The usual Socialist millennium centres, as does Tolstoy's, upon the thought of a fundamental harmony running through the whole life of society and giving to human existence a significance to which, under present conditions, it can lay no claim. But whether such harmony as is aimed at in either case, supposing it attainable, would truly satisfy the longings of human nature is a question on which either gives us little help. In this same letter of Tolstoy's may be found an unconscious confession that his own idea does not satisfy his instinctive feeling of the needs of human nature. There will always, he tells us, be plenty of work to do:

> That work will consist of making clear to every man what he must do that none should be hungry or deprived of the use of the land on which they were born, that there should be no women giving up their bodies to dishonor, that the temptations to intoxication, alcohol, opium, and tobacco should not exist, that men should not be divided into hostile nations, that there should be no murder of foreigners in war, and of one's own people on gallows or guillotines, that there should be no religious deceptions, and many other things.

What is this but an admission that not a state of perfection, but of imperfection, not a grand unbroken harmony, but struggle and trial, not the absence of temptation and hardships, but the fight to overcome them, is necessary to the exercise of man's vital forces, the working out of man's nature? And this once admitted, what becomes of the arraignment of the present condition of society because it does not give life an absolute meaning, does not enable men to know "for what they struggle and why they live"?

BOOKER WASHINGTON'S GREATEST SERVICE.

The remarkable success of Booker T. Washington's latest speaking-tour in the South emphasizes again his usefulness to the whole country. In this rôle as an interpreter of one race to another,

pleading for harmony, mutual respect, and justice, he is performing a patriotic service which it would be hard to overestimate. One of the foremost white educators now at work in the South exclaimed on hearing of the details of Mr. Washington's recent trip through Tennessee: "Now I believe there is going to be a revolution in the South in favor of the negro." Of the fifty thousand persons who, it is estimated, attended his meetings, nearly one-half were white; and in every case he was received with an enthusiasm which would have turned the head of any less balanced and sagacious leader.

Lest we be accused of exaggeration, we would remind our readers that Judge Floyd Estill, at Winchester, Tennessee, introduced Washington the negro, once a homeless and destitute wanderer, as "a fine type of the true Southern gentleman"; that Judge J. H. Price, another typical Southerner of high position, classed Booker Washington with the first President, with Thomas Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, Lee, and other Virginia worthies, as among that State's most distinguished sons; and that Judge J. M. Steen of the Circuit Court introduced him with these words:

> We believe that as the patriarchs of old were inspired by God to lead their people out of darkness into light, to guide them on the right road to right living and success, so he who is to speak to us to-night is inspired to lead his race to higher, better things. But his message is not for you alone. It is not alone for this city or this State. By helping you he helps us; by helping you he helps every man, woman, and child in all this broad land of ours.

All of this is enough to make any man accustomed to the ravings of the ordinary Southern office-seeker, or firebrand lecturer of the Tillman order, rub his eyes and ask whether a revolution is not actually at hand. Yet these compliments to Mr. Washington and his work were received with the heartiest approval by thousands of earnest white listeners.

Still, this turning to Mr. Washington by such men of prominence ought not to surprise us. It is just the better self of the South coming to the front. Men like the judges we have quoted have come to see that if the races are to live in peace and comfort, the negroes who are progressing, who are laboring in Mr. Washington's spirit, must be sustained and upheld. More and more, too, men of standing are bound to recognize the obligation the South owes to the negro. Speaking at Brownsville in Mr. Washington's presence, Judge John R. Bond of the Tennessee Circuit Court said: "I was born and reared here in the South, and have associated all of my life with negroes. I feel that as a Southern white man I owe a debt to the negro I can never repay." His gratitude was specially for the way in which the negroes protected and cared for the white women and children who were left at home during the war. But there is even a higher and more sacred obligation than that—the duty of caring for a backward race because it is backward, and of helping it onward and upward. The man who would injure a defective or crippled child must be an outcast from society; the time will come when all nations will take a similar attitude towards those human beings who are handicapped, particularly if, as in the case of our negro, their plight is largely no fault of their own.

To this quiet but ever-present appeal the true Southern gentleman is bound to respond, because he has a heart, because essentially he believes in fair play, and because he is an American. Further proof of this lies in the space given to Mr. Washington's trips in South Carolina, in Virginia, in Mississippi, and in Tennessee, by the newspapers of those sections. The Tennessee press has yielded to Mr. Washington its first pages and reported his speeches in full, even where the proceedings called for four or more columns. At Charleston, last winter, the prominent editors joined the Mayor in welcoming the colored orator; in Tennessee the editors have sat upon his platforms. More than that, the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* has recently honored itself and its profession by instructing its correspondents to bear down as lightly as possible upon negro crime and to say as much as possible about negro strivings for betterment. The Nashville *Banner* is another journal that is doing its best to be just to the negro, and trying not to lay undue stress upon the crimes of the rascals who disgrace their race—just as there are plenty of white men who do the devil's work. The Columbia *State* has also long battled for fair play; recently it has incurred unmerited criticism for denouncing the unjust punishment of a negro because he was a negro.

To come back to Mr. Washington, the greatest service he can render to-day is plainly not at Tuskegee, and not at the White House conferring as to appointments, but on the stump in the South. His bearing and popularity enable white men to speak out freely where it would sometimes be difficult to do so if the negro endorsed were less well known. Public opinion is far more dreaded in the South than in the North; it takes vastly more courage there to break the bonds of custom and habit than anywhere else in this country, for social ostracism is more quickly brought to bear. Let him who doubts this read Walter Page's new novel, "The Southerner." The reason why the educator we have quoted sees a revolution coming is because Southern men everywhere are beginning to break away from the conventions, even the terrorism, which have kept them silent heretofore. At any rate, Mr. Washington is to-day a great interpreter and leader. This must be recognized, whether one agrees with him in all his views or not. It is just fifty years since the death of John Brown; who could have thought in 1859 that a colored man in 1909 would have so won the gratitude and esteem of the nation?

THE ENGLISH CRISIS.

Thoroughly discounted as last week's vote in the House of Lords had been, it yet came at the end with the sense of a great historic event. It marks the imminence of a vital change in the English Constitution. Say what one will, the Lords have violated the unbroken precedent of years. They have laid rude hands on a Money Bill. This is an act which all the text-book writers, of whatever party, and a long line of statesmen, whether Liberal or Conservative—including among the latter Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour himself—have declared to be beyond the competence of the upper chamber. Constitutionally, we are in the presence of an indubitable revolution. The Lords have the legal power to throw out the budget, in the sense that without their consent, and the King's, it cannot become law, but the constitutional doctrine is firmly established that they have no longer the right to withhold their consent to a money bill which has passed the Commons, any more than has the King. From the standpoint of the English Constitution, the Lords

are wholly and hopelessly in the wrong. If that Constitution were written as ours is, and enforceable by a suit in a Supreme Court, there can be no doubt that the action of the Lords would be declared null and void.

In England, however, the Constitution is not only unwritten, but fluid and changeable. The English court of last resort is the English democracy. This is shrewdly recognized by the terms of the motion adopted by the Lords, namely, that they would not accept the budget until it had been passed upon by the people. Thus the aristocratic house would seek to appear more democratic than the Commons. But it may be retorted that this semblance of deference to the democracy is a sham. The Lords profess to appeal to the mass of voters, but in reality they are acting in a way to deprive one-half the voters of the effectiveness of their ballot. That is to say, Liberal votes will not hereafter count, in the matter of taxing, if a permanently Conservative and non-elective House of Lords may reject any taxes of which it does not approve. The sort of referendum on the budget which the Lords are blandly proposing is only a half-way thing. It is logically and politically necessary to go further. The electors will pronounce on the whole Constitutional issue, which runs far beyond this year's budget; and will, if they sustain the Liberal party, make it certain that sweeping guarantees against meddling by the Lords will be exacted. This, then, is the far-reaching question which will soon be passed upon in a general election. From it, the House of Lords may emerge, either with its powers enlarged and its prestige enormously enhanced, or so discredited that it will remain in the English system as little more than a gilded nullity.

Yet we must be on our guard against exaggerating the crisis by taking it for granted that the English will suddenly become doctrinaire and apply root-and-branch methods. Walter Bagehot publicly thanked God that his countrymen never mixed logic with their politics, and we may be sure that they will not begin to do so overnight. Extremists on both sides will prophesy dire things in the course of the impending campaign, but it may well prove that the ingrained English moderation will not permit violent extremes in either direction. On the one hand, we have the picture, in the event of Liberal success, of a single-chamber government driven into wild Socialistic excesses. But no electioneering oratory will persuade sober Englishmen that anything like that can result. The other picture is of an hereditary House of Lords, emboldened by its great triumph, if the Conservatives win, setting itself up haughtily above the Commons in all matters. But that is also too lurid. Mr. Balfour himself, if he were to become Prime Minister again, might easily be the first to read the overweening Lords a severe lesson, and to threaten them with all kinds of pains and penalties if they thought to ignore or over-ride the wishes of the directly elected representatives of the people of England.

It is evident, too, that this practical English good sense will be applied to the immediate problem of the financial confusion caused by the rejection of the budget. This has been called "chaos," and it might easily be made so by the Ministry. With the failure of the budget, all the annual and increased taxes collected since last April are illegally in the Treasury and could be recovered by a suit at law. Their total amount the *Economist* reckons at more than $250,000,000; and there would also be the rest of the fiscal year to provide for. To raise this large sum by a loan or Treasury Bills would be awkward. But the Government has already notified importers of tea that the tea duties will surely be validated, and it is reported that the income tax will go on being collected without protest. It might be thought good tactics for the Liberal Cabinet to make the financial situation created by the Lords appear as bad as possible; but the leaders of a party which stands for good order and sound finance do well to show that they are prepared to do everything in their power to minimize the disturbance. Liberal hopes and the Liberal cause do not depend upon inflaming men's minds about disordered finances.

The coming contest is one into which the Liberals will enter unitedly and with high spirit. They could not have asked better ground on which to fight. Six months ago, everything was going against the party in power. As Lord Morley is reported to have said in private, whatever the Government undertook to do seemed to be unpopular. Bye-elections were running against them heavily. But the budget and the conflict with the Lords have changed the whole face of the political sky. Where the election prophets were saying a year ago that the Liberals were certain to be severely beaten at the next general election, they now forecast a Liberal majority—though, of course, much reduced from that of 1906. Whatever the outcome, the struggle will be of intense interest because such great issues and momentous consequences are involved. The thrilling watchwords which the Liberals now have at their command have not echoed in England since 1832. Americans have special reason to follow the political battle with eagerness, since it is certain that the high debate on popular rights and on taxing accumulated wealth cannot fail to have a powerful influence in this country. We in the United States shall soon have these burning questions thrust upon us also.

READING FOR CHILDREN.

We Americans are wont to assent, shamefacedly enough, to the reflections made by foreign criticism upon our conduct of the business of parentage. Our children are seen and very much heard, they are ill-mannered, conceited, insubordinate—tyrants of the household. Their chief hope, not, to be sure, of good manners, but of decent citizenship, lies in the curiously strict discipline provided by our public-school system. Confessing our individual inadequacy, we appoint a formidable pedagogue whose duty it is not merely to teach the young idea how to shoot, but to teach the young will how to submit. Later, the business is taken up by experience—by the exactions of business and social life. In the end our children turn out much better than we have any reason to expect, much better, certainly, than we deserve. As individuals, we have done what we could to make nuisances of them.

In some such guise we must see ourselves as others see us; and how shall we make denial of it as a totally false presentment? There is, no doubt, a tit for tat. Our feebly good-natured handling of children is, we may retort, due to our acceptance of children as the staples of domestic life. Among other peoples, it seems to us that they are oftenest regarded as necessary but inconvenient incidents. The English child of the better class, as we see him in fic-

tion, is pretty strictly confined to the nursery and the playground until the wished-for hour arrives of his dismissal to the public school. At intervals his "gov'nor" recognizes his existence with a pat on the head, a platitude, or a fiver. And his memories of childhood are touched with dreamy visions of "the mater" in a ball-gown momentarily (and not without sentiment) inspecting her safely dormant offspring as she passes to the real business of life. This sort of casual acquaintance between parent and child does not seem to exhaust the possibilities of the relationship. We flatter ourselves that the American child knows its own father, at all events, and we look askance at the importation of the foreign method among our "best people."

But we confess certain misgivings as to our own wisdom. It is to be hoped that the alien observer may have noted a cheering sign or two of late, as, for example, our growing sentiment against the Comic Supplement. This offence has become so extreme as actually to bring itself home to our nostrils. But the source of it, the root from which it springs, and which it brings to a horrid efflorescence, is perhaps less generally perceived.

Much nonsense has been put forth about the regulation of children's reading. This is a late day to attempt a rigid censorship of an urchin's literary acquaintances, and as for leading him, there is probably no method better than that of our grandfathers—to turn him loose in a man's library and let him taste its strong fare. For the rest, any normal boy ought to relish the absurdities of the dime novel, and any natural girl ought to be able to wallow in the sentimental fairy tale. Blood-curdling adventure is as necessary to the diet of the one as sugary romance is to that of the other. Even the watery pap provided by the average Christmas book or in the pages of the ordinary children's publication, probably does little harm if less good to the adolescent morale.

But we have a class of writers "for youth" whose influence is really demoralizing. It is their postulate which the Comic Supplement develops to the point of nausea. We mean that order of scribbling parasites who make a business of flattering children into the belief, or the "working hypothesis," that they are wiser and better than their elders.

Honest parent, do you know why your boy likes Horatio Alger? Did you ever read "Do or Dare," or one of its congeners? If so, you realize that a large part of the charm lies in the superiority under all circumstances of the youthful hero. His father, or guardian, or employer, is a grown man, and, as such, either a fool or a tyrant—preferably a little of each. The boy himself, from the first page, is exhibited in the enviable act of doing or daring his elders at every possible turn. There is no danger for him in "sassing back." No shingle is ever permitted to fall upon his sacred person; he is immune from all the ills that a mortal puerility is naturally heir to. In short, he is the kind of fellow a fellow would like to be. The same bauble of triumphant adolescence is dangled before the fancy of the girl reader. We have been moved to these remarks by chance contact with a new story by a popular writer for girls. The heroine has always been downtrodden by a heartless and stingy mother. We have the advantage of admittance to the scene at the moment when the worm turns. After the first few pages we have nothing to fear for the daughter, who thereafter has everything her own way—a selfish, vain, saucy little prig, greatly admired, to all appearances, by her creator, who does not hesitate to describe her as "living the Golden Rule." It is hard to believe in the honesty of the purveyor of this sort of commodity. We do not see that he is to be distinguished in kind from those notorious offenders who are guilty of the red and yellow enormities of the Comic Supplement.

GOOD LETTER-WRITING.

"Authors, my altogether dear woman, can't write letters. At best they squeeze out an essay now and then." James Russell Lowell wrote to this effect precisely forty years ago, in addressing Miss Norton; and he added: "They are thinking of their punctuation, of crossing their *t*'s and dotting their *i*'s, and cannot altogether forget themselves in their correspondent, which I take to be the true recipe." The assertion of fact is true enough: the writer of good books is not necessarily a good letter-writer. He is even apt to be, like Dr. Holmes, only "a very good correspondent *as a reader* of letters." But with Lowell's explanatory principle one is tempted to quarrel. The best letter-writer does not forget himself in his correspondent: he leaves it to his correspondent to do the forgetting. And while on the subject of rules for letter-writing, let us not overlook James Howell: "A Letter or Epistle should be short-coated, and closely couch'd; a Hungerlin becomes a Letter more handsomely than a gown."

Such recollections come to one who reads Lafcadio Hearn's "Japanese Letters" in the current *Atlantic Monthly*, with an introduction by Elizabeth Bisland. "Great letter-writers, like other artists," observes Miss Bisland, "must needs have the original birth-gift; but this gift, to ripen to complete fruition, requires certain fostering circumstances." Some loneliness of character or of condition is one of these "fostering circumstances": either shyness, or a lack of ease in oral expression, or want of sympathetic companionship. "Madame de Sévigné and Lord Chesterfield were both reported stiff and dry in conversation," says Miss Bisland; "FitzGerald was exaggeratedly diffident. Lamb's family sorrows forced him to turn to others for intimate intercourse; and the same was true of Thackeray. Stevenson's long exile made his pen his best means of fellowship." All this is not pure theory. To expect the ordinary "literary man" to write letters is, commonly, much like expecting the carpenter to spend his holidays (as Gautier expressed it) "planing boards for the fun of it." He demands a special provocation, an eloquent incitement.

Such an incitement or inspiration was Lafcadio Hearn's. "His shyness was extreme," as one testifies who knew him well. "His life, from his nineteenth year, was a sojourn in foreign lands. Without family ties for twenty years, those ties, when formed in middle age, bound him to aliens in race and tongue." He attained to a greater intuitive knowledge of the Japanese than it has been given to other Occidental men to have. Yet he never so mastered the language as to be able freely to express his thoughts in the tongue of his wife and children. "I'm writing," he told Professor Chamberlain of the Imperial University, in one of the newly published letters, "just because I feel lonesome. . . . However, if I can amuse you at all, you will forgive me." Forgive him? One may easily answer for Chamberlain as to

that. What is more, it is easy to pity him, that subtle colorist and etcher:

> The illusions are forever over; but the memory of many pleasant things remains. I know much more about the Japanese than I did a year ago; and still I am far from understanding them well. Even my own little wife is somewhat mysterious still to me, though always in a lovable way.

Hearn is not, we think, one of the greatest English letter-writers, although some of his letters written from New Orleans shake us in that opinion. Certainly his letters have always a fascinating subject-matter; it was his to live in strange places, to read strange books, to eat forbidden fruits. His correspondence is, finally, to be treasured as no other writer's since Edward FitzGerald. In it, one finds the same vivid color and flexible craftsmanship with which we made acquaintance in his tales of old Japan, and in his essays and travel-sketches. When other letters were published, three years ago, we called his touch "magic," and we reiterate the word. Nor was he writing for the public: only out of his great love for friends, and out of his pitiable loneliness. Here was one letter-writing author unpreoccupied with his punctuation; one whose thought went farther than the "crossing of his *t*'s and dotting of his *i*'s." And yet, in him, we have one of our rare writers with an artistic conscience: a faculty that we have lost in this era of "virile" style, masking a literary anæmia.

JESSIE WHITE MARIO.

I.

The historian of the great modern national movements finds himself perplexed by being obliged at every moment to discriminate or to strike the balance between Reason and Emotion—the two elements out of which human events are spun. They may be allies—but more often they are antagonists; and although either may give the impetus to a social or political revolution, the other may finally control it. As mankind in the mass has always acted from the emotions much more than from reason, history, to be lifelike, should be rich in emotional data. Needless to say, however, these are usually the hardest to recover. The result is that most written histories have an orderly, almost cut-and-dried character which rarely belonged to history in the making. Rarely, too, would the actors in an historic movement recognize themselves as moving from point to point with the imposing inevitableness with which the logical historian endues their action.

No recent historical period, not even that of the French Revolution, was so surcharged with emotion as was the Italian Risorgimento. To understand the course of its events, at least from 1815 to 1848, one needs, above all, to know the emotions which underlay Italian patriots. In some fashion, we may describe the struggle as a conflict between the New, intoxicated with Emotion, and the Old, shut up in a strait-jacket of Reason which no longer served the common needs. For though Reason may be infinite and eternal, those special bits of it which men isolate for the purposes of a party or for a time, are not: and the Reason which had once sufficed to make absolutism acceptable to entire nations, was now regarded as a hideous perversion.

It is just because Jessie White Mario so typically embodied the emotions which ruled one of the great divisions of Italian patriots that her life has a significance far more important than any of her actual deeds. Perhaps the fact that she was an Englishwoman who adopted the cause of Italy with all the fire of an unusually vehement nature, makes her Italianism a little more salient than that of the Italians themselves. The zeal of the convert is proverbially thorough; Jessie White was not, in one sense, a convert, for her love of freedom and her belief in brotherhood and equality were inborn; but Italy became the object on which she lavished her devotion to these ideals, and which she felt doubly bound to defend.

Her last volume, which has been admirably compiled by Duke Litta*, is less autobiographical than those of us who knew Signora Mario would like to have it. Until she appears on the scene in 1854 it is, in fact, an informal history of Mazzini. She states in her own way the gospel of the great agitator; she tells the story of his apostolate—of the seemingly futile expeditions, of the years of exile, sometimes dark to the verge of suicide, and always filled with indefatigable conspiring. This story she has told before in Italian, but she adds here many touches which will appeal to American and English readers. Of Mazzini's life in London, for instance, of his friendships with the Carlyles and other English men and women, she writes intimately. If any one still doubts the personal charm—yes, the lovableness also—of Mazzini, he need only read these glowing pages.

II.

Jessie White, born at Gosport, May 9, 1832, was the daughter of a prosperous English yacht-builder. From her youth up, she was a "heretic," whether in her attitude towards the effete Anglicanism of the time, or in her social and political ideals. At twenty-one, she was supporting herself by teaching and writing—a remarkable achievement for a young Englishwoman in that period. At twenty-two, she lived in Paris; and the next year she visited Italy as companion to a lady who became engaged to Garibaldi. On that journey, the young zealot met Garibaldi—indeed, she and Lady X. travelled for six weeks with him as their guide in Sardinia. Thenceforward, Jessie White dedicated herself heart and soul to the cause of Italy. In England, she went about giving lectures; she translated Orsini's "Memoirs"; she felt the spell of Mazzini and sought him out. She says:

> Being at liberty, with my father's hearty consent and blessing, to dedicate myself to the cause of Italy, fully conscious that it was a question of "all in all or not at all," . . . I decided to put myself under the guidance of its chief apostle, Mazzini. My first visit to his tiny room in Cedar Road, remains ever present to my heart and vision. Birds were flying about the apartment, a few lilies of the valley stood in a vase on the mantelpiece, books and paper were scattered everywhere, and there, writing on his knee on the smallest fragment of the thinnest imaginable paper, sat Mazzini. He rose at once: his hand-grasp and luminous eyes fascinated and encouraged you, yet filled you with momentary awe. But the simple greeting, the gladness shown in welcoming "one more volunteer to the noble band of English workers and lovers of Italy," put all fears to flight, and soon he was talking, and I was listening as a student to a master anxious to convince, but not in the least desirous of *imposing* his convictions (p. 260.)

Henceforth, she was in that happiest state of zeal, in which the young disciple yearns for an opportunity to be put to the test. That opportunity came in 1857, when Mazzini planned a stroke at Genoa. Miss White went there, ostensibly as correspondent to several English papers, but in reality to engage in preparing the final stage of the plot. The Mazzinian conspirators, into whose inner circle she was introduced, seemed to her unjaded enthusiasm demigods and heroes; nor did she ever lose the glamour of that first initiation into the ranks of men who were willing to give their lives for their belief. Disillusions, only too many! came later, but they could not shake her conviction that the enthusiasts of 1857 and their plans were perfect. Mazzini himself glided noiselessly into Genoa, where, to the despair of the police, he stayed many weeks and directed a three-headed movement, which embraced the conquest of Naples by Pisacane, the seizing of Leghorn and revolutionizing of Tuscany by Quadrio, and the capture of Genoa itself by Mazzini and his immediate staff of conspirators. Miss White, being a British subject, had the advantage of going

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*"The Birth of Modern Italy." Posthumous Papers of Jessie White Mario, edited with Introduction, Notes, and Epilogue, by the Duke Litta-Visconti-Arese. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

about without being dogged by detectives.

The plot failed in all of its three purposes; and, except for the sacrifice of Pisacane and his companions, it failed fatuously. His slaughter, like that of John Brown, impressed the imagination of millions, and had its share in hastening the crisis that soon followed. Neither then nor afterwards, however, did Jessie White admit that the project was ill-advised. To hear her describe those days, was like listening to a fairy story, in which each particular detail is vividly real, but the plot appears to the eye of reason unsubstantial. She would recall the gladness with which she and two or three Italian young women decked Mazzini's chamber and bed with garlands on the day of his arrival in Genoa; they were as blithe as if death were not the penalty that awaited his discovery. She would laugh ironically at the stupidity of the police. Once, when they came to the Pareto Palace to ferret him out, he himself opened the door, having hastily put on the cook's white cap; after they had gone inside, he slipped out. "It was the upper half of Mazzini's head that distinguished him," she used to say; "the cook's cap hid that." She laughed scornfully when she learned, long afterward, that Cavour sent to Paris for detectives who knew Mazzini by sight. That Mazzini came and went untouched during ten weeks proves the extent of his own coolness and the loyalty of his confederates.

Being arrested for complicity in the attempt to seize Genoa, Jessie White was imprisoned for several months, until Cavour finally set her free, because he thought it more prudent to let her go (although he had conclusive evidence against her) than to rouse a storm of protests from the English Friends of Italy, who would have branded her punishment as persecution. Unqualified zealot that she was, she hankered for this crown of martyrdom. Thenceforward, she hated Cavour with a thorough and frank hatred, which envenoms her criticism of him in this book and in her other writings. And here, we see how finely she embodies the emotion of her cause. Reduced to its essence, the Mazzinian plea ran thus: "We are bent on freeing and uniting Italy. We are disinterested and absolutely unselfish. Our hearts tell us that justice, righteousness, and human progress hang upon our success. Whoever opposes us, upholds injustice, wrong, and reaction." Mazzini decided that, for strategic purposes, he must control Genoa for a time: that was reason and excuse enough for attempting to seize it, and to justify Jessie White in denouncing Cavour for preventing them. What right had Cavour to thwart zealots whose purpose was absolutely patriotic? He also pretended to promote the Italian cause; but if he were sincere, he surely would not arrest these fellow-workers in the cause.

Forty years later, when I discussed this episode with Signora Mario, she had not budged an inch from her position. The idea that a constitutional government must employ constitutional methods, though these be slow or partial, never moved her. Naturally, therefore, she would not recognize that a prime minister, responsible for the peace of his country, cannot permit any group of citizens to seize and govern one of its cities for the benefit of their particular scheme of salvation. The right to levy private war she might not defend in words, as she did in practice: but she always took it for granted that conspiracy and rebellion had a holy aim.

Like Garibaldi, she denied that any regard for international diplomacy ought to influence the action of the Italians. She firmly believed, though she never explained how this could be done, that Italy could have been united without the coöperation of Napoleon III, and that consequently the cession of Savoy and Nice was treachery and a crime. So Garibaldi was continually calling for the appointment of a dictator—himself—to hasten the solution of the most intricate political problem of the age. So Mazzini, in spite of thirty years of unvarying proof to the contrary, kept insisting that the Italian Common People could not only rid themselves of their native despots, but also could confidently face a coalition of hostile Europe.

This is the sphere where Emotion rules—the sphere where poetry and religious consecrations and the dazzling examples of uncalculating and apparently fruitless self-sacrifice originate. In this sphere Jessie White dwelt. Having heard the voice of her heart, she would not listen to her head. You must understand this, in order to value rightly her books.

III.

Shortly after her release from prison she married Alberto Mario, a man of keen, though rigid, ideas, and of inflexible integrity. He was Mazzini's best penman in Italy. The young couple came to the United States in 1859 to arouse sympathy in the Italian cause, but their tour was cut short by news of the war with Austria. Signora Mario used to relate with great satisfaction how, during her lecture in Washington, when she found a prominent Southern Senator sitting in the front row, she launched into a denunciation of slaveholders. She seems on this trip to have met Garrison, for whom she felt great reverence; and when, in 1865, Garrison's second son became one of the founders of the *Nation*, she began a special correspondence for this journal which lasted forty years. Her letters to the *Nation*, to the London *News*, to the Newcastle *Chronicle*, and to other papers contain much material that the historian will prize.

The Marios reached home too late to take part in the campaign of 1859, but during the exciting patriotic crisis of that winter and the next spring, and during Garibaldi's Sicilian Expedition, they were deep in the council of the Party of Action. Signora Mario served as army nurse. At the battle of the Volturno she went fourteen times under fire to bring back the wounded, and she spent thirty-six consecutive hours in the field-hospital. Ten years later, when Garibaldi offered his services to Republican France, she accompanied him and cared for the wounded. Thenceforth, until her husband's death, she took part in the stormy politics that threatened more than once the peace of the monarchy. Mario himself refused to acknowledge the King; she was a Radical. The disenchantment that followed unification—the inevitable disenchantment that comes when the decades of prose succeed the years of poetry—she attributed to the failure to establish a republic. Emotional to the end, she put her faith in Mazzini's formulas. But her chief activity was in exposing abuses. She wrote with anguish of the frightful condition of the Sicilian sulphur-miners; she laid bare the horrors of organized infanticide in the charitable asylums of Naples; she described the misery of the indigent peasants; she scathed sleek bureaucrats and political grafters. Wherever there was a wrong, she attacked it fearlessly; wherever there was suffering, she strove to relieve it. Like every one who realizes how much of the enormous total of sin and cruelty might be prevented, she cried out against the law's delay, against the agents of government who seem leagued with the wicked, against technicalities and quibbles which protect the evil-doer, against the inertia of tradition, against customs which give the unscrupulous a vested right to exploit the weak. Here, as always, she listened to her heart.

When her great companions vanished, she dedicated herself to speaking them fair in death. She wrote a life of Mazzini, which, despite its obvious drawbacks, will remain for posterity to consult, because it shows him as one of his intimates saw him. Garibaldi, too, she portrayed, perhaps even more satisfactorily. She edited Mario's writings, and Cattaneo's; she eulogized Nicotera, for whom, of all the younger generation of conspirators, she had the highest admiration; finally, she surpassed herself in her biography of Bertani, whom history will come at last to recognize as the wisest of the advisers of the Party of Action in the critical years from 1857 to 1861. What greater tribute could one pay to Jessie Mario's character than to state that she, an alien, was the chosen confidante and biographer of so many of Italy's patri-

otic sons? As a young woman in Florence she won the friendship of Mrs. Browning. In her later years, no one was more devoted to her, no one appreciated more justly her services to Italy, than Carducci. What was the secret of her hold over these Italians? Was it her loyalty? her outspokenness? her vigor of mind and deed? her amazing courage? Was it the something different that she as an Englishwoman had from what any Italian woman could have? No one could be more independent than she; no one, probably, ever told Mazzini and Garibaldi more frankly than she did when she disagreed from them. Her awe of the Prophet did not blind her to his personal side. Her worship of the Hero did not prevent her from making fun of his amorousness and other foibles. No, her power of attraction was as potent with Anglo-Saxons as with Italians; it was the power that springs not from racial traits, but from primary human qualities. You could not spend an hour with her without being conquered by her single-mindedness, her devotion to friends and principles, her scorn for all things base, her absolute fearlessness. In a society that was sophisticated, artificial, and insincere, she remained herself, as refreshing as a sudden rush of mountain air through the fetid streets of a city.

IV.

During the last ten years of her life, she earned a bare subsistence as teacher in the Normal School at Florence. Pegasus in harness seems not more contradictory than Jessie White, the confidante of conspirators and the comrade in war of Garibaldi, impounded in a school-room. But she accepted the task bravely. Her noble self-rcliance refused help, though offered most delicately, from her friends, and she had a haughty disdain of accepting anything from the Government. Her scorn for the old Republicans who not only became reconciled to the monarchy, but served under it, got honors and made fortunes, was terrific. I have heard her speak contemptuously of Crispi's care not to come within range of bullets in Sicily; but when she referred to his defection from Republicanism, her words had vitriol in them. It was not envy of the prosperity of the renegades that aroused her; it was the abhorrent realization that spirits that had once obeyed the call of the highest could find in worldly honors, wealth, or comfort, anything to lure them into the mire.

She died in Florence on March 5, 1906, and friends, besides the official dignitaries whom in life she had shunned, paid tribute at her funeral. Some day, Italy may remember to honor her with a monument. But her memory is secure, because her life is inextricably interwoven with the friendship of Garibaldi and Mazzini, two of the imperishables, and with their nearest disciples. To make her acquaintance through her books is to feel the very pulse of the cause to which she consecrated herself. Through her veins throbbed the great Emotion which was the lifeblood of the Italian Risorgimento.

William Roscoe Thayer.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF SPAIN.

Madrid, November 25.

An event in the industrial world, the Exposition at Valencia, has had a certain connection with Spanish writers. In Valencia, a Congress of Poetry is about to assemble, and there, too, the old poet, Teodoro Llorente, is to be crowned. This patriarch is a *félibre*, who has written in both Castillian and Provençal. To him, also, do we owe the best translations of foreign poets yet made in Spain. The honors paid to Llorente have provoked no opposition, but the Congress of Poetry, as a whole, has aroused much debate. The nature of poetry is not of a sort to go well with public assemblies, nor is the title of poet to be won by skill in them. Not even the writing of few or many pages of verse constitutes an author a real poet. To be that, he must have succeeded by his art in interesting and moving and in producing a deep spiritual impression. Hence there has been no lack of satirical references to this Congress of Poetry. It would have been wiser to make it coextensive with all literature, in which, indeed, lyric poetry might have had the post of honor.

Controversy has also arisen over the philological works published by Father Julio Cejador. This industrious scholar has his passionate admirers, but detractors no less impassioned who attack him with the roughness characteristic of Spanish wars of the pen. Even in intellectual affairs, the Spaniard is bellicose. For myself, so far as my slight attainments in philology go, I think it would be unfair to ignore the value of the unflagging labor of Father Julio, who is still a young man. He has already seen through the press six volumes on the structure and growth of language, besides his two solid volumes on the "Language of Cervantes," and a highly esteemed Greek Grammar. Cejador is of the family of the indomitable workers of the Renaissance, insatiate, as they used to say, in burning up their eyelashes and wearing out their elbows. Nevertheless, as our well-known critic, Gómez de Baguero says, in the technical positions of Cejador one feels an instinctive want of confidence. He inclines to the view of Astarloa, another Spanish priest, according to whom Basque is the first language ever spoken on earth, and the key to the understanding of all the rest. Some savants hold that Basque is allied to the native tongues of Mexico. Not long ago, I heard the eminent Mexicanist, Paso y Troncoso, expound this view.

There is no manner of doubt that at the present moment the literature of science has got a great impetus among us, while that of pure imagination is suffering from uncertainty and fatigue. This crisis was slow in coming, but was inevitable in view of the movement which, since 1898, has been driving Spain to make up for lost time, and in view also of the utilitarian impulse which has impressed all minds in the presence of economic and social demands. These are felt in Spain with peculiar force, as are also the agitations growing out of the anarchist tendency, marked by all the vehemence of our race.

Translation of foreign works has helped on the study of sociology and anthropology in Spain. Lombroso had some brilliant disciples among us, Salillas, for example, who applied the doctrines of the Italian to the analysis of our ancient picaresque novels. History has always had diligent cultivators in Spain, and continues to enrich itself. Among recent publications I will mention Altamira's "History of Spain and Spanish Civilization," the "History of the Cathedral of Santiago," by López Ferreiro, the "Discurso Histórico" of the Marquis of Cessalbo, and the erudite works of Menéndez Pidal. The most recent of the latter is on the jester of Charles V. In the history of art, too, there are many active and serious workers. Besides the infinite number of monographs in the *Boletín de la Sociedad de Excursionistas*, important publications are the "History of Christian Architecture in the Middle Ages," by Lampérez, the "School of Madrid," by the younger Beruete, and "Velasquez," by Beruete the elder, besides "Painting in Madrid," by Sentenach. Under the head of the history of literature are to be cited the "Origins of the Novel," by Menéndez y Pelayo, Padre Mir's study, "Autobiographies and Memoirs," and the "Legend of Don Juan," by Said Arnesto. The Ateneo has given a prize to "The Spanish Novel," by González Blanco. Nor should one forget, in philosophy, Bonilla's "The Myth of Psiquis" and the learned work of Father Arintero on the "Evolution of Mysticism."

The novel, alternating between the old naturalism and the neo-romantic spiritualism, has been losing vogue. Our most famous novelist, Pérez Galdós, after having sought a greater glory in writing for the stage, has left off publishing and has gone ardently into politics. His name is one of the four or five which are mentioned in the hypothetical case that a Spanish republic should ever want a President. On the other hand, Blasco Ibáñez appears to have given up his rôle as political agi-

tator, and is travelling in search of new subjects and impressions for his books. The Jesuit Father Coloma, abandoning the ground whose conquest won him fame with his novel, "Pequeñeces," which pictured aristocratic society, is devoting himself to-day to historical novels. One of them, entitled "Jeromin," has to do with the life of Don Juan of Austria, and is agreeable reading. The protagonist of the novel on which Coloma is now working will be Cardinal Cisneros, confessor of Isabel the Catholic, and Regent of Spain. The novelist who most closely reflects the present day is Pio Baroja. One of his latest books introduces the crime of bomb-throwing on the day of King Alfonso's marriage. Baroja's style is the absence of style. At the opposite pole is Valle Inclán, the painter of rural life in Galicia, a region which I too have described. He is an exquisite stylist. I ought to name another novelist, Felipe Trigo, very popular with young readers. Yet I must add that Spanish youth does not to-day demand innocent stories, and Trigo's are somewhat erotic.

In lyric poetry a noteworthy movement should be recorded. The great Spanish poets are either dead or aged. In their place the public is bestowing its favor upon poets who came to us from South America, either as diplomats or travellers. At their head stands Rubén Darío. But there is an entire pleiad—Amado Nervo, Santos Chocano, Balbino Dávilos. They have brought the note of modernism into Castillian poetry. We are not without young Spanish poets, but many of them adhere to the school of "the divine Ruben," as they call him. In the Madrid Ateneo there are continually readings by Mexican, Colombian, and Argentine poets. Also are they heard in the salons, where they reap a great harvest of—applause.

From dramatic literature, Echagaray, honored with the Nobel prize, has now definitely retired. He had filled our stage, like another Lope de Vega, for more than a quarter of a century; yet to-day his plays are not presented. To explain this anomaly—an author apotheosized but not produced—it would be necessary to write a critical article. At present, the leadership is held by Jacinto Benavente. A talented and fertile writer, he seldom attacks social problems. When one has mentioned the Quinteros, humorous and inexhaustible dramatists, and a couple of names more, one has really covered our actual dramatic production. Yet last year there were presented in Spain more than a thousand theatrical pieces—flowers of a single day. The public—always the same—demands novelty. That being so, it cannot expect to have masterpieces.

Countess Pardo Bazan.

Correspondence.

THE LAW'S DELAY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The instance referred to in your article on "The Reform of Judicial Procedure" (the *Nation*, September 2), where an Indiana judge deferred ruling on a demurrer for two years or more, though the statute required disposition within six months, could hardly have occurred in the Philippines. Under Act 1552, passed by the Philippine Commission October 27, 1906:

> Justices of the peace and judges of the Courts of First Instance, of the Court of Land Registration, and of municipal courts shall certify on their application for leave . . . and upon salary vouchers presented by them for payment, and upon all pay rolls upon which their salaries are paid, that all special proceedings, applications, petitions, demurrers, motions, and all civil and criminal cases which have been under submission for decision or determination for a period of ninety days or more have been determined and decided on or before the date of making the certificate, and no leave shall be granted and *no salary be paid without such certificate.*

The difference between this and the Indiana statute will probably be found in the penalty attached to the former. So far as appears from your article the Indiana statute was merely a directory provision and imposed no penalty for its non-observance or, at least, none which so vitally affected the official in question. The effect of the Philippine statute in forcing an expedition of judicial business may be seen by observing the difference in this regard between the courts affected by the act and one to which it is inapplicable, and in which it is still not uncommon for cases to remain undecided for considerably more than ninety days after submission.

The statute in question is one of the many improvements which Americans in the Philippines have made over corresponding conditions at home, and when such improvements are known and adopted there even our anti-Imperialist friends will concede that good has resulted from our Philippine policy. Charles S. Lobingier.

Audiencia, Manila, October 19.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Repeated efforts have been made to inform the public of the grave results of "the law's delay." A number of articles have appeared in current periodicals, and in his recent speech in Chicago President Taft spoke in no uncertain terms on the subject. I wish to speak of an ill effect of "the law's delay" to which attention has not been called, one which is not less serious than any hitherto discussed and, probably, more widespread. I refer to the disastrous effect upon the health of the litigant.

It has been stated that one-half of human ailments are of mental origin. The most harmful influences of this order are the depressing and painful emotions, of which I need now only mention fear, worry, anxiety, and mental strain. It is through such influences that litigation so frequently impairs or destroys the health of the litigant. The importance of the matter at issue, anxiety as to the outcome, dread of the court, perhaps a sense of injustice—any or all of these may be a strain upon the nervous system sufficient to destroy its health.

Such conditions are incident to all litigation, and so any lawsuit may be fraught with danger to health. But the delayed litigation with its trials and retrials, its hopes and fears and bitter disappointments, and the protracted strain upon the nervous system, is especially calamitous. These consequences are particularly disastrous in damage cases, many of which turn on injuries with, apparently, passing symptoms, due to shock of the nervous system. Now, anxiety over the outcome, dread of the court, and the like, produce their most depressing effects in just these nervous cases, because they are acting upon already weakened nerves. When nervous symptons are present, symptoms due chiefly to shock, the most important part of the medical treatment consists in rightly influencing and directing the patient's mind. The effort should be by means of entertainment, occupation, diversion, and the like, to get his thoughts away from his troubles and symptoms, and to make him cheerful and hopeful. But litigation has just the opposite tendency. The examinations of physicians, consultations with lawyers, solicitous inquiries, and advice of friends tend to fix the patient's mind more and more upon himself, and thereby to exaggerate his symptoms and increase his suffering. There comes into play, also, that subtle influence, suggestion, which is likely to give rise to new symptoms, and intensify those already present.

If a better and a quicker way for the settlement of damage cases than the ordinary court procedures were devised it would be a blessing to many. Meanwhile these cases should help to fasten the attention of the public on "the law's delay."

Philip Zenner.

University of Cincinnati, December 2.

THE FERRER AFFAIR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Is it in the *Nation* or in the *Civiltà Cattolica* that I have just read with amazement an article entitled "The Ferrer Affair" (*Nation*, November 11)? The article in question is dated Paris, October 18, just the day before the *Figaro* published the *dossier* of the Ferrer trial, communicated by the Spanish embassy. Now as everybody who has eyes can see, that *dossier* contained no proof whatever of Ferrer's action in the riots at Barcelona, but only wretched hypotheses founded on his previous life and his acquaintances. Moreover, the address of Ferrer's lawyer has *not* been published, so that the little even which is stated in the act of impeachment and the *réquisitoire* may rest on falsehood. I have seen several of the leading Spanish Liberals, who are by no means anarchists; they have told me that Ferrer's sole crime was the Escuela Moderna, that he was absolutely incapable of any violence, incapable of leading or stimulating a riotous mob. Quite recently my colleague in the French Institute, Louis Havet, published a letter written by Ferrer to Cyvoct (himself unjustly condemned, some years ago, as an anarchist), in which violence of any kind is positively and emphatically deprecated. Your correspondent's article is nothing but the rehearsal of the perfidious sayings which filled the organs of the Vatican—especially the *Osservatore Romano*—about the 13th of October last. Now, there are

two proofs that Ferrer was no criminal in the ordinary sense of the word. The first is that if his hand had been detected in the burning of convents and ill-treatment of nuns, the Maura ministry would have made it known *urbi et orbi*. The second proof is the positive statement from Rome, by the *Stampa*, as well as by the *Berliner Tageblatt*, after Ferrer's execution, that the Pope had wished to interfere to save his life—a thing that would be quite unthinkable if Ferrer was believed to have actually committed or instigated bloodshed. These reports have not been denied by the Vatican.

Your correspondent wishes Americans to believe that many innocent nuns were killed in the streets; he, indeed, speaks of 138 dead, and adds: "The nuns were the chief victims." All the Spaniards I have seen deny any statement of that kind. The burning of convents was *not* accompanied by violence against individuals, unless with some exceptions due to the inevitable hooligan; but all Spaniards know that the convents in Barcelona, as in Bilbao and elsewhere, simply reduce workmen and workwomen to starvation, because the nuns work virtually for nothing, and use their influence to monopolize the best customers. That such a state of things should, in due time, have excited public wrath, is only too easy to understand.

Your correspondent goes on to speak of some international conspiration, of a *chef d'orchestre*, and the like. We know that stuff ever since 1898; it is the equivalent of the once famous, though always non-existing, "Dreyfus syndicate." The *Osservatore Romano* was, I think, the first to start the theory of a "Ferrer syndicate," and that stupid invention has found a hearing among the so-called better class of the unemployed. But I may regret to have found an echo of it in your columns; nay, more, if you will allow me some frankness, to have read in the *Nation*, a few days only after our great H. Ch. Lea's death, the Jesuitical apology of an inquisitorial trial and crime.

SOLOMON REINACH.

Paris, November 23.

[Despite the violence of M. Reinach's assertions, we think the letter of our correspondent presented an aspect of the Ferrer case which, amid the general clamor of passion, deserved consideration in this country.—ED. NATION.]

THE DISCIPLINE OF NATURALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among the critical voices raised against the dominance of romanticism I miss one to assign its due weight to a reaction that has already taken place. To separate the essentials from the accidents of naturalism is, perhaps, difficult. Once effected, however, the separation enables us to see that modern literature has already undergone a discipline whose aims have been the very sobriety, structural coherence, and essential sanity of method, if not always of result, that romanticism lacks.

A return to pure classicism is unthinkable. An ideal so faintly related to the rough welter of the world can scarcely be endured; nor are the taste for the specific, the impatience of the merely typical, likely to pass out. We shall demand, increasingly, I think, the illusion of reality, though of a nobler aspect of reality than the early naturalists cared to give. Fidelity of observation, however, simplicity and stringency of technique, impersonal workmanship—these naturalistic virtues, when practised in the service of a larger philosophy, are more likely to lead to a new humanism than any theoretical appeal to the practice of the Augustan ages.

To observe, for a moment, the extraordinarily sensitive temperament of Gerhart Hauptmann is to see the development of modern literature in epitome. He begins with an amorphous romanticism ("Promethidenlos"), turns ruthless naturalist ("Vor Sonnenaufgang," "Das Friedensfest"), and acquires the classically severe technique of the best naturalism. Next he succumbs to the allurements of symbolism, and writes "Die versunkene Glocke" and "Hannele." But always, at intervals, he barks back to the fundamental austerities of naturalistic art ("Fuhrmann Henschel," "Rose Berndt"). At last he applies the virtues learned in that harsh school to a legendary historical subject nobly envisaged and produces in such a play as "Der arme Heinrich," a poetic drama that is the forerunner, at least, of a new kind. He achieves there the restraint, the impersonality, the sanity of classic art. He achieves an idealism, too; but an idealism wrung from reality, not spun from a pattern of conventional nobleness. It is at this point that classicism and humanism, trained by the naturalists, diverge. Racine, upon a visionary preconception, presents a pantomime, plastically beautiful. That is noble. But Hauptmann spares us nothing of that dread mediæval agony, yet shows us there a high beauty and an austere joy. That is more noble. The technique of the two (allowing for difference of time and place and circumstance) is identical: impersonal, coherent, guided by an exquisite economy—in a word, unromantic.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN.

New York, December 3.

A SEA-CHANGE IN SPELLING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One natural result of the agitation in favor of so-called "simplified spelling" would be a tendency on the part of the careless, inaccurate, and anarchical to be more lawless, inaccurate, and indifferent still as to spelling in general. Such a tendency would be shown in many places, one of them obviously being the classroom. I submit to teachers of English whether the spelling of students has not deteriorated since Mr. Roosevelt and others began openly to inculcate the belief that tradition and good taste in this matter are of less importance than an imaginary practical convenience. When, however, the professors in our technical schools are willing to print such caricatures of English as the following, it is time for all persons of good sense to bethink themselves. These sentences are chosen at random from an address delivered before a gathering of apprentices in Pittsburgh:

Liv for the realization of hy ideals.

He shoud hav abstaind from reviling the farisees.

A man brings out . . . quaint litl pearls in her soul that she herself never dremt of.

So are man's curage and generosity dubld and tripld thru a woman's presence.

Liv constantly in the atmosfere of beauty.

The laws of good taste in regard to orthography have perhaps never been better enunciated than by the first great English lexicographer. I venture to quote a passage of some length from Dr. Johnson's "Preface to the Dictionary" (Osgood, "Selections from Johnson," pp. 33, 34):

In this part of the work [orthography], where caprice has long wantoned without control, and vanity sought praise by petty reformation, I have endeavored to proceed with a scholar's reverence for antiquity, and a grammarian's regard to the genius of our tongue. I have attempted few alterations, and among those few, perhaps the greater part is from the modern to the ancient practice; and I hope I may be allowed to recommend to those, whose thoughts have been perhaps employed too anxiously on verbal singularities, not to disturb, upon narrow views, or for minute propriety, the orthography of their fathers. It has been asserted, that for the law to be *known*, is of more importance than to be *right*: "Change," says Hooker, "is not made without inconvenience, even from worse to better." There is in constancy and stability a general and lasting advantage, which will always overbalance the slow improvements of gradual correction.

LANE COOPER.

Ithica, N. Y., December 5.

THE BODLEIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Bodleian regulations as set forth in their Staff-Kalendar and discussed by your correspondent, "Lector," of November 25, are indeed a marvel of minutiæ. Their detail, however, is not due solely to the present librarian or his immediate predecessors, as "Lector" seems to intimate. If he will consult "The First Draft of the Statutes of the Public Library at Oxon," as drawn up by Sir Thomas Bodley himself, he will find there a quantity of details which time and expediency have legitimately expanded into the present rules. True, the regulations laid down in the Staff-Kalendar do not entirely cover the same needs as Sir Thomas's Statutes, but the principle of foresight and minuteness of detailed decision are the same. Sir Thomas gives an oath for the electors of the librarian, and as well one which the librarian or "keeper" must swear himself to keep "by God's infinite mercy." He specifies the hours of opening, the assigning "to every faculty their catalogues and tables," even requiring an alphabetical arrangement of the authors in the "Tables." The appointed visitors, or inspectors of the library, are assigned perquisites of a "refection" and gloves of a given cost, etc., etc.

May I trespass further on your space to quote the following passage which well illustrates Sir Thomas's insistence on detail, and in its subject matter is somewhat apposite to militant discussions now taking place without as well as within libraries:

It is deemed expedient, that some one be deputed to the custody of it [the Bodleian Library], that is noted and known for a diligent Student, and in all his Conversation to be Trusty, Active, and Discreet; a Graduat also, and a Linguist, *not encumbred with Marriage*, nor with a Benefice of Cure. For it cannot stand with Piety, that such a charge should admit the continual Society of other publick Imployments; and Marriage is too full of Domestical Impeachments, to afford him so much time from his private

Affairs, as almost every Day's necessity of his private Presence will require.

The italics are mine; the passage may be found on page 66 of "Bodley's Life and Statutes," edited in 1906 by Miss Ruth S. Grannis, and published in the series, Literature of Libraries, edited by J. C. Dana and H. W. Kent.

EDWARD HARMON VIRGIN.

General Theological Seminary Library, New York, November 29.

KARL HAUPTMANN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to correct the impression conveyed by a statement in the last number of the *Nation* to the effect that "Karl Hauptmann has in the meantime made his appearance as a dramatist." Karl Hauptmann has been known to students of German as an able and virile dramatist for nearly fifteen years. In many respects he is rather a better dramatist than his weak and sentimental brother, Gerhart. His characters are always drawn with a firm hand and developed with a sure psychological insight. His plots are almost always carefully constructed and convincingly evolved. Of course, like Sudermann and almost all the other playwrights of modern Germany, he shows the unmistakable influence of Ibsen and Tolstoy. His best-known dramas are "Marianne," "Waldleute" and "Ephraims Breite." The last named has been the most successful and popular upon the German stage. It shows rather a striking resemblance to Tolstoy's "Power of Darkness," and, like its probable prototype, is a graphic and somewhat sensational study in moral depravity.

EDWARD STOCKTON MEYER.

Western Reserve University, December 1.

GREEN EYES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with the subject of green eyes, which has been brought up several times recently in the *Nation*, I should like to call attention to a passage in my play of "Pyramus and Thisby," performed before Duke Theseus on his wedding day at night:

His eyes were green as leeks.

See "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," V, i, 342. PETER QUINCE.

Athens, November 22.

Literature.

NOTES ON HOLIDAY BOOKS.

I.

"A church is a piece of history," Stevenson writes, and, somewhere else, adds that cathedrals are his "favorite kind of mountain scenery." Both sayings are recalled by Mrs. Joseph Pennell in her book of the "French Cathedrals," with its sub-title "Monasteries and Abbeys and Sacred Sites of France" (The Century Co.). For fifteen years Mr. and Mrs. Pennell have contributed occasional illustrated articles to one of the magazines on the cathedrals and cathedral-towns of a land that they have come to know and to love better and better in studying it. The route of their architectural pilgrimage was first outlined by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, author of the study of English cathedrals; and it took them, "as long ago as the late eighties," to the cities of Provence. Since then, they have described and drawn in black and white churches in almost every French province, if one except Brittany, Touraine, and French Flanders. Since it was begun, provincial France has become much more travelled; thanks, in part, to the charm of the one's drawings, of the other's very gracious and efficiently documented narratives of travel. The writer only half congratulates herself on the achievement. Now that more folk enjoy France there is, correspondingly, less to enjoy. The motorist, she writes, has destroyed forever the romance of travel. He is, alas! more exacting than his humble pathfinder, the cyclist. "Already, before the motor was heard of, money had reduced the large towns of the Continent . . . to one level of dull uniformity; soon money, with the motor, will have worked the same disaster in all the smaller towns and all the little inns." The Ritz and the Plaza are your motorist's ideal—if he has ideals worth mentioning at all; and inns, as well as cathedrals, contribute to the charm of Continental journeyings. But a plutocracy cannot spoil these same cathedrals. Their only grave danger is too zealous restoration; against which Mrs. Pennell protests with all the fervor of whole-souled conviction. And yet the total impression one carries away from the reading of her handsomely got-up book is not of protest against abuses, but of enthusiasm for beautiful and venerable places and monuments. The style is just that which readers of the *Nation* admire in Mrs. Pennell's writings, whatever their subject; the illustrations include many examples of the excellent work which we look for in drawings signed Joseph Pennell. And most of these drawings have been acquired by the French government for the Luxembourg Museum.

Among the two or three handsomest travel books of the season must be placed Henry James's "Italian Hours," illustrated by Joseph Pennell (Houghton Mifflin Co.). The chapters on the various cities were for the most part written at earlier dates (those on Venice, for instance, go back to 1872, 1882, 1892, and 1899), but they are now first brought together so as to give a picture of Italy as a whole. The character of the pages need not here be criticised. They have Mr. James's customary "note of the haunted or over-charged consciousness," to use one of his own phrases; but they are free from the involved ambiguity of hesitation that makes of his later writings, such as his recent impressions of America, a task rather than a pleasure. As always, one of the attractions of this impressionistic manner is its arbitrariness. Thus as we read Mr. James's emotional reaction in Ravenna, looking "down the deadly provincial vista of the empty, sunny street," we recall the very different tone of, say, Oscar Wilde:

> But thou, Ravenna, better loved than all,
> Thy ruined palaces are but a pall
> That hides thy fallen greatness. . . .

For the same city Mr. Pennell gives one of his simplest, but to us most charming, pictures—a quick sketch of the famous Pineta. The drawings are in crayon, and for the most part on a dark reddish-brown background, which gives a little too strongly the effect of New York's brownstone epoch. They are true illustrations, however, of the romantic text.

It is interesting to turn from a book like Mr. James's "Italian Hours," and, by way of contrast, from the saccharine inanities of most of the other contemporary travellers, to the "Legends of the Alhambra," conceived by Washington Irving in his fine spirit of dignified enthusiasm. The book is issued through J. B. Lippincott Co., with an introduction by H. W. Mabie and pictures by George Hood. In his color-work Mr. Hood is reminiscent of Maxfield Parrish; we shall not, however, suggest invidious comparisons, partly because the Messrs. Lippincott have not here altogether avoided a certain crudity in reproduction. Yet the illustrations are, in effect, striking and even admirable. And black-and-white decorations—palaces, cloisters, and gardens, for the most part—most happily enrich each printed page.

Ernest Peixotto's felicity with the sketching and writing pen is so generally esteemed that we need only mention the newest example of his blend entitled, "Through the French Provinces" (Scribner). Motor-boat cruises on the Seine and Oise, seldom visited châteaux near Fontainebleau, motoring trips to Sens and Nemours, Chartres, and on to the Loire, a halt at Limoges, with an appreciation of its marvellous enamels, various wanderings in Provence and Gascony, devoted chiefly to unhackneyed cities—this in brief is the basis of a very charming book. Mr. Peixotto's pen-drawings are vibrant as always, carry a discreet elimination very far, and gain thereby in picturesqueness and essential truthfulness to effect.

The traditional false modesty of the book illustrator is thrown over in the volume on "China," described on the title page as by Mortimer Menpes, "with text by Sir Henry Arthur Blake." Books have been put out before this in which the letter-press is openly intended only to carry the pictures, yet always described as by Somebody, with illustrations by Somebody Else. In the present volume the text would probably reach the respectable length of forty or fifty thousand words. The illustrations are sixteen plates in color and four times as many marginal pen studies in black and white. Mr. Menpes's Chinese water views, in their predominant blues and cerises, are startlingly suggestive of Venetian effects. Where the human figure appears the Oriental atmosphere is brought close to us. The pictures are only loosely connected with the text. The volume is in square demy and comes from the Macmillan Company.

"Holland" is a fat and outwardly gorgeous volume, written and illustrated by George Wharton Edwards and published by Moffat, Yard & Co. The text consists of a substratum of Baedeker with a fairly plentiful covering of sympathetic personal observation. The illustrations, fifty-six in number, and of these several in color, are something of a vindication for the physical attractiveness of the Dutch people. Apparently it is not all a nation of very clumsy bipeds struggling against a handicap of breeches and kirtles. Mr. Edwards's fishermen and milkmaids seem quite capable of rapid locomotion and of otherwise looking after themselves. We gather that Dutch thrift has not been exaggerated—as the American traveller is bound to discover.

There is an amusing anecdote about Whistler.

Arthur Guthrie, the writer of "Letters from Franco and Italy" (A. C. McClurg & Co), is emphatically a good traveller, being sparing of comment on the standard sights and whimsically sensitive to the casual encounters of the road. The letters abound in a ripe Scotch "pawkiness" not unmixed with sentiment. The book is prettily printed and provided with line drawings by George Houston, which befit the letter press much better than the customary halftones. The manner is old-fashioned, and, perhaps, the more agreeable for that. The acerbities of the painter Gauguin seem unpardonable to the gentle traveller. Towards the newer music he is more tolerant. We borrow a characteristic observation, which is not without symbolic import. Mr. Guthrie saw in a confectioner's shop at Paris the following dual notice:

Our English visitors are cordially invited to enter and taste our wholesome swectmeats.

On another card:

Our American friends are asked to walk right in and sample our elegant candy.

For a friend afflicted with *Wanderlust* this unpretentious little book would make an appropriate offering.

Francis Miltoun's travel book this year is concerned with the "Castles and Châteaux of Old Burgundy," and contains the usual number of excellent illustrations from paintings and sketches made by Blanche McManus. As always in this series there is a judicious mixture of history, anecdote, art, and personal impressions. The volume will serve well as a guide book or as a fireside *peau de chagrin* to carry the imagination into the land of romance. (L. C. Page & Co.)

Brentano is the American publisher of a folio volume called "London," being a series of beautiful photographs of London scenes, chiefly, perhaps, of architectural monuments, by Alvin Langdon Coburn, with an introduction by Hillaire Belloc. The white paper on which M. Belloc's essay is printed is of the finest, and the art-mat (if that is the proper term) upon which the "impressionistic" photographs are mounted is of the most unexceptionable.

II.

Arthur Rackham has established himself as the illustrator *par excellence* of fairy tales and fanciful books, and his work this year, for an adaptation by W. L. Courtney of Fouqué's "Undine," is marked with his usual charm of vivid imagination, with less of the pure grotesque than he sometimes permits himself. The pictures, in firm line drawing with reinforcement of almost flat colors, lend themselves much better to printing than the usual messy color plates. The book is altogether one of the most attractive of the season. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Sixteen years ago Aubrey Beardsley finished his most ambitious work, the illustration of Malory's "Morte d'Arthur." Since then the precocious artist's fame has become international, and his original editions have been eagerly sought by collectors. One can hardly doubt, then, that the Duttons' one volume reissue of this famous Malory will find a welcome. Opinions will differ widely as to the value of this work as sheer illustration. The present reviewer finds Beardsley's decadence in rather flagrant dissonance with the riper mysticism of the knightly author. As to the decorative value of the drawings there is no question. In spite of an occasional perfunctoriness—the work was long and the illustrator mortally stricken—among the decorated books of our time this is one of the most original and fascinating.

A sumptuous volume is the Rubáiyát, illustrated, decorated, and printed (the artist, we are told, has drawn with his own hand every word of the text) for Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. by Willy Pogany. The volume is intentionally, orientally over-elaborate with color and design after the Persian manner, and with typography as near to the scroll-like Arabic as English lettering may be brought, so near, in fact, that in one or two places it is hard to make out the word. The temptation to read from right to left is always present. The volume is in quarto, with one verse to the page, and twenty-four charming pictures in color, steeped in their proper atmosphere. A very handsome book, indeed.

Paul Elder & Company's edition of Omar has the final FitzGerald text with a literal version of the quatrains upon which FitzGerald's work was based, by Arthur Guiterman. The page is wide-margined and rough-edged, with type of a fine black-letter effect. Gilbert James has eight pictures in black and white.

Gilbert James has done the illustrations for still another Omar, this one from the Macmillan Co. Typography here plays a decidedly minor part, but the sixteen pictures in color are unusually pleasing, and the volume, a solid and square quarto, has a charming front cover in gold, blue, and green scrollwork.

By the lightness in weight of the deceptively large new edition of "Selected Tales of Mystery," by Edgar Allan Poe, issued by J. B. Lippincott Company, one knows at once that here is a book printed in England, with the clearness of type and amplitude of margin which we associate with the better sort of English bookmaking. The colored illustrations by Byam Shaw lend distinction to the volume, which is throughout handsome in makeup. Poe is not an author easy to illustrate; it is a pity the morbid imagination of Aubrey Beardsley was never directed that way. Mr. Shaw's work in the book before us is excellent; but it certainly does not attain equality with the text, and, to our thinking, it does not chime in with it pleasantly in the minor key. Another edition of Poe's tales is published at this season by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Here the price is decidedly less and the bookmaking quite inconspicuous; the volume of "Tales" is uniform with that of the "Poems" issued a year ago, with an introduction by Professor Richardson. The Putnam edition is illustrated in black and white by F. W. Coburn.

In order to make a book out of a poem, and a short poem at that, Houghton Mifflin Co. have printed James Russell Lowell's "The Courtin'" three times over in the little volume in which it now appears, charmingly illustrated by Arthur I. Keller. First, it is printed seven stanzas to the page, then two lines to the page (in the interests of illustration), and, finally, a facsimile of the original manuscript is given. The Yankee idyll has always deserved its popularity; and this new edition of it, with only the pictures to distract one's attention from its humor and pleasant sentiment, makes one of the prettiest Christmas books of this year's offering.

III.

From Funk & Wagnalls Co. we receive ten cloth-bound volumes, entitled "The Best of the World's Classics," the selection being that of Henry Cabot Lodge and Francis W. Halsey. From the introduction contributed by the former, we learn that the word "classics" is used, "not in the narrow and technical sense, but rather in that of Thoreau, who defined classics as 'the noblest recorded thoughts of mankind.'" We hasten to add that, to judge by the present selection, these thoughts are habitually expressed in prose alone. We do not, however, complain; for, in the publishers' words, here are "over 500 of the best prose writings by more than 200 of the world's best authors." These selections are arranged chronologically, by countries, beginning with Greece and ending with America (two volumes). Let us add—for there are those who insist on taking their belles-lettres and history in microscopic doses—that the paper used is opaque and that the printing is admirably clear.

"Days with the Poets" is the title given to a series of booklets published by Hodder & Stoughton, of which six volumes lie before us. The series gives some one unnamed the opportunity to write some rather commonplace pages of text, connecting poems and fragments of poems by the author who, in any particular volume, is under consideration. The pictures are no doubt the chief attraction here. With some success, color reproductions from paintings by Neatby illustrate "A Day with Keats," while Tennyson's book is decked out with similar illustrations after Haslehurst and Margetson. The same painters, assisted by Lewis Baumer and W. Russell Flint, "do" the Wordsworth and the Browning; Dudley Hardy illustrates the Burns, and several combine to beautify "A Day with Longfellow." In so far as these volumes enlarge the public of the poets treated, they are to be most heartily welcomed.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., in their thin-paper series, now put out a George Eliot in eight volumes, and Wordsworth's poems and James Russell Lowell's in a volume apiece. The binding is a plum-colored, really flexible leather, which bends as easily with the 480 pages of "Adam Bede" as with the 950 pages of the Wordsworth. In the same series is issued a volume of "Poetical Quotations"—a new edition of the American version of Bohn's "Dictionary of Poetical Quotations," edited by Anna L. Ward. Here are generously represented American and English authors, whose lines are classified according to their subjects: Actors, Adieu, Adversity (see Affliction); Homer, Honeymoon (see Moon), Hopo, etc. The thinner volumes in this collection show, of course, the better page. There is a limit beyond which a reduction in bulk can be gained only at the cost of an imperfectly opaque page. The type is sizable and clear. George Eliot, traditionally a two-shelf author, certainly bears the aspect of novelty where condensed to eight inches.

Frederick A. Stokes Company offers an excellent reprint of Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth," with illustrations in color and black-and-white by Byam Shaw. The artist

has caught well the romance of that great historical novel.

Thomas B. Mosher's holiday-books have become standard Christmas-gift literature. This year we have from the Portland bookshop a fine array of poets: Eugene Lee-Hamilton's exquisite sonnet sequence, "Mimma Bella," 20 pages in vellum; W. E. Henley's "Rhymes and Rhythms," 70 narrow and unadorned pages in bluish-gray cardboard; "Rabbi Ben Ezra," showing a short and wide page, with a large-faced type; an exquisite group of lyrics by A. C. Swinburne ("Félise"); a reprint of Mr. Yeats's "Land of Heart's Desire"; "A Branch of May Poems" and "A Wayside Lute," by Lizette Woodworth Reese. Among the smaller volumes is a fine reprint of Milton's "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity"; and in prose, besides, Francis Thompson's Essay on Shelley, in seventy very handsome pages; Arthur Symons's translation of Baudelaire's "Poems in Prose," and his own "Silhouettes"; "A Little Book for John O'Mahoney's Friends," by Katharine Tynan; Olive Schreiner's "The Lost Joy," and Pater's "Child in the House."

For lovers of the real book, we may recommend two new additions to the green-and-gold Library of Prose and Poetry, issued by the Oxford University Press. One of these is an exact reprint of Keats's volume of 1820, containing "Lamia," "Isabella," "The Eve of St. Agnes," the odes, and "Hyperion"; the other reproduces Gray's volume of 1768, containing, with the few pages of the appendix, all the poems published in the poet's life-time. Here, if anywhere, we have combined the grace of a gift-book and the substantial value of literature.

In a pocketable volume, H. S. Krans has gathered a chain of "English Love Poems, Old and New," admitting, as he says, "only poems that are, beyond all dispute, lyrical—brief, spontaneous, song-like, impassioned or aglow with feeling." The selection is good, and indeed has no need to go beyond well-trodden lines. In only a few instances—*e. g.*, where he accepts Hood's "I love thee" and rejects "Fair Ines"—do we feel we have just cause for quarrelling with his taste. The format of the book is not unlike that of the Golden Treasury Series, with, however, an ornate cover. The illustrations were better omitted. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A quite charming edition of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese" has been printed by G. P. Putnam's Sons, with decorative designs by Margaret Armstrong on alternate pages. In each of these illustrations is inscribed a brief and appropriate quotation from some other poet.

Duffield & Co. issue for the holidays a collection of texts which they appropriately call The Rubric Series, since the printing is in red and black. The marginal decorations are in excellent taste and do decorate—and not obliterate—the text itself. The Rubric Series is published at a reasonable price, and, so far, includes no books which it is difficult to secure in other editions; but we heartily commend as pleasant to the eye and light to the hand the volumes which we have received: Browning's "Pippa Passes," Emerson's "Nature," Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and the Dickens "Christmas Carol."

W. E. H. LECKY.

A Memoir of W. E. H. Lecky. By his wife. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50 net.

Mr. Lecky, we read, never encouraged the idea of a biography, but we fancy his shade must be indulgent to a memoir that embodies so many of his own qualities of tact, proportion, and reserve. His career was uniformly brilliant; his relations included the best minds and wits in many nations. Nothing would have been easier than to stitch his letters together with perfunctory comment, and thus produce one more of those obesely formless biographies in two volumes. Mrs. Lecky has chosen instead to give only the significant material. Hundreds of letters are represented only by a single nugget of wit or wisdom, washed out of the imprisoning detritus. To such discretion, all gratitude is due.

The life of Mr. Lecky was an extraordinary example of economized forces. In him, the vital stock of sturdy landowning families had run low. How unBritish is the first picture we have of him as "a fair, quiet, gentle boy. He used to ride on a pony, write poetry, and sermons, and was much occupied with religious controversy." Of his school life at Cheltenham, he wrote twenty years later in terms that a Frenchman might use of the bondage of the Lycée: "I hated public-school life greatly, never playing any games, and being driven to the very verge of distraction at living always with other boys." There was, indeed, nothing of the wholesome young barbarian about Edward Lecky. Immediately after a town and gown riot on the green of Trinity College, Dublin, he writes: "My personal recollections are few, as I was so horrified at the faces streaming with blood and men half insensible that I was rather glad to turn away." And the further comment bespeaks the future judicious historian: "There seems but one opinion here, that the provocation in no respect justified the charge" (of the police force). Throughout his life city noises distressed him beyond endurance, and also the routine of society. Periodically and frequently he took refuge in travel:

> When I have got into a state of morbid, feverish excitability, I have usually gone, with some long and serious books which require minute and patient study, somewhere far from every one I know, and have there, in long solitary mountain walks, calmed my mind and systematized my thoughts.

The last phrase is significant. Systematizing his thoughts became the chief business of the man, and of it he made a very fine art. At Trinity College, Dublin, he became the paragon of an intellectual circle, including David Plunket, now a Peer; Mr. Fitzgibbon, and his life-long correspondent, Arthur Booth. Dowden, Traill, and Mahaffy were later college contemporaries and friends. Lecky was the best orator of the Historical Society and admittedly the most brilliant talker of his academic generation, but, moderate in all things, he was content to rank ten in a class of forty, to publish anonymously the inevitable thin volume of poems, and to prepare himself for a career in divinity. There followed several years of travel and research through the greater and lesser libraries of Europe, and gradually, it became clear that he was to have not the spiritual cure of a parish, but the intellectual cure of an epoch. Before the two great Histories of Rationalism and of Moral Ideas, he had given hostages in a small volume of "Irish Leaders." It fell still-born from the press in 1861, the author's twenty-third year, only to be revived into poignant actuality a score of years later during the Home Rule agitation. One would gladly know the stages that drew him away from the pulpit. Just what was his working balance between increasing rationalism and residual faith we shall never know, but it seems unlikely that this hidden struggle had the tragic cast so common among the great Victorians. Towards the end of his life, when questioned as to his religion by his constituents of Trinity College, he replied "I am a Christian," and resolutely refused all ulterior explanations.

It is pleasant to recall that the veteran George Ticknor was one of the first Americans to praise the "History of Rationalism," 1865. From this time dates the correspondence with H. C. Lea, the historian of the Inquisition. Still later James Ford Rhodes became something between a pupil and a counsellor. The two great treatises on Rationalism and European Morals established Lecky's fame. Achieved before his thirtieth year, involving prodigious research over a period of nearly two thousand years, the mere athleticism of the task would have contented a more ordinary man. But Lecky had worked out as well a fine and individual way of writing history, a manner which he once again exemplified in the more restricted and likewise more difficult task that virtually rounded off his life-work, the "History of England in the Eighteenth Century." What his attitude was we must now briefly inquire.

Everybody knows that he brought to actual composition a singular amenity, clarity, and sense of proportion—qualities rather French than English. More important was a crystalline impartiality not incompatible with sympathy. "He had," writes a Trinity friend, "an inveterate habit, which exposed him to a great deal of misunderstanding, of defending in conversation whatever position happened to be attacked." Note clearly that his impartiality was not

merely negative; there was in it no shred of indifference. Imaginative sympathy was, he held, the prime quality of the historian. He must be able to live along with every faction which he describes. Thus readers of the Morals alternately accused him of Popery, or more specifically, Jesuitism, and of atheism. Candor, literary tact, and sympathy form a large part of his equipment, but this perhaps would hardly set him apart from Green and lesser scholars. He brought an especial ardent faith in the validity of the generalizing process, and thereby he is the only English historian who has the full flavor of the Victorian mood as best represented in the poets. He believed that the motley chronicle of the past could not merely be organized and described, but also explained. The search for causes he knew to be desperately difficult, and this served not as a deterrent, but as a challenge. In a letter to a foreign correspondent he has given an account of his aims, which, if closely read, will go far to explain his peculiar excellences. Tracing his descent through Vico, Condorcet, Hegel, Herder, Comte, and Buckle, he adds:

> What characterizes these writers is that they try to look at history not as a series of biographies, or accidents, or pictures, but as a great organic whole; that they consider the social and intellectual condition of the world at any given period a problem to be explained, the net result of innumerable influences which it is the business of the historian to trace; and that they especially believe that intellectual belief has not been due merely to arguments or other intellectual causes, but has been very profoundly modified in many curious ways by social, political, and industrial influences.

That is, Mr. Lecky deliberately complicated the task of the historian in the direction of intimacy. One might almost have predicted that the young historian of Rationalism and European Morals must end as the author of the "Map of Life." This assertion of the will to interpret required prophetic courage, and we think it noteworthy that the finest and tersest eulogy of the Morals came from one Alfred Tennyson, who said: "It is a wonderful book for a young man to have written, a great book for any man to have written, and proves that he has genius, true genius."

There was a polished suavity in Mr. Lecky's manner as a writer that possibly told against his authority. He aroused the British prejudice against the clever person, and hardly got his due recognition as a laborious scholar. If any one still has such doubts, this biography will disabuse him. The digesting of two hundred volumes of manuscripts and one hundred of pamphlet collections for the Irish history is the partial record for one summer when he was "not exactly idle." It is his triumph to have concealed this labor by the grace of the finished product. His health, never robust, was seriously affected by his early tasks, and he held his own through a fairly long and most useful life by an elaborate system of evasion. London inevitably drew him, but he found a haven out of sound of the roar. Society claimed him, but had him rarely. He declined a Regius Professorship at Oxford in order to finish his "History of the Eighteenth Century." Nor would he contribute to Lord Acton's Cambridge History, except perfunctorily, disapproving as he did of the underlying coöperative idea. At thirty-three he married a lady-in-waiting of the Dowager Queen of Holland. It was then that he humorously envied the luck of Adam, who was "married in a deep sleep." The wedding reception was in the historic House in the Wood, in the Orange Hall, where later the Leckys were to see the body of their friend the Queen lying in state while her favorite swans swam untended outside. The gentler side of Lecky which is suggested in such a reference it would be interesting to exhibit fully, but a pair of examples must suffice. One recalls vividly his loyalty to Carlyle in mental dissolution. To Gavan Duffy Lecky writes quite simply:

> The last year or eighteen months of his [Carlyle's] life was very sad. . . . I used to drive with him regularly once a week, chiefly to light his pipe and lift to his lips a tonic which he had to take—as he could do neither himself, and he used to sink into long unbroken silences.

Is there any picture of the stricken Titan like that? In a different way one relishes equally the view of Herbert Spencer, who has just finished the "Sociology," and "seems very confident that it will be a complete explanation of human life." The work was running longer than the author's expectation, as "he had quite forgotten" the existence of one part, "domestic relations." However, adds Lecky, "these, too, will be explained."

It was inevitable that politics should claim Mr. Lecky as soon as the Irish question became urgent. He simply was the best informed contemporary on the history of that unhappy land, he had predicted the breakdown of the first land purchase bill, his friends included Irishmen of every tinge of opinion. By the winter of 1895, he was sitting in Parliament as member from Trinity College, Dublin. His seven years of this service were hardly happy ones. To Mr. Lea, he writes: "The work is physically very tiring, and I often feel that a good deal of it might be done equally well, with a little training, by a fairly intelligent poodle-dog." As a Liberal Unionist, he steered a consistent course. Towards the idea of Home Rule, he was steadily opposed. Parnell and his terrorists, he cordially detested. A separate Catholic university seemed to him needless. He advocated an extension of local self-government. It was unfortunate, perhaps, that his brief public career fell upon a time of declining health and spirits. He betrayed just a little of the old man's tendency to despair of the republic. To judge the recent Irish policy of England, which was virtually that of Mr. Lecky, would be hazardous. To us it seems deficient in humane audacity and imagination. Mr. Lecky insisted that, except to an orderly Ireland, nothing could be conceded, but it is rarely the part of political wisdom to treat ignorant and inflamed folk simply as they deserve. Here, many will think, was the chance for that instinctive and illogical idealism to which Mr. Lecky accorded so large a part in history. Through the genial caricatures of F. M. Gould, all the world knows Mr. Lecky, the Parliamentarian. The deprecating stoop, the craned neck, the general aspect of a benign human giraffe, have perhaps unduly robbed his presence of its real dignity. One likes better to remember him as he spoke at the tercentenary of his own college in 1892. "Clothed like the scarlet woman," as he once wrote whimsically to a correspondent, the tall self-contained figure concluded with words that needed no emphasis of gesture:

> Whatever fate may be in store for us, whatever new powers may arise, may this University at least be true to itself. In a country torn by sectarian and political strife, may it continue to bring together in friendly competition students of different creeds and different political colors, and teach them to respect each other and teach them to respect themselves. In an atmosphere hot and feverish with overstrained rhetoric and passionate exaggerations, may it continue the home of sober thought, of serious study, of impartial judgment, of an earnest desire for truth, building up slowly, steadily, and laboriously the nobler and more enduring elements of national life.

With this utterance, we may take leave of Mr. Lecky. It is in a manner his testament. It embodies the spirit of his great histories, of such tracts as "Democracy," or his ultimate and most intimate contribution to the literature of morals, "The Map of Life." In the later years his invalidism increased, and he died suddenly and painlessly in his own library on October 22, 1903, midway in his sixty-fifth year.

Mr. Lecky possessed a tact and industry that amounted to genius. He commanded a flexible and persuasive style. Constantly at grips with physical weakness, he conquered peace and opportunity for the effective employment of an indomitable mind. The element of tragedy and moral storm and stress which was so marked in his Victorian contemporaries is hardly perceived in him. He recalls rather the stalwart, intellectual optimism of the eighteenth century; but, an indefatigable investigator of the concrete and particular, he betrays nothing of the doctrinaire su-

perficiality of the *Aufklärung*. Like his friend, Herbert Spencer, but with far more varied and imaginative insight, he exemplifies a peculiarly loyal courage of the mind. The value of strenuous research and honest generalization, he seems never to have doubted. In our time, this quality is rare and fortifying. Mr. Lecky lived to hear Brunetière proclaim the bankruptcy of science; he died before William James and Bergson had intimated the futility of intellection itself.

CURRENT FICTION.

Seymour Charlton. By W. B. Maxwell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Seymour Charlton, the younger son of an earl, finds himself, at thirty-five, a lonely and useless member of society. For a time his noble father has regarded him of importance as the possible heir to the title. The elder brother was a renegade—a socialist, and, unfortunately, a cad: there was felt to be a chance of his disposing of himself. He had, indeed, disappeared for a time in Australia, only to emerge with a wife and progeny; whereupon Seymour became a cipher in his father's eyes, and nearly that in his own. He now seemed destined to be a "little brother to the rich" for the rest of his life. But at this moment a saving thing happens. He falls seriously in love with a poor girl, and determines to drop the empty nonsense of fashionable life and be simply busy and happy with her. Then the father and the elder brother are taken off, the Australian offspring are discovered to be illegitimate, and Seymour Charlton finds himself the Earl of Brentwood, with huge wealth and many responsibilities. He marries the girl, but there is no quiet life of the affections for them. He is swept into political life, as a nominal leader but a virtual pawn, and is quickly involved in a mesh of petty cares and worries presented to him in the guise of public service. A Cabinet position is dangled before him, and he becomes a very little man in scheming to be a great one. There is estrangement between him and his wife. The man has become a manikin, and eventually allows himself to be actually unfaithful to her. But there is a strain of reserve force in him, and the moment is to come when, by the exercise of a real magnanimity, he is able to free himself from the toils of pseudo-greatness, and begin at last a reasonable life with the woman he really loves.

Readers of "Vivien" and "The Guarded Flame" will be prepared to find this theme treated by Mr. Maxwell in no merely conventional way. In Copland, the young earl's father-in-law—Copland the ingenuous, the exuberant, the perennially young, and, alas! the incurably tricky—there is a strong though no doubt chance resemblance to the irrepressible compounder of "Tono-Bungay."

The Severed Mantle. By William Lindsey. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mr. Lindsey will be recalled by a few as author of a volume of respectable minor verse, and by many as author of a book of robustious youth called "Cinder-Path Tales." He would now seem to have turned his hand to historical romance rather in a spirit of adventure than from inner compulsion. Even historical romance is not a trick to be turned offhand, and there are not a few traces of the tyro in the present performance. It is a creditable *tour de force*, but it is far from a masterpiece. Provence in the time of the troubadours offers a tempting theme for the romancer, but a theme which has its evident perils. The brusque modern mind finds something approaching the affected and silly in that cult of "l'amour" upon which, after all, modern civilization is founded. When Mr. Lindsey tries to show "the land of the nightingale and rose when Idealism reigned supreme, with Love, Joy, and Song her counsellors," he sets himself a difficult task. He has simplified the matter by approaching the troubadour from the Puritan point of view, representing him not as "a shallow fellow who wandered about twanging a lute, and singing pretty songs to foolish women," but as an earnest liver, a lofty dreamer—often a martyr even.

He of the severed mantle sets out early in life in quest of "the Perfect Love." He has the familiar heroic adventures—hair-breadth escapes, doughty encounters, sentimental conquests. He does wonders in the lists and in the public contests of the masters of song. He is tempted by light loves, and finally by the summons of a great passion. But the spiritual side of his nature remains dominant. He wins through it all unscathed. A time of Crusade comes, and, with the Cross on his breast and the consecrating kiss of his lady on his lips, he finds the Perfect Love. The narrative is elaborately furnished with the detail and color of Provençal life in the twelfth century, but, unfortunately, the general effect is rather of ingenuity than of strength.

Whatever the book has of intrinsic interest is due to Mr. Lindsey's happy bits of translation from the Provençal song of the period.

The Red Saint. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Cassell & Co., Ltd.

This writer has completely mastered the formula of the historical romance. He knows the right proportion of spectacle, intrigue, blood-letting, love-making, and authentic fact. He has had his previous successes ("Mad Barbara" and the rest), and the legend "Fifth Impression" to be found upon the present title-page indicates that "The Red Saint" is going the way of the popular novel. Taken in cold blood, the result is, of course, more or less preposterous; but historical romance, like melodrama, is hardly worth approaching at all unless in a child-like spirit. The "red saint" is a red-haired amateur hermitess who lives in a wood and works marvels of healing among the surrounding peasantry. She is bound by no vows, and love springs up between her and a neighboring noble. He is on the side of the barons in their struggle with Henry III; and during his absence in the field the red saint is violated in her cell by a Gascon follower of the King. The fact remains unknown, and the girl allows herself to be taken under the protection of the Abbot of Battle. She is welcomed with pomp as an accession to the abbey belongings; but her miraculous powers are gone, and she becomes a cause of humiliation to the monks. Finally her approaching motherhood is discovered, and she is driven forth with violence. She wanders helpless until she finds refuge under the wing of a camp-follower, a common woman of the road, but a good heart. The Gascon comes upon them, and it seems that she is to fall into his hands; but with the aid of the woman and of her undeclared lover of former days, she is rescued. Of course one sees them eventually united from the very outset; but the end is not yet.

Mr. Deeping, we say, knows the game. He makes fluent use of that quaint idiom which joins a modern syntax to an archaic vocabulary, with now and then a frank lapse into modern vernacular—as conventional a dialect as that with which the hero of melodrama edifies the gallery.

The Paladin. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

This clever story is dedicated to the author's little daughter "and to other maids of high and low degree who, by a perusal of its pages, may learn, perhaps, that seeming paladins cannot be taken with impunity at their own valuation." Strictly, the book should have been called "The Seeming Paladin," for Harry Rye was a man who played the hero intermittently only, and made his acts of heroism deliberate and safe by "marking time" while he meditated them. On two or three occasions he did the right thing at the right moment. Usually, however, he achieved his chivalries too late. Thus did he fail to hold the woman for whom he achieved them: and his history becomes the record of that unpopular being, a careful man.

One cannot escape a feeling that the author, consumed as he is with just indignation, is yet hardly fair to his hero in his better moments. It is not surprising that weak human nature

should be a little complacent at doing the honorable thing when the honorable thing means defiance of family and tradition. The heroine and her friends may well have been annoyed, but from the author one looks for perfect justice. Esther—labelled "a woman of temperament"—is a happy compound of sensitiveness and sense, kicking against the pricks but always stable in loyalty and kindness. Her defection from Harry is quite as much due to her own enlarging vision as to his shortcomings. The tangle here is one of unusual originality. The author admirably understands how far to give detail and how far to omit it. The side characters are particularly individual and the march of the story is conducted in a masterly way. The impression survives that it is not only the Harry Ryes who are arraigned, but the whole sex, especially such of them as play untimely golf on honeymoons.

OUR TREATMENT OF THE CHINESE.

Chinese Immigration. By Mary Roberts Coolidge. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.75 net.

Just why Mrs. Coolidge's book should have been withdrawn from sale (a few days after publication) for several weeks is not altogether clear. The author is a well-known student and teacher of economics, not given heretofore to sensationalism, and of standing among scholars. Every material statement in the volume is vouched for as based either upon personal observation or upon authorities specifically cited; while a large part of the data is drawn from official publications bearing the imprint of the United States Government. The explanation offered by the publishers, that the book "contains so much criticism of officials concerned in our Chinese policy, that since the first objection, some weeks since, it has been kept out of the market awaiting others," is at least surprising, in view of the care with which publishers usually examine works dealing with living persons or matters of current discussion; and it is equally hard to believe that the publishers could be induced to yield to pressure from Washington, simply because a book issued by them reflected upon the character and work of government officials.

Yet if ever a book contained a damning arraignment of a governmental policy and its administration, Mrs. Coolidge's volume is such an one. We must pass over entirely the chapters devoted to discussion of the character and economic status of the Chinese, and the motives which have prompted their migration to the United States; merely remarking that, in thoroughness of observation and fulness of detail, they easily surpass all previous treatments of these topics and are in the highest degree informing. The leading feature of the book is its account of the development and administration of the exclusion laws. Here is set forth the whole long story of political chicanery, abuse, fraud, misrepresentation, coercion, illegality, and indecency in which the record of the treatment of the Chinese in this country is enshrined. In the evident willingness, and at times the purpose, to pass laws difficult of enforcement because intricate or obscure, and at the same time deliberately repugnant to treaty obligations and the common rights of individuals at law; to construe the law with the utmost strictness, and always against those claiming under it; to deny appeal to the courts, or so to impede it as to make appeal virtually impossible; to browbeat witnesses, attorneys, and friends, confine and deport immigrants without warrant or trial, and subject innocent persons to indignity and hardship without possibility of mitigation or redress; to mob, drive out, or kill inoffensive persons lawfully resident in the country and not even suspected of any crime; and to distort and falsify evidence in order that the acts of politicians might receive official support at Washington—the story of the Chinese in the United States recalls nothing so much as the Dreyfus case. Substitute for the Government and a corrupt officialdom in France a venal labor vote and corrupt immigration service in this country, and add in each case the bitter element of race hatred, and the historical parallel is singularly complete.

It would be some palliation if the responsibility for our national disgrace in the matter of the Chinese could be charged entirely to petty officials; but such, unfortunately, is not the case. It was Secretary Bayard who, after leaving unacknowledged for months the protests of the Chinese Minister against the Scott Act, declared that the act was passed in accordance with the wishes of China. It was Secretary Blaine who ignored repeated diplomatic protests against both the Scott Act and the Geary Act, the latter of which "not only violated every single article of the treaty of 1880, but also denied bail, required white witnesses, allowed arrest without warrant, and put the burden of proof on the Chinese" (p. 221). It was Acting-Secretary Wharton, an eminent authority on international law, who in December, 1892, replying at last to protests of four years' standing, evaded the questions at issue, laid the blame on the Chinese, and insultingly reproached Minister Tsui for not adopting "an attitude of amicable concurrence toward a rational and practical end." Even Secretary Hay, of all our great diplomatists the most enlightened and liberal in the treatment of the Chinese question, upheld the ruling of Attorney-General Griggs, in 1898, that the true meaning of the treaty of 1880 was "not that all Chinese persons may enter this country who are not forbidden, but that only those are entitled to enter who are expressly allowed"—a ruling which reversed the substantially uniform practice of sixteen years, and under which the Secretary of the Treasury "at once made a regulation denying admission to salesmen, clerks, buyers, bookkeepers, accountants, managers, storekeepers, apprentices, agents, cashiers, physicians, proprietors of restaurants, etc." (p. 283).

To any one familiar with the politics of California, the attitude of Congressmen and Senators from that State towards any question in which "labor" is concerned is rarely a matter of surprise; but the character of both the men and the methods employed to further the policy of exclusion gets startling illumination at Mrs. Coolidge's hands. The famous Congressional report of 1876, on Chinese immigration, is left without a leg to stand upon, so inaccurate and biassed are its statements shown to be. The reports of the United States consul at Hongkong from 1871 to 1879, D. H. Bailey, on the coolie trade and on slavery in China, were (in an article in the *North American Review*) cited as authoritative by Senator G. C. Perkins as recently as 1906; yet these reports were utterly misleading, and Bailey himself is declared to have been an embezzler, during his office, to an amount of at least ten times his annual salary; while T. H. King, one of the "star" witnesses before the investigating committee in 1876, aided him in his dishonesty. The two Commissioners-General of Immigration who held the office from 1889 to 1902, Hermann Stump and T. V. Powderly, were chosen solely in the interest of "labor," as was also Commissioner Sargent; while the Secretary of Commerce and Labor in President Roosevelt's Cabinet, Victor H. Metcalf, was a California politician heartily in sympathy with the trade unions in their advocacy of exclusion. The policy of brutality in the treatment of Chinese immigrants reached its climax in the career of the notorious James R. Dunn, sometime chief inspector at San Francisco, who, according to Mrs. Coolidge, "suggested rules, and secured their adoption, and then under their sanction refused landing"; and in case of appeal to Washington, "presented the testimony in any shape he chose, colored with his own interpretations" (p. 322). Dunn was eventually transferred to Canada, and thence to St. Louis, from which place "three cases of arbitrary and outrageous procedure" by him and his subordinates have been reported to the State Department since this book was written.

Painful and humiliating as is the story which Mrs. Coolidge has to tell, the book must nevertheless prove a powerful agent for good. Of all our social problems in this country, none presents greater difficulties than the problem of

the treatment of alien races; and coming, as this volume does, at a time when the feeling of the intelligent classes on the Pacific Coast towards the Chinese has changed from opposition to outspoken friendliness, and when a demand for administrative honesty and efficiency is loud and insistent in all parts of the country, it cannot but help on the work of adjustment, if in no other way than by showing how dreadful have been the mistakes of the past. If the officials of the immigration service have anything to say in reply to Mrs. Coolidge's specific allegations, they cannot too soon make their defence public.

The Evolution of the Messianic Idea: A Study in Comparative Religion. By the Rev. W. O. E. Oesterley, D.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

"Messianism," according to Dr. Oesterley, is not confined to Hebrew life and thought, although in them and Christianity it has attained its most perfect development. He holds that the leading conceptions comprised under this term, used in its broadest sense, can be traced back to the earliest dawn of the human understanding. The Messianic idea is grounded in some of the elemental characteristics of man's nature, and was originally expressed in certain world-wide myths, traces of which may be found among all primitive peoples. The feeling of fear, the sense of dependence, and the desire to be happy are declared by Dr. Oesterley to be the background of the three great myths, by means of which he thinks primitive man gave expression to his ideas. The "Tehom" myth (so-called from the Hebrew word in the second verse of Genesis) arose out of man's dread of natural forces, especially the sea, with which were associated early speculations regarding a primeval cruel monster inimical to gods and men. The feeling of dependence found expression in what Dr. Oesterley terms the "Jahwe" or "Heilbringer" myth, and the desire for happiness gave rise to the myth of "Paradise" or the "Golden Age." This essay consists of a careful investigation into the origin and development of these myths, their prevalence among various peoples, and their influence on Hebrew thought.

The author finds most of his material for the reconstruction of these primitive myths in the Old Testament, and most of the hints in regard to their development, although Babylonian literature proves also to be a fruitful field. Many of the Biblical allusions become clear in the light of the more primitive and fuller forms from Babylonia, and, in spite of Dr. Oesterley's contention for independent origin among the Hebrews, one cannot help thinking that the great "Tehom" myth was entirely and solely a product of the Euphrates valley, and that in so far as the Hebrews made use of the myth they borrowed from the Babylonians, substituting their own national God, Jahwe, for the victorious Marduk in the great struggle with the primeval monster. The parallels found among non-Semitic peoples are very vague, and we doubt if Professor Oesterley would have discovered them without the spur given to his imagination by his theory. It is surprising how many mythic allusions are found scattered throughout the Old Testament and in the Apocalyptic portions of the New. Nevertheless, the writer's insistence that these myths in their entirety were matters of common knowledge among the people when the Old Testament books were written is not well supported. In seeking to strengthen his case he proposes many emendations in the Hebrew text and makes a number of badly strained interpretations. The development of the idea of "Tehom," who was the mythical adversary of Jahwe, into the Jewish and Christian Satan is interestingly and convincingly set forth and forms one of the best chapters of the book. In the same way, though less clearly, the author traces the development of the "Messiah-Saviour" idea and the full conception of the "Messianic Era" and the "Jahwe" and "Paradise" myths.

Professor Oesterley naturally relies much on the investigation of Gunkel, Gressmann, Brcysig, and others, but his book is a distinct and original contribution to the study of religion. He has brought together a great mass of material, and thrown new light on many obscure passages of the Old Testament. In the form of a dissertation his work was accepted by the University of Cambridge as sufficient for the degree of doctor of divinity, and in publication but few changes were made. It is a book principally for the scholar and the teacher of religion.

The Bretons at Home. By Mrs. F. M. Gostling. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.50 net.

This thick octavo volume, with its wide margins and clear, large type, is an unusually agreeable book to see and to handle. The twelve illustrations in color by Gaston Fanty Lescure are, many of them, poetic and suggestive, and the larger number of photographs made by Mrs. Gostling and her husband are picturesque and not at all amateurish. An introductory chapter in French, contributed by Anatole Le Braz, the distinguished Breton folklorist, pays an exquisite tribute to the author, her book, and her nation, and incidentally reveals one of those beautiful *esprits de savant*, more often met with in France than elsewhere, in whom love of *la douce France*—or even, perhaps, of one among her provinces—seems to refine away all petty ambitions and rivalries, and give to their work almost the character of a religion.

Thus heralded and adorned, Mrs. Gostling's book itself is a little disappointing. In the course of the long journey, extending over nearly a month, and taking us from one end to the other of the Armorican peninsula—"la Bretagne bretonnante"—we have to confess that our interest flags repeatedly. The journey is accomplished sometimes in wagons, sometimes in antiquated chariots, and, for the most part, in a comfortable modern automobile; but the persons who occupy the "George Richard" remain rather tantalizingly vague and unreal to the end. Madame is always Mme. l'Anglaise, who loves Brittany and is interested in folklore and ruins, while M. le Docteur has not even thus much recognition, but is left more shadowy than the phantom saints and outworn gods, who people the strange land through which the motor speeds. Indeed, we cannot avoid the suspicion that it is for lack of this personal note, the slight, yet vivifying touch, evoking the living man and woman from the printed page, that so much of the book seems heavy.

Mrs. Gostling is evidently a scholarly, as well as a cultivated woman. She has travelled widely, and her acquaintance with folklore and legend, comparative mythology and ethnology, is considerable. Moreover, the austere beauty of the coast of Brittany, the fleeting glow of color in its autumn fields, and, above all, the primitive old-world life of its peculiar people, make the strongest appeal to her imagination. Occasionally, a passage of description or of reverie brings to her usually straightforward speech a certain sudden freedom and uplift, and for a moment we feel with her the strong sense of mystery and of doom which broods over the Breton country. We catch an echo of the inexorable decree that nothing achieved by the hand of the Celt shall endure, but that his frustrate spirit shall haunt forever the lands which in life he was impotent to hold.

Possibly, the wide range of her reading and her interests has tended to impair the unity and effectiveness of Mrs. Gostling's book. She makes too great a demand upon the flexibility of her reader's mind. Among the many who would delight to journey with her across the enchanted land of Merlin, stopping at noon or in the evening at little ghost-haunted inns (which provide, nevertheless, exceedingly good dinners), drinking in the beauty of the landscape, the wonders of its old ruined civilization, there are probably not a few to whom her long and learned excursions into folklore and myth, Christian legend and Pagan superstition, would appear a tiresome interruption and delay. It would probably have been better if all these legends

in prose and verse, many of which are in themselves well told, had been collected and printed by themselves as a separate section of the book. On the whole, in spite of M. Le Braz's words of fervent approbation, we must persist in believing that neither he, nor any other of the Latin tradition, would have given us "The Bretons at Home" in precisely this form and arrangement.

La Sardegna Medioevale. By Enrico Besta. Vol. I: Le vicende politiche dal 450 al 1326. Vol. II: Le istituzioni politiche, economiche, giuridiche, sociali. Palermo: Alberto Reber.

In the volumes before us we have what we believe to be the first really serious attempt to write the history of Sardinia during that obscure period which, beginning with the invasion of the Vandals under Genseric, ends with the Aragonese conquest in the Trecento That such a work supplies a very real want will hardly be denied by any student of things mediæval; and we suspect that a very limited amount of self examination will convince the vast majority of our readers that such knowledge as they possess of the vicissitudes of Sardinian story, from the fifth century to the fourteenth, is not only extremely meagre, but also more than a little insecure. For most of us vague notions of Saracenic and Ostrogothic incursions, dateless and undetailed, gradually merge into slightly more definite ideas of Pisan and Genoese victories, combined, perhaps, with some general impression—gleaned, most likely, from the commentators of Dante—of a division of the island into four judgeships. Then, the figure of King Enzo looms largely, golden-haired and debonair; and if, by further cudgelling of our brains, we succeed in calling to remembrance "noble judge Nino," whom the poet rejoiced so greatly not to find among the damned, and

> frate Gomita,
> Quel di Gallura, vasel d'ogni froda,

we may probably flatter ourselves that we have recollected all we ever knew about the matter. Moreover, until Professor Besta wrote this book, it was always extremely difficult to find any remedy for our ignorance. Earlier historians of Sardinia, from Fara and Cambiagi onwards, there have no doubt been, but most of them are entirely out of date, and none of them is accurate enough to satisfy the requirements of modern criticism and modern research, while the learned monographs of Solmi, Brandileone, and Mondolfo are too restricted in their scope to be of any great use to the inquirer who starts without some antecedent knowledge of his own. At last, however, all this is changed, and we can henceforward follow the story of mediæval Sardinia, in its main outlines at any rate, quite as securely as we can those of Florence, Rome, or Naples. That there are still byways to be explored will only add to the pleasure of the student, now that the highways are made practicable.

Of Professor Besta's two volumes the second is undoubtedly the more interesting; but, although they are procurable separately, the judicious reader will not fail to buy them both, since it is obviously impossible to understand the political, economic, and juridical institutions of a people without some knowledge of its history. One warning only is necessary. Learned, accurate, and profound, a perfect mine of reference for further research, "La Sardegna Medioevale" is nevertheless none too easy to read. Like nearly all modern Italian historical works of any value, it is written by a scholar and for scholars. There is not the slightest attempt to gild the pill. Verbatim quotations from the old Sardinian documents, continual interpolations of untranslated Greek and Latin passages in the body of the text, and footnotes which often cover a liberal half of the entire printed page, will hardly, we imagine, appeal to the mere tourist, however thoroughly he may understand Italian.

Notes.

The Malone Society is now in its third year, and will, it is hoped, by the end of 1909 have produced eighteen volumes of plays and collections in return for the guineas of its members. Notice has been given that the roll of the society will be closed on March 20, 1910, after which candidates will be admitted only as vacancies occur and on payment of an entrance fee. Any one interested in the early English drama, and wishing to join before the roll is closed, or desiring further information, is invited to communicate with the honorary secretary, Mr. Arundell Esdaile, at the British Museum, London, W. C.

The Germanic Museum of Harvard University has received a gift of $150,000 from Adolphus Busch of St. Louis for the housing of its collections, now inadequately shown in the old building which was formerly the college gymnasium.

A conference of the recently organized American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology was held at Madison, Wis., November 26 and 27, to consider alleged defects in our system of punitive justice. This conference was attended not only by lawyers and judges, but by physicians, clergymen, social workers, and students. It was divided into eight committees for the discussion of topics relating to the Jury, Trial Procedure, Trial of the Issue of Mental Responsibility, Appeals and Reversals, Organization of Courts, Juvenile Offenders, Probation, Parole, Pardon and Sentence, and Causes and Prevention of Crime. The main purpose of the conference was educational, and in this it succeeded in calling attention to a number of problems connected with the administration of criminal law in Wisconsin.

The senate of the University of Cambridge has accepted a gift of £20,000 from the firm of Schroeder & Co. of Hamburg, for the endowment of a Germanistic professorship. The new chair will be termed the Schroeder professorship of German.

W. S. Braithwaite's "Book of Restoration Verse" (Brentano's) belongs to a series which will form a full anthology from 1557 to 1910. It falls between the Elizabethan and Georgian periods, and receives its name because "the year, and those succeeding 1685, when the restored monarchy came into power and ruled, gave to the group of writers who were at the height of their powers under the influence of Charles's court a definite and unusual character." Mr. Braithwaite's principle of selection is, it must be admitted, fairly arbitrary. Waller is left for the Elizabethan poets because he is "the product of a declining epoch," whereas Milton is placed in the Restoration because he points forward. It would be hard to be critically more perverse than this; do Dryden and Pope flow from Milton or Waller? Again, it introduces a totally incongruous matter to include the ballads in this volume. Surely, the ballad of Percy and Douglas, which moved Sidney's heart like the sound of a trumpet, belongs not here, but with the Elizabethans. Other incongruities might be pointed out, but after all, we do not look for homogeneity in an anthology. Mr. Braithwaite has brought together a mass of beautiful and characteristic poems, some of them little known, and the publishers have given his work the temptation of fair pages and neat binding.

In the latest of his anthologies, E. V. Lucas has gathered together from the rich gallery of English literature a pleasant galaxy of portraits of "originals." This is, too, as handy a little volume as all the rest, and he calls it, "Some Friends of Mine" (The Macmillan Co.). All the portraits are painted by natives of Great Britain and Ireland, or of these United States, except a group credited to those cosmopolitan geniuses, Plutarch, Vasari, Heinrich Heine, and the elder Dumas; and the volume is almost altogether made up of prose passages, though the last piece of all is Oliver Wendell Holmes's, "Our Last Friend." Perhaps it is worth while, now that we have mentioned Holmes, to enumerate the other Americans to be met with here, as authors: name Lowell, and Washington Irving, and Joaquin Miller, and Leland, and the list is told. There has been no straining after esotericism in the selection of the English representatives, either; yet the range is a generous one. And the classification is one to whet one's literary appetite: Chance Acquaintance, Urban Humorists, Country Gentlemen, Men of Law and Sportsmen, Wild Irishmen and Six Painters, Bookworms and Teachers of Youth, make a pageant whose passing one is the happier for. Mr. Lucas's modest volume contains a fine collection of pages apt for reading aloud; and so we hope that genial fireside art is not yet wholly lost.

In his "Last Days of Charles II" (Henry Frowde), Dr. Raymond Crawfurd has made a most interesting contribution not only to what he calls the "medicine of history," but to history itself. The last ill-

ness and death of Charles II have been described frequently and minutely. But, however interesting and picturesque these narrations have been, Dr. Crawfurd justly declares in his preface that no historian appears to have described the events with any approach to accuracy, while the only considerable medical authority who has written on the subject has confirmed the errors of historians by giving his authority to a wrong premise, thus establishing a wrong conclusion. The present author has based his account largely on the interesting and authoritative statement of the case and its treatment written by Sir Charles Scarburgh, first physician to Charles II, which is still preserved in the library of the Society of Antiquarians at Burlington House. This he reprints in an appendix, both in the original Latin and in translation. From it, from a mass of contemporary authority, and from his own medical knowledge, he reconstructs in minute detail the progress of the case with all its attendant circumstances, arriving at the conclusion that Charles's death was due to chronic granular kidney accompanied by uræmic convulsions. Such a conclusion has much value to the political historian, since previous accounts have not merely confused the subject, but have often left the impression that the darker suspicions of the time regarding the King's death were not wholly without foundation. No less interesting than the story of the peculiar circumstances attending this last illness is the account of the treatment of the case. The list of remedies and prescriptions, the diagnosis and the means used by the fifteen attendant physicians to cure or relieve the unfortunate patient, give a vivid picture of seventeenth-century medicine. A pharmacopœia which included sal ammoniac, Jesuit's bark or cinchona, as well as bezoars (a concretion found in the stomach of an East Indian goat), and spirits of human skull, made from the skull of a man who died a violent death, marks the transition from mediæval to modern medicine in striking fashion. Illustrated with portraits of Charles II and his physicians, King and Scarburgh, with reproductions of Charles's effigy and a mask drawn from it, the little essay makes a most interesting study, well worth reading.

A clear and readable essay on Lincoln, expanded from a popular address given in New York city on Lincoln Day, February 12, 1909, forms the body of George Haven Putnam's "Abraham Lincoln; the People's Leader in the Struggle for National Existence" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). While the presentation of the subject is without novelty, the language is simple enough to appeal to young people, and the narrative is enlivened by interesting reminiscences of the author's army life. An appendix reprints the revised text of Lincoln's Cooper Union speech, with the contemporary annotations of Cephas Brainerd and Charles C. Nott, and some hitherto unpublished letters of Lincoln and Nott regarding the revision and publication of the address.

The original inventory of the contents of Mount Vernon in 1810, filed in the Fairfax County Court House, was lost during the war; and its recovery was deemed so improbable that dependence was had on an imperfect copy, retained in one of the branches of the Washington family. The value of the document lay in its reasonably full list of the personal possessions of Gen. Washington and a quite complete list of the books in his library. Therewith it would be possible, in a general way, to test the many claims of Washington relics, and to prove the forging of the bookplate, and its insertion in books which were never in the Washington library. This inventory came to light in a Middle Western State, and has been very prettily printed in a limited edition by the owner, W. K. Bixby of St. Louis. It is thus accessible in a full form for the first time. The list of books had been already elaborately printed by William C. Lane. It may be noted that in the *Virginia Historical Magazine* for October is published a list of the library of Daniel Parke Custis, whose widow Washington married. For the first few pages of the manuscript the books are divided between Washington and his stepson, Jacky Custis, thus showing the source of some of the volumes in the general's library, thought to be most indicative of his taste, such as Duhamel's "Husbandry" and Bland's "Military Discipline."

"Italian Vignettes," by Mary W. Arms, is just one more of those perfervidly sentimental little books which paradoxically enough are inevitably provoked by that most sensible of people, the Italians. All the customary glow is here, and not much else. May it not seem ungracious, passing other inaccuracies, to say that the well-known painter of Capri is not Henry but Charles Caryl Coleman, and that the "Albine" mountains are unknown to orographers. The book is attractively got up by the publisher, Mitchell Kennerley.

Edward Hutton has found the way to Rome, and his book under that title bears the traces of his northern route. A mediævalist and romanticist of the purest water, he is often in the attitude of grudging Latin Rome its renown. This temper is by no means unusual. We have heard it said that but for the Roman remains Rome would be wholly delightful. Yet this is an unhappy view for a guide to take. To omit the fragments of the Ara Pacis requires hardihood; to fail to praise the Arch of Titus—one of the few delicately proportioned monuments of Imperial times—suggests prejudice. In fact, numerous omissions and inaccuracies bring the work below the author's standard. One may imagine omitting Sta. Agnese *fuori*, but hardly the neighboring tomb of Sta. Costanza with its important mosaics. Again the Latin Tombs want at least a word, not to mention the Lateran Museum, if only for its splendid series of sarcophagi. Is Christ represented as "Pantocrator" in the apse of Sta. Pudenziana? If so, the intimacy of the composition, its significant difference from later ones, should have been pointed out. It is not true that all Cavallini's work in Southern Italy has perished, unless, indeed, Mr. Hutton challenges Venturi's plausible attribution of the frescoes in Sta. Maria Donna Regina, Naples. To slight the remnants of Arnolfo at Rome requires either courage or carelessness. The book is far from up to date. The new Discobolus of the Terme Museum is unmentioned, as well as the lovely Temple Ministrant discovered three years ago at Anzio. The mighty figure of a stricken Niobid, in the Banca Commerciale, is similarly passed by. The rearrangement and augmentation of the Vatican picture gallery is acknowledged only in a note. In short, this book should have begun with its second edition. However, it is enthusiastically written, and will doubtless warm the hearts of those whose Roman days are behind them. For such sentimental fireside travellers, indeed, we judge it is chiefly intended. Maxwell Armfield's sixteen color sketches, as here reproduced, have an eighteenth century reserve and lack of fibre, but are fairly successful in evoking a mild glamour. The book is published by the Macmillans.

The seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Université libre de Bruxelles has been recently celebrated. Delegates from the various foreign universities were in attendance, and honorary degrees were conferred upon several of these, including M. Poincaré of the French Academy; Professors Le Dantec, Lavisse, and Lanson of the University of Paris; MM. Roux and Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute; Professor Westlake of Cambridge, and others; also upon the poets Maeterlinck and Verhaeren, and upon Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria, who has, since then, died.

When we say of Prof. A. E. Taylor's "Plato," in the Dodge Publishing Co.'s Philosophies Ancient and Modern, that it will mislead the reader less than any introduction to the Platonic philosophy with which we are acquainted, we mean this for high praise. Professor Taylor's style and method are a happy mean between the conventional vagueness of popular philosophy which tells the student nothing, and the unavoidable pedantry of specialization which overwhelms him with detail and confuses him with controversy. The brevity of his exposition omits all philological apparatus, passes over many minor matters, and neglects some niceties of interpretation. But in perspective, proportion, and the due distribution of emphasis it is essentially sound and right, in refreshing contrast to some more ambitious attempts of recent years. Plato's fundamental conceptions and aims, the meaning of his theory of ideas often miscalled idealism, the purpose of his "Republic," and the true relation of his thought to the life of his time, to the criticism of Aristotle and the moderns, and the eternal problems with which it deals, are succinctly, correctly, and lucidly set forth.

Professor Taylor does ample justice to all the positive achievements of modern philological research in the determination of the probable relative dates of the dialogues. But he is completely emancipated from the fantastic hypothesis of an earlier and later system of Platonic metaphysics which has introduced so much confusion into the recent literature of the subject in England and Germany. His book may be recommended without reserve as an introduction to the study of Plato for the student and for the general reader who desire in brief compass an intelligible and trustworthy account of the life and teaching of the world's most influential thinker and greatest artist in prose. While it cannot vie as a work of literary art with Pater's "Plato and Platonism," or as entertaining reading with Emile Faguet's "Pour qu'on

lise Platon," it is far more sane and true than either. Its readers will have much more to learn if they care to pursue the subject further. But they will have nothing to unlearn.

Dr. William Newton Clarke's elaborate and thorough treatise on "The Christian Doctrine of God" is followed quickly by personal narrative of his changing views regarding Holy Scripture during his long life as a Christian pastor and teacher. The new volume is entitled "Sixty Years with the Bible: A Record of Experience" (Charles Scribner's Sons). With entire frankness, in which mistaken opinions and inconsistent judgments are recorded faithfully, he describes the road he has travelled, from quiet confidence in an infallible rule of doctrine to critical use of a partial record of an expanding religious life. This is not the story of a series of catastrophes or cataclysmic illuminations. Dr. Clarke moved very slowly toward his goal, and kept sure hold of his faith through the entire process. Nevertheless, the change from his early attitude toward Scripture to that from which he wrote his latest volume is nothing less than revolutionary, and in Dr. Clarke's treatment it appears absolutely necessary. It is difficult to see how any one can find him at fault at any point for yielding to the newer views, as they appeared before him, and equally difficult to believe that his high reverence for the Bible from his present position is unfounded. This frank recital of his experience will serve admirably as a guide to less thorough and discerning minds.

The "Insel-Almanach auf das Jahr 1910" (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag), decidedly one of the best literary annuals issued in such abundance by German houses, deals largely with Schiller, but by no means confines itself to him and his recent jubilee. The rest of the contents are varied and well selected, both old and new matter being given with rich illustrations.

An admirable series of photographs of the temples of India is given in the *National Geographic Magazine* for November. The most striking impression gained from them is made by the wonderful ornamental carvings in stone, which, in one instance, represent an amount of labor "such as never was bestowed on any surface of equal extent in any building in the world." The contrast between the India of ancient times and of to-day is shown by the first picture of the series, the splendid Y. M. C. A. building in Bombay.

Adolph Growoll, long managing editor of the *Publishers' Weekly*, died in New York city December 7, aged fifty-nine years. He was the author of "The Booksellers' Library and How to Use It" (1891); "James Thomson: a Biographical and Bibliographical Sketch"; "The Profession of Bookselling" (two volumes, 1893); "Publishers' and Other Book Exhibits at the World's Columbian Exposition" (1893); "American Book Clubs: Their Beginnings and History, and a Bibliography of Their Publications" (1897); "Booktrade Bibliography in the United States in the Nineteenth Century" (1898); "Frederick Leypoldt, a Biographical Sketch" (1899); "Henry Harrisse, a Biographical Sketch" (1899); "Three Centuries of English Book Trade Bibliography" (1903); "The Booksellers' League: a History of Its Formation and Ten Years of Its Work" (1905).

Daniel Ayres Goodsell, the Methodist Episcopal bishop resident in New York, died December 4 at his home in this city. He was born in Newburgh November 5, 1840, and was graduated in 1854 from New York University. For seven years, from 1880, he was the literary editor of the *Christian Advocate*. In the course of his official duties he travelled to China, Japan, Korea, Italy, Bulgaria, Switzerland, Germany, Scandinavia, and Finland, and also visited nearly every part of the United States; and he was the author of two books, "Nature and Character at Granite Bay" and "The Things Which Remain."

William Alfred Packard, professor of the Latin language and literature at Princeton University, and formerly a professor at Dartmouth College, died in Princeton, N. J., December 2. He was born in 1830 in Brunswick, Me., and was a graduate of Bowdoin College and of Andover Theological Seminary, and studied (1857-8) at the University of Göttingen. He revised, with translations from later editions, Curtius's "History of Greece."

Charles Gross, professor of history at Harvard College, died in Cambridge, Mass., December 3. He was born at Troy, N. Y., February 10, 1857. His education was at Williams College and at Göttingen. From 1884 to 1888 he was engaged in literary work in London; from 1888 he was connected with the history department at Harvard. He was the author of "Gilda Mercatoria" (1883); "The Exchequer of the Jews in England in the Middle Ages" (1887); "The Gild Merchant" (1890); "Select Cases from the Coroners' Rolls" (1896); "Bibliography of British Municipal History" (1897), and "Sources and Literature of British History" (1900). He was the translator of the "Political History of Europe," by Lavisse (1891), and of Kayserling's "Christopher Columbus" (1893); and was a contributor to the *Political Science Quarterly*, *American Historical Review*, and other journals.

From Paris we learn of the death of Mlle. Renée Vivien, the author of various volumes of verse, of which the earlier "Etudes et préludes," "Cendres et poussières," and "Brumes de Fjord" were published under the name René Vivien. Besides several volumes of poems, suggestive, in the main, of Baudelaire, she published a romance, "Une Femme m'apparut," and collections of stories. "Les Flambeaux éteints," a final volume of verse, is announced for posthumous publication.

Science.

The Natural History of Igneous Rocks. By Alfred Harker, M.A., F.R.S. Fellow of St. John's College, Lecturer in Petrology in the University of Cambridge. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

This is a book for the trained specialist, but it has a message for the layman. With unexcelled completeness and force, Mr. Harker has presented the latest ideas as to the nature and activities of the fluid material emanating from the earth's interior. Most of us live far from the few openings in the crust of the globe where we may look upon liquid rock. It is difficult to realize that the earth is merely the nearest of the wandering stars, a star covered with a thin film of frozen matter. Even the catastrophes of Martinique and southern Italy hardly suffice to drive into our consciousness the fact that we are living on a heavenly body. Mr. Harker's book helps one to secure this broad, true view of the planet. Not only in the spectacular volcanoes of the present, but yet more notably in the fashioning of ancient granite or porphyry, in the immense work of the internal gases through geological time, and in the millions of ancient extrusions and intrusions of once liquid rock, the earth shows its kinship with the sun.

The work is not a treatise descriptive of the many species of igneous rocks, but is chiefly devoted to the problem of their origin. Molten rock is called magma. That magma which reaches the surface bears the familiar name lava. The author wisely points out that the magma, which has been intruded into the earth's crust and crystallized there, is quantitatively much more important than all the lavas together. The surface rocks of the crust are radio-active. No one can yet say how much of the earth's internal heat is due to this subatomic energy, nor to what extent the inevitable cooling of the globe by radiation is thus counterbalanced. Mr. Harker evidently believes that most of the vast heat-energy represented in the igneous magmas is an inheritance from a former, hotter state of the globe.

The mechanism by which molten rock is transferred from the depths to levels at or near the earth's surface is referred by the author to two contrasted kinds of crustal movement. The transfer is a hydrostatic phenomenon, the magmatic fluid being displaced when blocks of the earth's crust are notably moved. If the movement of blocks is vertical along faults, as in the formation of many plateaus, the magma may be squeezed through the fault-planes, which appear on the surface as lines of fissuring. If the movement of crust blocks is due to horizontal pressure, as in most mountain-ranges, the magma is displaced, but as a rule can reach the surface only at scattered points. Accordingly, volcanic discharges are divided into fissure-eruptions and central eruptions. A similar distinction is attempted among the intrusive bodies which never reached the earth's surface.

An inductive study has led Mr. Harker to the division of igneous rocks into two great classes, called the Atlantic and Pacific branches. They are principally contrasted by their relative content of soda and potash, these alkalies being, on the average, more abundant in the Atlantic branch than in the other.

The two names correspond to the prevailing division of igneous rocks into the "alkali-group" and the "sub-alkali" or "lime-alkali" group. The new naming was proposed by Mr. Harker in 1896 to emphasize his view that "the one type is found around the Atlantic and part of the Indian Ocean and in the Polar basins, the other, generally speaking, around the Pacific." The appropriateness of the names depends on a knowledge of rock-distribution which is as yet very meagre, and especially so regarding the Pacific area. As this half of the earth is explored alkaline rocks are discovered in many regions, such as the Hawaiian Islands, the Celebes Islands, Tahiti, Southern China, Western Mexico, Western British Columbia, Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. On the other hand, the sub-alkaline rocks are much more abundant than the alkaline rocks in the Atlantic-Indian-Polar area itself. It appears, therefore, that the new names are not advisable substitutes for the older non-geographical names of these two chief classes of eruptive rocks.

The most valuable portion of the book is a clear, detailed statement as to how actual igneous rocks have been formed from molten magma. The advance of physical chemistry during the last dozen years has made it evident to the petrologist that rock-magmas are solutions, and that, in general, the same laws as those controlling the crystallization of water solutions, or of alloys, have governed their solidification. This new conception of the earth-stuff is outlined by Mr. Harker with great skill. He shows some of the ways in which magmas may divide into crystal-aggregates and mother-liquors, thus explaining, in part, the diversity of the igneous rocks. For the rest, that diversity is chiefly explained by other causes of "magmatic differentiation." The book is weak in the discussion of the conclusions, reached by many working geologists, that large and numerous bodies of magma have been affected fundamentally in chemical composition through solution of solid rock-matter. Since the natural history of igneous rocks should be based on a sound and full theory of their parent magmas, this failure of treatment is in contrast with the general excellence of the book.

The last chapter contains a keen adverse criticism of the new "Quantitative" classification of the igneous rocks as developed in the well-known work by Messrs. Cross, Iddings, Pirsson, and Washington.

The pity of modern science is that its most exciting hunts for the truth are made in a forest of observations and experiments into which the average man cannot follow. Only a few investigators have the power to show their prizes to the layman and to tell him of the rules of the hunt. This Mr. Harker has not specially tried to do. His engrossing study is young and difficult. He has done petrology a great service in writing so fully and clearly, though necessarily in a technical manner. Another twenty years of work may give us a similarly able "popular" book on the origin of the igneous rocks. Meanwhile the present work may be profitably undertaken by many readers of general scientific training. They will find a new "ethics of the dust" among these rocks, which are obedient to their own great code of social laws.

Nothing more strikingly reminds one that the sport and business of flying have come to stay, than the serious attention given to the subject, especially in Germany, by those writers whose pride it is to strike while the iron is hot. The latest book for air-travellers is Dr. Hermann von Schrötter's "Hygiene der Aëronautik" (Leipzig: Grethlein), an illustrated volume, crammed with footnotes and warnings for the navigator of the clouds. This book has an appendix and a bibliography; but the "Flugmaschinen: Theorie und Praxis" of Georg Wellner (Vienna: A. Hartleben) deserves more respectful attention as a scientific production. Admitting that the kite type of machine has thus far been most successful, Wellner prophesies a still greater success for the propeller flyer, far though it is from the market. Zeppelin's performances receive very curt review here. Another work, more popular, perhaps, and giving in some fifteen or twenty essays a history of the conquest of the air to date, is "Die Eroberung der Luft" (Stuttgart: Union Deutsche Verlagsgeselischaft); with an introductory greeting reproduced from Count Zeppelin's autograph. This is an even more fully illustrated volume than the others, and the chapters are by a variety of writers. The enthusiasm of this volume's tone is suggested by the fact that Dr. A. Stolberg's contribution is entitled: "Reaching the North Pole by Means of a Balloon."

Drama.

The Incomparable Siddons. By Mrs. Clement Parsons. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

This latest work by Mrs. Parsons exhibits all the characteristics that distinguished her "Garrick and His Circle." It shows minute and comprehensive knowledge of the dramatic period of which it treats, is written with enthusiasm tempered by critical discretion, and, although somewhat over-zealous in the collection of irrelevant or insignificant detail, is full of interesting matter. Naturally, it adds but little—nothing that is important—to the stock of common knowledge of the public and private life of England's most famous actress, but it presents, in orderly and attractive form, the essence of the mass of contemporaneous and later theatrical literature, in which she figured so largely. Wherever statements of fact are concerned, reference is made to the quoted authority, and the book, therefore, will not only prove a boon to the ordinary reader, but a valuable aid to the more deliberate student of theatrical affairs.

It is not necessary to give a descriptive or critical analysis of the book. Enough to say that it throws all the known traits, professional and private, of Mrs. Siddons, into bold relief, and so recreates, as it were, an extinct personality. This constitutes its salient merit and charm. It recalls the almost unanimous testimony of credible eye-witnesses to the regal beauty, the matchless grace and dignity, the melting pathos, and the majestic passion of this queen of the tragic stage. Of her towering prëeminence in her own era over all rivals of her own sex there can be no reasonable doubt. This is proved by the length of her reign, the crowds she drew, the fortune she amassed, and the effects she produced upon her audiences. Women frequently shrieked and swooned at her most moving passages. Remembering the habits of the day one is tempted to wonder whether there may not have been some trace of the alcoholic in these manifestations. Doubtless there must have been some marvellously poignant notes in her emotional utterances. But was she actually incomparable? Has the divine spark vanished utterly from the modern stage? Have Rachel, Kean, Macready, Cushman, Ristori, Janauschek, Bernhardt, Duse, Booth, or Salvini no place in her sphere? Genius is rare, but it was not a monopoly of the Kembles.

The truth is that it is futile now to try to estimate the genius of Siddons—or of Garrick—in a balance. Times, standards, dispositions, points of view—all have changed. Siddons, as she was, probably would not be tolerated to-day. But the lesson of her career is none the less vital. Genius as she indisputably was, it is tolerably safe to assume that her triumphs were quite as much the result of conscientious and indefatigable study as of any special inspiration or physical endowments. She did not act, as Garrick appears to have done, wholly upon impulse and instinct. And herein, perhaps, lies the one moral of her career that is of present practical value. It must not be forgotten that, in spite of her early and brilliant provincial successes, she failed, at first, to please a London audience. It was only after a prolonged and arduous second apprenticeship in the stock companies of provincial cities—notably at Bath—that she returned with developed and matured powers, to dazzle the metropolis. Fortunately, we have abundant testimony, from herself and others, concerning her methodical and intelligent habits of work; and they are significant. Her

measured diction and broad, free, sweeping gesture were in accordance with the tradition then prevailing. But in her impersonations and readings she copied no one. Moreover, it was her rule to study the whole play in order to get the true perspective of the character she was to personify. This degree of artistic integrity was as uncommon, probably, in the Georgian era as it is now. That she was impressionable and imaginative is fully proved by her own account of the nervous terror into which she was thrown by the murder scene in "Macbeth"; and her declaration, several times repeated, that she suffered in her own person the woes which she simulated, is worthy of careful note. She even says that she never played distressed mothers so well as when she had maternal griefs of her own to express. This confession of self-identification with her parts leads to the natural inference that —although supreme along certain lines —she was deficient in versatility. And this suspicion is strengthened, if not wholly justified, by the fact that her Lady Macbeth (probably her greatest achievement), her Katherine, Constance, and Volumnia, the chief jewels in her dramatic crown, contain practically all the emotional ingredients of her other popular parts, such as Belvidera, Jane Shore, Mrs. Beverley, Lady Randolph, etc. As Juliet she was only partly successful, while in Portia, Rosalind, Beatrice, and other comedy parts, she was distinctly unsatisfactory.

But in tragedy she was a superb actress and a great artist, a noble product of the stock company, the only system that ever has produced, or ever can produce, a generation of finished players. And she shed lustre upon the stage by the purity and dignity of her womanhood. Mrs. Parsons's volume is rich in illuminative details of her private life as wife and mother, of her fortitude in affliction, and of her prevalent sanity amid all the adulation of which she was the object. It contains also much interesting matter concerning her immediate family, her contemporaries and descendants, to which only this brief reference is necessary now. In short, it is a full and good book which no student of theatrical literature can afford to neglect.

"The Nigger," the latest production of the young dramatist, Edward Sheldon, which has just been added to the repertory of the New Theatre, is a pretentious, sensational, crude, and insignificant piece. In a purely theatrical sense it is effective, in spite of its improbabilities and anti-elimaxes; but Mr. Sheldon, like other beginners, constantly mistakes violence for strength, and platitudes for profundity. He touches on only a few points, and those the most obvious, in the vast and intricate subject which he has selected, and his treatment of them is not remarkable either for perception or tact. Throughout, his play is far more theatrical than human. It is founded upon the almost incredible premise that a Southern gentleman would put even his own illegitimate offspring, by a colored woman, in the place of his legitimate white heir who had died. Some such invention was necessary to the central scene of the play, in which the hero, now the honored Governor of his State, and noted even among his intimates for pride of race, is suddenly confronted with the fact that he has colored blood in his veins, and threatened with instant exposure if he will not veto a prohibition bill which he has resolved to approve. This is a poignant situation, almost worthy of tragedy, but it is reached by such transparent artifice that it can be ranked only as an ingenious and effective bit of melodrama. A later scene, also of striking theatrical quality, in which the Governor manfully confesses to his betrothed bride the bitter truth of his origin, ends with a stroke of crude realism which is as inconsistent as it is inartistic, and chills the hitherto sympathetic spectator. But the whole second act is full of stirring theatrical stuff. At the last the Governor, forestalling his enemies, resolves to publish the story of his ancestry, resign from office—he has already refused to marry the girl who would have shared his degradation—and devote his future existence to the service of the colored race. Undoubtedly the play makes a vivid representation of deplorable facts, but the exploitation of evils is not always the best way of abating them. "The Nigger," with its somewhat lurid treatment of both crime and sentiment, is more likely to provoke prejudice than to promote thought. The representation by the New Theatre Company was one of all-round competence. Melodramatic details were especially well done.

Miss Billie Burke's next appearance upon the New York stage will be in the Lyceum Theatre, in January, when she will be seen as the heroine of "Mrs. Dot," the comedy by W. S. Maugham, which had a year's run in London, when it was produced there the season before last.

A special performance of "Ingomar" in the Liberty Theatre, New York city, is promised for December 31, for the benefit of the Lincoln Association. Mabel Taliaferro will then essay the part of Parthenia for the first time, while William Farnum will appear as the barbaric chieftain.

At Drury Lane Theatre, London, a bronze medallion of Sir Henry Irving was recently unveiled, being the gift of a committee of Italian actors and actresses, of whom Tomaso Salvini was a prominent member

The next play to be produced at the Vaudeville, in Paris, will be M. Bourget's "La Barricade."

And still we hear of those endless rehearsals of Rostand's barnyard drama at the Porte Saint-Martin, in Paris! Lucien Guitry, it seems, was unable to wear the machine devised for his beak and comb and head, and it all had to be redesigned; it has been decided, too, that the Dog (who is Jean Coquelin) shall walk on his hind legs. "Chantecler" presents so many difficulties as a stage production that we cannot help being very skeptical as to its ultimate value.

Henri Lavedan has won another triumph at the Théâtre Français with his new play, "Sire." His heroine is Mlle. de Saint-Salbi, an old aristocrat, who, in the troublous year 1848 is still convinced that her beloved dauphin—son of Louis XVI—is still alive, and her rightful king. She had seen the prince as a child, and her longing to meet him once more is so intense that it threatens life and reason. So her physician and her confessor plot a kindly deception. They have discovered a Bohemian actor, wonderfully like Louis XVI, and him they secure to impersonate the missing heir. The rascal plays his part well, and the old lady is in an ecstasy of blissful adoration. But he cannot help making love to a pretty waiting maid, and this leads to his detection. Mlle. de Saint-Salbi is broken hearted over her disenchantment, and the trickster, too, is overwhelmed with shame. But what can he do to redeem himself? At this moment all Paris is in uproar as revolutionists march to the overthrow of Louis Philippe. The ancient royalist reminds him that he at least has a king, and bids him to die in his defence. Presently she hears that he has indeed laid down his life at the foot of the throne, and thus helped to ensure the escape of the fleeing monarch. M. Huguenet triumphed in his exquisite presentment of the mock prince, while Mme. Pierson made of the aged heroine a real and a sympathetic personage.

Music.

Handel. By R. A. Streatfeild. New York: John Lane Co. $2.50 net.

Why has England never been one of the great musical countries? One of the answers most frequently given is that musical effort was paralyzed by the exclusive worship of Handel, which prevailed for several generations, the English public having no ears for any music beside his, except Mendelssohn's. These two men, it has been said a thousand times, had a monopoly which throttled all competition, and which it took even a giant like Wagner many years to destroy. Under his influence, however, and that of Beethoven (whose first effective missionary was the Wagnerian, Hans Richter), Schumann, Brahms, Chopin, Liszt, Grieg, and the modern Frenchmen, a revolution was presently brought about. The new ideas proved powerful fertilizers, and there has now grown up an English school which has some presentable names.

As a natural result of this reaction, Handel was dethroned. There is no doubt, says Mr. Streatfeild, that at the present time in England "Handel is unpopular with those who are the mouthpieces of cultivated musical opinion." Dr. Ernest Walker, in his "History of Music in England," talks light-heartedly about consigning him to the rubbish-heap. Nor do the many performances of "The Messiah" prove that he is still beloved by the masses. Many thousands of Englishmen attend this oratorio simply as a religious exercise. If Handel were really popular, his other oratorios

—not to speak of his operas and instrumental works—would not be shelved so completely as they are. Yet, in spite of the trend of modern criticism, Mr. Streatfeild looks for a return of popularity for this former idol, or at least of more general appreciation; and his book is an attempt, clearly reasoned and admirably written, to show in what way this appreciation will manifest itself. It is the inner meaning of his music that will be sought for. Hitherto too much attention has been paid to mere questions of form. The time is coming when people will grasp the truth that what a man has to say really matters, and that the way he says it is comparatively unimportant; and when this point of view is attained, our author believes there will be a reaction in favor of a man who had a great deal to say, even though the way in which he chose to say it now seems absolutely out of date.

Thus far it is easy to accept Mr. Streatfeild's thesis. Strangely enough, he does not draw the only sound conclusion that follows from his premises. Handel's forms are dead; they cannot be revived; and the only way to save the wheat from the chaff is to winnow it and present it in modern vessels. Robert Franz and others have attempted to do this; Franz, in particular, made some of his idol's scores palatable for modern hearers, and he also selected from his obsolete works, particularly the operas (which are absolutely unknown to the public), a number of airs which, better than anything else ever written, prove our author's main contention—that Handel had a great deal to say which would interest us if we knew it. Yet, instead of embracing the noble, enthusiastic, scholarly, and judicious Franz as his strongest ally, he mentions him only once, and then contemptuously, in speaking of a certain pause in "The Messiah":

> This pause Mozart filled up with meaningless chords, while Franz, not to be outdone in tastelessness and stupidity, actually added a passage for the clarinet, anticipating the vocal phrase and completely robbing it of its marvellous dignity and pathos.

Apart from this blemish, the analysis of Handel's oratorios is most commendable. More interesting still is that of the obsolete operas. Mr. Streatfeild sees no reason why those who still have ears for G'uck's operas should not appreciate the beauties of Handel's. In his own day they were extravagantly praised, but their vogue was brief; a quarter of a century after his death they had passed almost entirely from the current repertory, and have been kept out ever since. Mr. Streatfeild not only tells about the librettos and the music of these operas, but also goes into the conditions, so different from those of our day, under which they were performed. He makes clear how political conditions sometimes favored Handel, at other times ruined him. (An interesting book might be written on Politics and Music.) At one period his aristocratic opponents fought him by carefully choosing the evening of his oratorios for their balls and card parties, even violating the sanctity of Lent in their endeavor to crush him. His life was a succession of ups and downs, which are here narrated with the vivid interest of fiction. Nor are anecdotes scorned. One of the best is the incident at a rehearsal when a young basso blundered terribly; whereupon Handel turned on him savagely, with the words: "You scoundrel, did you not tell me you could sing at sight?" and the singer answered: "Yes, sir; and so I can, but not at first sight."

Heretofore, American composers, with the exception of MacDowell, have been scantily represented in Germany in the programmes of American vocalists, the marches of Sousa, and an occasional comic opera. Grateful, then, is the tribute paid to American music in the acceptance for production next February at the Royal Opera in Berlin, of the three-act opera, "Poia," by Arthur Nevin. "Poia" is the legend of the Red Indian Mahomet, sent to earth by Natosi, the Sun God, and branded by him with a scar on the brow to expiate the sins of man. Poia loves Natoya, an Indian maid, who rebuffs him of the scar, and favors the suit of Sumatsi, the Evil-doer. Nenhau, the medicine woman, tells Poia the origin of his curse, and bids him seek the Sun God and pray for its removal. It is a simple theme, simply told in lyrical language by Randolph Hartley. Seven themes of Indian melody have been employed by the composer as leading movements. Mr. Nevin uses seven percussion instruments; four tympani, the Indian tamtam, a species of huge brass cymbal, and the xylophone. His opera lends itself to magnificent stage-pictures, and in such the Royal Opera excels. Dr. Karl Muck is in charge of the orchestra, and the opera is already cast. It is tactful of the management to have placed the leading parts in the hands of the German members of the company; for the jealousy excited by the prominence attained by American singers like Miss Farrar, and Messrs. McClennan and Griswold, has reached such a pitch in Berlin that their allotment to American singers might actually have endangered the success of this the first American opera to see the light in Europe.

Music lovers—and those of this country in particular—are under obligations to Venezuela for having given to the world the greatest of living pianists of the fair sex, Teresa Carreño, who was the teacher of our greatest composer, Edward MacDowell, and who has done much to make Europeans admire his music. She seldom plays his second concerto anywhere without having to repeat the scherzo. She has now undertaken to do missionary work for his fourth sonata, the "Keltic," which the professional pianists have not heretofore deigned to put on their programmes. Inasmuch as not even Beethoven's sonatas were played publicly in London till two decades after his death, it may appear premature to bring forward MacDowell's greatest work; but the audience which heard Mme. Carreño play it in Carnegie Hall last Saturday afternoon did not seem to think so. Such cordial applause as followed it is not often heard at a piano recital. In this sonata one finds the combination of virile energy with exquisite feminine tenderness which was a trait of Bach, Wagner, Grieg, and other European masters of the first rank; and in doing justice to both these attributes the Venezuelan once more proclaimed her place among the leading pianists most eloquently.

Handel's oratorio, "Joseph," will be performed on February 23, 1910, at Halle, the composer's native city. The date marks the hundredth anniversary of Handel's birth, and this will be the first rendition of this oratorio anywhere in Germany.

The Austrian Government intends to grant the Philharmonic Society of Vienna $600 a year. A more liberal endowment was made to this orchestra not long ago by one Rudolf Putz, who left it his house, valued at $20,000. Inquiry disclosed the fact that Putz had been a Philharmonic subscriber for thirty years and that this was his way of expressing his gratitude for the happy hours he had enjoyed.

Twenty-two works of Richard Wagner will be produced during the season of 1910 at Munich, at the Theatre of the Prince Regent, and seven of Mozart's at the Theatre of the Residence. Among the novelties included are Wagner's "Fairies" and Mozart's "Bastien and Bastienne" and "Titus."

The New Bach Society has announced that its fifth Bach festival, at Duisburg, will take place June 4-7, inclusive.

Art.

THE ISOLATED ART OF DESIGN.

The London Trade Guilds are commonly supposed to be addicted solely to dining and the wearing of obsolete finery. Sometimes, however, they quit the gastronomic routine for charitable or other public purposes. For example, the Worshipful Company of Carpenters, perceiving certain defects in the building trade, last winter invited a number of architects and decorators to lecture on the needs of the situation. Their admonitions are now collected in a book called "The Arts Connected with Building." Naturally, there was considerable diversity of opinion among these nine lecturers, a fact which lends significance to their agreement on one point—namely: that the building trades languish because the designers are not practical workers, while the practical workers are incapable of design.

Probably it occurs to nobody to consider how the bad stone work, wood work, furniture, and metal-work of today are created. That they are produced under factory conditions most of us vaguely know. What we do not realize is that they are commonly designed by

persons with no knowledge of the material. They are thought out not in honest stone, clay, wood, or metal, but in balanced curves and surfaces. Their design is not even workmanlike, but an isolated, nebulous abstraction called decoration. Their creators do not control materials, they simply create patterns. Good designs cannot come this way. It is actual contact with the material that gives raciness and idiom to any form of construction whether plain or decorated.

Upon the worker the effect of academically imposed design is even worse. Where proficiency requires that he should enter into the spirit of his pattern, he becomes at best a lifeless copyist and often a sullen executor of a design which he knows to be unfitted for his tools and materials. Until the eighteenth century the artisan was largely his own designer. A carpenter, for example, not merely supplied but also invented the simpler forms of woodcarving. The plasterer was a decorative modeller. Even the plumber adorned his pipe-head and cisterns with vigorous decoration that is now sought by the art collector. Nor was the demand on the artisan's invention severe. Each trade had its inheritance of methods and patterns; even dies and moulds. It was the existence of this repertory that steadied the workman designer and made his humble inventions actually better than our more pretentious efforts. Of course, the factory destroyed utterly the traditions of the handicrafts, and since the factory has plainly come to stay, the question is how to reconcile fine designing with the hard conditions of modern manufacture.

By actual reversion to handwork, something may be done. But it does not seem likely that the various craftsmen shops will be numerous or influential enough to change the entire manufacturing situation. Evidently, too, routine factory conditions hardly permit of the inventive workman. One of the London lecturers tells of a workman who managed to interest himself in the task of assembling machine-made parts into furniture. The standing order to the foreman was to change this man's job whenever signs of interest appeared, for it was found that when he used his intelligence he assembled fewer chairs. These things are a somewhat doleful parable. Yet in the finer forms of manufacture something might be done. If our most creditable decorative design of a commercial sort to-day is wrought-iron work and terra-cotta, it is because the designers in these branches habitually work in the actual material.

The lecturers before the Worshipful Company of Carpenters were especially anxious that reforms should begin with the architects, who were plainly regarded as the chief obstructors of sound design. One lecturer insisted that every architect should serve a brief apprenticeship in every art connected with building. Another suggested that by becoming moderately proficient in one craft the architect might obtain an insight into all. These observations, though based on British conditions, are possibly applicable here as well.

The desired reform might, of course, come, theoretically at least, either through making the designer work, or encouraging the worker to design. To the former course there are serious obstacles. Your designer is more or less of a superior person, an incipient artist in his own eyes, and little inclined to soil his fingers. Besides, if he wanted to work, in many cases he would have to reckon with the trade unions. As an ideal, a certain amount of instruction of workmen in the art of design seems more promising. Through night-classes and otherwrise some of the art schools already undertake this work; but, alas! too many of them practice the most attenuate forms of pattern-making *in vacuo*. In the so-called decorative trades, there is already a nucleus of workmen who can draw a pattern or work out a color scheme. Here might gradually reestablish itself the humane custom of apprenticeship. But here, too, the tyranny of the academic designer is heavy. Whenever workmen generally decide to humanize their routine task, they will probably take steps to put the finer crafts once more on an independent basis. This implies the reëstablishing of the craft traditions in a form compatible with modern life.

With "Famous Cathedrals as Seen and Described by Great Writers" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Miss Esther Singleton falls but one short of the second dozen in this manner of compilation. Gautier, Hugo, de Amicis, are the most prominent European writers represented. In general, reliance is laid upon rather obvious English sources. Ruskin, oddly enough, is not drawn on, possibly because he is less concretely descriptive than, say, the patient Hare. Miss Singleton, presumably in the absence of suitable material, does Cologne and Laon herself. This sort of stitchery does not lend itself to criticism, but possibly what Goethe had to say about Strassburg might still afford a tit-bit, while Viollet-le-Duc, if only for piety's sake, should not have been ignored. Still for those who take their reading in capsules there are few more intelligent and amiable pharmacists than Miss Singleton.

We have received from the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, a "Catalogue of Bronzes, etc., Reproduced from Originals in the National Museum of Naples." This list comprises 300 numbers, with full archæological notes, by Prof. F. B. Tarbell and George A. Dorsey, curator of the department. It has numerous plates, and aside from its anthropological value, will be useful to students of applied design. Everything that is typical of the household utensils of Pompeii and its neighborhood is here included. The pamphlet is No. 130 of Museum publications, Vol. VIII, No. 3, of the anthropological series.

To The Art Galleries of Europe (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.) is added "The Art of the Belgian Galleries," by Esther Singleton. Like nearly all the work of that industrious writer, this is a careful compilation from approved sources. It affords a readable commentary for the tourist, and naturally betrays a few defects in scholarship. Having dug so deep among the minor painters, Miss Singleton should have mentioned that echo of Gerard David, Adrian Ysenbrant. She appears to be unaware that the elder Joos van Cleef and the "Master of the Death of the Virgin" are presumably one and the same person. The Latin legends quoted from Jan van Eyck's pictures lack the marks of contraction which make the text give sense. There are no Giottos at Antwerp. The lovely Madonna by Foucquet, which the Brussels gallery acquired a few years ago from the Huybrechts Collection, is not mentioned. This confirms a suspicion that the book is based not upon a recent personal visit but upon other books. There are forty-eight clear halftone cuts. With a somewhat more careful revision this well-constructed book might be made very useful. Its blemishes are in details of a relatively unimportant kind.

"Home Decoration," by Dorothy Tuke Priestman (The Penn Publishing Co.), will warn what it calls the "home maker" against the worst lapses in taste. It also gives many practical suggestions for those who must furnish with limited means. Especially commendable to us seems its championship of paint for furniture and woodwork. It is the cheapest harmonizer and one of the most satisfactory. That bad wall papers may be calcimined is news to us, but it seems a quick and inexpensive counsel of despair. We cannot join the author in urging the home maker to mould pots and stencil her own walls. It is only too true that "Those who have no knowledge of drawing may find some difficulty in making original designs." What is written on the complicated subject of hangings is sensible, but it is surprising to find no mention of the merits of kilims for *portières*. There are also useful hints for the utilization of small spaces in city houses and apartments, on rug weaving, on staining woodwork, and on elementary carpentry.

"Illuminated Manuscripts," by John Bradley, is the latest addition to the useful series of Little Books on Art (McClurg). Mr. Bradley has labored valiantly with the difficulties of his vast theme, and has assembled skilfully a great amount of literary and antiquarian information. This ballast of facts he carries lightly; the book is good reading. We notice certain rather disquieting faults of omission and disproportion. The supremacy of French illumination is fully admitted in the text, but this school is scamped as to space. The fine artist André Beauneveu, from whom we have not only miniatures but precious sketches, is not even mentioned in the text, though included in the list of MSS. A similar silence prevails as to the Hesdin school and the even more important problem of the so-called Limbourg illustrators. Mr. Bradley does not cite Durrieu's standard editions of the famous

Hours of the Duke of Berri, or yet the Eyckian miniatures at Turin, and is oblivious of the whole Franco-Flemish controversy in which the late M. Bouchot played so militant a part. These may be intentional omissions. If so, they are unfortunate ones. Into the crucial question whether the famous artists whose names are transmitted worked themselves on the vellum or merely furnished designs for artisan illuminators, Mr. Bradley does not enter. Italian titles in the bibliography are carelessly printed. Milanesi's Sienese "Documenti" is cited, but, oddly enough, not his little treatise on Italian Miniaturists. Ongania's facsimile of the Grimani Breviary should be mentioned as one of the cheapest and most accessible of color reproductions. By bringing the book up to date and adding further illustrations (there are twenty-one plates) it might be made over into a really excellent manual. Its defects are rather in minuter matters of scholarship than in judgment and taste.

C. Haldane McFall's chapters on "Beautiful Children Immortalized by the Masters" are more biographical of the painters than of the children painted; but they are written, if not exactly down to the child's level, yet in a simple and easy vein. The full-page colored plates reproduce fifty famous pictures of children and are well selected. The reproductions are generally good, though we notice occasionally the messiness that almost inevitably goes with this form of printing in its present state of development; and we are repelled at times by a falseness in the color, especially in some of the reds which tend to look dirty. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

The Bates & Guild Co. publishes a monograph on "The Madonna," by Philip L. Hale, with a series of photographic reproductions of famous pictures.

To the tiny albums of the Great Galleries Series (H. M. Caldwell & Co.) is added the Wallace collection. There are forty-five clearly printed half-tone reproductions of the most famous pictures at Hertford House with succinct explanations at the foot of each plate.

The publication and sale of illustrated postal cards has reached such astounding proportions in Germany that in favored localities the business in cards alone is often equal, for a bookseller, to his trade in books. Publishers of *Prachtausgaben,* or elaborate editions of the poets and masters of the brush, for which there is no longer a paying demand, have discovered in the artistic postal a new use for their precious plates, and art of the highest type is thus distributed widely at moderate cost. Now a German investigator shows that the illustrated postal is nothing very new. This *Buchwurm* has discovered that the *Almanach de la petite Poste* made the following announcement in 1777:

Printed matter in the form of cards is now in circulation which may be sent through the post, and which contains open and visible communications. This novelty is the invention of the printer Demaison, and caused much comment.

The death of Henri de Morgan at Château d'Oriiénas (Rhône), in the fifty-fifth year of his age, is announced. He was a recognized archæologist and numismatist. In recent years he had made far-reaching examinations into the earlier history of upper Egypt.

Finance.

STOCK EXCHANGE AND THE OPENING OF CONGRESS.

On Monday, the Sixty-fifth Congress, whose deliberations during the recent extra session were restricted to the tariff bill, reconvened. It is an old tradition of the Stock Exchange that markets are likely to decline a bit when Congress assembles and to advance a bit when it adjourns. The tradition gained especial vogue in the eighties and the early nineties, when every one knew that chances favored introduction of a "silver bill," over which a stormy controversy, with resultant uneasiness in financial circles, would presently arise. In the older days, the heat of the debate would evoke such highly reassuring remarks as, "What do we care for 'abroad'?" or, "I am in favor of issuing paper currency enough to stuff down the bondholders until they are sick." It was little wonder that the opening of a session was a terrifying event to Wall Street.

The fact that questions of regulating railway and industrial corporations were bound to come up on the calendar of Congress, has been the main cause of misgiving on the eve of recent sessions. Naturally, feeling of this nature was particularly widespread during Mr. Roosevelt's Administration, when it was hard to say whether the terror professed by great corporations with a vulnerable side to law was inspired more by the prospect of new legislation, or by expectation of vigorous denunciation in the President's message. We have a President to-day with a less trenchant style of public speech. Nevertheless, that the same questions will play their part in the coming session is a certainty, and it is legitimate to ask how Wall Street will be influenced thereby. On Monday, when Congress assembled, prices on the Stock Exchange declined; on Tuesday they advanced, and nobody seemed able to say whether the reconvening of Congress had been an influence, or not. To what extent it will be an influence later on, depends in part on the character of the new Congress, in part on the President's attitude, and in part on the nature of the corporation situation itself.

Though elected only one year after a great financial panic, the present Congress does not represent an explosion of general discontent. If it did, then the Opposition party would be in the majority—which is not the case. On the other hand, even the tariff debate has shown the existence of a powerful faction in the dominating party, which is progressive in the sense of wishing to deal boldly with what it deems abuses. President Taft has already outlined his own purpose of suggesting legislation to control such railway financiering as made possible Union Pacific's Stock Exchange exploits under Mr. Harriman, and perhaps of outlining a proposed reconstruction of the Anti-Trust law of 1890.

There is left the question, whether the corporate interests do or do not need regulation and restriction of the sort proposed. If they do not, then Wall Street and the country at large would be warranted in misgiving over Congress. If they do, then not only everyday citizens, but the financial markets, should interest themselves in seeing the task promptly and judiciously performed.

The fundamentally important consideration, so far as regards the attitude of the Stock Exchange towards Washington, is that recent lawmaking has not been of a helter-skelter character, and has not been, like the numerous radical proposals of two or three decades ago in currency legislation, the outcome of sectional jealousy, hard times, and popular discontent. The laws restraining activities of corporations, debated in Congress during the past half-dozen years, have been drawn by men of thought and training. They have been subjected on the floor of Congress to thorough discussion, often on a very high plane, and have been carefully and liberally amended.

This removes one of the apprehensions which surrounded the opening of a new session, a generation ago. There still remains, however, the dislike of great corporations to being restrained or regulated at all, and the argument is familiar that values on the Stock Exchange are shaken because bills with that purpose have come up, or are about to come up, in Congress. On this point, there are two comments to be made. One is, that even Stock Exchange values have not declined of recent years because of Congressional legislation. Their general course, during the period of such activities, has been upward, and there have been occasions—the season after the Hepburn Railway Rate Law of 1906 was passed, for instance—when a violent rise in stocks has been the immediate sequel.

The other natural comment is, that the laws in restraint of corporations are in the main framed quite as much in the interest of investors as in the interest of the general public. The advantages of a monopolistic combination in restraint of trade are never equitably distributed. The men in control of such an enterprise will have their power increased, their tenure of office made permanent, and their private ends undoubtedly subserved. The army of shareholders may find their dividends increased, as in the Standard Oil Com-

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pany, or they may find them decreased, as in the Amalgamated Copper. Chances, so far as recent experience has taught, are fairly even. But, in proportion as monopoly grows complete and capitalization grows enormous, the shareholder certainly loses the power, by combination with his fellow-shareholders, to protect himself against incompetent management; and by no means all the new Trusts of the decade past have been competently managed.

Investment brokers occasionally complain of great mergers of corporations, and welcome their dissolution, on the ground that such combinations reduce the number of stocks that can be dealt in. This is an argument with somewhat larger scope than the simple dislike to curtailment of a broker's commissions. The more separate stocks the investor has to choose from, the better chance he will enjoy to separate the good from the bad. The greater the combination into which other corporations have been merged, the less chance for selection he will have, and the greater will be his difficulty in ascertaining the exact industrial outlook and investment promise of the enterprise. This is perhaps one reason why financial markets have not looked with particular dismay on conservative efforts of Congress, in the past few years, to regulate great corporations.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1909.

The Week.

Secretary MacVeagh was certain to be attacked by the straiter—not excluding the crookeder—sect of Republicans, and rumors of the coming fray are already heard in Washington. The Secretary's low-tariff speech at Boston is his latest offence. Just fancy having a man in a Republican Cabinet who does not believe that the Payne tariff is a blessed finality! This is sad enough, but Mr. MacVeagh goes from bad tariff doctrine to worse principles of administration. Senators grow purple with rage as they say to each other: "Why, the man is trying to run the Treasury just as if it were a first-class business house!" He is making his own appointments, and making them, what is more, on the ground of efficiency, and with cool disregard of the politicians. The grossest outrage of which he has been guilty consists in selecting an Assistant Secretary who comes from Boston, and in neither consulting nor notifying the Massachusetts Senators. This is almost enough to make Lodge lose faith in republican institutions—of which, naturally, he reckons his discredited State machine a necessary part. We presume that the fight on Secretary MacVeagh will not be so open or ferocious as some of the Washington correspondents are predicting, but the mere threat of it shows what a red rag to the standpatters is any programme of reform.

Not long ago, an Ohio Democratic committeeman wailed in this city over the lost opportunities of Gov. Harmon. With Republicans still in appointive offices all over the State, and hungry politicians of his own party unfed, what hope could there be for Democrats in the elections of next year, or what chance that he could control the delegation of Ohio in the next national convention? But the people of Ohio have just found out how their Governor has been using his time. The grafters who have been filling their purses and paying political debts through the manipulation of State funds have discovered in Gov. Harmon an official whom they can neither deceive nor frighten. He now has in his office safe incriminating documents which legislative committees had been powerless to unearth, showing the loan of State funds carried on the books as in the vaults of the treasurer's office, the payment of private commissions to officials purchasing supplies for the State, and other frauds upon the people. No Ohio Republican with a reputation to preserve is any longer scoffing at the demand for a complete exposure of recent Republican Administrations. To carry the State against Gov. Harmon in 1910 would be no easy task under the best circumstances, but to go into the campaign under the burden either of a denial of the frauds which he has established, or of an attempt to impede further disclosures, would mean the sure sacrifice of Republican hopes in Ohio for years to come.

Attorney-General Wickersham's speech at the Pennsylvania Society's dinner, in New York Saturday night, contained this interesting passage:

> As the statutes of the United States vest in him complete control over all such prosecution, he is constantly importuned to interfere with indictments or prosecutions, particularly in cases where proceedings are brought or threatened against persons of high social standing or of conspicuous political or business position. That the prosecution of crime cannot be properly influenced by considerations of the wealth or position of the offender is of course, axiomatic.

Mr. Wickersham's reference to the requests to keep his hands off, because of the social or political position of the parties concerned, piques curiosity. Which Trust has indulged in "importunity" on this broad ground? The Attorney-General may have had the Sugar Trust in mind; or he may have been dropping a quiet hint to certain other projected combinations of which the plans were awkwardly upset by last month's Circuit Court decision, and which may have been fishing for assurances of immunity from interference, if they go ahead with their undertakings. To describe the argument for ignoring such appeals as "axiomatic" is to put the case, from the Department's point of view, about as plainly as could be done. It means that there are no arguments on the other side to which intelligent men will listen.

Last Friday's estimate on the cotton crop of 1909 by the Department of Agriculture was a somewhat startling surprise. The figure reported, 10,088,000 bales, was virtually down to the level of the crop of 1903, which was itself inadequate for the spinning trade's needs of that period—this in face of the fact that the estimated "world's annual requirements" of American cotton are to-day nearly 2,000,000 bales larger than in 1903. Not only was this estimate lower by half a million to a million bales than had been generally expected, but it was a quarter of a million bales below the personal estimates previously given out by the leaders in the cotton market's "bull speculation," who had every motive to spread belief in the lowest possible figure. But hardly less surprising than the estimate itself was the cotton market's reception of it. When the estimate appeared, cotton had been selling close to 15 cents a pound, and speculators had been excitedly predicting 17 to 20 cents. But instead of rushing up sensationally on the news, the cotton market, after a brief advance on Friday, actually declined next day. This could hardly be interpreted except as meaning, first, that the abnormally high existing price had "discounted" very much in the way of low estimates, and, secondly, that the Government's figures were distrusted.

There is some reason for distrusting them—quite apart from the fact that they fall so far below virtually every other forecast. For one thing, the Agricultural Department almost invariably underestimates a cotton crop, and its errors have of late years been very large. Its estimate of last December ran a million bales below the subsequently ascertained crop; in 1906 it was also a million bales below the facts; in 1904, a million and a half; in 1901, a million. In 1907 and 1903 its guess was fairly accurate, but those were conspicuous exceptions. In the present instance, there is reason to look skeptically at the Government figures on other grounds, particularly because of the small yield which it allots to cot-

ton States on the Atlantic seaboard, where the damaging weather influences which impaired the crop of the Gulf States and the Mississippi Valley did not prevail at all. That the crop as a whole is actually short, nobody doubts; and the state of the cotton trade is difficult enough without any over-emphasizing of gloomy calculations. Had the stock of cotton on hand at the opening of the season been so low as it was in 1903, and had foreign producers, such as Egypt and India, done as poorly this year as then, conditions would be disastrous. Fortunately, supplies of old cotton were this year nearly a million bales above those of 1903, and foreign crops appear to have turned out exceptionally well.

James J. Hill's continued warnings about our failing food supply are really a plea for scientific farming. Intensive culture and the utilization of every ounce of energy stored up in food, must make up for the increasing pressure of population and the diminishing areas of cheap and unoccupied land. This subject was touched upon in the presidential address delivered before the Society of Animal Nutrition at Chicago last month, and just printed in the last number of *Science*. A strong point was made of closer attention to what may be called the by-products of the farm. Just as the miner seeks to work low-grade ore, so will the farmer of the future endeavor to prevent the waste of "available energy contained in oat hulls, corn cobs, and the like." It is somewhat anomalous to have such minor savings urged upon us at the very time when, as the President assures us, the country is in a "high state of prosperity." But the true moral is that upon which Mr. Hill insists, namely, that no prosperity can long endure which depends upon exhausting the soil and ignoring the applications of science to agriculture.

It has for years been the rule in the event of a crime in certain portions of the South, to arrest the nearest negroes, and examine them afterward, if they are not previously lynched. But we do not recall, outside of Russia or Turkey, any happening similar to that in Savannah, where two hundred negroes have been rounded up and placed in jail merely on suspicion that they might be connected with the killing of two white women and with the mortal injury to a third. The injured woman lived long enough to accuse her own husband of the crime and the evidence against him is multiplying. This, we must say, leaves the Savannah officers of the law in a singularly unfortunate position. If colored persons had in the courts there the standing to which they are entitled, there would be many suits for illegal arrest and imprisonment of innocent persons. But being only "niggers," the injured know full well that this redress is denied them; they can take satisfaction only in the fact that they are still unlynched and that the superior race is itself indicted.

The necessity of a law making it a criminal offence, subject to heavy penalty, for the driver of an automobile to run away after knocking down a human being is once more brought out by a distressing occurrence, when a faithful trolley switchman, who had been in the employ of the Brooklyn company for thirty-five years, was killed at his post of duty. The chauffeurs, fortunately in this case, and thanks to the energy of the police force, have been caught; and their explanation, so far as the running away is concerned, is that they were too frightened to stop. That is just where a proper law in the case would come in; it would make them too frightened to run away. It should provide a punishment of a long term of imprisonment for that act taken in itself, and irrespective of the seriousness of the injury inflicted on the victim. Then there would be some hope that what common decency does not effect would be accomplished by fear of consequences. Of course, this is not all that needs to be done. Real punishment for violation of the speed laws is imperatively demanded; and there must be more effective regulations to enable people to identify swiftly-moving automobiles, especially at night.

Cornell's ultimatum to the football magnates that the game must be reformed or abolished, coming as it does on top of a similar decision by the twelve Eastern Jesuit colleges, must send cold shivers down their spines. Never before has the opposition to the game been so earnest, so determined. The old absurd theories that this is not a matter for faculties and presidents to meddle with; that a college could not afford to do away with football for fear of driving its students elsewhere; that the risks of football enhance its value and are inseparable from any manly sport, have entirely lost their utility in misleading the public. Cornell, like the rest of the university world, has seen Columbia flourish without football. Its faculty is, moreover, wise enough to see that, bad as the evils on the playing fields are, they are no worse than the physical and mental idleness among the students who look on, and the false standards of what is really worth while set up among the undergraduates. The Jesuit colleges have at last found their voices to denounce the recruiting of students expressly for athletic purposes, and the other evils of professionalism. They could have pointed them out years ago. But we who have so long called for this uprising against football would not now lament the delay. We must, however, point out that what we are really witnessing is the long-desired awakening, not so much of the public as of the collegiate governing bodies.

It is gratifying to find that in the Nobel prize distribution for 1909, the names of people well-off in worldly goods are not over-plenty. William Marconi, who gets half the physics prize, could probably get along without the twenty thousand dollars, and the Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, who receives, and deservedly receives, the peace prize, is described as fond of yachting and automobiling. The other beneficiaries are two German professors, a Swiss professor, and a Swedish authoress, none of whom is apt to be rolling in wealth even when the persons in question are of such international repute as Wilhelm Ostwald, or of such wide European fame as Selma Lagerlöt. The latter is the third woman to receive the Nobel prize since its foundation. Bertha von Suttner won the peace prize a few years ago, with her anti-militarist novel, and Mme. Curie shared the annual physics prize with her husband and Professor Becquerel. To Selma Lagerlöf, who is known in this country by a volume or two of short stories, the prize for idealism in literature goes more appropriately, perhaps, than to some of the men of far greater reputation upon

whom it has been bestowed, Kipling or Sienklewicz, for instance. Her studies of peasant life in her own country have the glow of patriotism and piety which seems essential to give a writer national rank.

By the will of the late Francis Lathrop, the Metropolitan Museum gains conditionally a new department. His Japanese prints and wood-block books were collected long before the present rise in prices, but he never hesitated to replace a fair by a better example, nor to pay lavishly to fill a gap. This artist-collector combined, as few amateurs of our time, studious habits with instinctive taste. Thus his collections, in whatever field—Italian painting, Moorish pottery, or objects of Far Eastern art—were finely selected and contain a minimum of dross. A man of retiring disposition and averse from all forms of display and self-advertisement, the richness of his accumulations will doubtless surprise even his associates. The bequest to the Metropolitan is made subject to certain annulties, which, one may estimate, would be more than covered by the annual appreciation of the value of the collections. Mr. Lathrop also set a good example by leaving a collection which well deserved separate exhibition absolutely at the disposal of the Museum authorities. But here his diligence will frustrate his modesty, for as long as students seek Japanese books and prints at the Metropolitan Museum they will speak of the Lathrop collection.

Mr. Asquith's Albert Hall speech is a ringing manifesto of the Liberal Party's rights and purposes. It does not err on the ground of timidity. It does not hesitate, for instance, to come out strongly for self-government for Ireland. It disclaims any intention to do away with the House of Lords, but makes it very plain that its survival is to be conditioned on repentance and good behavior. The supremacy of the Commons is no longer to be left to the uncertainties of custom and precedent, but will be written down in black and white into an act of Parliament. The Liberal Premier's speech contains the ready answer to Mr. Balfour's argument that such action as the Lords have taken on the budget is the nation's only resource against the tyrannies of an unbridled Lower House. Mr. Asquith asks that the life of a single Parliament be restricted to five or even four years. A House of Commons that runs wildly counter to the will of the people can thus be brought to speedy account. It remains for the Liberal orators to drive home the point Mr. Asquith insisted on Monday night, that under present circumstances no Liberal Minister can assume the burdens of government without assurance that his labors will not be nullified by the Lords.

There is a beautifully mathematical simplicity that is almost un-English about the first forecasts of the kind of tariff the British Unionist party will enact, if it is successful in next month's elections. All imports not regarded as raw materials will be moderately taxed—a 5 per cent. duty on partly manufactured goods, a 10 per cent. duty on goods in a more advanced stage of completion, a 15 per cent. duty on completely manufactured goods. Now we come to specific instances. Foreign wheat will pay a duty of two shillings a quarter or about six cents a bushel; from which we gather that wheat under the new tariff dispensation will take on the nature of a partly manufactured commodity. Other imports, partly or completely manufactured, that will pay duty, are flour, bacon, and maize. Inasmuch as, under the present system, tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, dried fruits, and wine already pay a tax, it is quite apparent how tariff reform is going to put more bread and meat into the mouth of the British workingman. The way of all tariffs is uniform. They set out to create a dozen blessings and do away with a dozen evils, and their end is always that the daily pursuit of bread and meat and clothes for the masses of the people grows arduous to the point where the cry for relief can no longer be stilled—as in "protected" Germany, or in "protected" America.

The first speech of the new German Chancellor in the Reichstag bore out the indications of his policy that he had privately intimated. Herr Bethmann-Hollweg announced that he would not attempt government by party—meaning, of course, groups of parties. He declared that the Empire needed steady and consistent policies which would be impossible if the Government had all the while to be making arrangements with shifting parties in order to get its measures adopted. This must not be taken as too serious an assertion of absolutism on the part of the Kaiser and his Ministers. It is, indeed, a definite turning away from the *bloc* strategy of Von Bülow, but the practical question remains, "How is the Government to get its majority in the Reichstag?" We are not speaking now of a vote of confidence or of a responsible Ministry—both as yet out of the question in Germany—but of obtaining supplies. Neither its taxation nor other schemes can the Government carry without somehow rallying a majority of the Deputies; and when the time comes to do it, we shall probably find the new Chancellor forced to adopt the party bargaining from which not even Bismarck could escape.

The latest step in the Russian Government's campaign against Finland is the appointment of the Grand Duke Nicholas, one of the firmest pillars of Russian reaction, to the supreme control over affairs in that land. Under him will be the governor-general and the crowd of military officials whom the Czar's Government has foisted upon the people of the Grand-Duchy precisely as in Von Plehve's day six years ago. The conflict has been raging for some time, and the Finns have shown their usual courage and resourcefulness. Their diets have been dissolved three times in four years; their Senates have resigned rather than play into the hands of Russia, and it may even be that in the last resort the people will venture to try their strength against the Cossacks. At the same time, the Government at St. Petersburg, flushed by its success in stifling a revolution and taming a Parliament, is pretty sure to go to extremes. The right of the Czar's Cabinet to legislate on matters of common interest to Russia and Finland is now to be extended so as to include not only the army, posts and railways, and customs, but the maintenance of public order, the regulation of judicial procedure, and all legislation affecting the rights of association, freedom of the press, and public meeting. Russian "order" and "freedom of speech" for Finland would mean the extinction of the last spark of liberty in the Czar's domains.

WORKING UP PATRIOTISM.

The American people, said Senator Rayner in his speech in the Senate last Monday, "have not yet fully absorbed the significance" of the Nicaraguan imbroglio. But they are in a fair way to do so. The very proposals of the Maryland Senator will enlighten them. When Representative Sulzer rose in the House to demand that President Taft "arrest" President Zelaya and try him for murder, most people only laughed. That was merely one of the amusing ways of the "peepul's" William. But Senator Rayner is a real lawyer, with a reputation to sustain. Yet he commits himself to doctrines and policies fully as wild as Sulzer's. He would have Congress authorize and virtually direct President Taft to "take all necessary steps for the apprehension" of Zelaya, and to "bring him to trial" for the murder of two American citizens. And this is put forward in the name of the well-settled principles of justice and the established canons of international law!

We cannot pretend to answer the question how a man of Senator Rayner's standing can tie himself up to such amazing doctrines. The most charitable supposition is that much learning about Zelaya's outrages hath made him mad. Mr. Rayner has made himself known as a man of warm humane sympathies. His arraignment of Zelaya sounds like an expression of sincere indignation. And it may be granted that the Nicaraguan dictator can scarcely be painted in colors too black. From all the evidence available, he seems indeed to have run a career of unspeakable oppression and cruelty. But even if we concede his lawlessness and villany to be worse than King Bomba's, the fact remains that he is a foreigner entirely outside the criminal jurisdiction of the United States, and, moreover, is the *de facto* chief of state of a neighboring and friendly republic. To punish his disregard of law, are we ourselves going to fling legal procedure to the winds? To show our detestation of his flouting of the rights of our citizens under international law, are we to deny that he and his country have rights under the law of nations? Senator Rayner promised to produce later the precedents for the absurd course which he advocates—war on Nicaragua which is yet not to be war. We shall await his precedents with curiosity, but fear that the fundamental conception underlying them will be found to be that the people and government of Nicaragua have no rights which we are bound to respect.

What is most disquieting and even alarming about all this is the evidence it yields that an attempt is to be made to work Americans into a "patriotic" frenzy over Nicaragua. They are told that they have not yet perceived the full "significance" of the affair. So we have an agitation stirred up in Congress and the press. The aim seems to be so to inflame public sentiment that unwise and extreme and illegal measures may be condoned if not demanded. Thus far, the country has not been excited about the matter. The general opinion has not yet gone beyond believing that Zelaya is a great criminal, that conditions in Nicaragua are deplorable, and that our Government ought to see that the rights of Americans in that country are upheld. But we see what happens when a thing of this kind is let loose with clamorous publicity. The State Department does well to take a firm stand for what it believes to be the due protection of Americans abroad, but when its vigorous language is at once given to the press, along with its denunciations of a foreign ruler, a flame is kindled which may easily grow into a conflagration. Irresponsible politicians instantly throw on fresh fuel; and sensational newspapers try to flog the people into hysteria. No prudent statesman will fail to reckon with this new danger of American inflammability. It was comparatively safe in Webster's day to send and publish a dispatch, as he did in the Koszta case, in which, as he complacently wrote to a friend, he "let the eagle scream" a little; but there has been an enormous change since then. We have had the war about Cuba, for one thing, brought on by methods of political chicane and newspaper excitement undreamed of by Webster. And this is what so alarms the people of South and Central America, as we see their concern reflected in dispatches to foreign newspapers. It is none of Senator Rayner's "precedents" that they dread, but the precedent of the Spanish war, when Americans were gradually and artfully whipped into a delirium. A repetition of that mania is what some are to-day trying to force upon us

We are told that it is a patriotic duty to fall into a passion over the outrages in Nicaragua, and to resolve to go down there and "clean things up." Well, we also believe in patriotic fervor, but we would have it directed to the true objects of national pride. We have no objection to people getting excited in demanding of the Administration that it shall *not* get so excited as to lose its head and do an act of folly and injustice. Let there be as flaming a zeal as you please, but let it be a zeal for the real national dignity and for international fair dealing. Let the public be heated in calling upon the Government to keep cool. We do not yet know all the facts. Until we do, we cannot decide what law or policy we ought to apply to them. Under these circumstances, the truest patriot is he who will burn with indignation at the suggestion that the nation should do a reckless and illegal thing in the name of patriotism.

FREE TRADE AND BRITISH SHIPPING.

Those advocates of ship subsidies who are fond of asserting, in a conveniently broad and general way, that the great shipping business of Great Britain is maintained by a system of subsidies might profit by a discussion which appears in a Liverpool paper. The discussion turns on the probable effect of the protectionist proposals known by the name of "tariff reform" upon the prosperity of the shipping business; and the case is stated chiefly in the words of Mr. Charles Booth, chairman of the Liverpool Steamship Owners' Association, himself one of the leading shipowners of Liverpool and a recognized authority on the whole subject. As Mr. Booth's statement was certainly not intended for American consumption, it is interesting to observe that there is only a single passing reference—and that in a few words—to the subject of subsidies. From this fact alone it might be inferred that British shipping prosperity does not, as a rule, rest in any way upon the support of Government gratuities; but when it is seen what the reference is, a stronger inference may be made. This is the passage in which it occurs:

> Tariff reform would increase the cost of building, equipment, and repairs; it would swell working expenses; it would diminish cargoes both out and home; and it would

reduce freights. The cumulative effect of the increased charges and expenses on the one side, and of diminished earnings on the other, would be simply disastrous. Shipowners generally admit this. Those who support tariff reform as a policy hope to profit by a system of bounties.

Nobody would thus incidentally speak of people "hoping to profit by a system of bounties," if a system of bounties were already in operation in the business he was talking about, and of which he is one of the leading representatives. Many persons will find this little side-remark more convincing than elaborate citations of statistics.

The note of the whole discussion is the crucial importance of the advantages that free trade has given to the British shipping business. All that Mr. Booth and his associates in that great interest in Liverpool ask for is a continuance of free access to the best opportunities that the world affords. The best ships, bought at the lowest prices—that is the explanation, according to Mr. Booth, of the ability of British shipowners to keep a preponderant share of the world's carrying trade. "We build," says Mr. Booth, "the cheapest ships in the world. Even Germany, with considerably cheaper labor, cannot beat us here. The difference in first cost between a ship built in Great Britain and a ship of similar tonnage, material, and equipment built in the United States is anything from 30 to 60 per cent. The importance of this advantage can hardly be exaggerated." The competitor, he points out, who has to bear the burden of an unnecessarily expensive ship, is handicapped not only by the greater amount consequently required to pay interest on the capital, but also by a proportional increase in the allowance that must be made for depreciation and in insurance charges. The failure of American efforts to revive shipbuilding and shipowning for the foreign carrying trade he ascribes to our protectionist policy; while Germany's phenomenal advance in the same line, in spite of her general protectionist system, is explained by the fact that an exemption from the burden of that system has been made in favor both of shipbuilders and shipowners, who have been enjoying all the benefits of free trade.

Another tender spot in the protectionist system in this country is incidentally touched by Mr. Booth, when he says that the difference in the cost of ships in the United States is greatly increased by the practice of "the Steel Trust and other suppliers of material for shipbuilding of selling dear at home and cheap abroad." He does not at all relish the prospect of this charming device being introduced into England, as it might be if the Chamberlainite proposals were adopted. Evidently there is still a good deal of toughness in the English hold on free-trade principles, and it will take some work yet to loosen their grip on the minds of men of the Booth stamp. To hold your own against competitors by being able to deliver the goods at a lower price and still make a reasonable profit—that is the genuinely British way of looking at the matter. To hold your own against competitors by ruling them out at home and making an exorbitant profit, and underselling them abroad by giving foreigners better terms than your own countrymen—that is the modern protectionist idea. Before the people of the United States will add on to this scheme the additional feature of direct bounties out of the national treasury, they will wish to know a thing or two. And among other things, they will probably wish to know whether it wouldn't be well to try the plan of simply giving our shipowners a chance to get their ships at a fair price, before entering on a subsidy policy which is sure to bring with it demoralizing consequences.

MORE NEWS FROM THE POLE.

Whatever may be the case as regards history in general, no one can deny that in the *affaire Cook* history is repeating itself with a rapidity and exactness that leave nothing to be desired. One improbability doth tread upon another's heel, so fast they follow. Moreover, they keep coming in pairs, so prettily matched that, like the spellings of Tony Weller's name, a choice between them is left to the taste and fancy of each individual. The first story of Cook's conquest of the Pole was improbable; but what could have been pronounced more improbable in advance than that a great university should incontinently confer upon him a doctorate for the achievement unless ample proof had been presented? The episode of the Eskimo youths presented just such opposite improbabilities; and so did the Barrill affair. And now come an able seaman and his business-man friend, and make affidavit that they supplied the doctor with a complete set of "faked" observations covering his dash to the Pole. The affidavits are so circumstantial that it is difficult to doubt their truthfulness; but why did Cook fail to pay them their price, when the betrayal of the secret was sure to follow? There is more in all this than is natural. Even the very names involved in the Cook affair are so strange as to seem to belong to the world of fiction rather than of fact. Not content with Wake and Wack, he must consort with Dunkle and Loose, regardless of the suggestion of ways that are dark and tricks that are vain which the conjuncture can hardly fail to provoke.

But with the plot thickening as it now is, and a conclusion likely in the near future, it is hardly worth while to weigh too solemnly this particular addition to the evidence in the Cook case. On the face of it, the matter looks very bad for the doctor, and it seems almost a duty of charity to point out a way of escape for him if the net tightens. If worse comes to worst, and it should be proved beyond the possibility of doubt, by the identity of the Copenhagen figures with those of Dunkle and Loose, that the records have been doctored and cooked, there is still a way out which may not occur to the Brooklyn man's champions. There is eminent psychological authority for the view that to be found out in a cheat of this kind should not be regarded by the eye of science as seriously damaging; that, indeed, it may, under certain circumstances, be looked upon as evidence of general honesty. Cook, let us suppose, is a perfectly honest and exceptionally guileless man. He has reached the Pole; he knows it himself beyond a doubt, and he is pained to find himself in a difficult position owing to the perverse skepticism of an unkindly generation. This difficulty, he feels, cannot be removed by the presentation of his genuine observations, which, though good enough for all practical purposes, will be picked to pieces by cold-hearted scientists because he is not enough of a nautical expert to have made them with the requisite accuracy. What more natural than that he should accept the aid of a kind navigator who will give him a better set of observations? He doesn't want them for the purpose of deceiving anybody, but simply in order to establish what he knows to be the truth. And

the very fact that he is not afraid to do all this in the dark, and thus run the risk of the most cruel accusations of fraud, only brings out the simplicity of his nature.

The story told by the two worthies has a great deal of interest, quite aside from its evidential bearing on the North Pole question. Here is a bit of conversation between Dr. Cook and Captain Loose:

> "Do you think you could help me work out those altitudes?"
>
> "Of course I could," replied the captain.
>
> "How could you do it?" asked Dr. Cook.
>
> "Why, that's easy," said the captain. "I'll work them out backwards."
>
> Dr. Cook asked if he really knew how to work out observations backwards . . . and Capt. Loose assured him that he most certainly could.
>
> "Then," replied Dr. Cook, "you can be of some service to me."

This is Silas Wegg and Mr. Boffin over again, with the same wonder on the part of the patron at the mysterious power of his helper to "work them out backwards" as Mr. Boffin felt at Mr. Wegg's attainments when he found that "all print was open to him." And the business man is as notable in his own way as the sailor man in his. When Dunkle named the price at $4,000, and Dr. Cook "gasped some," Dunkle showed true American quickness and humor: "I assured him," he says, "that we thought we had the market cornered," a remark which must have struck the doctor as eminently correct. An interesting feature, too, is the sublime self-confidence of Loose, real or assumed. "Dr. Cook," he says, "you know that the observations which you had wouldn't prove anything to anybody. But if you stick to this set, they will carry you through any university in the world. Don't you be afraid that they will not pass those scientists at Copenhagen." Apparently, it did not occur to either of the parties that the Danish scientists might know as well as the captain did that observations could be fabricated without any trouble. Finally, it is interesting to notice the delicacy of the language employed on both sides throughout. Never was there anything more than an implication that the observations of Dr. Cook himself might be non-existent or worthless. Some of the high officials in charge of our relations with foreign countries might take pattern by these unprofessional diplomats in the observance of euphemistic forms to cover unpleasant realities.

HARVARD AND THE ELECTIVE SYSTEM.

The action taken by the Board of Overseers of Harvard University in relation to the elective system furnishes impressive evidence both of the ripeness of the time for the contemplated changes and of the firm grasp with which President Lowell has taken hold of his new duties. It is in response to a sentiment that has been steadily growing for some years, and which is now predominant in educational circles, that a radical modification of the system is being made at Harvard; but that action so definite and thoroughgoing should be taken so soon after the inauguration of the new president is a remarkable testimony to the effectiveness of his personal influence. As for the significance of the step in itself, it is within bounds to characterize it as among the most important events that have come about in the college world for many years, and one which will rejoice the hearts of nearly all who have given serious thought to that "problem of the college" of which we hear so much nowadays. It means much to thousands of individual young men whose choice of studies it will directly affect; it means more as an assertion of the attitude of the foremost of American colleges toward the underlying questions of college education.

In saying this, we do not wish to be understood as subscribing to some of those extreme forms which attack upon the idea of the Harvard elective system has taken. Thus a professor in the Columbia School of Law, in an article just printed in the *Columbia University Quarterly*, says: "It was upon the misconception that education meant an accumulation in the student's mind of a heterogeneous mass of undigested facts and of disassociated ideas that the very liberal elective system in colleges was based." This is so far from being true that it is almost the opposite of the truth. When a reaction takes place against a system which was at first hailed with enthusiastic applause and which has been tried and found wanting, it is curious how ready people are to call the men of the preceding generation nothing better than fools. The accumulation of a "mass of facts," heterogeneous or homogeneous, was the very thing that President Eliot and his associates in the movement cared least for; and it was an undervaluation, not an overvaluation, of such accumulation, that formed part of their motive in throwing overboard the old curriculum. What they wished to accomplish was to put life into the student's interest in his studies by giving him freedom of choice; what they aimed at was reality and significance in college studies, in direct contrast to the meaningless accumulation which they felt that the old curriculum represented in the case of a large proportion of the students. Their error was not in seeking something that was not worth while; it was that, in a too close concentration of their thoughts upon a single desideratum, they lost sight of other aspects of the question of education which are even more important, and the neglect of which is now recognized as having disastrous consequences. Their hobby was not a bad thing in itself; but they rode it too hard, as many have thought all along, and as almost everybody sees now.

The system that is to be substituted for the complete freedom of choice that has hitherto prevailed at Harvard is indicated with sufficient definiteness by the resolutions of the Overseers. A committee of the faculty is to be appointed, with the president as chairman, to "prepare general rules for the choice of electives, to be approved by the faculty, based upon the principle that a student must take a considerable amount of work in some one field and that the rest of his courses must be well distributed." This is the kernel of the whole matter; all the rest is subsidiary, including the provision for the appointment, out of the faculty, of "a large number of advisers for the students." It may safely be assumed that the details of the plan will be worked out by the committee in a practical manner.

The purpose is plain enough. The choice of a college course may be made sufficiently elastic to give due consideration to a student's proclivities and to his prospective occupation, without the sacrifice of the primary idea of a college education; but that idea is completely lost sight of when mere number of hours in the classroom is regarded, as it has been, as a full measure of value. Even supposing that the choice was made in good faith in every instance, there are a score of fundamental objections. The want of coördination is of itself an almost fatal defect, but there

are others fully as serious. Most fallacious of all is the notion that one study contributes as much as another to that general development of the mind which must be the primary aim of any college education worthy of the name. And when it comes to the objections that are not inherent but which experience shows to be of the utmost practical importance, we are confronted with the fact that in thousands of cases studies are chosen with no other measure of their attractiveness than that furnished by their standing in the scale of "soft snaps." All this the Harvard authorities are preparing to do away with; and to substitute for it something approaching the coherence and balance of the old college course, which, whatever its faults, was successful in building up, generation after generation, men who justly bore the title of gentleman and scholar.

THE GAY SCIENCE OF PHILOLOGY.

Philologists pass for dull dogs. Deeply immersed in severe studies, they preach and are supposed to practise a scientific method of inhuman exactitude. Many of them admit this, and the solemn occasions on which they convene are frequently enlivened by discussion whether, for the good of the feeble-minded greater number, philology ought not really to loosen up. But it can easily be shown that, far from being the most precise of the sciences, philology is, in actual practice, one of the most romantic of the arts. These grave men are inwardly fond adventurers and their trade as hazardous as the quest of samphire.

Only consider the interpretation of that charming Middle English poem, "The Pearl," which Professor Gollancz first rescued from the files of the Early English Text Society. Five translations and commentaries have ensued. Now, the especial point about this very pretty poem is that it either is or isn't that quite slippery thing, an allegory. It appears to be a lament for a little girl who is dead, whose purity is symbolized by the pearl. It is certain, that is, that the pearl means the girl, and it may well be that both, after approved mediæval fashion, mean something else. Hard words have passed on this issue, and in more robust days blood would doubtless have been shed. Where the fun really comes in is not in the rightness or wrongness of the partisans, but in the fact that half a dozen scholars of repute, professing to translate this poem for us laymen, have so garbled the meaning as to prove that the pearl was a real girl. Professor Schofield of Harvard, who is of the other opinion, has relentlessly shown them up in the vivacious periodical published by the Modern Language Association. One of them had inferred from the reality of the bereavement—itself an inference—an entire domestic tragedy. Somewhere, if he is rightly translated, the poet declares that he has been two years alone. Clearly, his wife has left him, and, that being so, she may have gone off with another man, accentuating the husband's grief for the loss of his daughter. The pearl, or is it the girl? is once spoken of as "secret," which gives only too much reason to suppose that the innocent heroine of the poem was illegitimate. So philology has dealt with one piece of literature, and yet they say the philologists are prosaic fellows. Turpin himself never more deftly lightened a heavy purse of its superfluous coin than these translators, quite unconsciously and after the manner of genius, deprived the "Pearl" of all evidence controverting their theories.

If the gayety of a science depends upon the temper of its devotees, evidently philology will not fit into the dismal category. But romance requires also the air of varied circumstance. Here, too, the philologer walks in wide-eyed expectancy. From the sands of Turkestan have come recently the fragments of a new Aryan language. The discovery of an inscribed spear-head might any day establish a new theory or mortally smite an old one. Years ago Professor Sievers declared that certain portions of the Anglo-Saxon poem of the Creation abounded in Continental words and phrases, and must be a translation from an Old Saxon original. For some time his rivals cheerfully demonstrated that he knew neither Old Saxon nor Anglo-Saxon. It looked as if his theory must remain in the limbo of unproved hypotheses. But one day another German scholar was rummaging in the Vatican library, and that day, in William James's pregnant words, "truth occurred" to Professor Sievers's theory—a sheet from the posited Old Saxon poem turned up in a book-binding. Here are suggested hazards of scholastic fortunes with which mere prospecting for gold or cornering cotton cannot vie.

With philologists one is ever in the realm of the imagination. Prof. Brander Matthews takes occasion in his recently published essay on the Speech of the People to praise King Alfred for his "intuitive knowledge" of the profound truth that language "lives in common speech and in daily use, rather than in grammar and in dictionary." See how the philological fancy glorifies Alfred for what the common man would suppose the great king couldn't help doing. But Professor Matthews sees vividly the insidious perils that hung over the grave origins of English prose. Had not Alfred had that instinct for colloquialism, he might easily have been perverted through reading the glossaries in Sweet's Earliest English Texts or similar organs of pedantry. Thus the infant English language might have been broken down at the outset by the sheer weight of its polysyllabic swaddling clothes. And note that it takes the trained philological imagination to perceive this service to England and the world. All of which brings us back to our original contention that, as sciences go, philology is distinctly in the gay division. If a philologist ever seems a dull dog, look out for him. He really is bursting with romance, and if you thwart him he may do you an injury.

GAMES AND TALK.

In formally opening the new links at Gravesend, the other day, Mr. Arthur Balfour made a short speech about golf. Even his oratorical genius was unequal to saying anything new on the subject, but he did say something that appears not to be true. Deprecating the practice of calling upon a public man—already sick unto death with much speaking—to make an address on every conceivable occasion, Mr. Balfour contended that speech-making was peculiarly inappropriate to golf, since it was "a game to be played and not to be talked about."

If this was meant for satire, nothing is to be said except that it was too subtle. As a matter of fact, talking about golf is one of the great and established features of the game. Ask the despairing wives who have to listen to all the

details of the match fought over again at dinner! Freeman's disgust at the "chatter about Harriet" was no greater than that of many a non-golfer compelled to listen to endless explanations of the way in which the ball became unplayable on the thirteenth and hung on the edge of the cup on the last hole. Veterans fighting their battles over again are not a circumstance to the long explanations of golf strategy and the "most wonderful shot I ever made," which go on with inexhaustible zest on club piazzas and around the tables in the café. Condemn the inveterate golfer to silence about his favorite sport, and it would lose half its charm.

What Mr. Balfour seems to have confused is the rule of taciturnity while actually playing, and the rule of limitless discussion and living the scene over again when the match is finally lost or won. Strict observers of golf etiquette go over the course like so many Trappists. The tradition of silence on the links is ancient and severe. Stories and facts without end illustrate it. There were the two old Scotchmen who played a closely-contested round without a word or whisper, until one of them uttered a golfer's oath as his ball jumped out of the cup on the eighteenth hole. The other turned upon him in a fury at his "unbridled loquacity." The conviction is generally held that the best players are the most close-mouthed. The man whom Walter Travis defeated in the finals for the British amateur championship wrote afterwards that the American was the most silent golfer he had ever encountered. His single remark to his opponent during the whole thirty-six holes was: "You are driving a very long ball." This is the kind of golden silence on the links which Mr. Balfour may have had in mind.

There is, to be sure, what is known as "conversational golf," in which contestants are privileged by agreement to keep up a ceaseless patter of guying and banter between strokes, but that is admitted to be a shameless departure from the rigors of the game. Yet the most punctilious player, who holds it a sacred obligation to let his words be few in the course of actual play, feels at liberty to overflow when it is ended. Then come the joyous recollections of the exact difficult lie and the astonishing recovery, the long and absorbing *post-mortems*, the nice pointing out just where the match was lost, the conclusive demonstration that if a wooden club had only been taken instead of an iron, or the ball not fallen into a heel-print in the hazard, a glorious victory would have resulted. There is also the utterly illimitable talk about the make of clubs and style of shoes and stance and swing and grip, which flows on no less fatedly and in much greater volume than Tennyson's brook. Golf not to be talked about! Why, it is one of the greatest provocatives to conversation ever brought into this tongue-wagging world.

It is true of all popular games that talking about them is inseparable from playing them. Fancy what would happen to academic conversation if its one great theme for a large part of the college year were to be taken away. Football gives its chief color to the speech of thousands of undergraduates for weeks and months. Before the season opens, there is the vast discussion of plans and possibilities. While the games are playing, the rising hope of American culture can talk of nothing else. After the last struggle has been fought out, there come the long regrets that its strategy or personnel had not been different; and the undergraduate mind carries the matter well into the winter, until it is time to enliven the conversation by speculating on the chances of the nine and the crew in the spring. If it were not for games and talk about them, we should not have any of that play of wit and fancy, and that mind sharpening mind, which this athletic age has made such a social staple. No games, no conversation. A young lady of our acquaintance put the case exactly as it is. She was thrown into the company of a college senior, with whom she endeavored to make talk. "I tried him on books," she said, "but only made him uncomfortable. I asked him about the theatre, but he merely looked blank. I inquired what he thought about politics, but found that he had no thoughts. Then I saw what had to be done, and suggested athletics. Instantly he brightened up, ran on fluently for an hour, and concluded that I was not such a fool as he had feared." So we see that the game may not be worth the candle, but is certainly worth the talk.

RECENT FRENCH HISTORY.

PARIS, December 2.

The latest of the many volumes which Emile Ollivier has in his old age written on "L'Empire Libéral" (Garnier), in which the history-making activities of his prime were spent long ago, practically concludes his *Apologia pro Vita sua*. It must be said that time, with its appeasements, had already proceeded to his essential justification. Never was a French minister more vituperated by his countrymen of every degree. After their crushing defeat by Germany, they were bound to find scapegoats. In 1867 Republican agitators had prevented the efficacious army reform urged by Marshal Niel. In the fatal July session of Parliament in 1870, Gambetta shouted loudest for war and branded opposition as *scélérate*. They profited by the Emperor's defeat, which was at the same time a national disaster, to work their Revolution; and when this, instead of mending matters, ended them by the loss of two provinces, they turned first, ungallantly, against the Empress Eugénie—it had been "her war" all along—next against Emile Ollivier, Prime Minister when they forced the Emperor to war against his own feeling and judgment. Ollivier's unhappy phrase of the *cœur léger*, with which he looked forward to the war he had in reality opposed, was taken from its context and for many years he sank under its opprobrium. He has bided his time. Has he justified himself now? Essentially, yes—and, along with himself, the Empress, who was never a friend of his, but whose rôle was grossly exaggerated from social and religious as well as political hatred. Her utterance as she escaped from the Tuileries still best sums up that closing of an historical epoch: "We have been dupes!"

The story is long, but it is well told by this too theoretical statesman who was a chief actor in it and who remains a master rhetorician. The importance of these volumes extends far beyond the defence of their author and the rectification of still burning disputes. The "Liberal Empire" was a spontaneous progress of the French people toward representation by an executive power. Its utter failure has left France under the absolute sovereignty of the legislative body in the present Parliamentary Republic. The details of the diplomacy at Ems and the political workings at Paris are here told by one who knows, and, on the whole, with surprising impartiality.

"Napoléon III, devant l'histoire" (Dujarric), by Pierre Gérard, is a popular volume intended to lift the clouds from the memory of the *grand méconnu*. The undoubted progress and material prosperity of France under the hapless Emperor furnish easy arguments,

which, moreover, deserve a place in serious history. The preface is by the Marquis de Dion, progressive leader in the automobile industry and in the plebiscitary political party.

G. Weill, professor in the university faculty of Caen, writes from the outside the "Histoire du Catholicisme Libéral en France (1828-1908)"—a movement which prepared Conservative minds for the successive acceptance of four essentially revolutionary governments: King Louis Philippe, the Republic of 1848, the Second Empire in its Liberal phases, and the Third Republic, so long as this last tolerated the "rallying" of Catholic Frenchmen to itself. Although its formulæ are now discredited by both sides, this movement had consequences which endure in the social constitution of to-day. In this it is like the other defunct Liberalisms of the Continent. Its history in the main had already been written from the inside by the biographer of Montalembert, who was so long its leader. The present volume is from the publisher of philosophy, Alcan. With it should be noted a book on a new movement from Georges Goyau, Catholic editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—his fourth series, "Autour du Catholicisme social" (Perrin). It treats discursively of the church of the people (in Ireland); Gladstone's State Church; the church and political novelties (illustrated by Cardinal Consalvi); and various present-day "Catholics of action."

Maurice Quentin-Bauchart, born a citizen of Paris and long one of its municipal councillors, publishes the notes of his impressions as a grown boy of the Siege and Commune—"Les Evènements de 1870-71" (Juven). They are prefaced by the Napoleonic authority, Frédéric Masson of the French Academy. Gen. Kirkpatrick de Closeburn, who is of the same cosmopolitan Scottish clan as the Empress Eugénie, publishes his remembrances of youth fighting for a predestined lost cause—"Souvenirs Carlistes" (Alphonse Picard). The death of the last Don Carlos gives them a shadow of actuality.

"Fachoda" (Flammarion), by ex-Foreign Minister Hanotaux, is an instructive revelation from diplomatic documents and inside knowledge of one of the most distressing incidents of recent French history. The international preliminaries of the brilliant Marchand expedition; the hesitating utterances of the British Foreign Office, which did not venture to claim exclusive rights in the Sudan until forced by that handful of Frenchmen; and, quite disregarded by a world which attends only to sensational history in the making, the final recognition by England, as a consequence of that humiliation of France, of the vast colonial empire which France has taken for herself from the Niger and Congo to the Mediterranean—these are substantial additions to our knowledge of contemporary history. It is natural that M. Hanotaux should insist on the ignorance of the situation which he had prepared, or the neglect of it, on the part of his successor, M. Delcassé. The Fashoda incident was the immediate and condign punishment; but it is not sufficiently brought out that it was Minister Delcassé's subsequent profiting by England's need in the Sudan which secured the consolidation of French rights in Africa. Here, too, as if a republic can have a successful foreign policy only by accident, the Delcassé negotiations ended in the seeming humiliation of Algeciras, which again has worked beyond all expectation for the recognition of the African rights of France by Germany. Delcassé has now downed Clemenceau, who thus drew final victory from defeat; but the Republic has taken back neither Delcassé nor Hanotaux to direct its policy. It is lucky for future history that the ex-minister concerned should elucidate all this first period. It makes possible a clear understanding of a movement that otherwise would seem made up of incoherent leaps backward and forward. The substance of the book first appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

"La Politique réaliste à l'extérieur" (Fasquelle), by Pierre Baudin, explains what that ex-minister of public works would have the foreign policy of France, now that the Republic is not profiting by his counsels. It is the book of a Moderate Radical, who has a patriot's good will with some knowledge of international events as they really happen, and not as newspapers report them. In name his "realist" policy is that proclaimed by Prime Minister Briand as his own "policy of realizations." This leaves the mind of Englishmen and Americans blank, for they hardly ever allow ideals or ideas to intervene in practical politics, but always and everywhere realize whatever is in sight. The reading of a book like this of M. Baudin is therefore a help to the understanding of French policies—no easy thing for the Anglo-Saxon.

"Terroristes et policiers" (Juven), by Jean Longuet and Georges Silber, is an evidently inspired book on a most painful subject of contemporary history—the underground working of the Russian police. The preface is by W. L. Bourtsev, whose accusations have so notoriously interrupted the operations of the Russian police abroad. The sympathies of freedom-lovers are inevitably torn between their dislike of bureaucrats striving desperately to save an autocracy at bay and their distrust of a Nihilism sticking at no crime in the pursuit of its own ideal of liberty.

S. D.

Correspondence.

THE ORACLE OF LOVE IN THE TWELFTH CHAPTER OF "LA VITA NUOVA."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: After Beatrice had denied to him her salutation, Dante declares that Love appeared to him in a vision, and sighed, and said: "*Fili mi, tempus est ut prætermittantur simulacra nostra*—my son, it is time for us to lay aside our counterfeiting"; and that, having so said, Love wept for pity, and to Dante, asking, "Lord of nobleness, why dost thou weep?" replied: "*Ego tamquam centrum circuli, cui simili modo se habent circumferentiæ partes; tu autem non sic*—I am as the centre of a circle, for which all parts of the circumference are alike; but thou art not so." Perplexed, Dante again asked: "What thing is this, Master, that thou hast spoken thus darkly?" Love only replied: "Demand no more than may be useful to thee."

Love's injunction, "it is time for us to lay aside our counterfeiting," is clear. Beatrice, and others, had misunderstood Dante's "screening" homage to another lady; it is time, therefore, to confess the truth to his real lady. Obediently, Dante addresses to Beatrice a *ballata*, which says of its maker:

> Lady his heart has been
> of such fixed constancy
> that his each thought incites him to serve thee:
> early 'twas thine, and never hath it strayed.

Apparently, this obedience, though due, is to entail disaster for Dante, because he is not, like Love, "as the centre of a circle, for which all parts of the circumference are alike." Also, present understanding of what Love means would not avail to avert the disaster, otherwise an explanation would be "useful." We should expect, accordingly, to find the key to the oracular utterance in the direct consequences of Dante's obedient "laying aside of counterfeiting."

> After this above written vision [Dante writes], when I had already said those words [to Beatrice] which Love had charged me to say, many and divers thoughts began to assail and tempt me, each one almost irresistibly, among which thoughts four seemed most to disturb my life's repose. The first whereof was this: The lordship of Love is good since it draweth the mind of his liege from all evil things. The next was this: The lordship of Love is not good since the more faith his liege beareth him, the more heavy and more grievous straits must he pass. The next was this: The name of Love is so sweet to hear that it seemeth to me impossible that its action in most things be other than sweet. . . . The fourth was this: The lady for whom Love constraineth thee thus is not as other ladies that her heart be lightly moved. And each assailed me so, that it made me stand like one who knoweth not by which path to take his way, and who fain would go, yet knoweth not whither to turn. And if I thought that I would seek a way common to all, namely, where all might be in accord, this way was most inimical to me, namely, to call upon and yield me to the arms of pity.

Drawn "irresistibly" four ways in turn, Dante is obviously in a position unlike "the centre of a circle, for which all parts of the circumference are alike." Concerned as he is for his own welfare, he can see no way out, no centre of accord, except in his lady's pity, which he forebodes must be "inimical."

The foreboding is immediately justified. From Beatrice he finds not pity, but mockery. So far from pity making accord between his four conflicting thoughts, his appeal to pity only involves him in a new fourfold mystery—

whereof the first [matter] is, that ofttimes I grieved when memory moved my fancy to imagine how Love dealt with me. The second is how Love did many times suddenly assail me so mightily that there remained naught in me of life save a thought that spake of this lady; the third is, that when this battle of love assailed me thus, I set forth, as 'twere all pallid, to behold this lady, believing that the sight of her would defend me from this assault, forgetting what befel me through drawing nigh to such gentleness; the fourth is, how that such sight not only did not defend me, but finally discomfited the small remnant of my life.

Thus the lover seems at the point of spiritual death, when suddenly all is changed. Dante presently announces "a new matter and more noble than the past." Questioned as to the end of his love, he replies: "Ladies mine, the end of my love was once this lady's salutation. . . . But since it hath pleased her to deny it to me, Love, my lord, by his grace hath placed all my beatitude in that which cannot fail me," namely, as he says presently, "in those words which praise my lady."

Love, "lord of nobleness," has at last revealed himself to Dante, whose own love to now has been ignoble, because self-centred, craving reward in the salutation. The four thoughts which drew him from his repose were all for his own welfare. Henceforth his love is to be centred in self-effacing service, in pure homage. He will give all, asking nothing; and therefore he can lose nothing. Not pity, his "enemy" indeed, but renunciation, was signified by that "centre of indifference" to which Love, "lord of nobleness," had likened himself. Such love Dante joyously believes he has now found, and declares in the sonnet, "Love and the gentle heart are but one thing." In the canzone, "Ladies that have intelligence of love," he first expresses this "new matter and nobler" of love, this selfless homage. It is significant that Bonaglunta cites (Purg. xxiv, 51) this canzone as demarking the "sweet new style," when asking Dante to define that style. To him Dante replies:

I am one who, when
Love me inspireth, note, and in such wise
as he dictates within, go setting forth.

The "oracle of Love" in the twelfth chapter of the "Vita Nuova" is just such a dictation. Love's obscurely declared nature, when realized by Dante through mistake and suffering, is what turns Dante's "young life" into his "new life," his regenerate life, when his selfish love is born again in the new intelligence of the love which is nobleness.

But fulfilment of love through self-renunciation is not yet perfect. While Beatrice lives, Dante has at least the reward of her presence. Presently, death robs him of even that. He despairs, and turns for comfort to the Pitiful Lady (*la donna pietosa*). Again forgetful of the nemesis which appeal to pity brought, again misunderstanding the love which is nobleness, he said within himself: "It cannot be but that noble love is with that pitiful lady." And he thought of her: "This is a gentle lady, fair, young, and wise, and hath appeared perchance by Love's will, in order that my life may find rest." But such was not the will of Love, "lord of nobleness." His life does not find rest, but is distracted by a new "battle of thoughts," by one justifying selfish solace, another commanding unselfish loyalty. For a while the selfish thought dominates, until "a mighty vision" of young Beatrice leaves him penitent, and filled with "tribulation" such that his eyes weep so

that Love
encircleth them as with a martyr's crown.

Thus this spiritual crisis recorded in the forty-first chapter exactly repeats that already recorded in the sixteenth. In each case, centring his love in pity, he is at once drawn opposite ways by contrary thoughts, and is then suddenly confronted with Beatrice, first in the flesh, the second time in "a mighty vision" (*una forte imaginazione*). On the one occasion her girlish mockery, on the other the silent reproach of the girlish figure he had first seen and loved, utterly discomfits him. From each discomfiture springs the realization that the true "centre" of the love which is nobleness lies not in the solace of indulgent pity, but in the self-devotion of the "gentle heart." The ignoble lover seeks to realize his own self-will, and finds only unrest and despair; the noble lover submits his own will to the will of his beloved. After the first crisis, Love, by his grace, had taught Dante the unfailing beatitude of selfless contemplation and praise of his lady mortal; so now, after the second crisis, Love will teach the still higher beatitude of praise and ideal contemplation of her immortal. In the last sonnet of the "Vita Nuova" this "new intelligence" is dictated by Love. Drawn ever upwards by a "new intelligence that Love, weeping, implants in it," his "pilgrim spirit" soars to the Empyrean, where it beholds Beatrice in glory, yet is incapable of rightly declaring that glory.

Love, dictating this new intelligence of himself, weeps—as he had wept when first, after the denial of the salutation, he had declared darkly his true nature. Evidently not even yet is Dante's love fully subdued to the love which is nobleness. Before his "pilgrim spirit" may fully realize and declare the glory of Beatrice, that is of Love himself (the identity had been revealed by Love in chapter twenty-four), it must pass through Hell and Purgatory; must again, after its errancy, be confronted with Beatrice, and, appealing to pity, seem to find pity an "enemy" still. Though angels are moved to pity by his misery, Beatrice is sternly unrelenting. In his manhood, as in his "young life," he must pay the "scot that sheddeth tears." At Beatrice's rebuke.

Then at my heart there gnawed so great remorse
that I fell stricken (Par. xxxi, 88-9).

But after this third and last crisis, Love finally reveals himself fully in the knowledge of his kingdom, Paradise. Drawn upward to the Empyrean again, as his "pilgrim spirit" had been drawn in the "Vita Nuova," Dante now sees not only Beatrice in her glory, but the Godhead also—this last as "three circles of threefold color, and of one dimension," of which the third seemed to be "fire that was breathed forth equally by both" the other two. This third circle symbolizes the power of the Holy Ghost, or Love. Dante's mortal faculties failed to sustain the beatific vision; but not until already his

desire and will were rolled,
even as a wheel that evenly is moved,
by the Love that moves the sun and other stars.

That is to say, having at last realized the Divine Circle, the one ray, the virtual centre of which is Love, Dante's whole moral nature is subdued to harmony with that Love, and becomes *concentric* with it. Selfish desire and self-will are quenched; he is able to say with the blessed, in Piccarda's words:

In His will is our peace.

Now Beatrice's seemingly "inimical" denial of pity is explained. In the "Vita Nuova" (chap. xxiv) Dante had foreshadowed her relation to him as that of Christ to the sinner. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth"; it was Beatrice's chastening which at last made Dante's love also "as the centre of a circle, for which all parts of the circumference are alike"—that is to say, as we may now interpret, not a selfish passion blown hither and thither by the four winds of desire, but a joyous acquiescence in the will of the loved one, a "centre of indifference," such as Piccarda intends when she answers Dante (Par. iii, 70-2):

Brother, the quality of perfect love (*carità*)
stilleth our will, and maketh us desire
but what we have, nor giveth other thirst.

But while seeking nothing for itself, this perfect love is a radiant centre of loving charity equally for all. In heaven, where all are such radiant centres of love, there is, indeed, no distinction between giving and receiving; all are as "centres of circles, for which all parts of the circumference are alike," since, as Virgil says (Purg. xv 73-5):

The more on high who one another know,
the more are to love well, the more love is,
and like a mirror each to each gives back.

As if to symbolize visually Love's self-description, Dante represents the spirits of the more blessed as literally centres of flaming circles. The spirits in the Moon appear as merely shadowy human forms; in Mercury the shadowy forms begin to glow; in the higher planets the glow hides the enclosed form, and the spirit voices sound from the centres of these "torches" or "suns" or "splendors." One spirit, San Pier Damiano, is explicitly described as "love" at the centre of a whirling circle of light (Par. xxi, 79 ff.); and the Virgin Mary becomes the centre of "a radiance circle-formed around her," by "the angelic love" of Raphael (Par. xxiii, 94 ff.). Finally the Godhead appears as a threefold circle, within which Dante seems to see the image of Christ, that is to say, of Love himself. Visually regarded, Love's dark words in the "Vita Nuova" could not be more fully justified.

If the above interpretation of these dark words be correct, they are by no means the mere *obiter dictum* or even unexplained mystification that the commentators have left them, but form the dramatic announcement, and contain the essential tenet, of the religion of love embodied in the "sweet, new style" of both the "Vita Nuova" and the "Divina Commedia."

JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER.

Columbia University, December 10.

FRENCH ACCENTS ON PROPER NOUNS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The spelling of the name of the poet Heredia (without any accent) in your article on Father Tabb in this week's *Nation* tempted me to send you, for your next list of *errata*, a corrected Hérédia. That, at least, was the spelling finally agreed upon by the revising editors of the "New International Encyclopædia," after a good deal of doubt and careful consulting of the best authorities. The busy lexicographer cannot always lay his hand on the works of the author whose fate he is deciding, and an American encyclopædia may be pardoned for erring once in a while in good company. To this day, not to mention lesser lights, Brockhaus (1902) has Hérédia, and so has the almost infallible Garollo ("Dizionario Biografico," 1909), while the last Meyer, though it has discarded the accents in the article "Heredia," retains them under the rubric "Französische Literatur." And to add to the perplexities of cyclopædia-making, there appears an apparently unquestioned Hérédia (the maiden name of Mme. Henri de Régnier) in "Qui êtes-vous?" for 1909-1910. But, for all that, if we turn to the works of the poet, we find that Heredia it is, or rather seems to be, for the sceptical lexicographer may be pardoned for thinking that nothing is certain in his special pursuit. Breathes there a man who can positively assert that so recent a celebrity as President Casimir-Perier never spelled his name with an accent over the first *e*? Here is the "Grande Encyclopédie" with only Periers, while the "Nouveau Larousse" has only Périers, though the President, still referred to in a heading as "Périer (Jean Casimir)," is taken out of their list and treated, unaccented, under "Casimir-Perier." A still more modern man, ex-Premier Clemenceau, appears as Clémenceau in the "Grande Encyclopédie," as well as in Vapereau's authoritative "Dictionnaire universel des Contemporains" (1893) and as Clemenceau in Larousse. It is only within the last few years that the latter spelling has been generally adopted by newspapers in France and elsewhere.

But there is still some uncertainty concerning the spelling of a more famous name than has as yet been mentioned. Most encyclopædias write Fénelon nowadays, but the doubts that preceded the adoption of this spelling for one encyclopædia, at least, are still fresh in the minds of some of us. For what do we find when we turn to some standard editions of "Télémaque" or to various important works containing the name of its author, in the Columbia Library? Here is Voltaire's "Siècle de Louis XIV," in the 1785 edition of his complete works, with Fénélon; a copy of "Dialogues sur l'éloquence en général" has appended a letter "written by the late Fenelon," without any accent on the name, either on the title-page or in the text (the distinction is important); here is an edition of "Télémaque," by Fénélon (Paris, 1835), and here one by Fénelon, 1836, and again Surenne gives us an American Fénélon, 1856, and so on.

It is, indeed, greatly to be regretted that the French Academy has never spoken its fiat concerning the spelling of the great names that adorn French literature. Though we find in the preface to the last edition of the "Dictionnaire de l'Académie Française" the incidental mention of Fénelon, we are warned that the Academy does not concern itself with words pertaining to cyclopædias.

Is it, then, to return to Heredia, unreasonable to surmise that the poet, coming to France when very young, at first naturalized his name by accenting it, and afterwards, as a famous writer, dropped the accents? Perhaps one of your learned contributors may throw some light on this subject. Gustav Pollak.

New York, December 4.

TURNER AND CLAUDE LORRAIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Permit me to add to your interesting article on "Claude Lorrain, Teacher" (November 4), some hints which may be of service to students of painting and to visitors to the National Gallery in London.

Turner made his great mistake when he willed to the English nation (the National Gallery) his best evening and morning pictures, with the proviso that they should be placed side by side with the best morning and evening pictures of Claude Lorrain owned by the Gallery. The result is an instructive and wholesome lesson in the direction pointed out in your above-mentioned article; and it is of special value to the devotee of the present style of painting for effect, however achieved. Indeed, this style of "however achieved," whether by loading color or by rough canvas or paper, is the least permanent and the least instructive. The true mission of painting is to deceive the eye by careful and true perspective painting, and not by semi-plastic methods, as may be clearly seen by comparing Turner's paintings with those of Claude Lorrain.

While Turner's evening canvas is brilliant in color and manipulation, showing the great colorist, it loses immensely by the immediate proximity of Claude Lorrain's clear, bright sunlight, with its transparency of atmosphere attained by the simplicity and purity of the painter's palette, and by smooth, plain painting. Claude Lorrain's Morning is the morning of southern Europe; it has the cool crispness of the early hours, when the clear outline of the crescent moon shows the recent retreat of night. Turner's Morning shows the dirty grayness of an early, misty English morning. The heavily loaded colors in Turner's paintings have in time assumed the dead cover of dry paints, to which has been added the gray dirt which unavoidably settles on projections. The smoothness of the well-covered canvas of Claude Lorrain and its purity of colors have preserved it from the havoc of time. Edward Taussig.

St. Louis, Mo., December 1.

NAMES IN "THE SOUTHERNER."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I wish to correct a misstatement of fact made by your reviewer of "The Southerner," if you will be so kind as to permit me.

He named a number of men and several newspapers in North Carolina which (he said) I had used, under thin disguises, in the story.

This I wish to disclaim, for the book is made up of fiction from beginning to end. There are only two persons whose characters or careers suggested anything in it, and your reviewer has happened to guess only one of these two, and he is dead. I should much prefer, and I think it is fair to ask, that the gentlemen whom he named should not think that I have been guilty of what I should regard as very bad taste.

It may interest your reviewer to know that the places and some of the persons named in the book are declared by an Alabaman reviewer to be places and men in Alabama; and I am informed by a Texan gentleman that he recognized in the story one character as a well-known man in public life in Texas.

The Author of "The Southerner."

New York, December 2.

Literature.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—II.

The wisest men in some directions are oftenest the most genial men in others; Charles Perrault, the Rev. Charles Dodgson, and Edouard Laboulaye were all associated in their several lines of thought with learned societies. The last-named was citizen, jurist, and scholar, but is perhaps best remembered, as were also Perrault and "Lewis Carroll," for his imaginative work. A volume of his "Fairy Tales" (Dutton), illustrated by Arthur A. Dixon, has been issued, in an artistic Nister edition, with a most sumptuous cover, which such excellent internal wealth deserves. The publishers of the new issue of "Through the Looking Glass" (Dodge) have curiously omitted Mr. Dodgson's name from the red, white, and blue cover which, in its loudness, belies the refined humor of this classic.

Mothers will be especially indebted to Alicia Aspinwall for her "Can You Believe Me Stories" (Dutton). While these do not all maintain the same high level, the nonsense is, on the whole, of exceptional cleverness. The professional story-teller will find distinctive material in such a piece of fancy as "The Irrepressible Pie." On reading "The Land of Nod" (Crowell), one is impressed by two facts: Mr. McSpadden has enjoyed the telling and has engaged an artist, Edward L. Chase, whose drawings indicate an equal amount of zest. Mr. McSpadden has also been an excellent student of "Lewis Carroll"; the adventures of Tinkie and Tess, while not as poignant as those of Alice, are rich in the novelty which children like. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Barty Crusoe and His Man Saturday" (Moffat, Yard), in excellent type and with line drawings, artistically arranged even though crude, is inferior to most of her recent children's work. It is a continuation of "The Good Wolf."

Lured by the name of Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, we are disappointed to find her story of "The Enchanted Forest" (Dutton) rather commonplace in its effort to be uncommon. The different tales contain a large amount of the incongruous, which is forced and imitative. In this type of book, it is not enough that one should scatter throughout the pages such names as the "Whang-Doodle Pup," but the art rests in making the fantastic instinct with life.

Dr. Charles Eastman, otherwise known

as "Ohiyesa," has retold, with the aid of Elaine Goodale Eastman, some Sioux tales. The volume is entitled "Wigwam Evenings" (Little, Brown), and is full of the Indian spirit, as well as the Indian manner. E. W. Deming, whose familiarity with Sioux life is as unquestioned as Dr. Eastman's knowledge, has drawn the pictures.

We cannot help feeling that the multiplicity of new fairy tales and folklore only serves to distract attention from the really notable imaginative books of this character. It is partly for this reason that Rackham's "Grimm," as well as "Grimm's Animal Stories" (Duffield) with John Rae's effective pictures, should find a hearty welcome. In passing, G. E. Theodore Roberts's "Flying Plover" (L. C. Page), deserves commendation for its atmosphere, born of close intimacy with life in the Far North.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company has issued "Hänsel and Gretel," adapted from the libretto of Adelheid Witte, and embellished with color plates by M. L. Kirk, which have the distinction of being full of lively imagination and of realistic child humanity. This is the first time, so it is asserted, that any version of this fairy tale has been published in English purporting to follow Humperdinck's opera.

Guides to appreciation are most difficult to write attractively, since the purpose is avowedly didactic. But Dr. Daniel Gregory Mason has, in his "Child's Guide to Music" (Baker & Taylor), discussed most entertainingly the essentials of piano, orchestral, and vocal work, mingling anecdote and history with acute and vivid analysis. A sumptuous volume, "The Children's Book of Art" (Macmillan), contains a cursory survey of the art of all ages, and A. E. and W. Martin Conway, who are the authors, adopt a narrative style; the reproductions are strikingly rich. But we doubt whether this book is as vital in its method as Charles H. Caffin's "A Child's Guide to Pictures" (Baker & Taylor), an ideal course of instruction. Macmillan is also the publisher of "The Children's Book of Gardening," by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick and Mrs. Paynter.

There is no need of emphasizing the meaning of "What's in a title?" when that title is "Around the World with the Battleships" (McClurg), a "log" story and a sketchy guide all in one. The book is by Roman J. Miller, chief turret captain, U. S. S. Vermont. The text is fragmentary, but none the less full of incident and instruction. James B. Connolly has written a vigorous introductory note. The "make-up" of the book is startlingly gaudy. Franklin Mathews follows his successful "With the Battle Fleet" with a record of the homeward journey, which began July 7, 1908, and ended February 22, 1909. The new volume is entitled "Back to Hampton Roads" (Huebsch), and is full of the acute observation of a very clever newspaper man.

In a survey which is necessarily limited in scope, the *variety* of fiction can only be suggested; at least, a conservative 60 per cent. of the year's literary output for children consists of this special *genre*. The series class is as strong as ever, and will sell, despite the disfavor of the librarian. Among these books we believe Marion Ames Taggart's "Six Girls and the Seventh One" (Wilde) is most successful in retaining some of its initial freshness. The cheerful tone of the character work and the simple introduction of love add distinction to the story. There is a large amount of pleasing vigor in Winifred Kirkland's "Introducing Corinna" (Revell), which is intended for older girls and deals with the trials of a young woman who becomes head of a boarding school, and who is as refreshing as her picture, used as a frontispiece. The plot is defective in places, but the general tone is wholesome.

Another story deserving of special consideration is "When She Came Home from College" (Houghton Mifflin), in which the authors, Marian K. Hurd and Jean B. Wilson, depict the home trials of a college graduate who has ideas as to how the work-a-day world should be run. The book contains humor and distinctive character sketching.

We are never disappointed when we turn to children's books of practical scope. The ingenuity of D. C. Beard shows no abatement in "The Boy Pioneers" (Scribner), which is not a story, though the pages are plentifully scattered with facts about Boone, Crockett, and others of the same character; those boys who have the spirit of pioneers in them are told how to live the lives of pioneers, and that object alone should attract an enthusiastic army of "campers." Joseph H. Adams is the author of another handy volume discussing important machinery and the power that moves it (Harper). The young mechanic will welcome its full descriptions and its tables and definitions.

The experimenter who must exist in every household will find certain delight in T. B. Russell's "Science at Home" (Fenno), which gathers together a number of easy scientific "tricks" readily performed with the aid of home-made devices. The diagrams might have been more carefully reproduced. In Carrie S. Newman's "Kindergarten in the Home" (L. C. Page) the author attempts to train parents in the intricacies of Froebel's gifts. Attempting a narrative style, the book, nevertheless, is a "manual" in spirit, and will no doubt be suggestive, though it is in no way brilliant. In their "Romance Series," the Lippincotts have this year imported Dr. James C. Philip's "Romance of Modern Chemistry," best described in the words of its sub-title: "A description in non-technical language of the diverse and wonderful ways in which chemical forces are at work, and of their manifold application in modern life." The text reads like a narrative.

Of a more strictly entertaining character for young people from four to ten is Elsie Duncan Yale's "When Mother Lets Us Give a Party" (Moffat, Yard), a suggestive little guide which will bring fun to many boys and girls at a loss "what to do" on such occasions. In this same series, Frances Duncan, who edits the Garden Department in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, tells little folks what is best to plant, "When Mother Lets Us Garden." Could the publishers suggest some ways in which fathers might be advised?

Fairyland we enter through the portals of poetry, contained in Alfred Noyes's "Magic Casement" (Dutton), an excellent anthology for old as well as for the "medlumly" young; the compiler analyzes in an attractive manner the wide realm known as the "faery world," whose borders touch the thin line separating it from "delicate reality." In that realm there are both the spirit of pure fancy and the essence of the heroic which is partly national tradition. In the latter class, we find E. M. Wilmot-Buxton's "Stories of Norse Heroes" (Crowell), told in a direct style with some of the Saga spirit; this is more dignified, even if it is less simple, than John P. Edmison's effort to cover much the same territory in his "Stories from the Norseland" (Penn Pub. Co.).

Kate Stephens's "Stories from Old Chronicles" (Sturgis & Walton Co.) bears evidences of careful planning and in scope is very suggestive; the collection is a commendable introduction to Froissart and other recorders who are too little known these days. To a certain extent Spenser, in the midst of his Allegory, might be regarded as a poetic historian, and so "The Faerie Queen" may be approached as reflective of royalty in England. A. J. Church has retold some of these adventures in a way entertaining to young people (Macmillan), but he has not accomplished his task as distinctively as Lawrence H. Dawson (Crowell), who has been fortunate enough to retain much of the ancient virility and romantic flavor of the original. This edition cannot be passed by without special congratulations to Gertrude Hammond, some of whose color plates are of pleasing richness. The Crowells are likewise to be thanked for their edition of Douglas C. Stedman's "Story of Hereward," which not only may serve as an introduction to Kingsley, but will also prove excellent reading as a chronicle-romance.

Every country has its quota of legend, and each year brings to our desk stories retold, perhaps with the idea that amidst the rush of modern things it is difficult to keep in touch with the original flavor of other ages. H. L. Havell has written a critical introduction for his "Stories from the Iliad" (Dodge Pub. Co.), in which he reveals the sincerity which prompts his task; the text is conscientious and compact in its desire to be faithful. In the same spirit, Elizabeth D. Renninger approaches "The Story of Rustem and Other Persian Hero Tales from Firdusi" (Scribner), with effectively lined and tinted drawings by J. L. S. Williams.

The Century Co. in a series of stories "Retold from *St. Nicholas*" is catering partly to the heroic in all children. This year they have published "Stories of Chivalry," "Stories of Greece and Rome," "Stories of Classic Myths," "Stories of the Ancient World," "Stories of Royal Children," and "Stories of the Middle Ages," a sufficient assortment for every taste.

THE LAST DAYS OF PAPAL ROME.

The Last Days of Papal Rome. 1850-1870. By R. de Cesare. Abridged with the assistance of the Author and Translated by Helen Zimmern. With an Introductory Chapter by G. M. Trevelyan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50 net.

Dr. Raffaelle de Cesare has steadily risen in authority on the later history of the Risorgimento. His first important work, "The End of a Kingdom,"

described the last years of Bomba's reign and the collapse of the Bourbon régime at Naples. His present book, written on a similar plan, tells the story of the last twenty years of Papal Rome. His method is to collect all possible material and then to classify it according to topics. So we have one chapter on the aristocracy, another on theatres and newspapers, a third on the Sacred College, and so on. Much of the evidence has been collected from survivors of this period; some has come from inedited private correspondence; and Dr. De Cesare's own memory, which goes back to 1860, supplies a part.

The rigid historical student may complain that there are few documents, and no chronological narrative; he may ask for authorities, and find no footnotes. But if, on this account, he concludes that the book is not worthy of his serious attention, he will make a great mistake. From the nature of the case, it was impossible for Dr. De Cesare to cite many of his informers by name. The point is, does any special statement seem alien to the men or to the society that he describes? No one who knows those twenty years intimately can doubt that Papal Rome is here drawn to the life. On reflection it will also appear that this method serves well for giving the very heart of a period which had no regular parliamentary development. The Papacy of those decades was like a water-logged vessel drifting towards a cataract: its crew, instead of observing the direction of the current, manned the oars and rowed frantically downstream. If any one kept the log, it has not been published. The historian must trust, therefore, to the testimony of spectators on the banks.

It is these spectators whom Dr. De Cesare has pumped to so good purpose, that, although we have not now, and may never have, the inside history of what went on in the Vatican between 1850 and 1870, we know what is to be known, and we can surmise as to much that has been hidden. Merely on the personal side, his book is notable. Here are portraits of Pio Nono, who was not at all the mild saint that latter-day beatifiers make him out; of Antonelli, who held the rudder and bade the oarsmen row with all their might to perdition; of Mérode, the Belgian fanatic, who beguiled Pius for a time, and was then thrown over by him; of the Duke of Sermoneta, of Prince Alessandro Torlonia, and of many others who played their part, on one side or the other, in those fateful years.

Besides much information about the Papal system of finance—if that may be called a system which had none—of judicial and municipal administration, and about economic and commercial conditions, the reader will find scores of sidelights on the actual life of the various classes. Taken one by one, these items may not seem important; but their cumulative effect cannot be gainsaid. All the evidence, whether special or general, proves that the Papacy, as a form of secular government, had completely broken down. There was little or no justice in the courts; neither honesty nor dispatch in the bureaus; no check on immorality, lay or clerical, in the capital; no help for agriculture in the provinces; no tolerance; no education. These facts Dr. De Cesare tells without invective, and without even partisan bias. He recognizes that, since they speak for themselves, he does not need to expound or denounce them.

On the growth of Papal intransigence in political and mixed affairs, this book furnishes much information. It shows us how, in 1850, Pius IX returned to Rome an immutable reactionary; how, being in this frame of mind, he became an easy tool for the Jesuits to use; and how they formulated their intransigence in the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and of Papal Infallibility, and in the Syllabus, which, until Pius X's imitation of it appeared two years ago, was regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of obscurantism. On the political side, we have an informal account of the Piedmontese efforts at negotiation; followed by the Garibaldian expeditions, by the departure and return of the French, and by the downfall of the Papacy on September 20, 1870. In this field should also be classed the methods and attempts of the conspirators, about whom Dr. De Cesare has a good deal to say, and such an episode as the kidnapping of the Jew boy, Mortara, which did more than any other single Papal act to horrify the conscience of the civilized world. The reader needs to be informed that all these matters are treated at much greater length in the original. The condensation has been made with an eye to what is most significant for the English-speaking public; and it has been done well: but the student should consult the two large volumes of the Italian work, for much collateral evidence and for such documents as were available.

The total impression left by Dr. De Cesare is that of comprehensiveness. Papal Rome is all here, inglorious, picturesque, immoral, cynical, moribund—a system which originated amid mediæval conditions, and projected itself through seven decades of the nineteenth century, amid conditions which it could not live in and which it therefore cursed. Through these pages pass and repass the monsignori, the prelates, the Jesuits, the worldly cardinals, the unyielding ecclesiastics, the seeming-genial Pius, handsome in face, soft of hands, but with that capacity for bursts of rage which belongs to very amiable persons when they are thwarted. Here are the artists—the painters, sculptors, and musicians—from all over the world; here is that cosmopolitan society, easy-going and irresponsible, that no scandal could shock. And here are the patriots, working steadfastly in the shadow of the gallows, or, as at Perugia and in the Romagna, coming into the open to face death in actual combat. The French garrison in Rome, the Austrians in the Legations, add to the paradoxes with which these years are strewn.

It is well that so true a book, written so attractively, should be read by American Catholics, who have been taught, by the recrudescent Ultramontanism which prevails just now among the American hierarchy, that the Rome of Papal times was a sort of Paradise, where virtue and piety held unbroken sway in all hearts. In Dr. De Cesare's unvarnished tale, they will come to understand what that Temporal Power was, the recovery of which is no more seriously thought of in Italy than is the restoration of the British sovereign in New York. It is twenty years since Cardinal Hohenlohe wrote the memorable letter to Leo XIII in which he said: "God has so ordained that the Church can never again get back her temporal power. The salvation of souls requires that we resign ourselves to this fact, that we keep quietly within the ecclesiastical sphere, and perform charity by giving of our substance and by teaching the faithful."

But in fairness, we must repeat that Dr. De Cesare (who is, we believe, a Catholic) is never polemical; his skill lies in unfolding a series of moving pictures in which the reader sees for himself what was going on. To those who study the history of institutions dispassionately, as the naturalist studies the evolution of species, this panorama of the decrepitude and dissolution of the Papal institution may be recommended. Nero fiddled when Rome was burning. This is what Pius IX did on September 20, 1870, when the Italians were entering the Eternal City:

> At half-past ten the diplomatic corps left the Vatican. After their departure the Pope resumed his easy good humor, and seating himself at his writing-table, composed, in all tranquillity, a charade in three verses upon the word *tremare* (to tremble). One of his chief amusements was the composition of charades, which he thought of easily, and which were not difficult to guess. The "whole" of the charade of September 20 represented a weakness he did not feel in that moment. The charade was passed from hand to hand among the monsignori of the court.
>
> Il tre non oltrepassa il mio *primiero*,
> È l'*altro* molto vasto e molto infido
> Che spesso spesso fa provar l'*intero*.

Significant episodes of this kind, scattered plentifully throughout Dr. De Cesare's volume, make it not only very entertaining, but historically valuable. Occasionally, he stops for a moment to pass judgment. How profound he can be appears in the following summing up of the effect of the Roman environment on Italian political progress:

Rome has carried even into national life her keen and characteristic skepticism, before which the strongest impetus dies down, and the most rooted convictions yield to the temptations of opportunism, and, still more, to that law of adaptability before which the city, at all times, has bowed, and caused its conquerors to bow.

There is the text for a volume in those last two lines.

The translation has been well done by the practised hand of Miss Helen Zimmern; G. M. Trevelyan contributes a brief historical preface; and among the illustrations are portraits of Pius IX, Sermoneta, Mortara, Mérode, Antonelli, Lamoricière, Cardinal Altieri, and Prince Doria Panfili.

CURRENT FICTION.

Priscilla of The Good Intent. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

This "Romance of the Gray Fells" has all that goes to make up an English rural novel: vast abundance of scenery, of dialect, of agriculture; a blacksmith's forge; a village "natural"; yeoman and shepherd; wild-rose maiden and moorland gypsy; faithful dullard and flighty woman-enslaver; the black fever, and many times four seasons—the whole lavishly decorated with bird, beast, and flower. The usual order of things, however, suffers reversal, in that it is the butterfly who undergoes regeneration, the hare who wins the race from the tortoise. The rustic folk of this book are endued with vigorous reality. One who reads may feel at moments an inclination to run swiftly up and down the landscape, yet the pastoral setting has charm and significance, the story holds interest in suspense to the last, and the tone never swerves from its high pitch.

Posson Jone' and Père Raphaël. With a New Word Setting Forth How and Why the Two Tales Are One. By George W. Cable. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

With respectful sympathy one reads Mr. Cable's newly inscribed introduction to his Creole stories of Parson Jones, the Parson's "Colossus," Jules, Jules's Baptiste, the sweethearts of these last, the Judge, 'Sieur Davezac, *et al.* One easily agrees that to print these two familiar tales together "is a requirement of their veritable unity, their essential oneness, a genuine love-match, made in heaven, as lovers say, and bred of an affinity back of all time."

These admirable fragments of romance, finely colored throughout, albeit not pellucid, make a brave showing in their new holiday dress, gayly illustrated by Stanley M. Arthurs. One is glad to renew his friendship with Jules St. Anges, "that elegant little heathen"; with the delicious Creole maiden whom he loves and who loves him no less; with Abby's sugar-country bridegroom, in buckskin breeches above exquisite top-boots, "and a fawn-skin vest under his voluminous coat, giving an effect half-pioneer, half-Incroyable." Creole New Orleans has all but passed away, and even in the New Orleans of Jules St. Ange such a get-up as that of M. Dimitry Davezac, from the sugar-country, "was odd," confesses Mr. Cable. With the passing of an old-time provincialism, much needed in our monotonous land of literary prairie, departs a fine subject-matter for artist, literary or pictorial. Mr. Cable has worked in that field, and his delicately rendered studies and sketches we are proud to garner. Even our dislike of dialect—a relative dislike, after all—does not deter us from tasting his conversations with real pleasure.

Aunt Amity's Silver Wedding, and Other Stories. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. New York: The Century Company.

Interest never sleeps in Mrs. Stuart's stories. Each one furnishes an addition to the reader's circle of friends or cabinet of curios. The characters play their parts with such lively plausibility that one thinks of them as photographs and of the stories as folk-lore. In so doing, there may be an injustice to the author's powers of invention. She may have largely created her queer folk and the likenesses may be "hand-painted." If so, it is an historical imagination that has conceived them on lines truer than those of mere facts. Mrs. Stuart reads deep into the African nature. She sits at home within; she looks with her subjects' eyes and feels with their own feelings both their joys and hurts. And, more than that, she conveys a sense of pain in the laugh, which is the real note of the situation. Aunt Amity, planning her droll silver wedding, "Petty Larceny's" thieving little sweetheart, lying Levi, lawless "Free Jane"—each raises an inevitable laugh, but it is a laugh with a sigh at its centre, and a question peint at its end. No writer better blends the contraries into an impression which sinks deep without for an instant calling itself a lesson.

The Wiving of Lance Cleaverage. By Alice MacGowan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

To the highlands of Tennessee this story takes us, and under competent guidance. Back and forth through the Cumberlands and up and down Big and Little Turkey Track Mountains go we from cabin door to mountain cave, through woods and farm-lands to weddings, infares, and sorghum-makings. We form varied acquaintance with the mountain people and find them courteous yet austere folk.

The difficulties that beset Lance and Callista before they reached a happy married haven are of general human interest, but in the case of the hero, take on especial coloring from his temperament—which is distinctly a Tennessee mountain product. A mere Southerner might have been as gayly debonair, but hardly as dreamy a cloud-dweller. A Yankee might have been as flagrantly self-assured, but he would have been insufferable where the mountaineer's airy insolence only drew to him all men, women, and children.

With Callista it is otherwise. Hers is the case of many a spoiled beauty who does not know how to cook. Her regeneration by fire—the kitchen fire—is of no geographic significance; and her second desertion of her post seems more a means to prolong the story than an inevitable step. There are most excellent character portrayals all along the way, one of the prominent actors being a marvellous "gospel quilt."

Debit and Credit. By Gustav Freytag. Translated by L. C. Cummings. With a Preface by Chevalier Christian C. J. Bunsen. New York: William Abbatt.

This is not a new translation of Freytag's masterpiece, but a reprint of the original English version, first issued half a century ago, and still in no need of supersession. "Soll und Haben," published in 1855, was the most popular German novel of its day, and the English translation, though sold at 15 shillings, ran through six editions in two years. Its success was due in large part to its timeliness. It celebrated the emergence of the mercantile classes from a position of inferiority to one of influence and dignity in social and political life. Elsewhere, as in "Dombey and Son," published some years earlier, the note had been heard; but Freytag sounded it with an aggressiveness which caught the ear of Europe.

To the present translation, issued in 1857 by Constable, a long letter by the Chevalier Bunsen was prefixed. This is reproduced in the present edition. Bunsen warmly eulogizes the novel, and claims for it an epical quality which, he says, belongs to all romances of the first order. But it has also, he contends, a prophetic function: it conditions the future progress of Europe upon the fusion of the educated classes, their "just and Christian bearing" toward the working masses, and the final dominance of "the educated middle classes of all nations," not as constituting a democracy, but as advancing "along the legal path to a perfect constitutional monarchy." It is doubtful if we so clearly foresee the changes of the coming half-century. Certainly Freytag's story has a vitality unlikely to be recognized fifty years hence in the prophetic writings of Jack London, H. G. Wells, *et al.*

TWO NAPOLEON BOOKS.

The Exile of St. Helena: The Last Phase in Fact and Fiction. From the French of Philippe Gonnard. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

Napoleon's Marshals. By R. P. Dunn-Pattison, M.A. With twenty illustrations. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3 net.

Napoleon showed his usual insight when he remarked to O'Meara: "People are curious to know the most trifling circumstances in the life of a man who has played a great part." The details of his life at St. Helena, his conversations, and supreme regrets, his *Passion* (as Heine would have said) under Sir Hudson Lowe, have all been set forth for eager readers in Napoleon's own memoirs and in the memorials of his fellow-exiles. They have also been told ponderously by Forsyth and charmingly by Lord Rosebery. M. Gonnard has been wise in refraining from trying to give another general picture of Napoleon as he was at St. Helena. Instead, he studies what Napoleon desired France to think he had been—in other words, the Napoleonic Legend. By legend we do not mean merely the popular exaggeration of his military glory, of his love for his soldiers, or of his part in the Civil Code. This exaggeration was inevitable, but, unless reinforced, would never have deeply influenced French politics.

The real Napoleonic Legend, so M. Gonnard thinks, was manufactured at St. Helena. By his very martyrdom on the lonely rock, Napoleon knew that he would arouse sympathy for himself and for the cause of his son. But by his writings he saw that he could do much more. So he began his memoirs. His method of work was to have one of his companions collect the facts, figures, dates, etc., for a certain period, and arrange them. Then Napoleon looked over these notes, saturated himself with his subject, and dictated very rapidly a chapter or the fragment of a chapter. This was only the first rough draft. From it there was made the next day a second version: fuller, riper, better arranged. This in turn was often many times corrected and altered by pencillings in Napoleon's own hand before it was given to Europe. With great industry and ingenuity, M. Gonnard has analyzed all these writings, as well as the memorials of Las Cases, Montholon, O'Meara, and the others, and finds a calculated purpose to establish in men's minds the following ideas in regard to Napoleon: that he was the convinced and disinterested representative of the ideas of 1789, but was forced by sheer necessity to assume dictatorial power; that he favored the idea of nationality; that he believed in God; that he wished for peace, but was constantly forced into war by the European coalitions; that all the members of his family were unusually talented and fond of him, but did him much harm through well-meaning errors. Such are some of the elements of the Legend. To each the author devotes a chapter, fortifying his opinion with countless quotations, and explaining away St. Helena utterances which seem in contradiction to the Legend. His conclusion is that the man of St. Helena equalled the man of Austerlitz. The Legend then passed to Europe, where it was powerfully swelled by Thiers and Norvins, by Béranger and Victor Hugo, and helped to seat a second Cæsar in the saddle. Yet it was one of the strange ironies of history that the crown which had been so patiently prepared by the captive of St. Helena for his own son was actually worn by the son of his hostile brother Louis. The great value of M. Gonnard's interesting study lies in the thoroughness with which he has analyzed the St. Helena literature and shown its relation to the later history of the Bonapartist party. One understands better how such a Roman Catholic as Montalembert could join hands with the Bonapartists in 1848, and how Napoleon III could say at Bordeaux: "The Empire means peace." The author's estimates of Gourgaud and Las Cases are much truer than Lord Rosebery's, and his bibliography much better than that in the Cambridge Modern History or that in the pretentious compilation of Kircheisen.

When Napoleon assumed the crown he revived the old title of Marshal of France as a means of binding more permanently to his cause the men whose swords had helped to establish his power. In the first batch of appointments he gave the baton to fourteen men, some of whom seemed scarcely to deserve it, and some of whom, on the other hand, like Masséna, felt it small honor to be "only one of fourteen." Later on, a dozen other marshals were created. Napoleon made them all feel plainly that they were his servants, created by him, and dependent on him. The title of marshal was merely a civil distinction "which gives you the honorable rank at my court which is your due, but it carries with it no authority. On the battlefield you are generals; at court you are nobles." Of each of these marshals Mr. Dunn-Pattison, late lieutenant of a Highland regiment and sometime lecturer at Magdalen College, has given brief, sharply-lined pen portraits, with many judicious military observations, showing independence of thought and no more than normal British prejudice. But it is a bit tiresome to march through all the Napoleonic wars twenty-six times in succession. To those readers who have small knowledge of Napoleonic military history many of the allusions and comparisons will lose their point; and those who know this period well will find here little that is really new.

Kashmir. Described by Francis E. Younghusband and Painted by Edward Molyneux. London: Adam and Charles Black; New York: The Macmillan Co. $6 net.

In this book the series of geographical volumes aptly described by the publishers as "Black's Beautiful Books," reaches what may be described as Himalayan heights of excellence. Here are exquisite colored pictures of the most beautiful country in the world, supplemented by a verbal description of Kashmir which includes the latest geological and historical data. The specialist will find here the gist of Stein's work and of the still more recent geological treatises of Burrard and Hayden, not mentioned only but discussed. Sir Francis Younghusband is himself no mean authority on the subjects he treats, though, curiously enough, for any save the most superficial reader the volume is logically to be read backwards. It ends with the beginning of things, some millions of years ago; then, retrograding through the pages, one comes to human history; until, finally, at the beginning, the author himself appears, and wanders through the "paradise of the gods."

The author is least at home in the historical background of his subject. Here one misses the little touches that show special knowledge. Thus it would not have been amiss, apropos of the bare allusion to saffron, to mention that in ancient days the saffron of Kashmir surpassed that of Balkh as much as the latter surpassed that of Persia. Again, in the author's justified sneer at a people capable of making a reputation only by making shawls, it might have been noticed that it was not shawls, but racehorses and literature, which made Kashmir famous two thousand years ago. To digress only for a moment—since these fourteen chapters have not been made a mere excuse for paint, but offer, to say the least, a useful condensation of data not easily to be obtained elsewhere—it is to be noted that Major Molyneux's pictures, seventy in number, are on a par with those of precedent works in this series. This is, indeed, saying too little. The scenery of Kashmir is unsurpassed, and the present artist has been equal to his opportunities. But, because of the obvious attractiveness of the illustrations, the text should receive no whit the less encomium. And a curious fact, often noticed before and corroborated by Sir Francis in this book, may be mentioned as a possible subject for examination at the hands of competent observers. Living as he does amid scenery sublime as well as beautiful, man in this "Land of the Sun" is the greatest coward on earth. Nothing is too ignominious for him; even in the presence of his wife or sweetheart the Kashmiran will burst out crying at the mere bark of a puppy. To make a sol-

dler of him is impossible. Though often a fine figure personally, he is unexcelled in shameless pusillanimity. This cannot be attributed to the effects of the religion of Buddha, since the Kashmiran has been free of that for a thousand years; nor to cruel treatment, for the Hindu of the Plains has suffered as much; nor to the climate, which is not very bad. Why is it (Sir Francis offers no explanation) that where every prospect pleases most, man is most vile? As for the Kashmiran's ethics, he is humane and kindly; but where morality demands courage, he is as he is, "having so great a respect for truth that he is unwilling to make common use of it."

Relics and Memorials of London City. By James S. Ogilvy. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $7 net.

The Private Palaces of London, Past and Present. By E. Beresford Chancellor. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $5 net.

Mr. Ogilvy's work has one advantage over most ornamental books, in that text and pictures, being from one hand, have a real relation to each other. All the buildings of the City chosen by him for illustration and comment were standing when the present century began, yet, as he remarks, a considerable number of them have already been pulled down or altered, so that in a few years his book will not be so much a present record of the past as a past record of a greater past. In general, the anecdotes or fragments of history given by the author to vivify his memorial buildings are pretty obvious, but that, for his purpose, is scarcely to their disadvantage. The pictures, sixty-four in number, are full-page (quarto) color plates, and are sufficiently realistic to recall the actual scenes to any one familiar with the City streets and lanes. They are artistic, too, save that they suffer, as do almost all color prints, from too elaborate shading and blending. As the process of printing now stands, the attempt to reproduce complicated shades and blends generally results in muddiness. This criticism, however, is directed more to a whole class of books than to the particular volume under review. Mr. Ogilvy has succeeded in making an attractive combination of description and illustration.

Mr. Chancellor writes not as a dilettante of the picturesque, but as a veritable antiquary, and his latest book on "The Private Palaces of London" is a work substantial both in form and matter. His accounts of the various houses are orderly bits of historical writing, although the lighter entertainment of anecdote is by no means neglected. Between the lines one can read of the great pageantry and the great ambitions of life for more than two centuries. The old Duchess, lying in Marlborough House and exclaiming, when told that she must be blistered or die, "I won't be blistered and I won't die," seems but a tragic and articulate symbol of that greatness. In one point of taste we take leave to differ from Mr. Chancellor. Speaking of the changes that have been made in the drawing room of Chesterfield House since its stately decorum under the great Lord Chesterfield, he remarks:

> What has since been added by the care and discrimination of the present owner gives just that touch of comfort and homeliness which is more characteristic of our day than it was of those of the earlier Georges, when the great ones of the earth seem always to have existed *en grande tenue*. . . . Now the magnificently decorated walls and ceiling look not down on an almost empty room, with chairs and settees set formally against the walls, and perhaps a solitary escritoire or commode standing isolated in its vast expanse, but on a room filled with rare French furniture; tables loaded with costly bric-à-brac; chairs covered in valuable tapestries, which seem to invite familiar intercourse; cabinets filled, etc., etc.

With due respect we submit that a glance at the picture of this overloaded drawing room makes one sigh for a simplicity that inclined even to rigidness; not in this china-shop can the true graces of conversation ever flourish. As for mere comfort, the great Chesterfield sought that and but for failing health found it in the library with its famous motto and pictures.

The forty-four photographic illustrations of Mr. Chancellor's volume are, for the still existing houses, chiefly of interiors. That is no doubt right, as the interiors are hidden from the common sight-seer; yet he would have added to the interest of his work if he had given more views of exteriors also.

Drei Jahrhunderte deutschen Lebens in Amerika. Von Rudolf Cronau. Berlin: Dietrich Reimer (Ernst Vohsen).

Undeterred by the recent publication of Georg von Bosse's "Das deutsche Element in den Vereinigten Staaten," and inspired, very likely, by his own "Amerika: die Geschichte seiner Entdeckung," Rudolf Cronau has undertaken, in a large-octavo of 640 pages, to sketch the fortunes and misfortunes, the endeavors and accomplishments, of Germans in the United States during the past three hundred years. With more system and with far more thoroughness than Von Bosse, he divides his work into two main parts, the first tracing "the Germans" in America during the Colonial period, the second following "the German-Americans" in their participation in the development of the Union. Since 1885, a resident in and traveller through the United States, and the author of several works in German and English on America, even including a severe criticism of forest mismanagement ("Our Wasteful Nation," 1908), Cronau comes to his work fairly equipped and evidences an intelligent understanding of most of the problems before him. There are interesting notes on the first *Flugblätter* regarding America which drew the earliest Germans to us, and equally interesting information, not so commonly possessed, about Hermann of Virginia and New Amsterdam, "the first German to make American maps," and about Lederer, the first German explorer of America. There are also chapters on the various communal sects, such as the Mennonites, Tunkers, and Herrnhuters, and on the exodus to Pennsylvania and elsewhere of the natives of the Pfalz. In rather strong colors, perhaps, he portrays the Germans who fought in the Revolution and whose bravery and intelligence have long been recognized by American historians. The political exiles of '48, and the good they brought to our country are recognized, Carl Schurz standing conspicuously, almost alone, in the chapter on the German in American political life. Two hundred and twenty-nine pages are devoted to the part taken by Germans in American culture—to their influence on schools, agriculture and forestry, industry, commerce, engineering, journalism and authorship, medicine, music, painting, sculpture, architecture, and the theatre. In the discussion of the *Turnverein* much is claimed that should not be forgotten by Americans, but too little is allowed by the author to the overpowering influence of English sport on physical culture in America. The Sources for a History of the German Elements in the United States should prove to be a chapter of particular value—timely, too, now that Professor Learned is at work for the Carnegie Foundation on an exhaustive research along the same lines. Two hundred and ten exceptionally good illustrations, from photographs and drawings, make the work the best of its kind yet produced.

The shortcomings of the book are emphasized by its general excellence. There is, we think, a little too much attention in text and illustration on the commercial aspect of German successes, and for a true history of the German in the New World, there should be a bold statement, here and there, of *mis*doing on the part of an occasional Altgeld, Schmidt, and Hummel, if for no other reason than as a salutary correction of the idea all too prevalent in Germany that the German element has always been the best in America. The most serious defect in the volume, however, is the omission of notable names. Among those conspicuous by their absence, are Dr. Frederick W. Holls; Isaac Thomas Hecker, the Paulist Father of Brook Farm celebrity; Lenau, the poet, who roved the Western plains; the Tafels,

and Dr. Gescheldt of New York; Dr. Julius, of Hamburg, the traveller and translator of Ticknor; and Von Schlagintweit, the explorer of the Pacific Coast. Much is said of Busch, the St. Louis brewer, but nothing of Louis Soldan, the head of the city schools. The accomplished Fräulein von Wenckebach of Wellesley receives due credit, but there is no mention of her accomplished colleague, Fräulein Müller. These names come to the reviewer almost instantly, and arouse the suspicion that the total number of omissions may be very great. And this suggests the question: Now that several attempts have recently been made by private individuals, and at much expense, to write and publish the history of the Germans in America, and always with imperfect success, is it not time that representative German societies should combine, once and for all, to undertake an official record covering this ground? Only by such a thorough investigation, scarcely to be expected from a private author or publisher, can we hope ever to have a full and satisfactory history of German life and culture in America.

Notes.

Frederick A. Stokes Co. announce for early publication "The Child's English Literature," by H. E. Marshall, a book written primarily not for use in the schools, but for home reading. An attempt has been made to bring within the ken of children something of the actual relation between history and literature.

On December 28 the University of Chicago Press will issue "The Treatment of Nature in English Poetry," by Myra Reynolds. Not confining herself narrowly to the subject suggested by her title, Professor Reynolds will include in the book a chapter dealing with the art of landscape and with landscape in English portraiture.

J. M. Barrie wrote for the *Westminster Gazette*, last May, an article on George Meredith, which, among the many essays inspired by the novelist's death, is one of the very few worthy of preservation. The Chiswick Press is to reprint Mr. Barrie's article on hand-made paper, and the booklet will be published by the Messrs. Constable (London).

The Constables are, too, the publishers of the anthology announced long since, "In Praise of Oxford." The volume will be published early in 1910, and is the result of collaboration by Thomas Seccombe and Spencer Scott.

To the Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, we look for the new and first-published biography of Timothy Flint: pioneer, missionary, author (1780-1840). The book is by Prof. J. B. Kirkpatrick of Washburn College, Topeka, who has, it is said, brought to light a great deal of new material of more than purely personal significance.

W. Dawson Johnston, librarian of Columbia University, is preparing for the United States Bureau of Education a report on special collections in libraries in the United States. The publication is to be a record of all collections in public libraries which are of extraordinary value by reason either of unusual completeness or rarity.

Eight volumes of verse in one week is a publishing record, or very near one; and is scored by Richard G. Badger of Boston. The list includes W. H. Venable's "Floridian Sonnets"; O. C. Auringer's "Death of Maid McCrea"; "The Oak Amongst the Pines," by J. D. Henderson; Ernest Powell's "Poems"; T. C. Whitmer's "Symbolisms"; Effie Smith's "Rosemary and Pansies"; Wilson Jefferson's "Verses," and "The Silver Lining," by Nelson Glazier Morton.

Madison C. Bates is preparing a bibliographical study of the poet Cowper, and would be glad to receive communications from collectors and students of the material. He may be addressed at No. 457 West One Hundred and Twenty-third Street, New York city.

At once the poorest thing and the "best thing" in the volume of "Milton Memorial Lectures, 1908: Read Before the Royal Society of Literature" (Frowde) is the lecture by the Rev. H. G. Rosedale, D.D., upon Milton's religion and polemics. We prefer to consider Dr. Rosedale's offering rather than the paper by William Henry Hadow on Milton's knowledge of music, Professor Saintsbury's on "Milton and the Grand Style," or Professor Dowden's on "Paradise Regained." For even the best of these is merely a collection of "remarks"; and the whole book is ludicrously inadequate to its occasion. What will most interest the student of Milton is, however, likely to be Dr. Rosedale's cool assumption of the poet's authorship of the "Nova Solyma" (p. 123); or his reference to Natban Drake—b. 1766; d. 1836—as a writer of Milton's period (p. 133); or his allusion (p. 131) to Savonarola as having lived about the year 1545; or his casual grouping (p. 118) of "Spenser, Giles, and Fletcher." We pass over errors in his Englishing of foreign tongues; perhaps we should not expose, either, his quotation (p. 160) of Milton's Latin preface to "Samson Agonistes": "Tragœdia est imitatio actionis seriæ, etc., per misericordiam et metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem," as original with Milton, obviously unaware that it is a literal translation from Aristotle's "Poetics." Though in these few sentences the tale of Dr. Rosedale's blunders is by no means exhausted, his qualifications for treating the subject undertaken are, perhaps, sufficiently suggested. This volume is worth preservation, however; it contains reproductions of four excellent portraits.

In "Romantic Germany" (Century Co.) Robert Haven Schauffler fights constantly against the dulness that pervades so many modern books of travel, but not quite victoriously. Again and again he endeavors to bring his own personality into his descriptions, yet somehow that personality melts vaguely away like the "Eitel Schaum" of Heine's poem. Perhaps no writer, whatever the charm of his style, could manage gracefully the mass of material which Mr. Schauffler has brought into his book. Twelve ancient and opulent cities the writer has chosen, from Danzig to Rothenburg, from Berlin to Hildesheim, and for each he tries to be, literally, guide, philosopher, and friend. The guide repeatedly overwhelms the friendly philosopher, and the author's impression is lost under the many names of streets and buildings. It has been said that one influence of Stevenson was to make even the suburban journalist write with something like ease. Perhaps another of Stevenson's influences was to infuse clearness and charm into books of travel. Mr. Schauffler, though undoubtedly a Stevensonian and nice in his choice of words, leaves everywhere a blurred impression, as if he had been unable to escape the proverbial heaviness of the land he studied. Sixty-four full-page illustrations by a number of artists embellish this volume, and typographically it leaves nothing to be desired.

There is a good deal of keen and thoughtful criticism in Alexander Francis's "Americans: An Impression" (Appleton). The author, a Scotchman long resident in Russia, and approaching his task with a generous cosmopolitan detachment, seems to have given most of his one year in this country to a study of such social questions as foreign immigration and race feeling, the work of university settlements, and higher education. While in all these matters he is confident that we shall come out right in the end, he finds in our politics an ominous trend towards an "elective despotism"; though his view of Taft's election, "as a guarantee that the cure of the evils of democracy will be sought in more, not less, democracy," plainly belongs to the period before the enactment of the Payne-Aldrich tariff. Of a socialistic overturning, however, he has no fear, partly because Socialism means so many different things to the people who use the term, and partly because incoming foreigners show rapid assimilation of American ways, including the deliberate restriction of families. There is special praise for the Jews, in whose intellectual superiority Mr. Francis seems heartily to believe; and he constantly recurs to the evidences of their gain in commercial, educational, and philanthropic influence. Yet he recognizes the tendency of Jews of the second generation to depart from their historic religion without embracing another; and sees in this tendency a moral problem with which the leaders of the race cannot too soon concern themselves. Over American colleges and universities he is not enthusiastic, though his strictures are directed chiefly to fraternities and clubs, athletics, coeducation, and the pervadingly secular atmosphere. To have written a book of "impressions" without mentioning hotels, or railway trains, or young women's manners, is in itself a feat; but this, also, Mr. Francis has done, and to the immense advantage of his suggestive pages.

The Riverside Press has printed for the Essex Book and Print Club of Salem, Mass., a small edition of the "New-Englands Plantation with The Sea Journal and Other Writings," by the Rev. Francis Higginson, "First Minister of the Plantation at Salem in the Massachusetts Bay Colony." The tract called "New-Englands Plantation," published in London early in 1630, has not been reprinted since 1846, and contains the earliest printed account of the colony established by Endecott in 1628, at Nelhum-

kek, now Salem. A quaint statement of the natural conditions surrounding the new settlement is also preserved, the narrative presenting, in the phraso of the original, "a short and truo description of the eommodities and discommodities of that country." The tract and its title-pages are reproduced hero in facsimile of the *editio princeps;* too much cannot be said of the excellent presswork and paper whieh go to make this volume, the first of the Essex Book and Print Club's puhlications, a reprint which the collector of Americana will havo every wish to own.

In the preface to the English edition of his "Life of Joan of Arc" (John Lane) Anatole France had an opportunity to reply to his critics, and chiefly to Andrew Lang. The amazing softness of M. France's answer has not dissipated Mr. Lang's wrath: "My English critics have a special claim to my gratitude. To the memory of Joan of Arc they eonsecrate a pious zeal which is almost an expiatory worship. Mr. Andrew Lang's praiseworthy scruples with regard to my references have caused me to correct some and to add several." The corrections have not been applied to the apparently baseless charges that the Maid was subject at Vaucouleurs to "les outrages de la garnison," that she feigned ecstasy to deceive the King, and that her squire d'Aulon was a ereature of La Trémoïlle, though a qualification is made in a note on the last matter which destroys the meaning of the text. The purely clerical errors have been eorrected, but such slight changes and additions as have been noted show that M. France is of the same opinion still. The translator, Winifred Stephens, has done her work well, though this hook gave her an exceptionally difficult task. The great charm exercised by the original depended largely on the purely technical skill with which M. France developed a style to suit his purpose, a style partly archaic and naïve, hut never labored. The English version imitates this manner pleasantly enough, but uses as a means a somewhat wearisome parataxis. The hook contains some excellent illustrations, which were not included in the French edition.

"The Last Journals of Horace Walpole, During the Reign of George III, from 1771-1783," were first given to the world, in 1858, by Dr. J. Doran, with notes after the manner of that popular editor and eollector of literary anecdotes. A new edition in two agreeahle volumes is now put out hy John Lane Co., with an introduction and some revision hy A. Francis Steuart. These journals are a continuation of Walpole's "Memoirs of the Reign of George III"; and, if they lack the general finish and, above all, the clean-cut portrait-characterizations of the memoirs, they have interest of another sort to compensate. The central theme is the marriage of the Duke of Gloucester, hrother of the King, with Lady Marion Waldegrave, Walpole's niece, and the struggle to get the marriage acknowledged by the court. There is also a running account of Parliamentary doings during those stirring years, which include the American war and the successful contest with the court party. The present edition eontains a number of portraits reproduced from contemporary pictures.

The Manorial Society of London has issued as its fifth publication the text of a manuscript found in the Harleian eollection in the British Museum entitled "A Mannor and Court Baron." The work is edited by the antiquarian, Nathaniel J. Hone, and a preface has been written by J. Samuel Green, a barrister member of the society. It is a legal treatise dealing chiefly with the functions and proeedure of the Court Baron, and is of date probably not later than the reign of Elizabeth. It is eouched in technical phraseology intelligible only to an expert in legal terms, and is written in a style that is often uncouth and confused. We cannot see that it adds anything to our knowledge of the history or constitution of the Court Baron, and it seems to be of little worth either to the lawyer or to the historian. The editors have done nothing to lighten the darkness of the text, for Mr. Hone has contented himself with securing an accurate reading, and Mr. Green with eontributing a meagre and elementary essay on the manor in law and history. The treatise is sufficiently obscure to render eommentary and footnotes eminently desirahle, but neither has been furnished by the society.

The fifth volume of "The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge," to be completed in twelve volumes, follows its predecessor after an interval of three months. (New York; Funk & Wagnalls Co.). Articles from "Saint Goar" to "Innocent" are found in the present issue. None of the contributions is lengthy or exhaustive, hut most of them are adequate for a book of convenient reference, and the work as a whole is marked by sound scholarship. In the present volume Prof. George H. Gilmore adds to his former valuahle contributions articles on "Hammurahi and his Code," "Herod and his Family," and "The Hittites." Of exceptional interest are articles hy Prof. Immanuel Benzinger on "Hehrew Handicrafts" and "Hunting among the Hebrews." The topics in the department of doctrinal theology, assigned to Prof. Charles A. Beckwith, are well treated, in striking contrast to the mediævalism exhibited by Prof. B. B. Warfield in his discussion of "Imputation." It is unfortunate that a moderate and cautious description of the historical view of the "Hexateuch," hy Prof. Hermann L. Strack, should be followed in the same article, without adequate warning of an entire change in the point of view, hy a reactionary defence of the ahandoned positions by Prof. J. D. Davis. Since the bihliographies in this encyclopædia are usually excellent, it is surprising to find no mention of Prof. George H. Palmer's edition of George Herbert in the title hearing his name, and no indication of the English translation of Prof. Wilhelm Herrmann's "Der Verkehr des Christen mit Gott," a work which has had wide circulation in its English form. On page 463 mention is intended of the Rev. Dr. S. D. McConnell's term "immortahility," hut the word is printed "immortality."

Albert M. Martinez, sometime Under-Secretary of State at the Ministry of Finance of the Argentine Republic, and Maurice Lewandowski, doctor in law, are the authors of the study of "L'Argentine au XXe siècle," which is now issued in its third and very much enlarged edition (Paris: Colin). The volume contains an economic examination of Argentina as a great exporter of wheat, and has an introduetion hy Charles Pellegrini, former President of the republic, and a preface by Emile Levasseur, member of the French Institute. In this series are volumes on "Le Brésil au XXe siècle," hy Pierre Denis, and on "Les Etats-Unis au XXe siècle," by Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu.

Prof. Erich Schmidt's address on "The Study of Literary Personality," delivered on October 15 at the oecasion of his officially assuming the Rektorat of Berlin University for the current academic year, is a confession of faith which literary historians of whatever ereed will gladly welcome. His protest against the "exhaustiveness of ruhbish gathering," which pseudo-philologists so often have mistaken for scientific accuracy, is most refreshing. His appreeiation of Taine's method of literary analysis according to the three principles of race, *milieu*, and age, is a timely rehuke administered to the recent sensational detractors of the scholarly reputation of the great French critic. And Erich Schmidt's own summing up of the literary personality under the three heads of "das Ererhte, das Erlebte, das Erlernte," is a remarkahly liberal and fair-minded application of maxims forcibly preached, if not always wisely practised, hy his master, Wilhelm Scherer. Altogether, this address gives assurance—if there were need of it—that the new rector magnificus will conduct the coming juhilee of Berlin University in a spirit worthy of the great traditions of German scholarship.

Dr. Wiegand, head of one of the departments of the Royal Museum in Berlin, has entered into a compact with the Prince of Samos, according to which the Royal Museum will for ten years enjoy the privilege of making archæological investigations in the island of Samos. The expenses will be horne by wealthy art enthusiasts. Dr. Max Oelhäuser has already contributed the sum of 20,000 marks for the purpose of laying hare the heraion.

Strange enough, when one recalls how Scherer, in edition after edition of his "Geschichte der deutschen Literatur" suggested more search for antecedents in Goethe's prose, no one seems previously to have accomplished what Eugen Wolff, the Kiel Shakespearean, now presents in his substantial volume modestly entitled "Mignon: a Contribution to the History of 'Wilhelm Meister.'" (Munich: C. H. Beck'sche Verlagshuchhandlung.) Something had been known of a real forerunner of the little maiden who won Goethe's heart, supposedly on the mountain pass leading into fruitful Italian valleys; but Professor Wolff was first to follow her footsteps through Cassel and Frankfort as she played her part—for all we know, before Goethe's very house—and to learn her real name: Elizaheth Schmeling-Mara. It was Professor Wolff's good fortune, also, aided hy the Leipzig Museum and hy his publisher, to get together a sketch of Elizaheth, and an oil portrait of Karl Philipp Moritz, Meister's Doppelgänger.

The Nohel prizes will be distributed this year as follows: For chemistry, Prof. Wilhelm Ostwald (Leipzig); for medicine, Prof. Emil Theodor Kocher (Berne); for literature, Selma Lagerlöf, the Swedish novelist. The prize for physics will be

divided between Guglielmo Marconi and Prof. Ferdinand Braun (Strasburg), and the Peace Prize will be shared by Senator the Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, president of the French parliamentary group for international arbitration, and M. Beernaert, sometime Minister of State and Belgian representative at the last Hague peace conference. This last prize, which was, three years ago, voted to Theodore Roosevelt, has been awarded annually for nine years, and has on five occasions been divided. The prizes amount to about $40,000 each.

Leonard Augustus Jones, for twenty years (1884-1904) associate editor of the *American Law Review*, died December 9 in Boston. He was born at Templeton, Mass., in 1832, and was graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1858. Since 1898 he had been chief justice of the Massachusetts Land Court. His writings include legal treatises of recognized value.

The Rev. John McDowell Leavitt, formerly president of Lehigh University, at South Bethlehem, Pa., and of St. John's College, Annapolis, died in the latter city December 12, in his eighty-sixth year. For several years after his graduation from Jefferson College (1841), he studied and practised law. Later, he entered the theological seminary at Gambier, Ohio, and was ordained in the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1848. Subsequently he held a professorship in Kenyon College and later in Ohio University and in the Reformed Episcopal Theological Seminary (Philadelphia). After identifying himself with the Reformed Episcopal Church, Dr. Leavitt went to Lehigh University, and for many years was president of that institution. He was, also, editor and publisher of the *Church Review* and the founder and editor of the *National Review*. His writings comprise "Reasons for Faith in the Nineteenth Century" and other religious works and a number of poems.

Science.

The Place of Animals in Human Thought. By the Countess Evelyn Martinengo-Cesaresco. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

The Countess Cesaresco has here thrown new light upon one of the oldest of subjects. The ordinary reader, perhaps, will not be attracted to the perusal of this book by the title alone. It is, nevertheless, safe to say that few intelligent persons will begin the reading without pushing through to the end. From the ancient Vedic theory of "soul-wanderings," in which one follows the procession of the human soul from death to life through sundry animal forms, to the ideas of Descartes and Darwin, and the kindly moderns who would apply humane principles to the lower animals, the subject is treated with a degree of learning and with a clarity and sprightliness of style that hold unflagging attention.

The Vedic theory that animals, like men, enter at death a soul-world in which they preserve their identity, does not commend itself strongly to modern conceptions. Yet to Asiatics the destruction of spirit seems quite as impossible as is the destruction of matter to a nineteenth-century biologist. The horse and the goat that were immolated at a Vedic funeral were intended to precede and announce the coming of the soul of the deceased. Therewith went the idea that the human spirit would need the services of its animal companions in the spirit-world, and would there be served by them. This, of course, implied the immortality of the animal as well as of the human soul.

The Suttee, which withstood the progress of Christianity and modern Western ideas so strenuously, had its origin in the wish that the wife might accompany and serve her husband in the future life, as in the present. As illustrating the wide diffusion of like ideas, and the strong hold that it takes on primitive minds, our author cites the case of an old Irish woman, within her own knowledge, who, on being remonstrated with for having killed her husband's horse, replied. "Do ye think I would let my man go on foot in the next world?" Coming down to the Sutras and Upanishads, one finds the belief expressed therein to be that the same soul in its wanderings may occupy the body of a Brahman, a worm, an insect, a begging tramp, a dog, an elephant, a cow. The Grecian philosopher, Pythagoras, who interpreted transmigration to European minds, and who may have borrowed it from Egypt, believed that he had been one of the Trojan heroes, and at once recognized his shield among the votive weapons hung up in the temple of Juno. Lucian's satire upon the Pythagorean theory, which is better known to modern readers by the use which Erasmus made of it with such gusto, presented a Pythagorean cock which had been successively a man, a woman, a prince, a subject, a fish, a horse, and a frog. This varied experience was summed up in the judgment that man was found to be the most wretched of all creatures! For all others patiently grazed within the allotted enclosures of Nature, while man alone broke out and strayed beyond those safe limits. Doubtless, many of Lucian's Roman admirers eschewed the admirable moral, and held the doctrine thus parodied as the height of absurdity. But in the essential feature of a transmigration of spirits, it still appeals to a great multitude of human beings, as a most serious truth.

After Pythagoras, the Greek Empedocles thought that he had passed through many forms, among others those of a bird. Could such fancies have originated from dreams? This reviewer recalls how the dream of flying like a bird came to him night after night, and persisted during much of his youth. He would awake from sleep with the impression deeply set in his mind that he had been a flying creature. How easy the step from this vision-estate to the belief, at last, in a past where one had wandered in a bird-soul. That some such conceptions as the above had decided lodgment among early Christians is manifest not only from the views expressed by Origen, but by the deliverance of the Council of Constantinople, A. D. 543: "Whosoever believes in the fabled prior existence of souls, let him be anathema!"

Not the least interesting part of this volume is that which relates to the Christian period, and the strange views held in various parts of Christendom about animals. The attractive character of St. Francis of Assisi, the saintly enthusiast who preached to the birds, his "brothers," and of many another recluse, driven by irrepressible longing for society to friendly companionship with animals, presents one side of the subject. On the other side, the author has uncovered no less than 144 cases of the judicial and ecclesiastical trial of various animals for alleged misdemeanors, dealing with them as though they were moral and responsible creatures. Think, for example, of the formal arraignment and deliberate and serious trial of a fly, with all the solemnities of a judicial tribunal.

In summing up, one may commend such writing as is found in this book for its influence in giving to our animal associates a fairer chance in life. Whatever one may think of the doctrines of some of the Oriental religions anent animal immortality and transmigration of souls as here unfolded, it is certainly true that many Western Christians have much to learn from Asiatics in the matter of humane treatment of beasts.

Although Charles B. Cory's "Birds of Illinois and Wisconsin," in the Zoölogical Series of the Chicago Field Museum of Natural History (IX, 131), deals avowedly with the birds of but two States, its usefulness is far wider than the title itself suggests, as many of the 398 species of birds of which it treats are found throughout the East and South. This volume gives full descriptions of the plumage of these birds, their nests and eggs and geographical distribution, together with more or less brief biographical accounts. This material has been so painstakingly treated that there is very little criticism to offer. Two hundred and fifty of the 750 pages are devoted to keys to families, genera, and species, and most of the rest of the book to the systematic account. At the conclusion is a careful key to the eggs of the birds breeding in Illinois and Wisconsin, a bibliography, and an index. The keys are, on the whole, not new, but adapted from the author's "Key to the Birds of Eastern North America." Perhaps the most important part of the whole is the illustrations, which include figures not only of the structural parts such as wings, bills, and feet,

of almost every species, but also half or full-length drawings of the entire bird.

The dedication of the new building of the Harvard Dental School occurred December 8, the exercises being held in Sanders Theatre. The building is in Longwood Avenue, Boston, adjacent to the Harvard Medical School.

Charles B. Withington, inventor of the first automatic grain binder, died December 12 at Janesville, Wisconsin, in his sixty-third year. Early in the sixties he began to experiment upon an improved grain binder; and, in 1870, he obtained a patent for an invention which has revolutionized the agricultural industry.

Drama.

The Piper. By Josephine Preston Peabody. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.10 net.

This is a little poetic play of uncommon quality, having distinct literary and dramatic value. It is a new and delicately imaginative version of the old Pied Piper of Hamelin legend, enriched with a romantic love story, much tender and humane sentiment, the grace of true childhood, and an inspiring moral. The piping hero now appears in the guise of a vagrant idealist, a strolling mummer filled with a passionate worship of nature, children, and all wild, innocent creatures, and a consuming hatred of the greed, hypocrisy, and social and religious intolerances that kill the joy of life. His mission is to give freedom to all caged things, and his spell is love. The story is told with admirable simplicity. It is genuinely and consistently, if never brilliantly, poetic. The rats and mice have been charmed away before the first curtain rises. Action begins when the Piper, Reynard the Fox, in a band of wandering pantomimists, is refused his promised guerdon. Kurt, the Syndic, and Jacobus, the burgomaster, denounce him as a masterless dog, incapable of civil rights, outlawed, and powerless. They give the credit to St. Willibald, holding that a mass is a more dignified and less expensive way of discharging the debt. Thereupon the Piper, while the parents are in church, lures away the children, as in the old tale, with the Syndic's crippled stepson, Jan, at their head, to an ancient cavern in a haunted glen, whither, he knows, the superstitious crowd will not dare to follow. There he feeds and entertains them in a charming scene. When the town authorities, including the priest, decide that the mayor's daughter, Barbara, must be made a nun, as a sacrifice to an offended Heaven, he rescues her with his magic pipe, and restores her to the lover of her choice, the handsome sword-swallower, Michael. The children, he swears, shall never be given back to be reared in the grinding, soulless Hamelin tradition; but in an encounter with Veronica, the stricken mother of the crippled Jan—a finely imagined and written scene of tense spiritual conflict—he realizes that her indomitable love, rooted in patience and self-sacrifice, is loftier and more potent than his own, and he abandons his vengeance. With this enforcement of a high and wise morality, the way is opened to a logical and happy ending. The Piper leads the children home, recalls the now dying Veronica to life and happiness by the gift of her lost boy, and then, amid general rejoicings, departs to pipe elsewhere.

Properly acted upon the stage, the play could scarcely fail of popular success, for it makes a strong appeal both to youthful sympathies and mature intelligence. But the dainty bloom of it would almost inevitably perish in a merely commercial production. It well deserves, however, the earnest consideration of the directors of the New Theatre. A better Christmas piece it would be hard to find.

The "Penelope," of W. S. Maugham, which was produced in the Lyceum Theatre on Monday evening, is a very light piece, more nearly allied to farce than comedy. It is like other inventions of the same author, smartly written in places, and it contains some ingenious and amusing situations, but drags occasionally and reveals many signs of haste and carelessness. Of dramatic substance it has little, and such moral as it implies is of doubtful truth or wisdom. Briefly, it is the tale of a loving wife, who re-wins an errant husband by pretending an indifference which she does not feel. Her final victory is due clearly to theatrical predestination, not to any logic arising from the facts. The whole scheme is deficient in reality and credibility, but there are some very funny scenes, notably one between the rival women, in which the injured wife routs her adversary in most entertaining fashion. But Mr. Maugham's humor is apt to be of a somewhat cheap and common kind, and sometimes is not altogether free from a tinge of vulgarity. The piece was only moderately successful with a first-night audience, but it is only fair to say that it might easily have been much better acted. That sprightly performer, Miss Marie Tempest, had, virtually, to carry nearly the whole weight of the performance upon her own shoulders. Her method does not vary much. To see her in one piece is to see her in all, but she is a neat workwoman, and her mixture of archness and audacity, her mercurial movement, her power of mischievous suggestion, and her mock sentiment rarely fail to excite the laughter, which is her main object.

Dustin Farnum is to be the "leading man" of the Hackett Theatre production of "Cameo Kirby," the engagement beginning December 20. This is the play of New Orleans, in the early part of the last century, which Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson wrote around the character of a gentleman gambler. The piece was produced in Chicago early last spring, and has been on its travels ever since.

Unwin is the London publisher of "Napoleon—A Historical Tragedy," by Algernon Boyesen. The piece is to be played this season in several Continental cities, including Paris. It is written by a fervent admirer of the Emperor, and "aims," we are told, "rather at poetic truth than at historic realism." If we are to have more Napoleon dramas, this is, by all means, the preferable approach.

Music.

Stories from the Operas. By Gladys Davidson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

A Guide to Modern Opera. By Esther Singleton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

It is commonly supposed that most people go to the opera solely to hear the music. If that were so, how account for the dozens of boys near the opera-houses crying: "Librettos, only fifteen cents; cost you a quarter inside"? and how account for the large number of books telling the stories of the operas? Every year brings new ones, with new editions of the old (in one case, the nineteenth). Evidently, the change in the style of opera, becoming less ornamental and more dramatic, has made music-lovers more interested in the plots. As a matter of fact, not only in the case of Wagner, but of such Italian operas as "Tosca" and "Madama Butterfly," it is impossible to enjoy the music fully unless one knows the substance of the famous plays on which they are based.

Even the older operas, in many of which the plot merely served as an excuse for the tunes, are coming in for their share of attention. This accounts for the appearance of a book like Gladys Davidson's. It is concerned with a dozen operas, all but two of which ("Otello" and "Romeo and Juliet") belong to the old style. The others are "The Lily of Killarney," "Lucia," "Lucrezia Borgia," "The Daughter of the Regiment," "The Masked Ball," "Ernani," "The Barber of Seville," "Lurline," "I Puritani," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." This last and "The Barber of Seville" may be taken as links between the old and the new. Short biographic sketches of the composers are included in this volume.

As the title indicates, Miss Singleton's book is concerned with operas of our day, in which the libretto is often almost if not quite as important as the music. Here we find twenty-six favorites of the hour, including "The Bartered Bride," "La Gioconda." "Otello," "Tosca," "Madama Butterfly," and particularly also the operas which owe their present vogue in this country to Oscar Hammerstein, among them "Thaïs," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame,"

"Louise," "Pelléas et Mélisande," and "Salome." Even Strauss's latest work, "Elektra," is included, although it is not to be produced here till next month. One could not be more contemporary. Miss Singleton is an expert writer, and she tells the stories clearly and with abundant detail. Pictures of a dozen opera singers adorn the volume.

A prima donna war is raging at the Metropolitan Opera House over the rôle of Tosca in Puccini's opera. When this work was first produced, in 1901, the titular part was sung and acted by Milka Ternina with a considerable display of temperament. Some years later the part was assumed by Emma Eames, who lent it the aid of her beauty of person as well as of voice, and surprised every one by the unexpected realism of her acting. This year she is not a member of the company, and three singers are struggling to be her favored successor. Geraldine Farrar had the first chance. Nervousness marred some of her vocal measures, although for the most part she sang the music beautifully and—what is more important still in this opera—emotionally. In youth and beauty supreme, she also surpassed her predecessors in naturalness of action, and particularly in the fascinating variety of facial expression. In these respects she vividly recalled Sarah Bernhardt. On Saturday night came Tosca number four—Olive Fremstad—another woman beautiful to behold and to listen to. She was far better vocally than in her acting, which was crude and unsatisfactory, especially in the matter of facial eloquence. These Tosca experiments have their chief value in the demonstration of the great importance of facial expression in modern operas, especially those of Puccini, which are based on famous plays. Miss Farrar plays the rôle again to-morrow night, and later Mme. Destinn is to assume it.

Gustav Mahler is the lion of the day in the local concert world. The reconstructed Philharmonic Orchestra plays under him as it never has played in its history. It is worth while to make a long journey to hear one of these concerts. The programme is immaterial. Mr. Mahler has made a Bach suite the sensation of the hour! He has put new life into the Beethoven symphonies, making audiences applaud them as they applauded Safonoff's conducting of Tchaikovsky's. He makes his men play Richard Strauss and the tone poems of the contemporary French school with a brilliant virtuosity that has heretofore been a monopoly of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He will conduct his own first symphony to-night and to-morrow afternoon. He is reviving old favorites, like the "Scherzo Capriccioso" of Dvorák, a piece often on the programmes of Theodore Thomas, which has been unduly neglected since his departure. It anticipates some of Richard Strauss's humorous features and adds to them what Strauss lacks—spontaneous melody which speaks to the heart. Strauss is clever, Dvorák inspired; and Mahler's interpretation makes it clear why the Bohemian is superior to the German.

The death is announced of Frederick George Edwards, the editor, since 1897, of the *Musical Times*. He was the author of "The Musical Haunts of London" and of the "History of Mendelssohn's 'Elijah,'" and was a contributor to the new "Grove" dictionary, and to the "Dictionary of National Biography."

Charles Bordes, one of César Franck's most brilliant pupils, has just died at Toulon, aged forty-six years. His talents were first recognized in a commission from the French government to collect the folk songs of the Basque countries. In 1890 he founded the society of the Singers of St. Gervais, which devoted itself especially to the old church compositions of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. In the organization of the Schola Cantorum Alexandre Guilmant and Vincent d'Indy were associated with him, and he continued his propaganda by founding organizations for the cultivation of the old music in Lyons, Montpelier, Marseilles, and Toulon. His name was made widely known through his "Archives de la Tradition Basque." 1889.

Art.

NATIONAL ACADEMY PICTURES.

Having been away for a matter of three years, the present writer is unable to make the prescribed comparisons between this and recent Academies. As measured by those of a few years ago it is more varied. Figure painting and portraiture of a decorative sort have come to relieve the stereotyped alternation of portraiture and landscape painting. Barring the front room, it is better hung than was usual. In the Vanderbilt gallery the arrangement is admirable. Of course, this ease is won only through sacrifice. One hundred and seventy paintings were accepted only to be sent back for want of wall space. It seems to us that a consolation list of such disappointed artists should be printed in the catalogue. With those who blamelessly remain in outer darkness should be commiserated those forty-odd painters whose contributions, crowded frame to frame in two tiers, are seen in the academy room by electric light. Here no one may be certain of the quality of what he sees. For example, Ernest D. Roth's The Yellow House, standing so upright on its bluff against a sweep of plain, seems one of the most vigorous and self-contained landscapes of the show. But one cannot venture to decide how much the electrician has made or marred Mr. Roth.

If the present show differs from those of some years ago in variety and improved hanging, it is painfully true to type in the prevalence of absenteeism. A dozen of the more prominent among the older men, and perhaps as many among the growing talents, have not thought it worth while to exhibit. A dozen more of the men who count have sent rather mediocre contributions. Later in their personal shows, or in those of the smaller groups, we shall see what has really interested them this year. Now the Academy, through its reorganization and in its present policy, has put itself in a reasonable and liberal attitude. The old feuds are now outlawed. Why, then, is there not greater loyalty among its members? Partly due to American individualism, much of this abstention hardly deserves so fair a name.

Ranging as it does from monumental decoration to *genre* or mere illustration, figure painting is the surest index of the condition of a national art. What is our kind of figure painting? Is it Kenyon Cox's intelligent revival of the Venetian manner—without, however, the Venetian sweep or glow—in the big oval composition, Passing Commerce Pays Tribute to the Port of Cleveland, or is it Mr. Sewall's pre-Raphaelite medallion, Psyche Seeks Love Beyond the River of the Dead? Both these decorations have engaging details. Mr. Cox's Danae-like Cleveland is calculated to detain the hurrying god of trade; Mr. Sewall's shades of the dead are winsome folk and their attitudes charming and pathetic, yet neither composition invites the mind to step in and be at rest. A painter's world should be inviting and habitable. That Elliot Daingerfield's emphatically is in such a picture as Pearls of the Morning, and this by no means through the obvious prettiness of nacreous flesh, soft virginal forms, water lilies in a mountain, shrubs and saplings screening a silvery sky. These ingredients are in a way nugatory. What counts is a demure and yet passionate vision, a reflective but ardent consummation of an ideal. Mr. Daingerfield is frankly in the line of Giorgione and Fantin, and thereby more himself perhaps than the restless individualists that know no past and acknowledge no master. The few remaining nudes want rather little attention from the fastidious visitor. F. D. Marsh's two figures in the Golden Cup suggest a tonal beauty which the electric light undoubtedly minimizes unfairly. There is vivacity and joy of life in Lillian Genth's two bathers in a shaded pool, but the slipperiness of the touch is unduly prominent, while unexpressive, and the invention barely escapes banality. Childe Hassam's big Aphrodite raises the whole question of the value of his accomplishment in this vein. To many it will seem less spontaneous and compelling than his prize picture of a few years ago, Laurel. To pose a model studio-fashion in the open air and there paint her atmospherically is in itself a conventional and inconsequential procedure. Convention for convention, it is a pure assumption, and a doubtful one, that open-air formulas are preferable to those of the studio. The surfaces of Mr. Hassam's picture are charming, but Aphrodite has a casual, nay, a wan-

dered, look in the world here provided for her. In spite of unassimilated spots of local color, Sergeant Kendall's Psyche is charmingly placed in her oval, distinguished in line, and quite masterly in modelling.

The president's contribution, Sunlight, which holds the place of honor worthily in the centre of the big gallery, might be reckoned to portraiture, but the title and the intentionally slight characterization make it rather the finest example here of the painting of the draped figure. Mr. Alexander, always faithful to his love of the Hogarthian line of beauty, makes a great bow of the girlish figure which bends over to enjoy the rays of sunlight that fall athwart the skirt of a greenish yellow gown. It might be argued that the Tanagrine inventions in which Mr. Alexander is so fertile would be more effective on a smaller scale. What is indisputable is the thoughtful spontaneity of arrangement, beauty of tone, and massiveness of construction of this unpretending picture. To note how flimsy it makes nearly all the purposefully robust portraits look is to take a lesson in real draughtsmanship. With M. Jean McLane's The Hill Top, a picture which received high exhibition honors at Paris, we have reached our modern sort of thing. The expression of the upturned faces watching soap bubbles float away toward the clouds is vivacious and truthful, and the composition has a certain freshness and spaciousness. It is sturdily painted without doubt or fears.

In the nature of the case, considering the conditions and limitations of the artist who must live by depicting his clients, portraiture will only rarely rise above what Hogarth called "portrait manufacture." It would be hazardous to declare that any portrait in the present exhibition escapes this classification. If so, George de Forest Brush's seated figure of Henry George, painted in 1893 and worked oven ten years later, Sergeant Kendall's Dr. Alger, John W. Alexander's Richard Watson Gilder, and Montague Flagg's Portrait of My Wife smack least of the face-painting shop. It is needless to dwell upon these sound traditional works. They have in common fine arrangement, attractive quality of paint, serenity of mood, and patient interpretation of character.

It is emphatically livelier below the gangway among the manufacturers. Here Boldini lords it supreme. His Mrs. Clarence Mackay tossed by an unexplained tempest and fearfully enveloped in an electric blue gown down which shoot baleful zigzag reflections, may or may not be a caricature of a masterful great lady. It has the merit, whatever that may come to, of being unforgettable. It marks the acme of modern restlessness, and cannot be recommended as a model, for that eminence is only big enough for one man, and is already triumphantly occupied. Possibly the future will regard it as a pathological exhibit. How tame and traditional in comparison seems not merely the Gitana of John Sargent, a relic of his earlier and better days, but also his portrait of Miss Carter. That reversion to early English modes which has marked his later work is betrayed clearly in the latter portrait. It has with the winsomeness something of the insubstantiality of a Romney. In the filmy scarf covering a strident harmony of green and crimson there are passages that only the magic hand of Sargent can paint; but, in the main, like most of his productions for a matter of ten years, it suggests that he no longer pays extravagantly with his person. Robert Henri, on the contrary, seems to be engaged in the difficult and superfluous task of underlining himself. His Girl with Parasol has more than the old emphasis but less than the old stability. The portrait of Mrs. Rockwell has style and fine painting in the blacks, but hardly structure enough to support the over-accented head.

At bottom, all painters of natural scenery deal either directly with water or indirectly with its effects upon the earth; hence, a truer distinction than that of landscape and marine would be the art of the river and of the sea. Here, admittedly, we find our art at its best.

In landscape, in the narrower sense, however, this exhibition barely holds its own. Bruce Crane, F. B. Williams, Redfield, Gardner Symons, and Ernest Lawson give a distinct fillip. From such variously accomplished men as Alden Weir, Ochtman, Ben Foster, Groll, Ranger, Walter Palmer, Cullen Yates, one gets the customary impression with perhaps a little less than the customary intensity. It is fair to say that at least two of these men have merits unadapted to exhibition ordeals. A better Bruce Crane than Woods and Hills the present writer does not recall. It has peace, a refined topographical sense; the sweep of pasture and density of woodlands are delicately indicated; everything is crisply in place; its accord of tans and grays is tenuous but satisfying. It is a picture in which, through selection and sacrifice, naturalism attains to style. Of similar temper, but more robust, as befits his theme, is Redfield's The Rising River. Here the emphasis is on motion—in the saplings that have followed while resisting the flow of the river, and in the drive of the blue river itself. There is zest in the workmanship, and a kind of classic restraint, too, not common in work of this intensity. Unless surface indications fail, Gardner Symons, whose Opalescent River has handsomely won the Carnegie prize, has come under Mr. Redfield's influence. If so, the disciple bids fair to outdo the master. Mr. Symons not merely gives the sense of cleavage, which is the attribute of a river bed, but also, out of the lines of floating ice cakes and intervening spaces of blue water, the verticals of bordering saplings, and the plunging lines of the river bank, has woven an agreeable pattern.

But, of course, there are many ways, and Frederick Ballard Williams, with Hills of Purple and Rose, is here to remind us that romantic coloring and beautiful textures are not obsolete even in this day of uncompromising naturalism. In its depth and largeness, in its romantic alternation of light and shade, this glimpse down a mountain valley has in it some suggestion of Constable and Barbizon. It is the work of a man who, while valuing his eye and hand, does not share the prevailing distrust of the back of one's head.

Among the younger river men there is no more interesting figure than George Bellows, A.N.A., elect. Both his pictures in this show, The Palisades and Excavation at Night, are of extraordinary force. The city scene has fine pictorial quality as well. The very buffet and shiver of the arc-light on gashed rock are suggested, and the glow of old brick basements in the penumbra above gives the necessary element of repose in a composition of demonic energy. Mr. Bellows's inspiriting work is so unfamiliar to the present writer that with diffidence he alludes to the dangers of a reputation for what gentlemen call "guts" and ladies "good red blood." If one is grateful for the power of Mr. Bellows one welcomes also the tranquil ease with which Charles Warren Eaton brings off a decorative effect from the random data of nature. The handful of American subjects here exhibited show how much this is a personal gift, and how little in his better known foreign subjects he has really depended upon conventional picturesque ingredients.

European painters of the sea have mainly dealt with its mottlings and iridescences in calm. Our painters have studied it rather in action as it gnaws at the coast or surges in midocean. Gedney Bunce is of the European mood, and his work has an exotic look. A single and minor excellence, that of tone, is carried to the superlative in his pictures, which have just enough framework to explain the tonal display. This time one is a sunset and the other a sunrise, but the labels might be exchanged without greatly troubling the visitor. In both, thin lifting clouds with their reflections form a sort of chevron, in which like a shaft is inserted an indication of the skyline of Venice. What counts is the brocading.

Winslow Homer, the most American and the greatest expresser of the might of the sea, is unhappily absent, but his spirit is represented in the masculine work of several younger painters. Of

these Paul Dougherty seems to have the most matter in him. His single contribution, The Black Squall, is a study of opposed forces—a shattered wave recoiling from the rocks, while behind the racing sud outruns its slower parent billows. There is motion and clamor in it, more, perhaps, of the anarch quality of such a scene than of the majestic order that overrules battling wind and wave. Less energetic and more pictorial is Emil Carlsen's The Meeting of the Seas. Converging breakers spout in a miniature geyser down a shelving beach amid the ambers, browns, and olives of an overcast day. The composition is sparse but unified and grows in effectiveness the longer it is viewed. Mr. Waugh's study of ocean rollers gives a sense of their weight, but not of their motion. The searching modelling of the surfaces results in a kind of paintiness. The man who has the knowledge such a study implies should be able to do something much more pleasurable.

The most novel and perhaps most promising variety of our painting—the portrayal of the town—is either relegated to the tender mercies of electric light, exemplified, as in C. C. Cooper's case, by rather unrepresentative instances, or lurks sulkily in the studios. W. J. Glackens's vivacious Italian Parade is about the only composition of this type that fulfils the requisites of being good, present, and visible. The scanty showing in this branch may be due to conditions over which the Academy has no control, but the absence and poor placing of the New Yorkers mean a distinct subtraction from the vitality of the show. This kind of work seems the most idiomatic part of our production—being merely the fine flower of our most solidly grounded art—that of illustration.

Sculpture, as the limited accommodation of the galleries dictates, is present only incidentally and in a decorative capacity. Chester Beach's Young Nymph catches the gracility of adolescent forms, though there is something amiss in the joining of the nymph and the tortoise on which she balances. Otherwise, on superficial inspection, the animals of Lila A. Wheelock, and the portraits of Chester Beach, Grafly, Hartley, Edmond T. Quinn, and Robert I. Aitken seemed most attractive. M.

Frederick S. Keppel has assembled more than thirty reproductions from rare prints or pictures and has accompanied them by a running commentary, including a bit or two of original verse. The result is an attractive gift book under the descriptive title "Christmas in Art: The Nativity as Depicted by Artists of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries" (Duffield & Co.). There are rare examples of German and Spanish masters, and one or two charming cuts from miniatured manuscript. But Dürer really ought not to be held responsible for the crowded Adoration in the Naples Gallery (p. 66).

Henry B. Wheatley was well inspired when he decided to gather together out of the older commentators of Hogarth and his own researches the volume now handsomely published as "Hogarth's London: Pictures of the Manners of the Eighteenth Century" (Dutton). Here is an elaborate explanation of all the chief compositions. One gets the gist of Ireland, Nichols, Steevens, etc., without their superabundant dross. Mr. Wheatley is commendably cautious in accepting this older testimony as to portraits in Hogarth's character studies. Given his remarkable memory and inquisitive observation it seems impossible to us to fix the bounds of portraiture in his pictures. A kind of half-portraiture is probably the universal method. Through high life, low life, taverns, hospitals, prisons; to the hustings and suburbs; to church and to the theatre, Mr. Wheatley follows Hogarth. We share in his feuds with Pope and Wilkes and "Bruiser" Churchill, and in his friendships with Fielding and Garrick. The book is quite frankly given over to the antiquarian side of the subject, but Hogarth himself undoubtedly thought his function as an historian of manners all important. The marvellous technical accomplishment which we are only now coming to value at its true preciousness, he quietly took for granted. With its many fine plates, fortunately most of them after the pictures and not after those coarse engravings which have unduly obscured Hogarth's artistry, this book will be a useful companion to the standard life by Austin Dobson. We have here pretty much all the relevant material, a considerable amount of which has been added by Mr. Wheatley's industry. It naturally lay apart from his theme to treat the considerable Continental literature on Hogarth, but Julius Meier-Graefe's excellent monograph should have been noticed, if only because it is too recent to be included in Mr. Dobson's exhaustive bibliography.

Hermann Kaulbach, the German painter, has died in Munich. He was born in that city in 1846, and was the son of a painter of reputation. He was a student at the University of Munich, and later a pupil of Piloty. He became a royal professor of the fine arts in 1889. Of his works a large proportion were historical paintings. His "Immortality" hangs in the Pinakothek, at Munich; and he was the recipient of many prizes, including medals awarded at Chicago in 1893.

Finance.

PLANS FOR THE GOVERNMENT FINANCES.

To say that Secretary MacVeagh's first annual report for the Treasury Department is such a statement as an intelligent body of shareholders would welcome from the president of their company, is to express very high praise. Treasury reports in past years have tended to pass lightly over, or to ignore entirely, the practical questions of efficiency in administering the public exchequer and of scientific adjustment of expenditure to income. One or two exceptions were, however, noteworthy. Those considerations were always foremost in the mind of that eminent finance minister, Secretary Hugh McCulloch, and it was his lucid and practical handling of them, in his annual reports, that made those documents, so to speak, classics among our government papers, sure to be read with profit by students of the fiscal problems of to-day. Mr. MacVeagh's report takes rank, in this respect, with those of his eminent predecessor.

With the aggressive attitude of the Government in holding down estimates of expenditure to what the Secretary calls the "actual and irreducible needs of government," the President's message has made the country familiar. Mr. MacVeagh points out the reasons for the looseness and extravagance of our past policy in that direction. Our Government submits no budget. That is to say, its finance minister does not, like the Chancellor of the British Exchequer, rise in his place on "budget day," outline his projects for the year's public expenditure, estimate what money will be needed for such outlay, explain the estimates, and, finally, submit his own plans of taxation whereby the requisite revenue may be raised. Hamilton began with such a budget, but, as Mr. MacVeagh points out, the plan "was never fully realized, could not have lasted, and cannot now be instituted."

In a measure, the haphazard calculations, the series of unnecessary surpluses and unnecessary deficits, which have resulted from our plan of arranging public income and public outlay through different legislative chambers and through separate committees in each of those chambers, may be averted by the new provision of last March for a supervising "budget committee." This body has for its duties the thorough revision of estimates by the Cabinet as a whole, before they go to Congress, and their further consideration by the chairmen of the several appropriation committees, acting in concert. The plan is as yet experimental; but the result to date, even before the estimates have been formally taken in hand by Congress, has been the asking of $94,000,000 less than was asked for the current fiscal year, and $55,663,000 less than was actually appropriated for it.

The Secretary rightly declares that it is neither necessary nor proper for him to discuss at this time the general problem of currency reform. That problem has been referred by Congress, for investigation and report, to the Monetary Commission, and pending its action the matter is in abeyance. The much-mooted Central Bank expedient is not so much as mentioned in the Treasury report. The Secretary merely observes that to-day we have "neither an adjustable currency nor trustworthy surplus

reserves"—students of certain recent bank statements will read the last four words with interest—and he appeals for the laying aside of "political partisanship, special interest, and pride of opinion," in future consideration of the problem.

But there are some banking problems which the Treasury is forced to confront at once. One of them is the rise in the interest rate on government bonds, and the bearing of that rise on the use of such bonds to secure the present banknote circulation. The 2 per cents, into which the bulk of the public debt was converted in 1900, and which to-day make up nearly seven-eighths of the entire collateral behind the $680,000,000 outstanding banknotes, are selling virtually at par, and have been below that price. The cause of this is similar in the main to that of the recent fall below par of New York city's 3 and 4 per cents—namely, the prospect of very large additional issues, and the general rise in the price of capital. But the depreciation in the United States bonds is more awkward than in the New York bonds; first, because many of the government 2 per cents were bought by national banks at a higher price to take out circulation, and, secondly, because a fall below par on the part of bonds thus pledged may be followed, under the Banking Law, by demand for additional collateral against banknotes now outstanding.

Secretary MacVeagh says, quite correctly, that "no government, however rich, has a 2 per cent. borrowing power." A glance at the London market's daily prices shows that French and English government bonds, at the current valuation, yield 3 per cent. net to the investor, and German Imperial bonds 3½. The Secretary intimates his own regret that 2 per cent. bonds should ever have been issued by our Government. His criticism is probably sound, though it is fair to say that when Secretary Gage's proposed conversion plan of 1900 was adopted, neither the costly Panama Canal undertaking, nor the general rise in the value of capital, nor a concrete plan for dispensing with a bond-secured banknote circulation, was in sight. The conversion to a 2 per cent. basis, with the subsequent fixing of that rate for Panama Canal loans, was designed to avoid the very situation which altered circumstances have brought upon us, and to avoid it through holding down the market premium on the bonds, so as to give small scope for depreciation.

Be this as it may, the Secretary now proposes that, if the 3 per cent. bonds contemplated be used as a basis for banknote circulation, the notes shall be taxed 1½ per cent., as against the present tax of one-half of 1 per cent., which he would maintain in the case of the government twos. The result would be to give no advantage to circulation based on the 3 per cents, expectation of such advantage having been at least one cause for the weakness of the present outstanding government bonds.

The argument for a provision of this sort is convincing. The Secretary further suggests that if a sale of "Panama threes" "should produce more cash than the Treasury balance needs, there might be bought in the market for the sinking fund some of the 2 per cent. bonds." This, he reasons, should sustain the price above par. It is doubtful if this plan will be so readily accepted as a sound economic proposition. It is, however, not without pertinence to observe that, as the law now stands, the Secretary not only has the power to redeem outstanding debt, regardless of new borrowing, but is instructed so to do. The Federal statutes explicitly require "purchase or payment of one per

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Bancroft, J. H. Games for the Playground, Home, School, and Gymnasium. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Burton, R. Masters of the English Novel. Holt & Co.
Cambridge Modern History. Vol VI. The Eighteenth Century. Macmillan Co. $4 net.
Coates, F. E. Lyrics of Life. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.
Coffey, G. Guide to the Celtic Antiquities of the Christian Period Preserved in the National Museum, Dublin.
Coolidge, A. C. Human Beings vs. Things. Watertown, N. Y.: Hungerford-Holbrook Co. $1.
Draper, A. S. American Education. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Ellis, W. T. Men and Missions. Phila.: Sunday School Times Co. $1 net.
Emanuel, W., and Aldin, C. A Conceited Puppy. Dutton: 50 cents.
English Parnassus: An Anthology of Longer Poems, with notes by W. M. Dixon and H. J. C. Grierson. Frowde.
Faust, A. B. The German Element in the United States. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $7.50 net.
Folwell, W. W. University Addresses. Minneapolis: H. W. Wilson Co.
Hackwood, F. W. Inns, Ales, and Drinking Customs of Old England. Sturgis & Walton.
Hale, P. L. Great Portraits: Women. Boston: Bates & Guild Co. $1.50.
Harper, R. F. Assyrian and Babylonian Letters Belonging to the Kouyunjik Collections of the British Museum. Part IX. Univ. of Chicago Press.
Hedin, S. Trans-Himalaya: Discoveries and Adventures in Tibet. 2 vols. Macmillan. $7.50 net.
Jallade, E. J. A Vol D'Oiseau. Drysen & Pfeiffer.
Jeremias, A. Das Alter der babylonischen Astronomie. Second edition. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs'sche Buchhandlung.
Johnston, A. F. The Little Colonel's Good Times Book. Boston: Page & Co. $1.50.
Johnson, C. When Mother Lets Us Help. Moffat, Yard. 75 cents net.
Johnson, S. Selections, edited with an intro. by L. G. Osgood. Holt & Co.
Konta, A. L. The History of French Literature. Appleton. $2.50 net.
Krehbiel, H. E. A Book of Operas. Macmillan.
Lewis, A. Wind O' the West. London: Elkin Mathews.
Lodge, G. C. The Soul's Inheritance. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Lodge, O. The Survival of Man. Moffat, Yard. $2 net.
Lord Kelvin's Early Home: Being the Recollections of His Sister, the Late Mrs. Elizabeth King. Macmillan. $2.60 net.
Lowndes, M. E. The Nuns of Port Royal. Frowde.
Mackaye, P. Poems. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Macy, J. A Child's Guide to Reading. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.25 net.
Mayes, J. S. Breezes from the Southland. Broadway Pub. Co. 75 cents.
McSorley, J. The Sacrament of Duty and Other Essays. Columbus Press.
Moore, A. Physiology of Man and Other Animals. Holt & Co.
Morrison, F. W. Tres Comedias Modernas. Edited with notes and vocabulary. Holt & Co.
Morrison, Sarah G. From Lotos to Cherry Blossom. Cochrane Pub. Co. $1.50.
Ogilvy, J. S. Relics and Memorials of London City. Dutton. $7 net.
Pemberton, M. H. Reuben: His Book. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
Polko, E. Musical Sketches. Trans. from the German. Sturgis & Walton. $1.25 net.
Powell, A. M. Trailing and Camping in Alaska. A. Wessels. $2 net.
Preyer, D. C. The Art of the Metropolitan Museum of New York. Page & Co.
Rand, B. The Classical Moralists: Selections illus. Ethics from Socrates to Martineau. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.
Report of the State Board of Tax Commissioners, 1908. Albany, N. Y.
Russell, G. E. Text-Book on Hydraulics. Holt & Co.
Saunders, M. 'Tilda Jane's Orphans. Boston: Page & Co. $1.50.
Scott, F. N., and Denney, J. V. Paragraph-Writing: a Rhetoric for Colleges. New edition, rewritten. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. $1.
Sichel, W. Sheridan. With illustrations. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $7.50 net.
Slouschz, N. The Renascence of Hebrew Literature (1743-1885). Phila.: Jewish Pub. Society of America.
Stokes' Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians. Revised and enlarged by L. J. de Bekker. Stokes Co. $3 net.
Strack, H. L. The Jew and Human Sacrifice. Translated from the 8th edition with corrections, etc. The Bloch Pub. Co. $3 net.
Swanton, J. R. Tlingit Myths and Texts. Washington: Gov. Printing Office.
Tennyson, A. In Memoriam. Illus. and decorations by C. M. Burd. Sturgis & Walton Co. $2 net.
Thompson, G. B. The Kulturkampf: an Essay. Toronto, Canada: Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Titchener, E. B. Lectures on the Experimental Psychology of the Thought-Processes. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Viking Club Year Book. Vol. I. July, 1909. London.
Wedekind, F. The Awakening of Spring. Trans. from the German by F. J. Ziegler. Phila.: Brown Bros. $1.25 net.
Wilder, H. H. History of the Human Body. Holt & Co.
Zogheb, A. M. de. Etudes sur L'Ancienne Alexandrie. Paris: E. Leroux.

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The Week.

President Taft's recommendation that political candidates and committees in Congressional and national elections be compelled by law to file a sworn statement of their expenses has not made much stir in this part of the country, but the West is receiving it with hearty approval. The Washington correspondents of the Chicago *Tribune* and the Minneapolis *Journal* have made a poll of the Senators and Representatives from fourteen of the States of the Middle West, and found that they are almost unanimously in favor of legislating to secure publicity of campaign expenditures. Of the 26 Senators who expressed themselves, 25 were for the plan, while only 11 of the 136 Representatives interviewed refused to commit themselves to it. The outlook is thus promising for a statute which will force party committees to do what the Democrats did voluntarily last year. When we remember how much was made of this in the campaign, and how great are the evils which may be hidden by the secret use of huge sums of money in elections, we cannot but hope that the "progressive" West will get its will on this subject written into law.

The long list of nominations sent to the Senate on Monday will at least end the harassing uncertainty to which our diplomats have been subjected ever since Mr. Taft took office. The President has followed the policy of promoting or transferring a number of men who by reason of long service are entitled to consideration; and in the main the appointments are excellent. That of Richard C. Kerens to Austria-Hungary is the exception. In this case, Mr. Taft has yielded to pressure. A railroad man and politician, long a business associate of Senator Elkins, three times candidate for Senator from Missouri, Kerens represents a type whose political activity the country has come to look upon with dissatisfaction and suspicion. The very fact that he was among the largest contributors to the Taft campaign fund ought in common decency to have barred him from any appointive office. The appointment of Mr. Bacon to Paris, where he is likely to repeat the success of Gen. Horace Porter, represents no such compromise. Mr. Bacon has many of the qualities that belong to the successful diplomat, and his experience in the State Department and in business should aid him at this time when the question of our trade relations with France is so pressing. Upon the excellent promise of Mr. Calhoun's appointment to China, we have already commented. Henry T. Gage, ex-Governor of California, goes to Portugal as minister without previous diplomatic service. Charles W. Russell, minister to Persia, is an assistant attorney-general, with experience gained on several semi-diplomatic missions, notably to Cuba and Panama; and Laurits S. Swenson of Minnesota, now sent to Switzerland, was a successful minister to Denmark for eight years. All the other appointments are of men now or formerly in the service who have done well in less important positions.

A Congressional investigation into the matters at issue between Ballinger and Pinchot cannot come too soon. Even Mr. Taft's good nature is not large enough to hold permanently under control a pair of fiery chargers pulling in opposite directions and kicking up in the process an unconscionable amount of mud. Reasonable men were willing to accept the President's painstaking review of the charges against Mr. Ballinger; but there are also men whose suspicions of Ballinger have refused to yield to reason, just as there are still other men whose suspicions are evidently kept alive by self-interest. Reasonable men have been willing to interpret Mr. Pinchot's hostility to the Secretary of the Interior as arising from a keen and sincere sense of duty. But there are rumors that the Chief Forester, in his zeal for a good cause, has resorted to methods of campaigning which may turn out to be unfair and which certainly are of very questionable propriety for an employee of the United States Government engaged in controversy with a fellow-employee. Meanwhile the public at large has been asked to base its opinion on *ex parte* statements, on technical rejoinders, and altogether on driblets and snippets of testimony out of a complicated mass that must be thoroughly sifted before the truth can be got at. An investigation free from the slightest look of whitewash is called for by a quarrel that affects to a considerable degree even the President of the United States.

Secretary MacVeagh's official statement of Saturday, that bonds other than United States Government issues will no longer be accepted as security for deposit of public money with banks, and that in case of deposits now secured by railway and municipal bonds, such collateral must, by next February, be replaced by United States bonds, has several aspects. Our Treasury is not now a large depositor in the banks, for the simple reason that it has no surplus revenue to deposit. Only $51,000,000 of Government moneys is thus held by banks at present, as against the $249,000,000 in December, 1907, and the $147,000,000 even in the middle of 1908. Of the present deposits, some $9,900,000 are secured by State, railway, and municipal bonds, and for that the Government 2 per cents, which are virtually the only United States bonds available, must now be substituted. The Secretary's action is important, first, as receding for all public deposits from the policy adopted by Secretary Shaw in the tight-money days of 1902—a policy of very questionable legality, and pretty plainly recognized as such, in a recent speech, even by Senator Aldrich. The secondary importance of the action, and perhaps its primary purpose, is its possible effectiveness in sustaining the price of the United States 2 per cents in face of the impending new issues of Government 3 per cents. This is of itself an artificial expedient, and might be open to criticism on that ground, but for the entire propriety of dislodging the miscellaneous securities from the Government's accounts. Under the "Aldrich amendments" of 1907, the Treasury would apparently have the right to restrict collateral against public deposits to the 2 per cent. bonds, and to exclude even other higher-rate United States issues. But this would hardly be a probable recourse.

The introduction in the House of Representatives of the American Bar Association's bill to bring about reforms in the practice of the United States courts should prove to be a turning-point in the history of our methods of judicial procedure generally. If an effective improvement is made in the Federal courts, there is every reason to expect that practice in State courts will undergo a like beneficial change. The importance of limiting the possibilities of appeal to cases in which substantial ground for reopening a case is presented has become so generally recognized that the attainment of this object is, as a matter of course, the foremost aim of the bill. The preposterous abuse of the right of appeal has been responsible for an incalculable amount of mischief. In civil cases, it has caused such delay and expense as not only to impose a most serious burden, but to constitute practically an absolute denial of justice to persons of moderate means. In the domain of criminal law, the injury has lain not so much in specific failures and delays of justice as in the moral effect of the spectacle of trials dragged out endlessly, their issue apparently depending on meaningless technicalities, and the operation of justice presenting itself to the general mind as a matter of luck or skill or persistence rather than as the working of a great principle.

With the conviction of the five indicted Sugar Trust weighers, Mr. Stimson and his associates will take courage in the prosecution of their work, and especially in making every possible effort to secure the punishment of those primarily responsible for the thefts. Counsel for the defence had laid stress on the fact that any frauds there may have been were committed for the benefit of the Trust, and that it was therefore the big men in the Trust, and not these hired workmen, who were the real criminals; and Mr. Stimson, in his closing speech, felt it proper to express his full concurrence with the opposing counsel as to "the relative degree of moral guilt," and to declare that he regarded it as his clear duty "to take all necessary steps to bring them [the men higher up] to punishment." The disagreement of the jury in the case of Bendernagel, cashier at the Havemeyers & Elder Refinery, will not lessen the activity of the prosecution in this direction; it should be remembered that the chief plea in behalf of this defendant was that he acted under orders, without any guilty knowledge of the frauds covered by the payments he was making. Whether this defence was sound or not, a second trial may determine; meanwhile, Gerbracht, superintendent of the Havemeyers & Elder plant, has been indicted by the grand jury and is awaiting trial. The first point has been gained by the Government—the men who did the direct and tangible work of cheating have been convicted; if this simple result had proved too difficult to obtain, the whole matter would have looked hopeless. As it is, there is ground for looking forward to results that are vastly more important and that will be of permanent value.

Between President Taft and Senator La Follette, according to a Milwaukee dispatch, there is intense hostility. "It will be open war without any direct declaration of war." La Follette is not to be recognized in any way in the distribution of Federal patronage in Wisconsin. It is all to go to Senator Stephenson and the State Chairman, who is not a La Follette man. And the pity of it is that all this dire wrath of Achilles is said to be due to "personal strictures upon the President by La Follette in his magazine." What shall it profit a man to gain a magazine and lose the offices? Or what will a public man give in exchange for the offices? La Follette, at any rate, shows that his guns are not all spiked, for the latest issue of his magazine intimates the fear that President Taft is holding back his special messages until he learns what Aldrich and Cannon want him to say. We think that the only way to answer that is to cut off the head of one La Follette collector of customs and remove three postmasters.

Maryland is one of the States in which the working of the Public Service Commissions in New York, and of similar bodies in two or three other States, has attracted a great deal of interest. The movement in favor of establishing such a commission in Maryland has had the hearty support of the leading newspapers, and of public opinion generally. A bill has now been drafted by Attorney-General Straus, and its provisions are drawn mainly on the lines of the New York Public Utilities act, though features embodied in the laws of Wisconsin and Massachusetts have also been utilized. The bill is very comprehensive, including the regulation of railways, street-railways, gas, electric-light, telephone, and telegraph companies as to rates, character of service, issues of stocks and bonds, etc. The commission is to consist of three members, appointed by the Governor, and their pay, which is not fully specified in the present draft, is to be large enough to secure the full services of competent men.

First in interest among the twenty-four public measures which Gov. Deneen has summoned the Illinois Legislature in special session to consider, is direct primary legislation. Illinois in the last five years has enacted three direct primary laws and has seen them all declared invalid by the courts. The first law, passed in July, 1905, was held invalid the following April primarily on the ground that it discriminated between Cook County and the rest of the State. The second law, in force July 1, 1906, was nullified in October, 1907, on the ground of wrongful delegation of powers, insufficient provisions for registration, and interference with the elector's right to cast a cumulative vote for members of the Legislature. The last two reasons accounted for the invalidation of the third law which went into force in July, 1908, and was quashed the following June. Beneath the bludgeonings of chance, Gov. Deneen comes forth with a new measure embodied in a series of five bills, formed so as to meet the objections of the courts. A direct plurality primary is provided for county offices, and for all incorporated municipalities having a population of 5,000 or above, leaving the system optional for all other cities. Members of the Legislature are likewise to be nominated by direct plurality under such provisions as shall enable the voter to express his preferential choice among three candidates; among these he may distribute three votes, or he may plump them for one man. An advisory vote for President and Vice-President of the United States and United States Senator is also provided for, the plurality being taken for the State at large. A significant

feature is that embodied in the last of the five bills, which provides that municipalities may substitute nomination by petition for the direct primary by a referendum vote.

Should packages marked in writing "Not to be opened until Christmas" be allowed to go through the mails at the low rates applying to merchandise and printed matter, or should they be charged with letter-postage rates? After the proper amount of solemn analysis on the part of the proper authorities, it was decided that such an inscription constituted a personal communication, and therefore the package must be paid for at first-class postage rates. Now, there is really no occasion for this overshadowing fear of the written word which seems to weigh upon the minds of post-office authorities the world over, and which is the source of an endless amount of petty annoyance and difficulty to those who use the mails. The distinction between first-class, or letter, postage and the other classes is no doubt very important from the standpoint of revenue; and post-office authorities naturally feel the importance of this consideration. But they seem universally to have overlooked the fact that, so far as concerns the revenue, only the *single letter rate*—two cents in this country, for instance—is of any importance. The revenue that is obtained from overweight letters is quite insignificant. Accordingly, all this bother about written matter accompanying books and packages could be got rid of, with practically no loss of revenue, by simply requiring a minimum postage of two cents on any package containing written matter. That is, merchandise would pay merchandise rates, books would pay book rates, quite regardless of the question whether they carried written matter or not, provided only that there was as much postage on them as would carry an ordinary letter—two cents. This would not only result, as we have said, in no loss of revenue worth mentioning; it would almost certainly result in an increase of revenue, owing to the freer use of the mails which it would encourage.

William Watson's brother, Mr. Robinson Watson of Montreal, in a statement as admirable in form as it is moving in substance, has brought the recent distressing episode concerning the distinguished poet to a not unexpected end. The long interview published immediately after his arrival in this country showed too clear evidence of an unbalanced mind, even if it had not been matter of pretty general knowledge that the poet had, a number of years ago, passed through a period of mental illness. Mr. Robinson Watson's statement as to the origin of that former attack is of the highest interest, connecting it with the production of the noble poem on the death of Tennyson under circumstances of extraordinary strain, with the poet's previous struggles with poverty, and with the shock of joy and relief caused by signal and substantial recognition coming at that time. It can but be matter for sincere regret that a way was not found to keep this man of high and fine nature, who represents today as do few others the best traditions of English poetry, out of the newspaper whirlpool. But it is reasonable to hope that, wide as has been the publicity given to what looked like an unpardonable offence on his part, the episode will now be forgotten and William Watson restored, in the eyes of all the world, to the place to which the spiritual nobility as well as the literary excellence of his work entitles him.

"From my knowledge of the working men of the North," writes a correspondent of the London *Spectator*, "I am quite certain that if Mr. Balfour definitely states that in order to broaden the basis of taxation he will advocate a duty on foreign manufactured articles only, he will win Lancashire, which, as you know, has a great influence on the voters at the later elections; but if there is the slightest doubt in the minds of the operatives with respect to a tariff on foodstuffs, he will assuredly lose." Whether this forecast is correct or not, it gives an interesting picture of that state of mind which is at the bottom of the strength of protectionism the world over. The Lancashire workingman, it happens, has been brought up with such a strong feeling of the importance to him of free trade in food that his fear of the effect of a tariff on foodstuffs may outweigh his desire for a tariff on manufactured goods which would help him in the home market; but, aside from that, his leading thought probably is that he would like foreign competition ruled out from his own particular field. And once the protective system is actually established, this desire outweighs all others connected with the question. Each beneficiary desires to hold on to his part of "the pork," and only a few go beyond this consideration so far as to strike a balance of advantages and disadvantages, even for themselves, not to speak of the country as a whole. It is easy to see why, when a protectionist régime has once been started, it is almost impossible to bring it to an end.

In the College of Cardinals there is an unusual number of vacancies, and several American archbishops have been candidates for a red hat. But they are likely to be disappointed, if we may believe the well-informed Vatican correspondent of the *Corriere della Sera*. He gives it as the semi-official opinion that, of the nine or ten new cardinals to be created about the middle of January, not one will be American. Bound by the concordat with Portugal, Pius X will bestow the cardinalate on Monsignor Bello, Patriarch of Lisbon. At least three Italians will be chosen—Granito di Belmonte, Papal nuncio at Vienna, almost surely, and two workers, like Monsignor Lugari, Assessor of the Holy Office, and Monsignor Giustini, secretary of the Congregation of the Sacrament. France, whose normal supply of cardinals is seven, has now only three. Monsignor Amette, Archbishop of Paris, is slated for one of the honors, although his opinions have not been sufficiently ultramontane to satisfy the Jesuits. To offset him, Monsignor Cabrières, Archbishop of Montpellier, an aristocrat and thoroughgoing reactionary, may be selected. Monsignor Jubillard, Archbishop of Cambéry, is the third possibility among French prelates. One red hat is to go to a Spaniard, and another to an Austrian. Finally, Monsignor Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, is to receive the honor which is long over-due. The death of Father George Tyrrell, ex-Jesuit and ablest of all the Modernists, has brought a lull in Dr. Bourne's jurisdiction, so that the Vatican can promote him without misgivings. Yet, as the Italian motto runs, "a cardinal is only a caprice of the Pope," the cisatlantic monsignori may continue to hope until Pius X speaks in the consistory.

AN HISTORIC SWINDLE.

The collapse of Cook's case before the University of Copenhagen completely puts an end to his claim to the discovery of the North Pole, and with equal completeness establishes his standing as one of the monumental impostors of history. Those who, like ourselves, have, by the constant exercise of self-restraint, hitherto refrained from pronouncing an unqualified judgment, are now entitled to say that they are astonished at their own moderation; and yet all the while there have been some voices honestly raised to complain that Cook was not getting fair play. As a matter of fact, he has been getting treatment far more favorable than he was in any way entitled to on the face of the facts, and far more favorable than he could possibly have received had it not been for the unfortunate and amazing blunder made by the Copenhagen authorities in the first place. What can have passed in the two hours' examination that he underwent in September at the hands of the rector of the university and the professor of astronomy is now the only mystery remaining to be cleared up; but the world at large assumed that, before the University granted Cook the doctorate, its authorities had found some basis for the action more substantial than Cook's mere assertion that he had reached the Pole.

Aside from the conferring of the Copenhagen doctorate, that bare assertion has remained, to this day, literally all that the world has had to go upon. To say that in demanding more than such an assertion before admitting him to the enjoyment of his honors critics have been wanting in the exercise of fair play, is to make justice ridiculous. But this does not yet begin fairly to describe the situation. It was not the mere absence of proof that counted against Cook; hardly a day passed without adding cogent positive grounds of suspicion to this negative one. Not to speak of the inherent improbability of his story, with its killing of musk oxen with improvised bows and arrows, and other things almost as hard to swallow, there was strong evidence of fraud in his alleged astronomical observations. The absurd accuracy he claimed for his determinations of latitude might have been ascribed to ignorance or inexperience; but his longitudes, carefully set down all the way up to the pole, could be explained only as pure fabrications, for no amount of ignorance would enable him to imagine that he was determining his longitude by any observations of the sun he could make when within a day or two's journey from the Pole. As for such assertions as that in which Cook calmly stated that he "advanced the fifteen seconds"—a quarter of a mile!—lacking to the Pole, or that wonderful reference to "local noon" at the Pole itself, these trifles were charitably passed over with very little comment, though either of them, rigorously judged, would have been of itself almost fatal to his credit.

However, it is human to err, and there might be some way of explaining all this. But here came in the other big factor in the case, and that the most damning of all—the human factor. Confronted with the fact that he was suspected of fraud by the great majority of the scientific men of his own country and England, Cook has never from the beginning taken a single step to free himself from the imputation. So far as we know he has not had a talk with a single reputable scientific man designed to set him straight before honest critics. Nothing would have been easier, so far as the main grounds of suspicion were concerned, than to dispose of them by meeting a committee of impartial scientists and answering such pertinent questions as they might put. Far from courting such an examination, he went around lecturing to large paying audiences, and when that came to an end kept himself carefully out of the way. Meanwhile he was charged with imposture in the Mt. McKinley affair, and adopted similar tactics in that matter; the climax of this part of his adventure being reached when the Montana audience whom he tried to convince of his honesty, voted him down after Barrill had denounced him face to face. Seeing that the only basis for the acceptance of his claim—except the hasty judgment at Copenhagen in September—lay in Cook's own word, was it going too far to say that that basis broke down utterly when he persistently violated the first requirements of the conduct of a man of honor? Indeed, the behavior of some of the Cook people can be explained only on the supposition that they hold any man who says he has made a discovery to be entitled to all the honors thereof until the contrary has been absolutely proved.

In foisting this fraud upon the world, Cook was guilty of much more than an injury to the man whose laurels he was falsely claiming. It has been a great loss to all the world that one of those rare events in which mankind spontaneously finds occasion for triumph and rejoicing was converted into a time of noxious wrangling. As for Peary himself, he has been defrauded of something which can never be restored to him. The enthusiasm which in the first instance would have hailed the accomplishment of a feat that heroic venturers for three generations had strenuously sought to compass, can never be resuscitated out of the possibilities of the past. Such is the temper of man. False as it has been proved, the claim of the cheap swindler has dimmed the lustre of the true discoverer's achievement. He will receive the full acknowledgment that his work merits, in the form of recognition from scientific and other bodies and of a sure place in history; but the joy of the acclaim that should have greeted him at the triumphant close of his twenty-three years' quest can never be his. And one more word of regret is in order. The denunciations of Cook's story telegraphed by Peary from the far North were made the occasion of criticisms which are now shown to have been unjust. That Cook was an outright impostor, without the slightest title to consideration, was doubtless as well known to Peary from the beginning as it is to us all now; we could not make allowance for the state of his knowledge, as he did not make allowance for the state of ours. Finally, in bidding this strange story good-bye, there is one reflection that must be of great comfort to all Americans—that the fount and origin of these woes was not in the action of any half-baked institution of our own country, but in the ill-considered impulsiveness of the authorities of an ancient European institution of learning, in whose discretion we are not to be blamed for having reposed some degree of confidence.

PROFESSIONAL ARMY TRAINING.

Gen. Leonard Wood's appointment as chief of staff of the army to succeed Gen. Bell will undoubtedly start anew the discussion about the value of pro-

fessional training in the army. Since Mr. Root's reorganization of the service, officers have studied more diligently than ever before. In addition to graduate schools for engineers, artillery, cavalry, and infantry, there is a staff college at Fort Leavenworth as well as a War College in Washington. But the spectacle is now presented of the appointment to the most influential position of one who attended neither West Point, nor any other military school in or outside of the army; who was until eleven years ago in the active practice of medicine and surgery; who never drilled a company in his life; whose experience as a regimental commander lasted but two months in 1898. Many officers will not fail to say, with a good deal of force, that if a man of this education and experience, trained for a totally different profession, is entitled to what is practically the headship of the army, all the laborious studying of the modern officer is needless. They will with justice point out that such a happening would be impossible in any other country than our own. Here the belief still persists that any man can abandon the plough and become at once a competent colonel or general.

All of this feeling is not due to jealousy of Gen. Wood, or to his personality. The opinion of the army, as it comes to us, is that Gen. Wood's unflagging activities, physical vigor, and genuine ability have won him the respect of many who felt bitterly aggrieved at his being made a general. It is known that Mr. Taft formed a high opinion of Gen. Wood's energy and worth as he observed them in the Philippines. Such personal criticism as remains attaches to Gen. Wood's insatiate ambition and to other personal characteristics which we have neither the inclination nor the space to discuss at this time. We would merely point out to-day that while nobody is permitted to enter the line of the navy save by way of Annapolis, or, in a few cases, after long service in the forecastle; while the bars are being put up around the consular and diplomatic services, army officers complain because youths from civil life without adequate preparation or examination are almost daily being commissioned officers even in branches like the Coast and Field Artillery, which demand elaborate technical knowledge. In other words, it is said that despite all its educational facilities for a man after he enters the service, the army has not yet been able to get recognition from the War Department or Congress that it is now a specialized profession demanding as high standards of fitness as any other scientific or semi-scientific calling. Two weeks ago, for instance, four corporals and sergeants were appointed second lieutenants in the Field Artillery, a branch of the service with which they were totally unfamiliar.

Upon this point, we have recently received this protest from an infantry officer of the highest standing:

> In the navy all officers have to run the gantlet of four years at the Naval Academy, they have two years' probation at sea before they are commissioned, they are examined at every promotion, and the ineligibles either drop out voluntarily before reaching high rank, or are forced out by elimination. Just contrast this with the army. We have the most elementary examination for entrance for those from civil life and the ranks; in the line, examinations cease with captains; the only test field officers have is the easy ride and a physical examination, against which many of them protest. The condition is absurd.

Now, we are not among those who think that every army officer should be a graduate of West Point; that would tend to narrow the service dangerously. The men who have come up from the ranks keep the corps of officers in closer touch with barrack-room conditions than would otherwise be the case; those who are carefully selected from civil life bring in a fresh and different point of view, and, if they are diligent, may easily become valuable officers. Gen. W. W. Wotherspoon, now president of the army war college and lately assistant chief of staff, is an excellent example of the officer who comes in from civil life and attains high standing in his profession. The trouble is that not sufficient care is taken in selecting the men to enter either from the ranks or civil life, and in promptly eliminating them, if they are lacking in soldierly qualities, just as the navy now weeds out midshipmen for what it merely calls "ineptitude."

Far too often politics interferes; men who are found disqualified are permitted to enter by the waiving of this or that defect. The designation of candidates for examinations is too often done by politicians. Indeed, the army, even after seven years of Mr. Roosevelt, who vowed early in his Presidency that he would separate the service from politics, might almost be called the last refuge of the spoilsman. Congress gladly increased it in 1901, because there were then a thousand or more places to fill; and the army has paid ever since by one scandal after another for the many worthless political protégés who were foisted upon it—often after examining boards had rendered an unfavorable verdict in their cases. The great majority of courts-martial in the service to-day is of men who came in from the ranks, civil life, or the volunteers. But worse is the ease with which men who do not study but prefer to stagnate, remain in the army. For this the service is in part to blame in that the examining boards are not rigid enough. A recent Secretary of War once said that the difficulty was this: "Retiring boards do not retire, survey boards do not survey, and examining boards do not examine." The army retorts that it cannot be expected to do its duty when it is so often overruled for political reasons by the War Department. This condition can only be remedied when politics is excluded, precisely as it is from the navy, on the ground of the high requirements of the military profession. But Congress cannot be expected to take its hands off so long as the Executive and the War Department together place in positions of importance men who owe their successes to other reasons than scientific training, adequate service with troops, and genuine military achievements. No matter how great the fitness of Gen. Wood to-day, the safe rule is to educate and train your generals, not *after*, but before they become generals.

IRELAND AND THE LORDS.

The full commitment of the Irish Nationalists to the Liberal party, for the pending campaign, sharply points the danger which all along lay in the course of the House of Lords. If the Liberals win and come back to power with a popular mandate for Irish home rule, how can the Lords resist it? On their own showing, they would be bound to submit to the will of the voters. Their motion throwing out the budget was framed on the theory that the people must first be consulted about so important a matter. But when you consult the people you have to take their whole mind. Since Mr. Asquith's explicit declaration for Irish control of Irish af-

fairs that question, too, becomes one of the things on which the electors will be asked to record their will. The Lords have appealed to Cæsar, and if Cæsar decides for a large measure of local government in Ireland, how can they hereafter withstand the verdict which they have ostentatiously sought?

This hazard in the action of the Lords was clearly laid before them by many thoughtful and cautious statesmen. Lord Rosebery warned them that they were risking the loss of their entire veto power. So did Lord Balfour of Burleigh; while a large body of sober-minded Conservatives, whose opinions were admirably expressed by an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, argued that it was a terribly mistaken policy, for the sake of a mere temporary and tactical advantage, to throw the whole make-up and power of the House of Lords into the melting-pot of a general election. The case, as they put it, was as follows: The right of the Lords to veto a money bill was at least highly questionable. Even granting that it could be defended, was not its exercise at this juncture more perilous than would be its waiving? Budgets come and go. What is done one year may be undone the next. And the great value of the veto lodged with the second chamber lay in its being reserved for serious national crises, when the unity of the Empire or its necessary defence might depend upon the Lords in opposition to ill-judged action by the Commons. This very matter of Irish home rule was adduced. The Lords had defeated it once, but could they again if the whole question of their right to veto legislation were put to the people and decided adversely? In vetoing a single budget, the upper house might disable itself from ever vetoing another bill of any kind, no matter how radical. This was the powerful argument from consequences to which the heady Lords would give no heed. But the disagreeable consequences are already coming. The hearty espousing of the Liberal cause by the Irish must have brought home to many a peer the words of Sir John Eliot in 1628: "None have gone about to break Parliaments but in the end Parliaments have broken them."

In its practical effect upon the election of a new House of Commons, the determination of the Irish to support the Liberals may not mean the winning of many seats. Of course, the Nationalists hope to maintain their own Irish representation intact, and probably will be able to do so, despite the announced purpose of the Conservatives to contest every constituency in Ireland. The chief interest turns on what the Irish vote in England will do. It is large enough in some constituencies to hold the balance of power, but it is highly doubtful that the Liberal candidates will get the whole of it. The official influence of English Catholics has been pretty favorable to the Conservatives in recent years, especially on account of their attitude towards church schools. The Duke of Norfolk, the premier peer of England, is a Catholic, and is naturally one of the stoutest champions of the Conservatives. The Liberals may well be advised, therefore, not to count too confidently upon having all the votes of Irish Catholics in England. They are probably not "deliverable." Moreover, the obvious interest of the Nationalists is not to have too large a Liberal majority in the Commons. For the past four years, the Irish have played an insignificant rôle at Westminster, largely because the Ministry had such an enormous majority that it never needed them. It would please Ireland better if there could be a return to the conditions of 1884-86, when neither party could carry on the government without the aid of the Irish members. Yet it would remain true that a large Liberal majority pledged to home rule for Ireland could send a bill to give it effect up to the Lords with a greater show of popular demand than would attach to a measure dependent upon Irish votes in Parliament. Thus one sees how mixed are the motives which will enter into the casting of ballots next month by Irishmen in England.

Election forecasts are notoriously more precarious than even weather predictions. Extreme partisans are cocksure; cool-headed men suspend judgment. Joseph Chamberlain, from his sick-room in Birmingham, prophesies a great Liberal defeat. Winston Churchill is sure that the Conservatives will be smashed. Mr. Haldane holds a more measured opinion. He points out that at least 40 per cent. of the voters in England are men who go little to public meetings, take part in no political demonstrations, and gravitate now to the Liberal side, now to the Conservative. They do not advertise what they are going to do this time. Yet the fact remains that the present composition of parties is such that there will be need of an even greater landslide against the Liberals in this election than there was in their favor in 1906, if the Conservatives are to return with a majority. There are to-day only 168 Conservative members of the House. The Liberals, with the aid of the Labor members and the Irish, can muster 502 votes on a division. Hence the Conservatives might win 176 seats and still be short of a majority over all. Where can they make gains? Confessedly, only in England. A half-dozen seats may be picked up in Ireland and Scotland, but even the most hopeful Conservative arithmeticians admit that they must look to the 465 English constituencies. Of these, the Conservatives hold 138. Out of the remaining 327, the Conservatives must win, say, 170, if they are to have any majority at all. In view of these cold figures it is not surprising to learn that the betting odds at Lloyds are 3 to 1 on a Liberal victory.

KINGS IN BUSINESS.

There is no need to enter into a personal appraisal of Leopold II, King of the Belgians. History has usually employed a double standard for such purposes. It weighs the king and the individual. A monarch may be a good king and a bad man, a bad king and a good man, or doubly good. For Leopold II, we need a three-fold category. He was a good king, as kings go, in Belgium; he was a bad king in the Congo, and he was a most unedifying example of personal conduct. Belgium, under him, has prospered; and, in part, the country's prosperity is ascribed to the King's efforts from the beginning of his reign to extend Belgian commerce and industry. But it should be remembered that Belgium is the ancient Flanders, the old industrial centre of Europe, the most congested working population in the civilized world, and that its high state of economic development is rooted deeper than in the personal efforts of any one man.

Leopold's other great service to his subjects, and the first in importance, is commonly found in the organization of the Congo Free State. Whether Belgium will have reason to be grateful to him

for the creation of a colonial empire which its own efforts could never have achieved, time alone will show. In these latter days of imperialism, broad colonial acres pass for an unquestioned blessing in themselves. But to Belgium's annual $1,300,000,000 of foreign commerce, Congo has never contributed more than seventeen or eighteen millions, a little more than one per cent. It is not colonies that, to the little nation of seven million people, have given seventh place absolutely among the great trading nations, and no less than second place if we count relatively to population. On the other hand, it is certain that Belgium has inherited in the Congo a problem of immense difficulty and with it an evil reputation which it will take decades to live down.

To the reputation of Leopold II, of course, the Congo attaches as a perpetual stain. His original motives in building up a vast domain for himself in the heart of Africa may have been all that his eulogists have claimed. But there is no doubt that the man who may have founded the Congo Free State for civilizing purposes became the head of a thoroughly vicious political and economic system. The English critics of the Leopoldian régime in the Congo may have been guilty of bias and exaggeration. But it was no answer to their charges to argue that conditions under the civilized rule of a European monarch were really not so bad as they were in the old days of cannibalism and witch-hunting.

The parcelling out of a great part of the Free State into concessions to rubber-gathering companies in which Leopold was a stockholder, the removal of the natives from the soil, the practice of forced labor as the general form of taxation, all go to make up a classic illustration of what perils are involved to civilization when kings go into the money-making business. By the side of Leopold's Congo ventures, Prince Albert of Monaco makes a respectable living at the roulette-wheel and the card-table. Respectable by comparison are the means by which Spanish-American dictators managed to provide for themselves a peaceful old age among the Parisian kings in exile. Direct extortion by a monarch has behind it the authority if not the sanction of the ages. But it is shocking that the privileges of sovereignty should be employed for the purposes of drumming up business. Between the barbarian king who cuts off heads with his own hands and the modern king who cuts off coupons on which the dividends are paid in human life, the choice is hard to make.

The Russo-Japanese war was probably hastened by the operations of a group of Russian grand dukes who speculated in timber concessions on the Yalu River. Behind the Jameson raid and the South African war rumor placed certain exalted names deeply interested in Transvaal mining shares. The fact is that kings and rulers of the earth, ever since they have been put on the civil list, have been subjected to the temptations that beset the ordinary man of wealth. The future of monarchy the world over is not so unclouded that a prudent regard for the welfare of one's progeny is altogether amiss among heads that wear a crown. The harm comes when the king and the speculator or man of business get mixed.

THE UNDERGRADUATE AS POLITICIAN.

When Gov. Hughes said at Yale that our politics would be regenerated if college men were always honest, he struck a blow at a cherished and ancient illusion. Commencement orators since no one knows when have blandly assumed that the graduating classes represent the moral yeast of the younger generation—the "picked recruits," as George William Curtis expressed it, marching out "with beating drums and flying colors to join the army." To Senators and Congressmen with a message from the ensanguined field, the college boy of the annual June fiction appears defective in some respects. But in accordance with a fine old tradition, his defects are always represented as those of the angels. He is portrayed as a wide-eyed stranger from Utopia entering upon a noisy and iniquitous conflict with his heart full of innocence and his head full of beautiful dreams. This fair impeachment has been attached not merely to the newly-fledged columns, but to the graduate of long standing, also. College breeding has, in the political world, been made synonymous with lily-handed fastidiousness, with airy superiority, with cultivated indifference, with meddlesome and unpractical idealism—with anything you please except with successful and dishonest politics. Yet this disinterested visionary, it seems, is as much an illusion as the "noble savage."

The pain of this disillusion would be somewhat assuaged if we were still able to reply that the college man leaves his Alma Mater, at least, *integer vitæ, scelerisque purus.* But the corrupted currents of the extra-academic world are not alone responsible for the undoing of the "picked recruits." As a matter of fact, many of the young men welcomed on commencement day into a wider field of virtuous activity are already accomplished politicians on a not entirely insignificant scale. They have carved out a career in a community of several hundred members—ample scope for the development of nascent political talent. They have dealt with political groups in the form of classes, clubs, fraternities, and unclassified "barbarians." They have been interested in innumerable offices, and have duly weighed their honors and honorariums. As managers of various undergraduate organizations—musical, theatrical, journalistic, athletic—they have arranged tours of the United States, and even trips to Europe, and have received and disbursed thousands of dollars. They have undertaken the construction of public works of general utility—sumptuous students' unions, expensive grandstands, class-monuments, incomparable cinder tracks. By necessity they have familiarized themselves with the means of levying taxes, both direct and indirect. Now that students have undertaken their own education and are training themselves for "efficiency," it is sheer nonsense to talk about the cloistered walks of the academic life. The democracy in which the undergraduate has his being differs in few essential respects from that in which his elders move and breathe.

Under present conditions, there is no visible reason why it should produce honester politicians than a New England village. On the contrary, several things make it a rather inferior training-school for honest politicians. It is not provincial and homogeneous, like a New England village, but heterogeneous and cosmopolitan, like a great city. It is constituted of few Puritan and many Cavalier consciences--the college student hates a Roundhead. Except for athletics, as the president of Harvard declared in his inaugural ad-

dress, it has no common interests. It may demand open competition and choice of the best men for its athletic teams—though even here there are rumors of favoritism. On most other questions it falls apart into cliques and rings which—experienced undergraduates confess—draw up their "slates," and dicker and bargain over candidates with all the secrecy and skill of their betters. Active electioneerers hustle negligent voters to the polling-places in automobiles. It is whispered that students have been bribed to cast the correct ballot by the payment of their class taxes. The gentle art of "seeing" the faculty—the men "higher up"—in behalf of disqualified athletes is notorious. That the financial management of the miscellaneous functions and organizations of college life is often absurdly extravagant is felt by the outside world as well as by the purses of parents. That managers are sometimes consciously and disgracefully wasteful, that they have been known to enter private luxuries under the head of "incidental expenses," is a fact that occasionally is carried into the dean's office, where, like a corpse in a morgue, it is decently covered. About such matters as these the undergraduate press—there is unfortunately no Opposition sheet—is always as silent as the grave. Yet it is popularly held that the college man in politics is a fool!

We have no Morrison's Pill for purging all the distempers of the undergraduate body politic. Some of them spring from the original corruption of human nature. Some of them are fostered by the centres of aristocratic and plutocratic exclusiveness against which the president of Princeton has been making experimental attacks. Some of them must continue till the reign of the athletic ring is broken. But suppression of sheer extravagance, wastefulness, and actual dishonesty on the part of student treasurers, business-managers, and executive committees would seem to be completely within the control of college authorities. There is no obvious reason why every chartered organization of any importance could not be compelled to render to faculty auditors an exact account of every dollar received and expended. In most of our leading institutions, perhaps, some sort of auditing committee is, in fact, already established. But its work is too frequently performed in an entirely mechanical and perfunctory fashion. It looks to see if accounts balance, but does not inquire very curiously for itemized bills or vouchers. The intelligent but unscrupulous student easily learns to conceal slip-shod bookkeeping and to doctor discrepancies till all looks right to the casual eye. Though this kind of training may be of inestimable service to him in later life, it will not hasten the political millennium. Those who believe still, in spite of everything, that education is the forming of character, should look pretty closely into the educational value of undergraduate activities.

LOUISA SHORE.

I.

Several years ago, as I was turning over the volumes mouldering in the ten-cent box before a book-stall, I found a copy of Louisa Shore's "Poems,"* and chanced upon the lines in the "Elegies" in which she expresses her longing to give some form of shadowy life to her lost brother and sister:

For, could we link their memories to the chain
Of souls whose lights in long procession move
From Past to Future, so might yearning love
Behold their buried beauty live again.

And I vowed then, as I took the soiled volume with me, that some day I would do what I could, at least by large quotation, to extend to a few others who might care for such things the charm that these verses had exercised upon myself. Let me add at once that I am under no delusion in regard to their place in literature or in regard to the power of criticism to resuscitate what is forgotten. If Louisa Shore were a great poet she would need no such memorial as this; as she is but one of the minor poets, the world, under its burden of the present, will pass her by with the other "souls that sleep." This I know; yet withal, the feminine grace of her art, like a faint perfume that teases recollection, and her protest of love and regret for those who went from her into the world's forgetfulness, have stirred a kind of echoed desire to see, if merely for a day or two, her own "buried beauty live again."

Of the life of the poet the main events are given in the Memoir. She was the youngest of three girls, Emily, Arabella, and Louisa, born to the Rev. Thomas Shore, who maintained himself in quiet independence by preparing a succession of young men, some of them of distinguished families, for college, and, after the maturity of his daughters, by taking in younger pupils. Louisa was born in 1824 and died in 1895. Her early years were passed chiefly near Everton and in the New Forest. In 1838, the family broke up their home, and went to Madeira in the hope of saving the life of Emily, who was wasting away with consumption. Here the invalid, the most gifted of the sisters, lingered in waning health for six months, leaving behind her the memory of a thing frail and precious and ephemeral. After a while the family returned to England, and lived in a number of places. Successive deaths left the two remaining sisters finally alone, in a union sanctified by memories and bereavements. Though not without friendships and interests in the practical world, Louisa passed much of her time in retirement, and courted long periods of solitude. As a child, she was very fair, and it was, no doubt, as much her appearance as her gentle ways that led a friend to speak of her "violet life." She published five volumes of lyrical and dramatic poems, the best of which, with the exception of "Hannibal, a Drama in Two Parts," are printed, together with Early Poems and various unfinished pieces, in the volume edited by Arabella.

II.

Though we know, and need to know, little of so uneventful a life, we are fortunate in possessing a unique account of the atmosphere, so to speak, in which the sisters passed their childhood, and of the influences that shaped their minds. From July 5, 1831, when she was eleven and a half years old, until June 24, 1839, a fortnight before her death, Emily kept a diary from which full extracts have been published.* It is a curious volume, childish at once and precocious, with little entertainment for the world at large, but having a pathetic interest for those who cherish the beauty of eager souls expanding in "the untrodden ways." Of happenings there is no record, save the changing of homes, and a visit in her seventeenth year to Devonshire. Here there is the faint adumbration of a love story; and the account of a picnic in which she and her respectful admirer sketch romantic scenes and quote Byron and Shelley, after the approved fashion of the day, introduces a note of youthfulness for which she afterwards felt remorse as for an undue surrender to frivolity. Of the wooing that followed and of the separation on prudential grounds only bare hints are given; "over all things like these," as the editor of the "Journal" remarks, "the intense maiden modesty of her

*"Poems." By Louisa Shore. With a Memoir by her sister, Arabella Shore, and an Appreciation by Frederic Harrison. London and New York: John Lane, 1897.—The original issues of her works are out of print and not easily procured.

*"Journal of Emily Shore." London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd. 1891.

nature kept a seal." It was characteristic of this awe of her own heart that the expansive freedom of love went to her lover's sister rather than to himself.

But nature and books were her real passion. Botanizing and birdlore, taken with portentous seriousness by most cultivated Englishmen of her day, were with her almost a function of religion. A new flower discovered in a swamp was a more rapturous event than the speech of a lover, and through years of study she became profoundly cunning in distinguishing the songs not only of different species but of different birds in the same species. One of her complaints in the time of illness was that she could not rise at four or five o'clock in the morning and make her observations. Nor were the imaginative aspects of nature forgotten in these pursuits. It is not every miss of fourteen who can see with so clear an eye and can record in her diary the impressions of an early autumn night so poetically as this:

> Not a breath of wind stirred the leaves of a tree, and scarce a cloud was visible in the heavens, while the clear, silvery light of the moon contrasted beautifully with the dark shadows of the thick foliage. The bats were flying silently about in the twilight before the moon shone forth, and the wakeful robin had not yet ceased his sweet plaintive song, while at a distance in the wood sounded the deep hoot of the owl. The occasional falling of the rose leaves, *which looked as white as snow in the darkness*, added much to the interest of the scene. I could not persuade myself to go to bed, but sat up a long time looking out of my window.

The dropping petals of the rose, as if they were a symbol or foreboding of her own fragility, seem to have haunted her fancy. Four years later, in the New Forest, she expressed the same thought in a poem of regret for her old home and her lost health:

Oh, for one laughing morn of May,
When all was beautiful and gay;
When, far from human sound or sight,
I sought my chamber's quiet height!
There would my spirit wander free
O'er study's deep enchanted sea,
Pausing at times to rest awhile
In rapture on some magic isle;
And still, the open casement through,
Gales redolent of roses blew.
. . . . . .
Oh, for one calm September even,
Which I have thought was dropt from heaven,
So still that I could almost hear
The rose-leaves as they softly fell:
So lucid all the atmosphere,
I could each glistening dewdrop tell.

Study was, indeed, to her a deep-enchanted sea, and the only wonder is that the frail bark of her health did not founder in it sooner. It is pathetic to read of the languages and sciences and chronologies she tried to carry in her childish brain, not to mention the library of dramas and novels and histories she was herself composing. Her mind, so long as any health remained, was never relaxed. While dressing, she learned by heart chapters of the Bible; she read Gibbon while curling her hair at night; and at meals she conned her arithmetic, history, and geography. There is something hectic and pitiful in all this expense of youth, to which no fruit of maturity was allowed. In the clearer vision that came to her before her death, she saw and lamented her feverish impatience:

A mind that like some plant has grown
Too fast with vigor not its own,
Sprung from too glowing soil, and fed
With fancy's dews too thickly shed.
O'erwrought, excited, 'twas at length
Too full of blossom for lasting strength.

III.

Her real achievement was the passion of regret she was able to leave in her sister Louisa's heart. It may be that I have carried something of the pathos of the "Journal" itself into the reading of the "Elegies," and, indeed, my aim in quoting so largely from the "Journal" has been to convey to others what I could of this adventitious spell; yet I must think that the poetry of loss and long-cherished love has not often been more sincerely and poignantly written than in these lines, or the dream-image of memory more sharply etched:

Now all that girlhood, now that flushed, intense,
Young fever, are a whisper of the night,
A faint sweet resurrection, a strange sense
Of absence unexplained till morning light.

But the "Elegies" have a double burden. Of the two sons of the family, one, led, no doubt, by his kinship to the Teignmouths, went to India, in pursuit of fortune; the younger emigrated to Australia, and on the way home, after a long and painful exile, perished at sea. The suspense of waiting for news of the shipwrecked vessel and the tragedy of the story when it came, made an indelible impression on the minds of the surviving sisters. We have no verse or journal from the "mysterious, solitary boy," no record of the showering rays of wit that held his family spellbound—

Wild beautiful caprices of a speech
Now long unwritten, mute, and past from reach—

but he lives with Emily in the "Elegies"; and it seems as if the second death of Emily by the passing away of her shadowy life in his memory, together with the deprivation he suffered by Emily's ignorance of his fate, shot through the writer of the poem with a keener pang for the complete oblivion that should befall when no one was left to cherish their names and images. She wavers between envy of the dead for their peace and a half-reproach for their forgetfulness. "But others live for other tears," she says, and then—

Ah, her young darling is not one of those!
His tale for her untold, its stormy close
Rent other hearts, but stirred not her repose;
Unguessed by her the strange and cheerless bed,
Where rests, for ever rests, his weary head;
And nothing of *their* haunted life she knows,
For whom an awful star, 'twixt wind and wave,
Still hovers o'er a merciless despair,
Still hovers o'er their treasure hidden there, . . .
To whom across the world and waste of sea,
A mute, sad Shadow turns its solemn gaze,
Hopeless of home—"Forget me not," it says:
"I am not lost while Love remembers me."

Oh, faithful to the bidding of those eyes!
Oh, faithful to the tender heart of fire!
Love yearns for thee with unextinguished sighs,
But knows that with *her* death thy memory dies;
And dies with it one sacred sole desire,
To gather up the scattered dust of death,
To charm the long-lost phantom back to light,
And that dear semblance to all time bequeath—
Vain bitter prayer for bitter sweet delight.

IV.

Reading these lines, one is reminded of the pathetic devotion of Eugénie de Guérin to the memory of her brother Maurice, and of her saying that "Nothing but tears makes us believe in immortality." Or, if one is fresh from a perusal of the pages of Mrs. Augustus Craven, as I am, one thinks of that longer chain of family love which lends to "A Sister's Story" an interest quite unique of its kind.* But if the grief in these three cases is equally deep and the determination of memory equally strong, there is a difference in the sources of consolation that sets them strikingly apart. Both Mlle. de Guérin and the members of Mrs. Craven's family were not only intensely religious, but wholeheartedly Catholic. Through the unflagging ministry of the Roman church to mind and imagination, the idea of a present personal God, present almost as a visible sustainer and audible comforter, was a reality even more certain to them than the desolation of their mortal loss. *Ce grand ami perdu*, writes Mlle. de Guérin, *il ne me faut rien moins que Dieu pour le remplacer, ou plutôt Dieu était là, mais il s'avance dans la place vide.* There is, perhaps, in that complete replacing of the human by the divine, a note of austerity that

*Those who have read the "Notes from a Diary" of Sir Grant Duff will need no introduction to Mrs. Augustus Craven's "Récit d'une sœur," to which he is constantly alluding. Fortunately it has been so perfectly translated by Miss Emily Bowles, as "A Sister's Story" (London: Richard Bentley, 1868), and its characters have so many associations with England, that it may be regarded almost as an English classic.

barely accords with the word of comfort. It is the truer Christian *catharsis*, I think, that we find in the grief of Alexandrine for her husband, Mrs. Craven's brother:

> I thank God for my good memory, for one of the greatest miseries of human nature is the gradual blotting out and disappearance of all that one has felt the most intensely. God preserve one from this! It is sweet to be convinced, as I am more and more, that in God our affections are best kept alive, and that He, being all love, knows how to maintain in us the recollection of every affection which He has blest.

Of that sacrament of faith, by which sorrow is converted into submission and submission into the joy of a great discovery, there is nothing in the "Elegies" of Louisa Shore; memory for her has no bond with eternity, but is a product of time and as ephemeral as the object remembered. For the cause of this frustration we must go back to the influences of childhood. Her father was in orders, but had given up his curacy, chiefly it appears because his views were too broad for such a restraint. Throughout the whole of Emily's "Journal" one is impressed by a sense of something strangely absent. The tone of her meditations is constantly, even intensely, religious, yet nowhere do we feel the presence of any definite tangible faith, speaking to the eye in symbols and to the ear in mystic sounds. Such was the atmosphere of devout but insubstantial Christianity in which Louisa grew up, a religion in which duty and conscience had totally usurped the place of the imagination. With the passing of years her liberality, as so often happens, was refined into skepticism, while her devotion remained as mere will to believe, a hope beating tired wings in the void and sinking to earth. She has neither the impersonal consolation of philosophy—she was too thoroughly feminine for that—nor the personal comfort of Christianity:

> We talk in earth's old language to our lost,
> With our own sighs revivify its ghost;
> The form Love meets advancing through the gloom,
> Is but the reflex of her own desire,
> Flashed on the glass, as in a darkening room
> We meet ourselves.—Love once within the tomb,
> Shall not that reflex of herself expire?

V.

It is characteristic of a mind tortured with this religious horror of death, without the living support of religion, that it should look for consolation to a future conceived temporally rather than to the actual reality of the past. "He loseth the greatest part of his joie in this worlde," says Wilson in his "Arte of Rhetorique," ". . . that cannot comfort himselfe with pleasure [s] past, and judge them to be most assured, considering the memorie of them once had, can never decaie." In that power of the past to impose itself on the heart as a thing no longer subject to decay lies the natural bond between tradition, or memory in its transcendent sense, and faith which is the faculty of beholding the eternal beneath the transient. There is no surer sign of lessening faith than the tendency to turn, for a fulfilling of the present, from the possession of what has been to an uneasy hankering after a future which is no more than a glorification, as it is a desired product, of change itself. Now of things to come we have no knowledge or control—*de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*—and almost inevitably in this reliance upon the future there is a note of impotent unrest if not of insincerity. No higher praise, therefore, can be given to Miss Shore than that she was able to invest the idea of progress with a persuasive passion. I have read much of the literature of the future—as who has not in these days?—but I do not know where to find anything comparable for poetic effect to the closing lines of the "Elegies," which have been inserted in the hymn-book of the Positivist Church. They are "truly grand lines," as Mr. Frederic Harrison calls them, and by their virtue, if by any, the author may claim to be remembered with the greater poets. Yet even in this noble passage it is not so much the dawning glory of what is to be that stirs the heart, as the pathos of the lesser extinguished lights—the thought that for the buried there is, in Thomas Hood's words, "no resurrection in the minds of men." Out of grief for her own lost and their inevitable failure from memory, the poet rises into a bitter outcry for the generations of unremembered dead, for the frustration of innumerable hopes and the mockery of love, for all the terrible waste of time; her hymn of triumph to the imperial Future is even more a dirge of divine sorrow for the Past:

> Vain broken promise of unfinished lives!
> From your untimely ashes what survives?
> Who shall fulfil your unlived half of life?
> Who win the crown of your unfoughten strife? . . .
> Yet, long-lost sister! can a soul like thine
> Drop from the march of Nature's foremost line
> So early, so unmissed? Can all her pride
> In that rich promise be so cast aside?
> Oh, long-lost brother! Shall the myriad years
> Make plain to Man this mystery of tears?
> Shall light come ever to this blind sad Earth
> That knows not what is death nor what is birth?
> It will, but not to me. Earth yet shall know,
> By a new light, the secret of her past,
> Shall ask no more, "Why do I suffer so?"
> But smile in one great harmony at last.
> And we, with faith in what we shall not see,
> May call the dead whose tomb is in our heart,
> To rise and take their own unconscious part
> Of service in the glory that shall be.
> For, could we link their memories to the chain
> Of souls whose lights in long procession move
> From Past to Future, so might yearning love
> Behold their buried beauty live again,
> To glide with solemn purifying glow
> Along the endless way the ages go;
> Might joy o'er something added—casting in
> Such jewels—to the world's great treasure heap;
> And here and there some living souls might win
> To reverent fellowship with the souls that sleep.
>
> Oh, perfect Race to be! Oh, perfect Time!
> Maturity of Earth's unhappy youth!
> Race whose undazzled eyes shall see the truth,
> Made wise by all the errors of your prime!
> Oh, Bliss and Beauty of the ideal Day!
> Forget not, when your march has reached its goal,
> The rich and reckless waste of heart and soul
> You left so far behind you on your way!
> Forget not, Earth, when thou shalt stretch thy hands
> In blessing o'er thy happy sons and daughters,
> And lift in triumph thy maternal head,
> Circling the sun with music from all lands,
> In anthems like the noise of many waters—
> Forget not, Earth, thy disappointed Dead!
> Forget not, Earth, thy disinherited!
> Forget not the forgotten! Keep a strain
> Of divine sorrow in sweet undertone
> For all the dead who lived and died in vain!
> Imperial Future, when in countless train
> The generations lead thee to thy throne,
> Forget not the Forgotten and Unknown!

VI.

I have accomplished my design, which was no more than to give a setting to quotations from a poem, exquisite in a way, but not great enough to ensure that the volume in which it occurs will ever be reprinted. Doing this, I have left myself no space to call attention to the passages of rare beauty that are scattered through Miss Shore's other poems. Of her dramas, I am not so sure. They are vivid in a way, not lacking in plot and resource; but the action, by its very intensity of inner passion, affects one as somehow unreal, as if it were the creation of one who brooded upon the world in solitude. Her true quality as a poet, apart from the "Elegies," is found rather in the fragmentary relics of "Irene's Dream," in which memories of Emily united with the author's love of elf-haunted gardens to evoke a fairy-land, now filled with sounds like the faint sobbing of creatures imagined in the forest, now penetrated by

> A wild small music like to tinkling laughter.

It is by right of such poems as these that she takes her place, not with dishonor, among the group of feminine poets of the last century, of whom Christina Rossetti was the chief, and who added a new charm of refinement to English letters. P. E. M.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON POE—I.

One of the most valuable contributions made by Prof. James A. Harrison to our knowledge of Poe is his bibliography of Poe's writings in the sixteenth volume of his "Virginia Edition" of Poe. Here he attempted to catalogue everything that Poe ever published, regardless of its length or its importance. The task attempted was no easy one. For, contrary to the popular notion, Poe was one of the most prolific of our writers, Professor Harrison's list including nearly five hundred items, and his edition of Poe's works extending to no less than sixteen volumes. Moreover, Poe published many of his articles anonymously, and some things in the most out-of-the-way places. Hence it is not to be wondered at if this list lacks somewhat on the side of completeness. Among articles omitted that had appeared in other editions of Poe are the instalment of "Marginalia," published in *Graham's Magazine* in March, 1848, and an editorial on Christopher North originally published in the *Broadway Journal* of October 4, 1845, but included by Griswold and others in the "Marginalia." There are also some items that have been pointed out since the "Virginia Poe" appeared, notably several articles assigned to Poe by B. B. Minor, in his book on the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and some variant versions of the poems and tales to which Prof. George E. Woodberry first called attention in his recent revised life of Poe. But besides these, there are a number of articles written by Poe that have not, so far as I can learn, been given to him by any one. These, it should be said in justice to others who have gleaned in this field, are both slight in volume and, except for three or four of them, of but little worth as literature, most of them being either editorials or book-reviews; but they are fairly numerous. There are also some eight or ten variant versions of the poems and tales that have been overlooked.

In enumerating these additions to the bibliography of Poe, I shall present first the additions that are to be made to the body of Poe's essays, reserving for a later instalment of this article a discussion of the variant versions of the poems and tales. The additions to the canon of Poe's essays are to be found in the following periodicals: *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, *Graham's Magazine*, the *Weekly Mirror*, the *Broadway Journal*, and the *Democratic Review*.

The articles in *Burton's Magazine* are these:

(1.) Twelve brief reviews in the issue of September, 1839, of which the longest are the notices of Mary Howitt's "Birds and Flowers," "The Bride of Fort Edward," and Schoolcraft's "Algic Researches." Professor Harrison gives only four of the eighteen critical notices in this number to Poe, whereas Poe says in a letter to P. P. Cooke ("Virginia Poe," XVII, 53) that he wrote all except the first three. According to this, one of the articles given to Poe in Professor Harrison's list—Glenn's "Reply to the Critics"—should really be assigned to another writer.

(2.) A compilation entitled "Gymnastics and Gymnasia" in the issue of October, 1839. This Poe acknowledges in a letter to Snodgrass of October 7, 1839.

Other articles in *Burton's* that were probably written by Poe are: (1) "The Game of Cricket," November, 1839; (2) "A Chapter on Science and Art," March, 1840; (3) brief reviews, April, 1840; and (4) a notice of Brooks's "The Utility of Classical Studies," May, 1840. In a well-known letter to Burton written June 1, 1840, Poe specifies the number of pages that he had contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and it is necessary to give each of these items to him in order to make out the total which he claims (though even that fails for April, 1840); besides, several of the articles betray internal evidence of Poe's authorship.

Hitherto unnoted articles contributed by Poe to *Graham's Magazine* are the following:

(3.) The review of G. P. R. James's "The Ancient Régime," October, 1841. Shown to be Poe's by a reference back to the review of James's "Corse de Leon" in *Graham's* for June of that year.

(4.) Brief notices (besides those mentioned in Professor Harrison's list) in *Graham's* for March, 1842—among them a further notice of the work of G. P. R. James, in which Poe repeats the old charge of imitativeness, and a notice of Mrs. Sigourney, in which he complains of a lack of unity in her poems.

(5.) Three brief notices in *Graham's* for May, 1842: Hoffmann's "The Vigil of Faith," Griswold's "The Poets and Poetry of America," and Simms's "Beauchampe." Circumstantial evidence supports the ascription in each case, and the notice of Griswold's book refers forward to Poe's acknowledged review of that work in the issue of the following month.

Two other brief articles in *Graham's* that are almost surely Poe's are the notices of Cooper's "Deerslayer" in the issue of October, 1841, and of Park's "Pantology" in the issue of March, 1842.

The unaccredited articles in the New York *Mirror* are both more numerous and more significant. Ever since the appearance of N. P. Willis's article in defence of Poe in 1849, it has been known that Poe wrote for the *Mirror* in 1844-45. Despite this fact, no list of his contributions has ever been printed; Willis's statement that Poe's connection with the paper was merely that of a "mechanical paragraphist" perhaps discouraged any inquiry into the matter. Most of Poe's articles, it seems, appeared first in the columns of the *Evening Mirror*, a daily, whence they were copied into the *Weekly Mirror*. I have been unable to see a file of the *Evening Mirror*, hence I record here only those articles—so far as I can identify them—that appeared (or reappeared) in the *Weekly Mirror*. Two such articles, the comment on Mrs. Browning, in the issue of December 7, 1844, and the critique entitled "Longfellow's Waif—A Few More Words For and Against It," in the issue of January 25, 1845—have already been specifically ascribed to Poe by Professor Woodberry. Others are as follows:

(6.) "The Alphadelphia Tocsin," a brief note, in the issue of January 18, 1845. This reappeared as the third item in the "Marginalia," published in the *Democratic Review* for July, 1846.

(7.) "Does the Drama of the Day Deserve Support?" January 18, 1845. Also embodied in the "Marginalia" of July, 1846.

(8.) "Lowell's Conversations," January 18, 1845. The last two paragraphs of this review are the same as the first two paragraphs of the "Marginalia" item printed in the "Virginia Poe," XVI, 69-70.

(9.) "Nature and Art," January 25, 1845. A reply to a criticism in the New York *Tribune* of the preceding article on "Lowell's Conversations."

(10.) "Longfellow's Waif," January 25, 1845. The seventh paragraph of this article reappears in the "Marginalia" printed in the "Virginia Poe," XVI, 73.

(11.) "Post-Notes by the Critic," January 25, 1845. This is a counter-reply to a reply of "H." of Boston to Poe's strictures on Lowell.

(12.) "Increase of Poetical Heresy," February 8, 1845. An essay of about a thousand words on "the heresy of the didactic"—perhaps the "prefatory remarks" of Poe's lecture at Boston on October 16, 1845 (see Woodberry's "Life of Poe," II, 150). In substance very much the same as Poe's essay on "The Poetic Principle," but more compact and quite different from it in phrasing, except for the last paragraph, which reappears in part, in very much the same words, in the eleventh paragraph of "The Poetic Principle" ("Virginia Poe," XIV, 271-2). This is one of the most substantial and spirited of Poe's essays, and should by all means be included in his published works.

(13.) "Magazine Literature," February 15, 1845. Republished in part in the "Marginalia," "Virginia Edition," XVI, 82.

(14.) "Imitation-Plagiarism," February 22, 1845. I can find no verbal correspondence between this article and any fully accredited composition of Poe's, but the views expressed in it fall in very well with Poe's views on plagiarism, as expressed in the "Longfellow War"; and the ascription also derives strong support from circumstantial evidence. The article is vigorously written, and is quite worthy of a place among Poe's collected works.

(15.) "Plagiarism," February 22, 1845. This has to do with the alleged plagiarism by James Aldrich, from Hood's poems. It reappeared, except for the last paragraph, in Poe's first letter in reply to "Outis" ("Virginia Edition," 44-46).

Besides these articles, there are in the *Weekly Mirror* the following editorials and criticisms which are probably to be assigned to Poe:

(1) "The Pay for Periodical Writing," October 19 1844; (2) "Hoffmann's Poems," December 14, 1844; (3) "A Slander which Needs Immediate Contradiction" (a refutation of a charge of plagiarism that had been brought against Mrs. Ellet), January 25, 1845; (4) "Poems. By Christopher Pease (*sic*) Cranch," January 25, 1845; (5) "Pay of American Authors," February 1, 1845; (6) "Literary" (being notes on current magazines and forthcoming publications), February 15, 1845; and (7) "Graham's for March," February 22, 1845.

Poe's articles in the *Broadway Journal*, which he edited for almost a year, are to be numbered by the hundred. Here he republished nearly half of his poems, and more than forty of his tales, in most cases affixing his signature. But he also brought out here a vast amount of editorial and critical matter that had not been printed before; and the bulk of this he published anonymously. In a set of the *Journal* which he presented to Mrs. Whitman, and which has happily been preserved (being, I be-

lieve, now in the possession of F. R. Halsey of New York city), Poe designated as his own a number of his unsigned articles by inserting after them the initials "P." or "E. A. P." (see the "Virginia Poe," XII, viii, and XVI, 372). It is but reasonable to suppose that in thus reclaiming his waifs he overlooked some; and it may very well be that he was unwilling to acknowledge some of the rest. But, be that as it may, it is obvious that he did not designate as his own everything that actually belongs to him. The following additions are to be made to the list that Professor Harrison gives:

(16.) "Miscellanea," in the issue of May 31, 1845. Extremely flimsy, but obviously Poe's.

(17.) A brief note on a Wiley and Putnam edition of Hood's works, August 2, 1845. Acknowledged in the fuller notice of the same book in the issue of August 9, 1845.

(18.) "Editorial Miscellany," August 16, 1845. This contains, among other things, Poe's denial of the charge that he was utterly blind to the merits of Longfellow's productions.

(19.) "Editorial Miscellany," August 23, 1845. Contains an allusion, obviously by Poe, to his trip to Boston in the summer of 1845.

(20.) "Editorial Miscellany," August 30, 1845. One item deals with the Boston *Notion's* blunder in copying from *Bentley's Miscellany*, with a laudatory notice, "The Fall of the House of Usher," in ignorance of the fact that it was Poe's, after having publicly held the story up to ridicule on its original appearance in America, under Poe's name. Another item has to do with a poem which was printed in the New York *Tribune* of August 27, 1845, above the signature "E. A. P.," but which Poe disclaims having written.

(21.) "Editorial Miscellany," September 13, 1845. A brief note concerning the botching of "Lenore" in a contemporary newspaper.

(22.) "Editorial Miscellany," September 20, 1845. In one item, the author alludes to "Mesmeric Revelation," as his own; in another, he displays his characteristic fondness for exposing literary theft by charging Whittier with a plagiarism from Bulwer.

(23.) A review of Mathews's "Big Abel and the Little Manhattan," September 27, 1845. The same review, considerably enlarged, appeared in *Godey's Lady's Book* for November, 1845 ("Virginia Poe," XIII, 73 f.).

(24.) "Editorial Miscellany," September 27, 1845. Shown to be Poe's by a reference back to the "Editorial Miscellany" of the immediately preceding issue.

(25.) "Editorial Miscellany," October 11, 1845. Contains a sharp rejoinder to a criticism in the *Mirror* of Poe's article on Christopher North in the *Broadway Journal* for October 4. This article is well worth reprinting.

(26.) "Editorial Miscellany," December 6, 1845. Authenticated by a reference, clearly by Poe, to the Boston fiasco, in which he had figured in October.

(27.) "Critical Notices" and "Editorial Miscellany," December 27, 1845. The former is stamped as Poe's by the sneering reference to Boston as "Frogpondium"; the latter contains a comment on a letter concerning "The Case of M. Valdemar."

It is likely that Poe also wrote the following articles published in the *Broadway Journal:*

(1) The note on the *Southern Literary Messenger*, March 22, 1845: (2) "The Magazines," April 5, 1845; (3) brief reviews and "The Magazines," April 12 1845; (4) the reviews of "Night: A Poem" and Leigh Hunt's "Imagination and Fancy," April 19, 1845; (5) "Halleck's Alnwick Castle," May 3, 1845; (6) book reviews and the article on the "Broadway Theatre," May 10, 1845; (7) the notice of Anthon's "A Pilgrimage to Treves," June 21, 1845; (8) the notice of Hazlitt's "The Age of Elizabeth," July 19, 1845; (9) "Editorial Miscellany," August 2, 1845; (10) the notice of J. T. Headley, August 9, 1845; (11) "Critical Notices" and "Editorial Miscellany," November 8, 1845; (12) "Critical Notices," November 15, 1845. And it is not improbable that Poe also wrote most of the articles on "The Drama," and many of those on "The Fine Arts," during the second half of the year.

Poe's articles in the *Democratic Review* that are not included in Professor Harrison's list are but two in number, and one of these was apparently known to Ingram either in the form in which it appeared there or in some other form. These two articles are:

(28) A brief instalment of the "Marginalia" printed in the *Democratic Review* for July, 1846; and

(29) A notice of Poe's poet friend, Mrs. Lewis, entitled "The Literati of New York. S. Anna Lewis," in the issue of August, 1848.

The first of these is a signed article; the other is credited to Poe in the table of contents at the beginning of the volume. The "Marginalia" article deals with six topics: (1) an error in a French translation of Lady Morgan's "Letters on Italy"; (2) the alleged decline of the drama (previously printed in the *Weekly Mirror* of January 18, 1845); (3) the "Alphadelphia Tocsin" (also in the *Weekly Mirror* of January 18, 1845); (4) Simms's "Areytos"; (5) Goethe's "Sorrows of Werther"; and (6) Cranch's poems. Of these, the first, third, fifth, and sixth were published by Ingram among his "Addenda" to the "Marginalia" (see his edition of Poe, Edinburgh, 1875, III, 471, 477-8). The article on Mrs. Lewis—which was apparently meant as a final number of the "Literati"—reappeared in considerably amplified form in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for September, 1848.

KILLIS CAMPBELL.

The University of Texas.

Correspondence.

NEW FIELDS FOR PHILOLOGY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is, alas, true, as your editorial writer tells us, that "with philologists one is ever in the realm of the imagination" (*Nation*, December 16). But, sir, you must not be content merely to state the phenomenon, when the cause is patent. Why do you not find philologists settled among you in the land of fact? Because the instant they appear at your gate, you deport them, as undesirable aliens, back to the land of hypothesis, from which they came. You persist in regarding philology as the infirm elder sister of palæontology and archæology, when, in fact, she might be the most modern and up-to-date of sciences. Your editorial shows this. "Old Saxon," "Old English," "The sands of Turkestan," "King Alfred"—these are the data you give philology to play with. What wonder, then, that the disappointed bride of Mercury makes the moonbeams dance about them? But give her a place in the sciences of to-day, sir, and you shall find her practical, accurate, invaluable. Philology is in the midst of us; let us recognize the fact and give her room.

When Broughton Brandenburg brought to a credulous contemporary of yours an article purporting to be by Grover Cleveland, did its editor submit the article to philology for verification of the claim? Did he ask for information as to the dialectal indications, the proportional use of the split infinitive, and the dangling participle, the number and average length of Latin and Greek polysyllables, the rhythmical sequences of sentences, in this article, as compared with similar phenomena in the ex-President's acknowledged work? Not at all; he asked the opinion of the executor of the estate, a lawyer. What was the result? Discredit upon the name of a great man, and trouble to the erring newspaper.

At our universities philological methods are not to be relegated to the sands of Turkestan. American soil offers them equally fertile fields. It was only last week, in reading examination papers, that I came across the statement apropos of Carlyle, that hypochondria was a skin disease, prevalent in Germany. I thought little of it till, some fifty papers further on, I read the same alarming fact concerning German influence on the hero-worshipper. At once my philological training was awake, and the most amazing results were obtained. Both students were agreed that Johnson's Dictionary "made such a hit that the world could scarcely believe it had been written by an American," and that the same writer "never used a word of one syllable when one of two syllables would suffice"; that Macaulay's "Ides of Rome" was their favorite reading in preparatory school, and that Mr. Newman Lounsbury was the author of an article entitled "The Downfall of the English Language." By a minute comparison of misspelled words and other interesting phenomena, I proved conclusively that paper A was the ultimate and only source of paper B, and that, in all probability, no intermediate source need be looked for. I called student B into my office, and said to him, "Kleptomania is a skin disease prevalent in America. Have you anything to tell me?"

"Sure," he replied, without hesitation; "you're wise to A and me, all right."

Here, then, is a field for new uses of philology. The day will come when the pedant will sit in the court room next the handwriting expert and the alienist, drawing the same enormous fees. May it come quickly! PHILOLOGIST.

New Haven, Conn., December 16.

LITERARY COINCIDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A good illustration lies before me of the possibilities of literary coincidence.

The earliest of our American dramatic histories is that by William Dunlap, published in 1832, and reprinted the following year in England. Dunlap's book, "The History of the American Theatre," covers the first eighty years, or the first half, of our real dramatic life. Dunlap was a man of wide acquaintance, whose own intimate personal knowledge of the American stage extended back, in 1832, more than fifty years. For forty-four years he had been a professional playwright, part of the time for his own theatre. His first play, acted as early as 1789, escaped by only two years the honor of being the earliest stage comedy to be written by a native-born American. Dunlap's "History of the American Theatre" is therefore of very great value, whether as a history of the stage or of the drama in this country, and it has served as a basis for most of the later accounts of its period.

The latest of our dramatic histories, and also the most elaborate of them, comprises volumes XIX and XX of a larger work, published in London in 1903 (according to the title page of Set No. 25, owned by the Chicago Public Library), under the general title, "The Drama: Its History, Etc." This work is carefully printed upon paper bearing its own water mark, in an edition limited to one thousand sets; and it has as editor-in-chief, Alfred Bates, A. M., of Trinity College, Cambridge, with John P. Lamberton, A. M., of the library of the University of Pennsylvania, and James P. Boyd, A. M., of Lafayette College, named as associate editors. I can explain the discrepancy between the brilliancy of these names and the facts as to the text of the volumes mentioned only by supposing that the editors entrusted the investigation of a not very well-known field to assistants; for a large part of Dunlap's history has been taken over bodily into this work, without so much as a referenee or a quotation mark—physically, corporally, literally taken over, not only idea for idea, but bone for bone. I illustrate at random:

From Dunlap, page 3:

It is well known that the state of the drama was in 1750 much more brilliant than it has been for the last half-century, or is now in Great Britain. The best and greatest men of the country wrote plays and attended their performance. The pit of the theatre was the resort of wit and learning; while fashion, beauty, taste, and refinement, the proud and exclusive aristocracy of the land, took their stations in the boxes, surrounding the assemblage of poets and critics below.

From The Drama, page 6:

It is well known that the British drama was, in 1750, in a much more flourishing condition than it has been for the last half-century, or is at the present day. The best and greatest men of the country wrote plays and attended their performance. The pit of the theatre was the resort of wit and learning, while fashion, beauty, taste, and refinement, the proud and exclusive aristocracy of the land, took their stations in the boxes, surrounding the assemblage of poets and critics below.

Even Dunlap's occasional flights of rhetoric are reproduced verbally with the rest.

The texts run parallel in this manner for well-nigh a hundred of Dunlap's pages, barring a few cuts and a few blunders in copying. In one place the modern historian even omits a section of his 1832 text, and neglects to notice that the pronoun subject of the succeeding sentence has its antecedent in the part cut away.

WILLIAM J. NEIDIG.

University of Wisconsin, November 16.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL TROUBLES AT ATHENS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Our newspapers have recently printed brief allusions to a most violent attack made upon Mr. Kavvadias, the Ephor-General of Antiquities at Athens. The charges are very sweeping, not to say reckless, and without careful investigation it is impossible to know how far any of them are true. Some of them are undoubtedly false, and as certain of the statements involve the relations of Mr. Kavvadias with the foreign schools, the latter have issued the following statement, which I translate from the Athens *Hestia* of November 24:

In its leading editorial of November 22, the *Chronos*, which is regarded as the chief organ of the Military Alliance, contains a series of charges against Professor Kavvadias, the Ephor-General of Antiquities and secretary of the Archæological Society. We should have no right to take part in an affair which is purely Greek, if the article had not contained a number of insulting statements about the foreign archæological schools; against these it is fitting that we should protest. It is true that, in their issue of November 24, the managers of the *Chronos*, who in the meantime had learned of our indignation, declare that "they were misled in regard to the charges." They have, however, withdrawn no one of them, and we are therefore unable to consider that satisfaction has been given.

(1.) They charge that "we do our work by means of the money of the Greek Archæological Society to the benefit of our own governments and of our private scientific interests." We explicitly declare that all the work of our schools has been carried on at our own expense. Greece has had no part in it, except to provide for the inspection of excavations and the custody of things found, and in certain cases for the expropriation of land. All these matters have been managed to the profit of Greece alone.

(2.) They charge that, because Mr. Kavvadias has coöperated with us and has shown favoritism toward us, the Greeks have been shut out from all archæological work, ever since the time that "he handed over the most important excavations to foreign archæologists, thus casting reproach on the scientific standing of Greece, and giving glory to the outside world." We are deeply grateful not only to the Ephor-General, but to all the ephors and the directors of museums, for their good will toward our work, the good will which they have so generously extended to ourselves. We, however, recall the fact to notice that we were granted permission to undertake the most important excavations by the Greek government and by the Senate. There can therefore be no question about measures that were unauthorized, and we vigorously protest against all suspicion of favoritism toward us on the part of any one whomsoever. It is so far from being the case that archæological work on the part of the Greeks has been excluded (the slanderous charge of the *Chronos*), that we need only to enumerate the important undertakings which have been carried through by Greek men of science, under Mr. Kavvadias's administration, during the last twenty-five years. The excavations of the Athenian Acropolis, of Eleusis, of Oropus, of Thoricus, of Sunium, of Eretria and Chalcis, of Thebes and Chæronæ, of Dimini, Sesklo, and Pagasæ, of Thermus, of Cephallenia, of the Lycæum and of Lycosura, of Gytheum and Vaphio, of Mycenæ, of Epidaurus of Syra, Paros, and Naxos—to mention only the better known excavations. Then there is the raising of the antiquities at Anticythera, and the maintenance and restoration of ancient monuments (the Parthenon, Erechtheum, Epidaurus, Bassæ, Mystra, etc.), which have been carried out with admirable method; further, there is the rich series of publications which has made known the scientific results of all this work, and the exemplary organization of the Athenian and provincial museums. These things are a sufficient proof of the scientific work of the Greeks, which Mr. Kavvadias is accused of having excluded. We find it strange that the *Chronos* has abandoned to us the defence of this Greek work.

(3.) It is actually pretended further that our governments and scientific bodies have repaid the favors of Mr. Kavvadias by decorations and honors. How does one dare to suppose that there is any such trafficking as this with the title of member of the Academy in Berlin or Paris, or with that of the honorary doctorate at Cambridge and Leipzig? These are honors awarded only to the most distinguished scholars.

(4.) Finally, we are charged with having contempt for Greece: "They look upon the rest of Greece (Mr. Kavvadias excepted) as the *Orient*."

It is enough to recall the fact that the first International Archæological Congress was held in Athens; that in Athens is established the permanent committee which organizes all future congresses. If the unanimous opinion of the entire scientific world has accorded to Athens her ancient position as the metropolis in the study of antiquity, what clearer proof can there be that honor is given to Greece?

The foregoing statement is signed for the Germans by Professor Dörpfeld and Professor Karo, for the Americans by Mr. Hill, for the Austrians by Dr. von Premerstein, for the French by Mr. Chamonard (in the absence of the director, Mr. Holleaux), and for the British by Mr. Dawkins.

J. R. WHEELER.

Columbia University, December 12.

[Since the above letter was written, it is reported that Mr. Kavvadias has left Greece and that Mr. Tsountas has assumed the duties of the Ephor-General's office.—Ed. Nation.]

FRENCH ACCENTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The explanation of Mr. Gustav Pollak's query concerning the poet Heredia's name in your issue of the 16th seems simple. If, as we may suppose, the poet always signed himself José, in the Spanish form, manifestly naturalization did not include the name as well as the person: hence José Heredia, without accents in the surname. Written or printed Hérédia, the natural French form, the forename should consistently appear as Joseph; but a man cannot prevent encyclopædists and others from taking liberties of the kind noted.

D. R.

New York, December 19.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: No "learning," only common sense, is required to solve the problem of "French accents on proper nouns." The accent is determined by the pronunciation of a name. If Casimir-Périer or M. Clémenceau ever wrote their names without an accent they were wrong, and wrong through carelessness, a very common thing, by the way, with French writers, who are not so accurate, or fussy, with proper names as Americans. The now universally accepted spelling of Fénelon is with one accent, as that is the standard pronunciation of the name. As for Hérédia, since the author became and is counted a Frenchman, the two accents are in order, because they are needed for the French pronunciation.

PEDAGOGUE.

Cornell University, December 19.

FOOTBALL IN THE OLD DAYS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As some of your readers may care to know how football was played in the good old times, I send you the following extract from "The Anatomie of Abuses," by Phillip Stubbes, London, 1583, p. 184:

For as concerning foothall playing, I protest unto you it may rather be called a freendly kinde of fight then a play or recreation: a bloody and murthering practice, then a felowly sporte or pastime. For dooth not every one lye in waight for his adversarie seeking to overthrowe him and to picke him on his nose, though it be uppon hard stones? in ditch, or dale, in valley or hil, or what place soever it be, hee carcth not, so he have him down. And he that can serve the most of this fashion, he is counted the only felow, and who but he? So that by this meanes sometime their legs, sometime their armes; sometime one part thurst out of joint, sometime an other, sometime the noses gush out with blood, sometime their eyes start out; and sometimes hurt in one place, sometimes in another. But whosoever scapeth away the best goeth not scotfree, but is either sore wounded, craised and bruseed, so as he dyeth of it, or els scapeth very hardly. And no mervaile, for they have the sleight, to meet one betwixt two, to dashe him against the hart with their elbowes, to hit him under the shut ribbes with their griped fists, and with their knees to catch him upon the hip, and to pick him on his neck, with a hundered such murdering devices: and hereof groweth envie, malice, rancour, cholor, hatred, displeasure, enmitie, and what not els: and sometimes fighting, brawling, contention, quarrel picking, murther, homicide, and great effusion of blood, as experience dayly teacheth. Joseph de Perott.

Worcester, Mass., December 16.

MRS. COOLIDGE'S "CHINESE IMMIGRATION."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your recent review of Mrs. Coolidge's "Chinese Immigration" (December 9), you make a remark regarding the holding of the book out of the market for a few weeks, which may require a word of explanation from us.

Soon after the publication of the book, an American who had held a high position in China complained to us that certain passages in the book did him injustice, and later he told us that they bore evidence of having been instigated by a specific political enemy.

The author found on examination that one of the passages contained at least a technical misstatement which affected the color of some of the other passages. In consequence the book was withdrawn until she had submitted substitutes, which were ultimately inserted.

While this was going on a great flurry regarding the book appeared in the San Francisco papers, and was echoed in the New York papers, but no specific complaints reached us.

We think you go too far in intimating that such occurrences are inconsistent with "the care with which publishers usually examine works dealing with living persons or matters of current discussion." Books are not newspaper editorials or correspondence, and to submit them to corresponding scrutiny is out of the question: it would involve almost as much research as writing them. The merits of the case in question, for instance, we have found it impracticable really to know anything about. The utmost "care" that publishers can ordinarily exercise is having in their contracts a clause in which the author agrees to hold them harmless from charges of libel.

Henry Holt & Co.

New York, December 17.

Literature.

SHACKLETON'S EXPEDITION TOWARDS THE SOUTH POLE.

The Heart of the Antarctic: Being the Story of the British Antarctic Expedition, 1907-1909. By E. H. Shackleton. Two volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $10 net.

Lieut. Shackleton's—or, as we ought now to say, Sir Ernest Shackleton's—book comes very opportunely to divert our minds from some of the less pleasant associations that have lately surrounded polar exploration, while at the same time it helps us to realize the amazing courage and powers of endurance which the exploration of either Arctic or Antarctic region demands. It carries us into a part of the globe far less familiar to most of us than are the northern circumpolar islands and seas; and more various, because, instead of an ocean, there is a continent with great diversities of surface and general physical character, and, in particular, with several huge volcanoes.

The narrative fills the first volume and half of the second, and includes (1) the voyage out from New Zealand to the winter quarters on the shore of Ross Sea, in latitude 77° 30′ south longitude 163° east; (2) the winter life spent there, and the ascent of the great volcano named Mount Erebus (from one of his ships) by James Clark Ross, the first explorer of these regions, eighty years ago; (3) the journey in the summer of 1908 from these winter quarters right south to latitude 88° 23′, the furthest point yet reached; (4) the journey back from this point to the winter quarters, with (5) minor explorations along the coast by small parties, and (6) an expedition to the South Magnetic Pole, which was visited for the first time. These are the narrative parts. Following a recent custom, the advantages of which are now generally admitted, the records of scientific investigations are relegated to the appendices which occupy the remaining half of the second volume. They include notes and observations on Antarctic biology, on geology (with additional notes on Mount Erebus and its eruptions); descriptions of moraines and of the effects of the summer sun on different varieties of ice and snow; physics, chemistry, and mineralogy, as studied in the magnetic phenomena and the Aurora Australis; notes on cloud forms and other meteorological phenomena, on health-conditions, and on the results of a search made for certain doubtful islands. Many scientific results of great novelty and value have been collected, as might be expected where the field of research had been entered by so few previous voyagers, hardly any of whom were equipped for the purposes of scientific inquiry. Among the most remarkable facts is the presence, at latitude 85° south, of several seams of coal in a sandstone supposed to be of palæozoic age, with a piece of fossil which proved under the microscope to be part of the stem of a coniferous tree. To-day, no vegetation of a higher order than mosses, lichens, and funguses appears to exist in these frozen wastes. In the Arctic regions, also, coal has been found at very high latitudes, but not so high as these of the Antarctic.

Valuable, however, as are the scientific results set forth in these volumes, and interesting as are the numerous illustrations, it is to the narrative of the explorations that the reader will turn with most curiosity. He will not be disappointed. The tale of the voyage out, of the life on this bleak shore through the long night of winter (at a temperature never rising above the freezing point, and usually far below zero), and, above all, the description of the two journeys—the one towards the South Pole, which was not reached, and the other to the Magnetic Pole, which was reached—are of the highest interest. The story is told in a perfectly direct and simple fashion, so that we seem to follow the travellers mile by mile and day to day, realizing the difficulties they had to encounter, and the hardships they endured, and admiring both their hardihood and their patience. There is no rhetorical embellishment of the narrative, but the facts are sufficiently new and strange to make such embellishment needless; nor are picturesque touches wanting. The bare facts plainly and feelingly told give one a better notion of what are the perils and discomforts of low temperatures, of furious blizzards, and of plodding or climbing over ice and snow and dropping into concealed crevasses, than the most highly finished descriptions could.

Specially remarkable is the account of the longest land journey, that in which an attempt was made to reach the South Pole. The start was from the winter quarters at Cape Royal on McMurdo Sound on October 29, 1908, in fine spring weather, brilliant sunshine, and a cloudless sky. The party consisted of Lieutenant Shackleton and three others. They had four Manchurian ponies, drawing each an eleven-foot sledge. Their route ran at first cross the vast plain of sea ice, which lies behind the great ice barrier, fronting to Ross Sea, the barrier which stopped the progress of Sir J. C. Ross's expedition in 1841, and again in 1842. On December 3, they turned inland and began to ascend with infinite diffi-

culty a gigantic glacier, in many places steep and badly crevassed. By this time, three of the ponies had been so worn out that it had become necessary to kill them, and the fourth perished in a crevasse on December 7. Henceforth, they had to drag their sledges, for now there were but two, by their own strength, up steep inclines and over rough ice. On December 24, having risen more than 9,000 feet above sea level, and consumed a great part of their supplies, they discarded one of their sledges, and pressed on over what had now become an almost level, but very lofty plateau, much of it between 10,000 and 11,000 feet high, so that the difficulty of respiration increased the fatigue of hauling. By this time, food was beginning to run short, constant hunger and the savage frost had reduced the travellers' strength, and from time to time, progress was stopped by terrific blizzards, against which it was impossible to make headway, so that the four had to lie all day and night inside their sleeping bags, waiting for the wind to abate. Finally, on January 9, finding that the food left was barely sufficient to take them back to the nearest depot, where a small supply had been stored on the outward march, they stopped, being then in latitude 88 degrees 23 minutes south, longitude 162 east, ninety-seven geographical miles from the Pole.

The journey back took seven weeks, and frequently during those weeks they all but despaired of effecting their return, so weakened had they become by exposure, fatigue, and incessant hunger, with body temperatures constantly subnormal. Had they not succeeded in picking up the route and finding all the provisions which had been stored in the depots along it, the whole party must have perished. It was a splendid dash, and though the goal was not won, the point reached was far beyond that theretofore attained by any explorer, and the discovery of a vast mass of high land surrounding the Pole and standing from 10,000 to 12,000 above the sea is an addition to our knowledge well worth the labor. The mountain scenery all along the route southward is described as extremely grand and solemn. On each side of the great glacier, towering cliffs, sometimes of granite or gneiss, sometimes of sandstone, rise to vast heights. The impression on the explorers is such as it rarely falls to the lot of men to receive:

> It was with feelings of keen curiosity, mingled with awe, that we watched the new mountains, never seen before by human eyes, rise from the great unknown that lay ahead of us. Mighty peaks they were, the eternal snows at their bases, and their rough-hewn forms rising high towards the sky. No man of us could tell what we would discover in our march south, what wonders might not be revealed to us, and our imaginations would take wings until a stumble in the snow, the sharp pangs of hunger, or the dull ache of physical weariness brought back our attention to the needs of the immediate present.
>
> As the days wore on and mountain after mountain came into view, grimly majestic, the consciousness of our insignificance seemed to grow upon us. We were but four tiny black specks crawling slowly and painfully across the white plain and bending our puny strength to the task of wrestling from nature secrets preserved inviolate through all the ages (Vol. I, p. 292).

It is impossible to peruse the narratives of these journeys accomplished under difficulties both numerous and trying, without a stronger feeling than we ever had before of the efforts of which the human frame and spirit are capable. The best parallel within our knowledge is to be found in the marvellous North Polar voyage of Dr. Fridthjof Nansen. It is, of course, true that the conditions of life in latitudes of intense cold are much better understood than formerly and that experience has suggested many appliances and mechanical devices as well as many kinds of food and clothing, formerly little thought of. A novel experiment was tried by Lieutenant Shackleton when he took out an automobile in the hope—a hope which proved vain—of using it over the smooth and more level ice tracts. But all these considerations, though they explain the increasingly frequent success of more recent expeditions as compared with those of sixty years ago, do not lessen our admiration for the courage and resource shown by Shackleton and his comrades.

Space fails us to dwell upon many of the interesting episodes of the expedition. Mount Erebus, discovered by Ross in 1841, the most southerly known volcano, was climbed, and its geological structure determined. It is very ancient, the present cone and crater (13,210 feet in height) being the third central point of eruption that can be traced, but is still frequently active. Interesting observations were made of the habits of the seals and penguins, which, with the skua gulls, and two or three species of whale, are the only mammalia that inhabit these Antarctic solitudes. The long account of the ways of the penguins in particular, is full of facts, curiously illustrative of the respective parts which instinct and a sort of reasoning play in directing the actions of these birds. Some are honest, some habitually steal from one another, and the behavior of the latter, when in fear of detection, is highly entertaining. So is their treatment of their young. (Vol. II, pp. 246-265.) Atmospheric phenomena were observed with much care, and the descriptions of the formation of clouds over the icefields and of the frequent and splendid displays of Aurora Australis provide new data for the meteorologist.

For most Europeans and Americans, the North Polar regions have, ever since those early days when men still hoped to find a northwest passage of commercial value, commanded far more attention than the Antarctic has done. Yet in one way the interest of the latter is greater. For a long time it has been pretty well known that the North Polar area is occupied by sea, and the sea, as Homer long ago said, "yields no vintage." The "wandering fields of barren foam" are monotonous, and (except to the marine-biologist) uninstructive. To be "the first that ever burst into a silent sea" is good; but to be the first to explore a silent and unknown land, with all its varieties of surface, its orography and geology and mineralogy to explore, is much better. It is a fortunate thing that this new land has found one who can describe it with so much freshness and graphic simplicity as Sir Ernest Shackleton has here shown.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Reformer by Proxy. By John Parkinson. New York: John Lane Co.

Social satire, in the hands of the very latest novelists—Mr. Hewlett, Mr. Locke, and the rest—has learned to present itself under the lightest and most whimsical guises. The sledgehammer of Dickens, the chisel of Thackeray, long ago proclaimed themselves as relics which, like the dagger and the blunderbuss, are for the harmless adornment of the antiquary's walls, not for use in this advanced and advancing day. Other days, other weapons: our very detectivists (to venture a new and needed coinage) have abandoned the brickbat and the bare bodkin in favor of subtle gas or devastating mosquito. How much more scrupulous the satirist in his choice of killing tool! Mr. Parkinson belongs, it must be admitted, to the older school. He is "out" against middle-class respectability, "gigmanity," and insincere conventions. His plan of campaign has a superficial novelty.

We are accustomed to the young man of free and "artistic" temperament who refuses to be bound by the laws of the family and social life into which he has been born, and makes ducks and drakes of everybody's prepossessions, to the eternal glory of himself and his kind. In the present story this type appears only in the Prologue, where we find him making his crucial decision in fatally defying authority and respectability embodied in the two commercial uncles upon whom he is dependent. When the story proper opens, we learn that he has stuck by his guns, thrown up his uncles, lived his own life, and, with the aid of a woman, made a fortune. The money has been made in Canada, chiefly through speculation in stocks. In dying—for he does die, of course—he determines to do what he can for the salvation of a nephew in England, who he fears is about to waste

his life attending to the respectabilities. He leaves him a legacy on condition that he shall make a certain amount of money in the stock market within a given time. The widow is commissioned to see that the condition is enforced. She is further enjoined, for reasons which insufficiently appear, to present herself to the virtuous English relatives as her husband's mistress. Hence obvious complications, which eventually lead to the enlightenment (by way of stock-gambling) of the nephew, and the comfortable reception of the widow into English society. Of course, the thing is more absurd in summary than in the full narrative, which has a good deal of humor.

It is remarkable that the author and his very well-known publisher should have been able to agree upon a mode of punctuation in which so many unusual duties are thrust upon the comma.

On the Lightship. By Herman Knickerbocker Vielé. New York: Duffield & Co.

Fortunately, the work of the late Herman Knickerbocker Vielé is too well known for this posthumous volume of his to demand extended characterization. Fortunately, we say, for the range is wide, the matter various. Yet so far as the manner goes, that is always suave, polished, and efficient. These tales told "On the Lightship" were, as Mr. Janvier informs us in the introduction, to have been framed "in an encircling story, describing and duly accounting for the chance assemblage aboard a vessel of that unusual type." The story-teller's death has precluded this consummation, but it could not deprive us of the short stories themselves, the real stuff of the projected volume. Sometimes of an undisguisable slightness, these tales are, collectively, stamped with the cosmopolitanism of the author no less than with his good taste. Modern as they mostly are, one of the most praiseworthy is a daring account of Francis Bacon's entry into authorship, and of his fateful tenancy of Kit Marlowe's vacated lodgings, with its "small oak box secluded in a corner, . . . a chest of papers left by [the] last lodger," and its account of Shakespeare's careless signing of a "Romeo" he did not write. Here the due atmosphere is cleverly imparted to a picture which is itself managed with deft touches. We wish that there were space at our disposal to quote the smoking-lesson imparted by a sea-faring person with a long-stemmed pipe to Master Francis (who went pale) and to the player, Shakespeare. The directions are themselves eloquent:

> I pray you, gentlemen, hold not the pipe too lightly, lest it be overset and mar your garments, he instructed them. And by your leave, it must be grasped between the thumb and second finger, nicely balanced that the forearm grow not weary. Should the brain become afflicted by the vapor it is well to pause and inhale some breaths of common air. Extend the finger carelessly.

But all the tales are not of Shakespeare's time. One of the best is of the Washington Square of A. D. 1909.

The Socialist. By Guy Thorne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Thorne's story tells of the conversion to Socialism of an English duke who owns a "huge slice" of London. Rescued from kidnappers by a party of "slummers," he is taken unconscious to the house of the high-priest of Socialism, one Fabian Rose; is there nursed into health by Socialist hands, and ends by embracing their cause, even to the sacrifice of a large part of his property. Not all of it, for these new friends of his defer to a far-off future the abolition of private property, content for the immediate hour to regulate ownership. The moral of the book is this, that neither acts of Parliament nor even the altruistic doctrine of university settlements can reorganize society, because they cannot reorganize character. The Christian way is the only way; its motto "For all who want work, work! for those who won't work, hunger! But for the old and infirm, provision." The traditional views of the aristocratic order find their mouthpiece in the Lord Bishop, a courtly prelate, implacable in social doctrine.

The Socialist group with which the young duke's fortunes are cast is intent on promulgating its ideas through the drama. We hear much of the founding of an educational theatre, of a new play by the great Fabian Rose; of a young actress who is chosen as the Socialists' instrument, and is made first a devotee that she may act the more effectively. She it is who on the opening night of the theatre and the great play, completes the reformation of the duke, the teacher naturally and subsequently going with the thing taught. A book of upheaval, it wages its war courteously and on the loftiest grounds. To criticise it as a story would be beside the mark. Incidentally, what are "a fierce and lambent sense of anger"? and "a state of lambent enthusiasm"?

Big John Baldwin. By Wilson Vance. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This book, as we are told, is edited from

> Extracts from the journal of an officer of Cromwell's army, recording some of his experiences at the court of Charles I, and subsequently at that of the Lord Protector and on the Fields of Love and War, and finally in the Colony of Virginia.

It is the autobiography of a young giant from the Fen country, who is first found refusing for a pup a pound offered by Mr. Oliver Cromwell, who had ridden over with the Rev. Elijah Balsley to preach and sup at Baldwinsmere. The sixteen-year-old John is a huge cub, hampered by his own skin and kept within only by Puritan principles. Later, he is adequately described by his sweetheart as "the dearest, bravest, truest, greatest, most unselfish, wrong-headed obstinate, conceited, and transparently honest and sincere old stupid of a Jack-the-Giant-Killer that ever was!" Even from among his horses and dogs, he keeps an eye upon Cromwell as a chosen vessel for the defeat of Anti-Christ, and he eagerly serves under him when the time for action comes. The narrative differs from most stories of the period in that the hero, though a partisan, gives his personal affections to Charles as well as to Cromwell. His warm friendships include Prince Rupert, and the family of the Lord General. In truth, Big John has the gift which attaches to first-person heroes. He makes conquest of all he meets. At court, the King yearns over him and makes bid for his allegiance. Rupert risks life to be at his wedding. Cromwell stands self-confessed as one "whom thou hast defeated as no other mortal ever hath"—for Sir John opposed even the Protector when he differed from him; was but a half-hearted regicide, and after the Irish massacres demanded leave to go home, "never to take up arms again, save in a righteous cause righteously maintained."

The founding of a colony in Virginia occupies the concluding third of the book. Here, as throughout, Sir John stands out bodily as a fine old autocrat, dealing generously with his neighbors, and if his colonists will not of themselves be happy, forcing them to be so. In spite of lavish portions of Presbyterian preaching and of mutual admiration among kings and commons, the book gives an interesting picture of the time in old world and new, with more of the domestic than the military. Here, too, is a portrait gallery of several extremely engaging subjects.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Chateaubriand and His Court of Women. By Francis Gribble. With six photogravure portraits. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $3.75 net.

"There is no adequate life of Chateaubriand in any language, and there is no life at all in English," writes Mr. Gribble in his preface. His conclusion is that the times are ripe for "a synoptic view." It is, then, with the obvious purpose of supplying our lack in furnishing that "synoptic view" that Mr. Gribble offers us this book; and the work is to be judged on higher ground than that suggested by the lure of its hero's amorous passages. That higher ground proves over-slippery, even for Mr. Gribble's nimble wit. His man was a greater one than he represents him; but one may let that pass and proceed to

specific issues. Much has been written about Chateaubriand, and Mr. Gribble has no doubt read a large part of those writings: what use has he made of his materials? In the chapters dealing with his subject's American adventures, he has, seemingly, listened to the too skeptical Professor Bédier of the "Etudes critiques." Had he perused the dissertation of Dr. Madison Stathers he would hardly assert so nonchalantly that

> Most likely the only rivers on whose waters he really floated were the Hudson and the Delaware; most likely the only forests in whose vastnesses he lost himself were those in the immediate vicinity of New York.

To suggest that Mr. Gribble is here too doubting a witness is not to express an unreserved acceptance of Chateaubriand's own unsupported testimony. There are no two ways about the traveller's having "romanticised" his "Voyage en Amérique." Only, certain details of that "voyage" have been pretty definitely verified that were scoffed at by M. Bédier; and Mr. Gribble, following, in these pages, close at the other's heels, has scoffed in his turn a little indiscreetly. Take the interview with George Washington, for example: "Chateaubriand, then, never saw Washington at all, or saw him only, as any one might have seen him, from a Philadelphia sidewalk." Mr. Gribble would scarcely have written these words had he read, either in the "Publications of the Modern Language Association," June, 1907, or in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1908, the copy of a letter of introduction carried to Washington by "M. de Combourg" (Chateaubriand), and signed by "Colonel Armand" (the Marquis de la Rouërie).

The truth is, Mr. Gribble has not been greatly interested in presenting an account of Chateaubriand that is veracious, in all its details. We fear that his fine phrase, "a synoptic view," is an afterthought, an apology. The writer has made great haste to get his hero out of American forests and English embarrassments into "society": that he might ensconce him comfortably in his "court of women." For here he is at home, this writer; and he has unexceptionable guides. In writing of the great romanticist enthroned among "the madames," Mr. Gribble has something to say of "the real Chateaubriand." His real Chateaubriand is "the Catholic Childe Harold, with a dash, and perhaps rather more than a dash, of Don Juan." There is throughout, less of dignity, less of romance, than of a cynicism which seems at times almost too facile. One feels that the portraits executed of Chateaubriand at different stages of his career are too much tainted by this cynicism; so, not less, are the portraits of more than one lady, loving or loved. There is certainly a variety of these personages; enough for the most exacting reader. Charlotte Ives is the type of unsophisticated maiden, or first love (later she reappears as a widow with three sons); there is the consumptive Pauline de Beaumont, forgotten for Delphine de Custine, "Queen of Roses"; and Natalie de Noailles-Mouchy, the Duchesse de Duras, Madame de C——, the Marquise de V——, have each her chapter, and her photogravure. As for Hortense Allart de Méritens, to say that she was a Roussellian blue-stocking is sufficiently to condemn her. Mr. Gribble makes no effort to lend a kind of edification even to the long *liaison* with Madame Récamier. He is an Englishman, and there is, perhaps, not a line in his book to shock the squeamish; and yet his very punctuation has a sinister squint; his . . . are prurient. and his dashes pander. There is, in all this, something of the naughtiness of a Sterne without the allurement. One cannot accuse Mr. Gribble of wanting a certain sprightliness. What one must not expect of him is valuable literary criticism of Chateaubriand, or even an informing account of Chateaubriand's journalism and political course. This is neither the "synoptic" nor the "ultimate" biography.

Early Church History to A. D. 313. By Henry Melvill Gwatkin, Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the University of Cambridge. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.25 net.

"The history of the Church of God is in its widest compass co-extensive with the history of the universe itself." This is an extraordinary sentence with which to begin a history of the early church, and it does not awaken confidence in the scientific character of the work. A little farther on the author continues:

> If then the Gospel is a revelation of the eternal through facts of time, it cannot be treated simply as one religion among others. Given the revelation of God, comparative religion may help to show us how the forces of human nature clothed it with religions of men; but the application of comparative religion to the revelation itself is a fundamental error. We therefore start from the position that church history is simply the spiritual side of universal history, just as economic history is its economic side.

We had supposed that such transcendental points of view had been forever abandoned in historical writing, and to come upon them in the work of a Cambridge professor is a distinct shock. Nor are we greatly reassured by the concession:

> Nevertheless, it is usually convenient to narrow again the meaning of church history by leaving out of its direct purview everything that took place before the coming of the Lord, or outside the visible societies which trace their origin to him; and this is the common use of the term. By thus limiting the subject we give it more unity and cut off some of the isolated matters which few students can discuss at first hand.

That it is only convenience or custom which makes church history a history of the church instead of an account of the religious life of the world at large or of the dealings of God with the human race—what could be more delightfully naïve and archaic! We are carried in imagination out of the garish light of modern science into the sacred and cloistered shades of a mediæval school of theology.

If by chance we have taken up the book because interested in the history of the early church, we shall probably lay it down at this point, for, however edifying it may be, it can certainly have no historical value. But if we read further we shall find that it is a mistake to judge the work by its opening pages. The theologian soon becomes the historian, and the result is on the whole a very respectable history of the early church. The work is not of the highest class, to be sure. It displays little historical imagination, constructive genius, real insight, or apprehension of the great controlling forces which made the Christian movement what it was. Moreover, the apostolic age, to which only twenty meagre and unsatisfactory pages are devoted, is treated in an altogether uncritical and conventional fashion. It is a pity that the traditional boundaries of the theological disciplines, to say nothing of the dogmatic views of the theologians, should lead to so sharp a division between the apostolic and the post-apostolic age. The latter cannot possibly be understood apart from the former, and such a summary as is given in chapter iv is worse than useless, for it only obscures the significance of the period of beginnings.

The long chapter on Gnosticism is far from satisfactory, and the results of recent investigations receive scant attention. This last is, in fact, a notable fault of the book which appears at many points. There is throughout too much dependence on the work of certain Cambridge scholars of the older school, as the singularly defective bibliographies at the close of each chapter only too pointedly suggest. Less than justice is done to Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, the greatest genius of the sub-apostolic age, when it is said "his words are rather sparkles of intense conviction than utterances of any profound thought" (p. 99). But in this judgment the author agrees with no less an authority than Harnack. Irenæus, too, fails to come to his full rights, for there is no recognition of the remarkable service he performed in combining the legal and mystical

principles of the early church, and laying down the framework of Catholic theology for all the centuries to come. Professor Gwatkin, however, is not alone in thus overlooking the significance of the old Bishop of Lyons. He has rarely received the credit which belongs to him as the most widely and permanently influential theologian of the ancient church.

On the other hand, Origen, Tertullian, and Cyprian are admirably handled, and Bishop Callixtus of Rome, who has all too commonly been unqualifiedly condemned in accordance with the judgment of his enemy Hippolytus, receives due recognition for his important services to the Western church. The chapters on the Christian Life, the Churches and the Church, Montanism, and Discipline Questions, are also very good. In fact, while the work has many glaring defects and is sadly lacking in unity, there are some excellent chapters, fair, accurate, and discriminating. Taken as a whole, the book, in spite of the apologetic emphasis of the early chapters, is commendably free from party spirit, and though by an Anglican clergyman, is not marred by the bias of a high and narrow ecclesiasticism.

American Inland Waterways. By Herbert Quick. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

In Mr. Quick's new book we have a rather impassioned and somewhat visionary study of our inland waterways in their broadest aspects, particularly in their relation to the national welfare, to the railways, and with respect to their restoration, extension, and maintenance for all the purposes involved in the present-day conservation movement. It was Bacon who said that three things are necessary to make a nation great and prosperous: "a fertile soil, busy workshops, and easy conveyance for men and commodities." Mr. Quick observes, in calling attention to this statement, that we have the first two of these prime requisites; but whether we shall make the most of our natural resources and of our industrial development must depend, to a large degree, upon the facilities which are available for carrying our products to the world's market.

Attention is directed to the strenuous efforts which other nations—our industrial and commercial rivals—have made in the past and continue to make in developing their inland waterways as an instrument in reducing transportation charges. In this connection, the work which has been accomplished in European countries is detailed. More particular reference is made to the activities of the Canadians in improving the St. Lawrence in order to turn toward Montreal an increasingly large volume of commerce, to the detriment of New York. We are reminded also of the other waterways now in construction, or projected, which promise added advantages to other Canadian cities, in the heart of the continent. How the United States is to meet this situation, is the present writer's theme.

Enthusiasm seems to have carried him far beyond the realm of possibilities, for he proposes a scheme which, even though it were practicable, would involve the expenditure of considerably more money than could be commanded by the government for such a purpose prior, at all events, to the completion of the Panama Canal. Briefly, the inland waterways should be developed as a single system with uniform depths and widths of channels, so that vessels of a standard draft may be used. Under such conditions, barges could be billed to any point on the national system of waterways just as railway freight cars may be billed to far distant stations, provided the connecting lines are of a uniform gauge. But the waterways must also be conserved to meet other needs. The writer looks forward to the time when the burning of coal will be permitted only when it can be shown that water-power is not available for the desired purpose; when a "muddied" stream will constitute proof of crime in the district where the silt originates, and when the land will be dotted with reservoirs whose contents will furnish the water necessary to make the channels of all rivers sufficiently deep for navigation purposes in time of drought:

In those days the "blight of continental distances" will be removed. From Pembina on the north, Great Falls on the northwest, and Sackett's Harbor on the northeast, down to the Gulf, will run the new seaboard, and the same ships will ply the lakes in summer and carry cargoes to the tropics in winter.

This volume is the latest addition of the publishers to their American Waterways Series. It is profusely illustrated, and, so far as workmanship is concerned, is of exceptional excellence.

Notes.

Prof. Wilbur Cross's book on "The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne," only recently issued, is to be followed by a biography of Sterne by Lewis Melville.

Early in the new year the Putnams will publish a book by Julius Chambers entitled "The Mississippi River," which will be included in the American Waterways Series. Here one may look for an account of the great river from its sources to the sea, of its place in romance, in religion, in diplomacy, in war, and in peace.

D. G. Hogarth is the author of a book which the Macmillan Co. announces for early issue under the title "Accidents of an Antiquary's Life." The author is a well-known English traveller and explorer, and Dr. Arthur Evans's successor as keeper of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. The new book will deal with adventures in Greece and Asia Minor and will be fully illustrated.

The Charities Publication Committee of New York announces for early issue in 1910 "Our Slavic Fellow Citizens," a study of Slav immigration both abroad and in the United States, by Prof. Emily Greene Balch of Wellesley College. Another promised volume is a handbook on housing reform by Lawrence Veiller, former deputy commissioner of the Tenement House Department; and the full findings of the well-known Pittsburgh survey will be brought out by the committee in six volumes as publications of the Russell Sage Foundation.

For those persons who still believe that Thackeray was a naughty cynic—hard, cold, and unfeeling—we can think of no better fate than to receive "The Sense and Sentiment of Thackeray"—being selections compiled from his works and correspondence by Mrs. Charles Mason Fairbanks (Harper & Bros.). To be sure, this will be no punishment; but is it not the season of peace and good will? Thackeray is reputed to be one of women's severest judges; his cruelty toward the cruel sex is often alleged against him by suffragette-critics. Mrs. Fairbanks has brought together here a series of passages in praise of woman which quite convince us that Thackeray was as other men. And if Eve had not eaten of that apple, he writes in a "Letter to His Mother," and her children "had gone on living forever quite happy in a smirking paradisiacal nudity, it wouldn't have been half the world it is!"

The "Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed," selected and arranged by Ferris Greenslet, forms the latest issue of that delightful series of special editions printed at the Riverside Press for Houghton Mifflin Co. It happened by chance that the writer of this note had just read through Praed's works in the standard two-volume edition when this selection came into his hands. He was struck by the great service rendered to such a poet as Praed by this expurgation of the feeble and faulty. The failures of a great poet may have their value, but in the case of a writer whose only strength is finesse, every dull page, every flat line, is a distinct diminution of the reader's pleasure. Praed as he stands after Mr. Greenslet's winnowing is pure gold, without a redundancy and with nothing lacking. Possibly the tale of "The Red Fisherman" is not so impressive as the editor believes, and the present writer would hesitate to give it a place in preference to "The Eve of Battle"; but its omission would have left the collection without an example of the tales, and it has at least a pleasant savor of "Ingoldsby." The editor was certainly wise in including all five of the "Every-Day Characters" and in setting them at the head of the volume. There is nothing in English more perfectly charming in their kind than "The Vicar" and "Quince." Here Praed is something more than the maker of *vers de société*, yet their tone blends easily with "The County Ball" and "Good Night to the Season," which are the very quintessence of the *genre*.

A presentable example of ornate, yet

tasteful, bookmaking is issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons in their edition of Cicero "On Friendship" and of Emerson's essay on the same subject, with decorations by Edith and Mildred Cowles. These colored decorations, consisting of more or less conventionalized floral patterns of unobtrusive quality, are unquestionably the distinction of the volume. In addition to the text of the essays, the book offers on the pages facing the text a collection of maxims, "old and new, bearing upon the same theme as the essays themselves." The type from which this book of friendship is printed has an admirable clearness and simplicity.

Van Wyck Brooks's criticism of American civilization and of American institutions, which is very attractively issued through Mitchell Kennerley under the title "The Wine of the Puritans," loses somewhat by the want (as it seems to us) of a guiding principle or central idea. Yet much of the criticism, aptly phrased by the lay figures of a sustained dialogue, is telling enough; as that which, expressed as a rhetorical question, we may reproduce:

> Do we not condescend to allow life itself an economic value, the office hour being the real criterion by which we measure these things ["religion and recreation and literature"] and to which we accommodate them all? We take our exercise, not primarily because we love exercise, but because we can do our work better for it. We read, not primarily because we love reading, but to rest our minds from our work.

There are here a whole sheaf of really excellent little sermons, phrased with a more than common cleverness—if only the right people will read them!

The plays of Robert Greene, with notes and introduction by Thomas H. Dickinson, form a welcome addition to the Mermaid Series (Scribner), of a dramatic author hitherto not easily and inexpensively accessible in his completeness. One can scarcely avoid observing that this volume departs somewhat from the traditions of the series. It is more candid about the basis of the text and more solicitous about collation and early editions and dates than most of its predecessors. Furthermore, the introduction occupies nearly sixty closely printed pages, which is from two to three times the length of the light and alluring prefaces provided by such polite penmen as Ellis, Symonds, Swinburne, *et al.* The difference is not merely in length, nor is it wholly to the advantage of the latest editor. A novice in dramatic lore or a mere layman could pick up one of the earlier issues, and in a few minutes pass pleasantly through the induction to a new author. Not so with the strenuously historical-critical prologue to Greene, dense with argumentative detail; packed with allusion, bristling with points of reference. Only the hardened Elizabethan scholar of the new school, familiar with the whole field of pre-Shakespearean drama, feeling an ardent interest in minute points of chronology, and acquainted with the opinions on Greene put forth by Dyce, Grosart, Ward, Gayley, Churton Collins, and others—only such a reader will make his way through this introduction intelligently and with proper edification. To those who have not kept in touch with the Greene literature, Mr. Dickinson's frequent air of threshing things out for the first time may easily make his discussion appear more "originative," to use one of his own words, than it really is, especially in regard to the crux of recent controversy, the dating of the plays. It accepts the same plays as the much criticised edition of Collins, prints them in the same order (the order defended by Gayley, also), and with similar reference to Greene's dependence on Marlowe; but it fortifies with every available probability the position of those who believe that Greene commenced his dramatic work about 1587, instead of about 1591. The merit of this edition is not in the absolute determination of vexed points, but in the rejection of eccentric conjecture and in assembling in pretty solid form the biographical and critical materials prepared by the more judicious forerunners.

Dutch tenacity and Irish good humor were happily blended in the man who for above fifty years was the middle term between China and the Occident. In "Sir Robert Hart: The Romance of a Great Career" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) we have a true story told by his niece, Juliet Bredon, while the portraits and more than a score of illustrations help us to know the man amid the surroundings in which his unique success was won. The Dutch Captain Van Hardt, who came to Ireland with King William III, distinguished himself in the Battle of the Boyne, and received the township of Kilmoriarty as a reward, was his ancestor. Hart fed his soul with Emerson's Essays, came under the inspiring influence of Dr. McCosh, afterwards of Princeton, and, receiving nomination to consular service, reached China in 1854, serving there until 1908.

There, as the greatest of the alien advisers, whom the Chinese, like the Japanese, engaged to assist them in bridging the chasm between ancient and modern life, Robert Hart was known in the ordinary conversation of foreigners in China as the I. G. (inspector-general). He gained the full confidence of his employers by asking no personal favors, by unremitting toil, and by an honesty that seemed in China to savor of the unearthly. He made many fast friends, though not all his fellow-Britishers understood him. After Hart had virtually established China's credit and opened the river of silver that flowed in from the customs, he established the postal system, and acted as diplomatic factotum. More than once he averted war, at the cost, in one case, of $50,000 spent in telegrams to Europe. After the siege of Peking, he took up his manifold labors again, but though his hands might be Briarean and his shoulders those of Atlas, his brain refused to rest in the night hours. To escape insomnia he returned home to rest, leaving his career behind him with no frayed edges that could tangle. He had fulfilled all his ambitions. He was offered the post of British minister, which he declined. Decorated no fewer than twenty-four times, with sixteen jewels to wear, thirteen of which were Grand Crosses, he never wore any of them when he could help it, and never more than one at a time. Some one described him as "a small insignificant Irishman." The narrative is exceedingly well written, with no fulsome praise. Some stress is laid upon remarkable coincidences and things prophetic in youth, while anecdotes brighten the story. The pen pictures of Li Hung Chang, "Chinese" Gordon, of Alcock, Wade, and Harry Parkes, and other figures of the past half century in China, are clearly drawn.

In 1905 the American Historical Association appointed a committee of eight to consider the question of the teaching of history in the elementary schools. The report of this committee has now been issued in the form of a small book of 141 pages (Charles Scribner's Sons). It consists of an introduction stating the nature of the problem and setting forth the point of view adopted, an elaborate outline of a course of historical study for all grades from the first to the eighth, and various appendices on method, subsidiary subjects such as constitutional history and civics, hints for the teacher, illustrative material, etc. The members of the committee have been manifestly influenced by French and German models in their recommendation that the ultimate end and aim of elementary historical instruction should be patriotic, that is, the explanation of "the America of to-day, its civilization, its institutions, and its traditions." Their plan is worked out very minutely in chapters devoted to each grade, with topics, suggestions, and titles of books. Criticism of the scheme must await the test of application. As it stands it seems artificial and overladen with subjects and detail. It has, on the other hand, an admirable simplicity of purpose, whether or not we approve of patriotism as the chief objective point. If nothing more than the formulation of a common plan be gained, the report will have justified its existence, and we can but hope that its value will be put to the proof. The worst feature is the final bibliography, of which the committee should be heartily ashamed. At best the list is a poor one, but it is rendered a positive menace to the teacher by the carelessness with which it has been compiled. Some of the names and initials are wrong, a score of titles are grotesquely incorrect, and publishers' names are sometimes given and sometimes not. To cap the climax, Rhodes's history (long since complete in seven volumes), is allowed but four volumes, though a fifth, we are told, is announced by the publisher!

The second volume of the "Acts of the Privy Council of England," edited by William Lawson Grant, Beit lecturer in colonial history in the University of Oxford, and James Munro, university assistant in history in the University of Edinburgh, will be published at the end of the current month. Besides materials for the history of the Continental colonies, the volume will contain a great deal of matter relating to Barbados, including several appeals from that island to the council. It will cover the period from 1681 to 1720.

Edgcumbe Staley's "Famous Women of Florence" (Scribner) is an extraordinary compound of wide but ill-digested and inaccurate erudition, puerile invention, and fustian rhetoric. Since William Godwin's romancing life of Chaucer the world has hardly seen the like. At no point can one trust Mr. Staley. His Italian is shockingly printed, his identifications of portraits often purely fanciful and sometimes impossible, his attributions of pictures absurdly erroneous. No statement can be taken without verification. Dante's Beatrice, Lucrezia Tornabuoni, La Simonetta,

of Giuliano de' Medici, Giovanna degli Albizzi, Alessandra—"the Mother of the Strozzi," Leonardo's Mona Lisa, and Bianca Capello are his seven heroines. In every case he naturally gives full credit to legend. He finds La Simonetta's features in half the contemporary paintings of Florence. About her he has evidently read prodigiously, but, characteristically, not the single work that might have set him right, Herbert Horne's "Botticelli." Since its handsome form and attractive illustrations might impose it upon the unwary we have given undeserved space to a grotesquely bad book.

"Men and Manners of Old Florence" (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.) represents certain of Commendatore Guido Biagi's too rare excursions in general letters. Most of the material, including the forty-nine collotype illustrations, is unhackneyed and much of it inedited. The first of the five essays describes Florence at the time of Dante. The second passes to Boccaccio's day, and is upon the MS. "Book of Good Examples and Good Manners" of Messer Paolo, son of Pace of Certaldo. Messer Paolo is a precious repository of sapiency, and his examples prove that Tuscan canniness has not altered with the passing centuries. Among his maxims are: "Be not so bitter that every man spitteth thee out of his mouth, nor yet so sweet that every man sucketh thee dry." More distinctly moral is the counsel not to take money fraudulently; "That thou mayest not have to render it again, which would seem too hard for thee." Paolo quotes with unction from a nameless wise man the saying: "Whosoever cheateth thee once, God will curse him; whosoever cheateth thee twice God will curse him and thee; but if thou art cheated thrice, God will curse thee alone." A reading of this Tuscan Poor Richard will show that long before Messrs. Papini and William James had exchanged compliments, pragmatic morals were thoroughly understood in Florence. From miscellaneous sources our author displays the growing luxury and looseness of living as Florence passes into the Renaissance. His picture of the fullblown prime of humanism is set about the figure of the courtesan Tullia of Arragon. Her beauty and wit attached to her at one time or another most of the poets worth having beside an impressive following of non-literary notabilities. Six of those at Rome once challenged the world to disprove that she "by reason of her infinite virtue" was not "the most meritorious of all women of the past, present, or future age." Nobody drew blade to prove the contrary. She spent much of her life in evading the humiliations of her conditions, succeeded only in part, and died in the odor of piety, leaving certain meritorious sonnets which are thought to be chiefly of Benedetto Varchi's framing. Here the book skips two centuries and a half and ends with post-Napoleonic Florence—the return of Ferdinand III, the last days of the Countess of Albany, momentary apparitions of Byron and Shelley, and such glimpses of the new Italy as Leopardi and the infant Victor Emmanuel. This chapter is an extensive *genre* scene most delicately and faithfully drawn, and possibly the most engaging feature of a thoroughly delightful book. Except for a venial misprint or two we note no error except the attribution of Matteo Palmieri's Assumption of the Virgin to Botticelli. Criticism has rightly relegated this heretical composition to the satellite Francesco Botticini.

Frederick Greenwood, the first editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and founder, with several of his associates on that journal, of the *St. James Gazette*, died in London December 16. His books include two volumes on the third Napoleon, a "Lover's Lexicon," and a study of dreams.

George Park Fisher, the theologian, died December 20, at Litchfield, Conn., in his eighty-third year. He was born at Wrentham, Mass., and was a graduate of Brown University (1847). He was also a student at the Yale Divinity School, the Andover Theological Seminary, and in Germany. In 1854 he was appointed to the Livingston professorship of divinity at Yale, and also college preacher. Seven years later he was appointed to the congenial professorship of ecclesiastical history, and in 1865 he brought out his first book, a volume of essays on "The Supernatural Origin of Christianity," with special reference to the theory of Renan and Strauss. The following year he published a life of the elder Silliman, and, in 1873, one of his most noted works, the "History of the Reformation." Between 1880 and 1884 came out his "Early Christian Literature Primers"; in 1882, "The Christian Religion," which was translated into Japanese; "The Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief" (1883), and "Outlines of Universal History" (1885). Like the last book cited, his "History of the Christian Church" (1888) has been extensively used as a standard text book; and in rapid succession, during the ensuing years, have come his "Manual of Christian Evidences" (1890), a brief work setting forth the principal topics of definition and proof in reference to revealed religion; "Nature and Method of Revelation" (1890), with its argument adapted to meet pantheism; "The Colonial Era" (1892); a "Manual of Natural Theology" (1893); his "History of Christian Doctrine" (1896); "Brief History of Nations" (1896), and "Edwards on the Trinity," etc. (1903). For several years, beginning in 1866, Professor Fisher was an editor of the *New Englander*, and he was a contributor to a number of the reviews. At the Yale Divinity School he was probably the most eminent successor of a line of theologians who were leaders in the development, in more liberal directions, of the stern old creed of New England Congregationalism. Though never active in politics, he was a leader in that Yale group which, in 1884, broke away from the Republican party. Never afterward did he acknowledge any party tie, although an eager advocate of reforms in the tariff, in the civil service, etc., and an opponent to jingoism.

Charles Ledyard Norton, formerly editor of the *Christian Union*, the *Domestic Union*, the *American Canoeist*, and *Outing*, died at Sandwich, Mass., December 15, in his seventy-third year. He was a graduate of Yale College (1859) and served in the civil war, commanding the Seventy-eighth—a negro regular regiment. He was the author of several books for boys, of "A Handbook of Florida," and of "Political Americanisms."

From India is reported the death of Romesh Tutc, C. I. E., who latterly occupied the post of Revenue Minister of Baroda. He was the author of two romances, "The Lake of Palms" and "The Slave Girl of Agra."

Science.

The Cambridge Natural History. Vol. IV. *Crustacea and Arachnids.* New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.25 net.

The last volume of the ten books of natural history, composing the series issued by the University of Cambridge (England), has now appeared. Its editors may well be congratulated upon the completion of such an undertaking, whose vastness and difficulty can be adequately appreciated only by the skilled zoölogist. It covers the whole field of animal life from the protozoa to the mammals. That the volume under notice, the fourth of the series, should be the last to appear, is due to the fact that the death of Prof. W. F. B. Weldon, to whom had been assigned the crustacea, occurred while he was at work on this important section. The task thus sadly interrupted was taken up by Geoffrey Smith, who has wrought his part admirably, utilizing such of Professor Weldon's materials as were available; these being limited chiefly to the Brachiopoda.

This fourth volume of the natural history embraces the crustacea and arachnida. Following the characteristics of the preceding volumes, it is not intended for popular reading, but for the use of students of biology, who wish to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the interesting forms of animal life with which it concerns itself. And the importance of the crustaceans and arachnids appears from the fact that, with the insecta and myriapoda, they make up the great group of the arthropoda, which, in number of species and individuals, is the dominant one on our planet, and furnishes some of the most interesting examples of instinctive habits, challenging comparison with those exhibited by the vertebrates. The student of biology who turns to this volume will not be disappointed in its value as a serviceable hand-book. Even the intelligent general reader will find much to attract attention. Perhaps the nearest approach to what may be regarded as "popular" treatment occurs in that part of Cecil Warburton's work on Araneæ (the spiders) which relates to their habits. Those who have been interested in the widely credited traditions that have associated various historic personages with spiders in their susceptibility to music, will find that this writer unites with other araneologists in scouting such stories. Mr. Warburton, in his studies, has made free use of such American authorities as Dr. McCook's "American Spiders and Their Spinning-work," Professor and Mrs. Peckham's unique and interesting studies, the val-

uable publications of Professor Emerton, the work of the late Dr. Marx. Nor has he forgotten Professor Hentz, the pioneer of our rather small group of American students of these animals. It is pleasant to record that full and generous credit is given to the authors thus drawn upon. And it is no less pleasant to observe how numerous, clear, and satisfactory are the drawings that illustrate the text.

"The Mammals of Colorado," by Prof. Edwin R. Warren, is one of the books to be issued early in 1910 through the Putnams. The volume will be thoroughly illustrated with photographs and diagrams.

R. W. Sindall's "Manufacture of Paper" (D. Van Nostrand Co.) gives a full survey of the various processes employed in the making of paper, and discusses with chemical knowledge the different fibres available. The book will be of practical service to those who purchase as to those who manufacture paper.

Hilary Bauerman, for many years professor of metallurgy at the Ordnance College, Woolwich, England, has died. He was the author of an important study of the "Metallurgy of Iron," was the editor of an enlarged edition of Phillips's "Elements," and for the Longman series of Textbooks of Science wrote volumes on "Systematic Mineralogy" and "Descriptive Mineralogy." Much of his writing was done for the technical journals.

Drama.

Having given representations of tragedy, melodrama, a social problem play, and a romance, the New Theatre, in the proper discharge of its functions as a stock company house, has now made its first essay in the interpretation of artificial comedy. Its performance of "The School for Scandal," admirable in many respects, was, nevertheless, in its general effect distinctly disappointing. And the significant point is that this result was due, apparently, not so much to the individual incapacity of any of the players—for there was no noticeably weak spot in the cast—as to a deliberate and mistaken attempt on the part of the responsible managers to renovate Sheridan's masterpiece by expressing it, as nearly as possible, in terms of modern realism. They were wholly justified, beyond question, in suppressing certain purely theatrical extravagances—the gross caricature of Moses, for example—which have accumulated in the course of years, and were as absurd as they were inartistic, but they were grievously in error in trying to modernize speech and action to the detriment of comic force. There is no good reason for endeavoring to bring "The School for Scandal" up to date. The achievement, even if desirable, would be impossible, except by rewriting, a task which madness itself would gambol from. The play is a satirical picture of eighteenth century, not twentieth century, life and manners, and the speech and the action are in accordance with the habits, domestic and theatrical, of that time. Both are formal and harmonize perfectly in their formality. Manifestly, the play, if presented as a classic example of a bygone period of literary and dramatic art, must be given in the spirit and manner of Sheridan, which involve, indisputably, a certain measure of exaggeration. To dilute the humor of it, by a failure to give due emphasis to the calculated wit of the dialogue, or by undue restraint of the exuberance of action, which not only matches the wit, but is essential to its full pictorial expression, is to misrepresent it. Moreover, any effort to transform the characters into contemporaneous personalities must result in an over-accentuation of the artifice in the language which is put into their mouths.

In a word, the whole play is a piece of extraordinarily brilliant artifice, although it is at the same time a marvellously truthful exposition of ordinary human frailties. It owes its immortality, not to the eternal verities contained in it, but to the richness of the literary and dramatic humor with which it is charged. The liberation of this humor is the prime object to be aimed at in stage representation, and in this the performance of the New Theatre was only partly successful. Unfortunately the realistic process employed was most mischievous in the most vital scenes. The auction, the quarrel between Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, and the famous screen scene, though successful by virtue of their own inherent qualities, fell a long way short of their legitimate effect. They were played skilfully, smoothly, intelligently, and, in a way, naturally; but innumerable good points, not only in delivery but by-play—almost sanctified by the best usage—were either missed altogether, or so badly slurred that they passed for nothing. The actors seemed to be laboring under severe restriction, and their work, though sound, was devoid of all brilliancy. It lacked effervescence, sparkle ,and fire. No doubt, some injudicious elisions in the ordinary theatrical text, and the failure—whether by design or through inability, it matters little—to bring out the full comic power of the lines, had much to do with this dramatic tameness. It is certain that minor scenes, played by actors who, in speech and action, adhered more closely to the precise and artificial, but artistically appropriate methods of the older comedy, were infinitely more effective. The Mrs. Candour of Rose Coghlan, for instance, was admirable. So were the Crabtree of Mr. Bruning, the Backbite of Mr. Gottschalk, and the Sir Oliver—although this was lacking in unction—of E. M. Holland. The Sir Peter of Mr. Louis Calvert, while humorous and sympathetic, needed ginger. Mr. Lang's Charles, debonair and easy, had not the right devil-may-care glitter; the Joseph of Mr. Anson, would have been wholly excellent, with an added touch of suppleness and suavity. As a whole the performance was creditable and interesting; but a trifle pedantic. An infusion of the ancient spirit would improve it amazingly.

"The City," the last play written by Clyde Fitch, which was presented for the first time here in the Lyric Theatre on Tuesday evening, is, in its weaknesses and excellences, perfectly characteristic of the author. By virtue of the high pitch of melodramatic intensity to which it attains, at the end of the second act, after a series of ingenious and exciting complications, it is likely to prove one of his most successful achievements. The climactic scene, aided by some extraordinarily vivid emotional acting by Mr. Tully Marshall, provoked such an outburst of enthusiastic applause as is seldom heard in a theatre. But the play, in spite of its exceeding cleverness, its deft construction, its realistic characterizations, and its exciting incidents, is too full of artifice to be placed in the first rank. The action is not dominated throughout by sincere purpose, and has no specially significant bearing upon the proposed theme, the comparative advantages and opportunities of city and country life. The plot is extravagant, unpleasant, and violent, rather than strong; and the tragic outcome—which is purely theatrical, not inevitable—is due solely, so far as it is logical at all, to personal, not to local, influences. Actually the promise of a fine and potential comedy, with which the play opens, is ruthlessly sacrificed to lurid melodramatic effect. In this final work, Mr. Fitch shows that, as an inventor of a plausible, thrilling, novel, and abnormal central situation, he was more than a match for any of his younger competitors in this line, while he could easily excel all of them in the art of theatrical craftsmanship and the writing of life-like dialogue. The play will probably be a commercial triumph, but the judicious will grieve that the ability so strikingly displayed in it was not inspired by a higher aim and governed by a more artistic discretion.

It is stated that H. G. Wells has almost completed a play, which will be produced in due time by a prominent London actor-manager, who is himself to enact the hero. The scene is understood to be laid in a region entirely unknown hitherto, except to the author. Other plays have been staged in like territory before now.

Yet another historical drama, and, if not an epochal addition to its flimsy class, at least a very ingenious piece of stagecraft, is Emile Moreau's "Procès de Jeanne d'Arc," recently presented in Paris. It is a reassuring circumstance that contemporary playwrights, including M. Moreau, have learned the lesson that in these historical transcripts it is necessary to choose, and that, in some cases, the half is better than the whole. So it is in dealing with the career of the Maid, and M. Moreau has wisely treated only the final tragic episode. He has not hesitated, either, to romanticise his documents, and whether or not the phrase is allowable, the thing most assuredly is. Great praise belongs to the interpreter of Jeanne, Sarah Bernhardt, who seems indeed to have the secret of the great elixir. The purity no less than the intrepid courage of the heroine was finely expressed, and interest in this, the latest play by the author of "Madame Sans-Gêne," was unflagging so long as she occupied the stage.

Music.

Johann Sebastian Bach. By C. Hubert H. Parry. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The adage that time brings its revenge has perhaps never been so forcibly illustrated as in the case of John Sebastian Bach. At his death, no one

appears to have had the faintest glimmering of his greatness as a composer, and his widow died as an almswoman. Half a century of almost complete oblivion followed, and it took the combined enthusiasm of Mendelssohn, Schumann, and many other musicians following their lead, gradually to convince the world that he was the deepest of all musical thinkers. To-day, he is universally accepted as such; by the revenge of time he even gets credit not only for his own stupeudous achievements, but for what others did before him in so far as their methods are reflected in his works. With the exception of Handel and Palestrina, his predecessors and contemporaries have faded away, and he now stands as the great exponent of musical thought and practice in the first half of the eighteenth century and what preceded it.

Yet, although Bach has thus been put on the pedestal he deserved, the musical world still knows barely one-tenth of the treasures he left it. His life's output is, as his latest biographer remarks, "so enormous that even the rare enthusiasts who chance to combine sincere intentions with an exceptional allowance of leisure may well be driven to despair of ever mastering a subject so vast." It is therefore a matter for sincere congratulation that this latest biographer, Sir Hubert H. Parry, is better qualified than any other musical author to perform the task of guiding music lovers to what is best among the unrevealed treasures of Bach's genius. In all Europe there are probably only two or three other musical scholars as erudite as Sir Hubert and at the same time as well qualified to set forth their knowledge in lucid language. As a matter of course, he is under deep obligations to Philip Spitta, who spent a lifetime of hard work, devotion, and ingenuity in rescuing from oblivion all that could be gathered about Bach's activity. But Spitta wrote as a specialist for specialists; his voluminous work is not for reading, but for reference; he marshalled a vast array of superfluous knowledge and failed to give a clear idea of the personality of the composer or a total impression of his work.

From these defects the Englishman's work is free. It is, as the subtitle indicates, "The Story of the Development of a Great Character," or, as the preface puts it, "a consideration of the life of a great composer mainly from the point of view of artistic development and self-expression." As Sir Hubert truly adds, on another page, of all the composers whose personality gains in fascination and whose individuality becomes more and more eloquent with the passage of time, John Sebastian Bach stands foremost. The records of his life are as scant as those of Shakespeare's, yet how many interesting books have been written on that poet and his works! Sir Hubert's "Bach" should be put on the same shelf with them. To every student, serious amateur, and public performer it is of absorbing interest, not only because of what it tells of Bach and his works but for the light it sheds, on almost every page, on the evolution and history of music in general.

The most vivid and important impression the general reader will get from a perusal of this book is that Bach was the exact opposite of the "bigwig stuffed with learning" he was, until nearly a century after his death, supposed to be. While his name is chiefly associated in most minds with the word fugue, it is true of him that "no composer ever attained to anything approaching the spontaneity, freshness, and winsomeness of his dances"; his suites and sonatas being, in fact, made up chiefly of bourrées, gavottes, gigues, passepieds, and other dances. These dances were those in vogue in his day; but while no longer danced, they are musically in vogue as much as ever and still produced in large quantities, so that Bach is in this respect, as in many others, really modern. His modernity is further revealed by the facts that in an age of much artificial ornamentation, he made even that serve the purpose of personal characterization and expression (p. 92); that "in the use of modulations for the purposes of expression, he often forestalled the most surprising effects of the most adventurous modern composers" (p. 547); that in vivacity, variety, elasticity, and frankness of rhythmic force, he was superior to all composers of his time (p. 27); and that while he is wonderful enough in the more conventional and regular forms of tune (dances), he is "far more so in the deeply expressive *rhapsodical* melody, the outpouring of copious and genuine feeling" (p. 555). On this rhapsodic side of Bach's music, which associates him with the modern romantic school, our author dwells repeatedly. Bach was the very opposite of a pedant or a formalist. Even of the fugue form he took an extremely independent view, being often driven by his impulses to abandon the accepted principles of fugal structure. And when we read what Sir Hubert has to say (pp. 65-6, 72-4, 221) about Bach's transcriptions and arrangements, and his occupation with the works of other masters, we feel almost as if we were reading about Franz Liszt.

In face of the wealth of helpful information and stimulating suggestion in Parry's volume, one feels somewhat as one does in face of Bach's own works —quite unable to present an adequate conception of its value. To make only one more comment, Dr. Parry is by no means blind to Bach's faults and shortcomings, most of which, to be sure, were those of his age. He refers to them frankly (*e. g.*, pp. 23, 68, 77, 108, 121-3, 125, 170, 205, 545, 564); and these pages are among the most illuminating in the whole volume. Particularly interesting is his exposition (p. 125) of the defects of Bach's orchestration, in one of which, to be sure, Bach shakes hands with Richard Strauss.

One of the most famous predecessors of Gluck, whose "Orfeo" is to be revived tonight at the Metropolitan, was Monteverdi. It is commonly supposed that Meyerbeer and Wagner were the culprits who first wrote operas of excessive length; but these, like most other things musical, originated in Italy. Monteverdi, a seventeenth-century reformer, who had many good things in common with Wagner, also shared his reckless garrulity. His best opera, "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," lasted five hours, which is longer than "Parsifal." This opera is of great historic interest from many points of view. Until a few years ago it existed only in one manuscript copy, in Venice, and this copy was almost illegible and full of copyists' errors. Hugo Goldschmidt transcribed it into the modern notation, and Breitkopf & Härtel published it as volume II of "Studien zur Geschichte der italienischen Oper." Some of the vocal passages would be found effective and dramatic even in a modern opera house; but what is of particular interest is that Monteverdi's opera contains in several places a primitive sort of leading motives.

The death of Ebenezer Prout, professor of music in the University of Dublin since 1894, is announced. He was born March 1, 1835, and was a graduate of London University. An industrious composer, he wrote four symphonies, and his orchestral works include also two overtures, a suite in D, and a suite de ballet. As a theorist he was the author of "Harmony: Its Theory and Practice" (1889), "Counterpoint, Strict and Free" (1890), "Double Counterpoint and Canon" (1891), a succession of books upon fugue, and a volume entitled "The Orchestra." From 1876 to 1882 he was professor of harmony and composition at the National Training School, and later he held like positions at the Royal College of Music and at the Guildhall School. Among his pupils at the Royal College was Eugène d'Albert. Prout succeeded Sir Arthur Sullivan as a member of the Royal Academy of Music. He was first editor of the *Monthly Musical Record* (1871-1874), and a frequent contributor after the editorial connection was severed. Later he was musical critic of the *Academy;* and, from 1879 to 1889, the critic of the *Athenæum*. His reputation as a lecturer was considerable, and, besides contributing to the *Musical Times*, he wrote over fifty articles for Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians."

Art.

Visitors to the American exhibition held at the Metropolitan Museum in honor of the Hudson-Fulton commemoration may not have noticed that, as regards furniture, it was made up largely from a single collection, that of H. E. Bolles, Esq., of Boston. To him the Museum naturally turned, for probably no other collector has culti-

vated this branch with equal patience, taste, and science. Mr. Bolles has the instincts of an archæologist and sought out not merely fine examples, but variations of regular types, and series of objects representing the development of design. It is good news, then, that through the generosity of Mrs. Russell Sage, not merely the pieces still on exhibition, but the entire collection, comprising nearly seven hundred items, become the property of the Metropolitan Museum. Thus is added what is virtually a complete department of American domestic art, from earliest Colonial times to the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

At Durand-Ruel's Gallery in New York city six paintings by Edouard Manet are now on exhibition. The painfully realistic Ecce Homo has often been seen before; to it are added the Faure as Hamlet, The Reader, the Woman before the Looking Glass, The Beggar, and a sketch of Boulogne Sands.

The collection of the late Theron R. Butler of New York city, which is rich in paintings of the Barbizon school, is to be sold next month. It will be on view at the American Art Galleries, Madison Square South, from January 1 to January 7. On the evening of the latter date the pictures will be sold at Mendelssohn Hall. A catalogue de luxe, richly illustrated with photogravures, limited to one hundred and twenty-five copies, has been issued in connection with this sale at $15 the copy.

We have received the first number of *Schlesien*, an illustrated fortnightly review, published by Fritz and Karl Giwinna at Breslau. It is devoted mainly to arts and crafts in Silesia, and the illustration is of a superior order. A note on the Breslau exhibition of religious art is one of the more attractive articles. The editor is the well-known authority on education, Bruno Clemenz.

Until Hugh P. Lauc brought about the foundation of a gallery of modern art in Dublin, Ireland was the only country in Europe that had no such gallery. Dublin did possess a fine collection of the old masters, but there was not even a private collection of modern pictures that was accessible. Five or six years ago an exhibition of the works of Irish artists was held in the Guildhall in London; widespread interest was kindled, and the idea of a gallery of modern art in Dublin took definite form. Mr. Lane, who is noted for his skill in judging "young" pictures, presented his collection, including Rodin's Age of Bronze, and the Dublin Municipal Council supplied the gallery and the funds for maintaining it. Liberal gifts were made by various individuals, and the results of three years are shown by a catalogue, now before us. Among the Barbizon school pictures are nine Corots, including the Palace of the Popes at Avignon and a Woman Meditating; there are two paintings by Puvis de Chavannes, one being a large decorative work, The Beheading of John the Baptist; Fantin-Latour, Diaz, Monticelli, Jacob Maris, and Harpignies are well represented, and there are, too, two Manets (the Tuileries Concert and the Eva Gonzales), Renoir's Parapluies, a Degas, and some Monets.

In 1863 Thomas Denison Lewis left 10,000 pounds sterling to the National Gallery. It was the earliest bequest in money. Maurice W. Brockwell has traced the consequences of this benefaction in the scholarly book "The National Gallery: Lewis Bequest" (London: George Allen & Sons). If anything were needed to prove the value and permanence of this sort of gift, it would be the record achieved in forty-five years with the slender annual income of a thousand dollars or so. Ambrogio Lorenzetti, Signorelli, Antonello da Messina, Tiepolo are the names that most adorn the Italian pages. Portraits by Joos van Cleve the Elder, Mabuse, and Frans Hals—the first the Gallery acquired—are the most attractive Netherlandish acquisitions from this fund. The French list includes a very rare painting by the illustrator St. Aubin, and a portrait by David. More notable still are such English accessions as Hogarth's portraits of his servants, Gainsborough's spacious Wood Scene, Village of Cornard; Gilbert Stuart's portrait of himself, Old Crome's Windmill on Mousehold Heath, Ford Madox Brown's Chaucer at the Court of Edward III, and finally an entire group of pictures and sketches by that sculptor-painter of genius Alfred Stevens. All the minute research that goes to make a catalogue of this kind useful, the author has accomplished ungrudgingly. Here we have for the first time in English the result of the recent discoveries about Antonello da Messina. More strangely, we read here for the first time the correct date of Alfred Stevens's birth, December 30, 1817, and dispose forever of the superfluous middle name, George, that posterity had imposed on him. The volume has all the points of a well-made museum handbook, is fully illustrated, and offers for good measure a statistical comparison of European and American galleries as regards Italian old masters. These confessedly incomplete figures bring into relief the richness of the National Gallery and of the private collections of London, whereas America can be said only to have made a fair beginning.

From Madrid is reported the death of Augustin Querol, the sculptor, on December 14. He recently submitted a model for the Columbus monument which is to be erected at Washington.

Julius Bien, painter and lithographer, died December 21 in New York city, in his eighty-fourth year. He was born in Hesse-Cassel, Germany, and came to the United States in 1849. In 1852 he illustrated "American Locomotives and Railroads," and, later, the Coast Survey Reports, Pacific Railway Surveys, Heyden's and Powell's Expeditions, Atlas of the Records of Rebellion, Statistical Atlas of United States Censuses, and many other government and State reports. From 1889 he was president of the National Lithographers' Association.

Finance.

COST OF LIVING AND THE MONEY MARKET.

Rise in the cost of living is not a new subject of controversy. The London *Economist's* well-known "index number," averaging commodity prices, had advanced 13½ per cent. between 1897 and 1904. But between 1904 and the middle of 1907, a period less than half as long, there was a further rise of nearly 22 per cent. Then came the panic of 1907, and there were some economic critics, though perhaps not many, who ascribed the financial and industrial breakdown to the intolerable burden of the cost of living.

It had been the rule of past financial crises that in the industrial readjustment following them prices of necessaries not only went down, but for years remained at a lower level. Taking the *Economist* average at the opening of the several years, the index number fell from 2,121 in 1893 to 1,890 in 1898, and did not reach the higher level again until 1899. It was 2,947 in 1873; it went progressively down until it reached 2,225 at the opening of 1879, and it never got back to the high level of the panic year.

The panic of 1907 brought a result in some respects different. There was, indeed, a sharp and rapid fall. The "index" stood at 2,601 in May, 1907, and it was down to 2,168 in August, 1908. But there the downward movement stopped, only ten months after the actual panic date, and the average began to move up again. At this month's opening, it had reached 2,333—a figure which, though still well below the top notch of 1907, was nevertheless higher than any monthly average attained, until the end of 1905, in the prolonged rise in cost of living which began in 1897.

During the past few weeks, even financial interests have begun to look at the matter with a somewhat different feeling from that displayed in 1906 and 1907. One reason for the different feeling is, that the present movement seems so abnormal that experience is no sure index to results. Another is the fact that along with this rapidly rising cost of living has come another phenomenon, similarly coincident with it in 1906, and directly significant then to Wall Street—evidence of a strain on capital. A third reason lies in the unpleasant remembrances of financiers, of how cost of raw material ate up profits of industry three years ago.

Finally, as a very distinct reminder, came the recent widespread demand by railway and industrial laborers for higher wages to offset the cost of living. Forced to consider the problem as one with a bearing even on financial markets, Wall Street is asking now in some bewilderment, What is the cause of this abnormally quick return to oppressive cost of living? Who or what is responsible for it? What will follow it?

Various answers have been made—the gold output, the Trusts, the tariff, the speculators, obstinacy of producers, habitual extravagance of consumers, exhaustion or depletion of the country's natural resources. Possibly there is some truth in all of them. Whatever else an increasing gold output may do, it certainly increases bank reserves.

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Larger bank reserves mean increased facilities for credit, and credit is invariably an important influence in advancing or holding prices of commodities. Yet there is this much to be said, that the world's gold output is certainly not increasing at the pace of such years as 1898 and 1899, or even 1894. It is doubted by many experts if this year's total production will be any larger than that of 1908, and meantime the jacking-up of prices continues as if the increase were enormous.

The Trusts have done their share—notably this year, such smaller combinations as the "Milk Trust." Yet it is rather curious that the greediest of all the great Trusts of 1906 in the matter of extorting abnormal prices—the copper combination—is this year having troubles of its own in holding even average prices, while the Steel Trust has only lately yielded to demand for reductions. The tariff, notwithstanding President Taft's exoneration of it as an influence, does have a bearing in preventing relief when domestic prices are excessive; but the very figures for cost of living, quoted in this article, are not American, but English.

Operations of speculators have something to do with cost of living, and their success is largely a consequence of easy credit caused by increasing gold supplies in bank reserves. This is not true alone of speculators on the various commodity exchanges—easy credit and the assistance of the banks have gone far towards turning producers, for the time, into speculators in their own commodities, if not into a sort of Trusts. Cotton and grain markets, not to mention real estate, are aware how much the present prices are attributable to the original owner who holds his property off the market until his price is bid. Habitual extravagance may itself result indirectly from successful speculation, or directly from easy credit—the second explanation being reasonable in the case of that very large section of the community which is already living once more beyond its means. As for exhaustion of natural resources, the price of such things as lumber and paper is at least a case in point.

Here is a fair variety of possible and plausible causes. Some of them may cease to operate, or may relax their force of operation, at a certain level. If they do not, Wall Street will probably ask, What next? Recent experience indicates that, if the rise in cost of living does continue at the present pace, we must look for recurrent encroaching on the limit of available capital supplies—since a smaller margin between average income and average expenditure means smaller accumulation—and for recurrent episodes of compulsory readjustment of demand. Such readjustment will be light or severe in character, according to the magnitude of the strain previously imposed on credit.

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Bacon, P. V. German Grammar (Adapted from Lange's German Method). Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Bennett, C. E. First Year Latin. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Bourgeois, E. Le Secret des Farnèse. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin.
Brooks, J. G. The Conflict Between Private Monopoly and Good Citizenship. Houghton, Mifflin. 50 cents net.

Brownlee, R. B., and others. First Principles of Chemistry. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Buckham, J. W. Personality and the Christian Ideal. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.50 net.
Chardenal's Complete French Course. New edition, revised and rewritten by M. S. Brooks. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Clarke, H. A. Longfellow's Country. Baker & Taylor.
Colwell, E. Songs and Sonnets. F. F. Sherman.
Commission Plan of Municipal Government. Selected articles compiled by E. C. Robbins. Minneapolis: H. W. Wilson Co.
Conway, K. E. The Story of a Beautiful Childhood. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co.
Conyngton, M. How to Help: A Manual of Practical Charity. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Copa: The Hostess of the Inn, a Neglected Classic. Woodstock, Vt.: Elm Tree Press. $1.
Cuppy, W. J. Maroon Tales. Chicago: Forbes & Co.
Devine, E. T. Social Forces. Charities Publication Committee. $1.25.
Duclaux, M. The French Procession: A Pageant of Great Writers. Duffield.
Edwards, W. S. On the Mexican Highlands. Second edition. Cincinnati: Jenniugs & Graham. $1.50.
Everett, W. Peace or War (?): A Vision (pamphlet). Boston: W. B. Clarke Co.
Finlay, J. R. The Cost of Mining. McGraw-Hill Book Co.
Flagg, J. H. Lyrics of New England and Other Poems. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press.
Gulney, L. I. Happy Ending: Collected Lyrics. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.
Hale, P. L. Great Portraits: Children. Boston: Bates & Guild Co. $1.50.
Hawaii: The Sacred Songs of the Hula. Washington: Government Ptg. Office.
Heine, H. Poems translated by F. K. Ball. Boston: W. B. Clarke Co.
Henson, H. H. The Liberty of Prophesying. Lyman Beecher Lectures del. 1909 before Yale Divinity School. New Haven: Yale Univ. Press. $1.50.
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Holt, H. Commerclalism and Journallsm. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1 net.
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Knight, C. R., and Hardcastle, E. Birds of the World for Young People. Stokes Co. $2 net.
Leroux, G. The Double Life. John E. Kearney. $1.50.
Life and Mémoirs of Comte Régis de Trobriand. By his daughter, Marie Caroline Post. Dutton.
McFarland, J. T. Etchings of the Master. Eaton & Mains. $1.25 net.
Madeira, P. G. Hunting in British East Africa. Lippincott, $5 net.
Meade, E. S. Economics: A Practical Exposition of the Science of Business. Chicago: De Bower-Elliott Co.
Moses, M. J. The Passion Play of Oberammergau: Trans. from the German. Duffield.
Old Librarians' Almanack. A pamphlet first published in New Haven, Conn., 1773, and now reprinted. Woodstock, Vt.: Elm Tree Press.
Old-Spelling Shakespeare: The History of Henrie the Fourth. Parts I and II. Duffield & Co.
Oppenheim, J. Monday Morning, and Other Poems. Sturgis & Walton Co. $1.25 net.
Orcutt, E. L. The Divine Seal. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co.
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Praed, Winthrop Mackworth. Poems. Selected and arr., with an introduction, by F. Greenslet. Houghton Mifflin.
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The Golden Bond. Edited by G. T. Smart. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 35 cents each.
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1909.

The Week.

Mr. Pinchot's address of Monday contained undeniably words of warning. He evidently believes that the work of conservation is endangered. With much intensity of language he spoke of schemes to defeat the ends aimed at by the Forestry Bureau and to fasten the clutch of corporate hands, by secret and unlawful means, upon what should be kept for the general use and enjoyment. We take it for granted that Mr. Pinchot can produce the evidence for his charges, and that it will be laid in due time before the Congressional committee that is to be appointed to look into the whole matter. There need be no doubt that public feeling is now such that it will stand by any official who seeks to beat off from government lands all dishonest and greedy intriguers. It will be wise, however, for Mr. Pinchot and all who are heartily with him in his important work, to perceive that the whole difficulty does not lie in self-seeking and fraudulent opposition to the conservation policy. There is an antagonism which is honest. In many of the Western States the people feel that their legitimate development is hindered by too narrow restrictions upon the preëmpting and use of public lands.

This Western point of view was well set forth in the speech which Representative Mondell of Wyoming made in the House the other day. As printed in the *Congressional Record*, it had the caption: "Shall the People or the Bureaus Rule?" That suggests the line of argument. Mr. Mondell spoke with good knowledge of conditions in the public-land States, and affirmed with energy their determination to administer their own affairs without any "Federal landlordism." His speech dealt specifically with the water-power question. Over non-navigable rivers in the States, Congress has no control. The waters of all natural streams are State property. This was fully recognized by Secretary Ballinger in his proposal that the Government should not alienate, but only lease temporarily, lands which may be used for power-sites. As the right to use the water itself can be conferred only by the State, the Secretary urged that the States should be asked to "transfer to the United States" the "necessary water-rights" to go with the permits for the use of the abutting land. Against this, Representative Mondell protested with the utmost earnestness, and declared that such Federal control would not be tolerated, first, because it was without Constitutional warrant, and, secondly, because "the people of these States have clearly and definitely assumed and do now exercise full and complete control over the use and distribution of water, and can manage their domestic affairs better than they can be managed for them." This whole policy of conservation must be written in statutes which the wayfaring man can understand, which the trickster cannot violate without incurring swift and adequate penalties, and which the Administration can enforce as the deliberate will of the people.

Postmaster-General Hitchcock's annual report shows that he is alive to the necessity of increasing the postal revenues, but it offers no clear-cut plans for reform. The chief sources of loss are the rural delivery routes and the low rates on magazines, to which Mr. Taft referred in his message. Mr. Hitchcock's suggestion that distance zones be established for the magazines, with varying postal rates, will scarcely prove practical. And if it did we should see the magazines moving to the centres of their circulation. Interference with printed matter of as great educational value as these magazines will hardly be possible without arousing violent popular feeling. But an inquiry into the prices paid to the railways for carrying second-class matter might be profitable. A more hopeful field would seem to be the rural delivery routes, into which branch of the service, as Mr. Hitchcock admits, serious abuses have crept. The loss here is no less than $28,000,000 a year; but when Mr. Hitchcock touches this, he touches politics. The extension of the routes has been due largely to favoritism, so that often in thickly settled communities, in which the rural delivery would pay, there is none, and in the sparsely settled regions represented by some influential Congressman, rural delivery is general. Here, too, Mr. Hitchcock has no definite suggestions, though he is certain of making considerable savings by readjustment and modernization. In that direction seems for the moment to be the best hope of cutting down the deficit of $17,479,770.47.

Ohio Republicans are saying to themselves with a mixture of apprehension and complacency that their State bids fair to be the chief political battlefield next year. This is partly because we have an Ohio President again, and partly because, if Gov. Harmon is reëlected next November, he may easily become the Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1912. It is felt that it would be a serious blow to Mr. Taft's prestige if his party were to lose his own State before his term was half over. And despite the condescending Republican talk about the need of a strong and respectable Opposition party, there is a natural dread of making it so strong and respectable under the leadership of Judson Harmon that it would stand a good chance of carrying the next Presidential election. Hence the present flutter in Ohio. Its Republican citizens are not a little elated to see their State again made "pivotal" in the old absorbing way, but cannot repress a fear lest their party's fortunes should turn the wrong way on the pivot.

The setback to the anti-liquor movement in recent local elections in Massachusetts and elsewhere has led, according to the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, to a renewal of hostilities between the Prohibition forces and the Anti-Saloon League. In a circular issued by the chairman of the Associated Prohibition Press, the argument from Massachusetts is driven hard. In that State, as a whole, an aggregate majority of 26,000 has been registered for no license within three years. Yet in the election of two weeks ago four cities with a population of 220,000 deserted the no-license column, while only one city with 32,000 population entered it. The argument proceeds:

> Were the same tremendous amount of energy, enthusiasm, money, and political

wisdom and experience which has been lavished in these local contests now to be focussed upon the adequate and sufficient goals of State and national prohibition, backed by an organized political uprising of the people who believe in it, the liquor traffic would see a nation-wide doom within twelve months. With the seesaw activities of the present hour, nothing permanent will ever be accomplished.

In other words, communities that have once declared against liquor and want to change are to be kept in the straight and narrow way by majorities elsewhere in the State. How far such a system carries an unwilling community towards real prohibition, Portland in Maine and Atlanta and Savannah, Georgia, are still with us to testify.

It would be unfair to hold President Taft responsible as yet for the plan of a new government for Alaska which is now being outlined in the newspapers, since he has not officially recommended it. Yet there are marks which indicate his interest in it. The government foreshadowed is based on the Philippine Commission, for there are to be nine councilmen or commissioners, of whom a minority, four, are to be elected; Mr. Taft's plan is, according to report, a "strongly centralized government administered by comparatively few men." We need not discuss now whether the only alternative left in dealing with Alaska is this abandonment of the democratic theory of government, and even the historic form for the administration of a Territory later to become a State; but we must point out the danger accompanying our departure from republican forms in the Philippines. When we first took our rash plunge into Imperialism, we heard much of benefit to our own political life to be derived from governing others for their unadulterated good. But here is about the first case we can record in which the Philippine experiment has affected home conditions, and it is in quite the wrong direction. People scoffed at the idea that ruling by generals or by commissions in Cuba, Porto Rico, in Panama, and the Philippines could react on our own political ideas, but now we see that it may. Congress will, we trust, be careful not to adopt any plan for autocratic government in Alaska without the most careful consideration of what this means and whither it leads.

According to cable dispatches from Hawaii, "Prince Cupid" has committed the unpardonable sin of attacking Gov. Frear of that Territory, charging that official with falsehood and with holding his office "solely in the interest of the sugar planters." This incident will probably end, the dispatch says, in the "elimination of natives as representatives in Washington," "Prince Cupid," or Mr. Kalanianaole, as he is officially known, being now Delegate to Congress. The Prince did not even stop with this denunciation, but treasonably declared that the administration of public lands had not been in the interests of the people, but of the sugar planters. "We must do something," he declared, "to get the land back among the people." This treason to the sugar planters merits, we submit, a much worse penalty than mere deprivation of office. Bread and water for forty days in solitary confinement strikes us as about the proper punishment for questioning the divine right of capital in Hawaii to continue to control the islands and to exploit the natives precisely as it sees fit.

If Cook is insane, that is a matter for regret and sympathy on the part of his personal friends, and a matter of interest from the standpoint of the alienist and the psychologist; as a public figure, he ceased to have any interest whatever from the moment that his claim was proved to be fraudulent. It is absurd to treat his case as though he had won great honor in other ways, and afterwards committed acts which were ascribed to moral defects, but which might be explained on the ground of mental disease. Cook had no title to the world's attention except the performance that is now exposed as a preposterous hoax; and whether the fraud was committed by a man who was altogether sane or by a man who was more or less insane, is surely a matter possessing very limited interest. When it is further borne in mind that Cook's past, as shown up in the course of the inquiry, is quite in keeping with the fraudulent and money-grabbing propensities exhibited in this matter of the Pole, a last touch is put to the absurdity of giving him any further attention as a serious subject of public concern.

If a Roman draughtsman had accompanied Cæsar's legions to Gaul, and there set down with fidelity the semi-barbaric warriors, the weapons they bore, the horses they rode, the whole circumstance of aggressive civilization beyond the Alps, we should treasure his work, quite irrespective of any precious quality as art. The faithful picture of the winning of the West by the late Frederic Remington is marked by a singular vivacity and comprehensiveness. His curiosity was unbounded, he lived the life he depicted, and enthusiasm supplied a technique suitable for his peculiar sort of stalwart expression. His business was with action. To convey the vivid sense of taut muscle in man or beast he willingly sacrificed what he rightly regarded as the smaller qualities of harmony and surface. Emphatically the illustrator, the sheer energy and zest of his workmanship make it in every way more important than much that passes as exquisite. He was one of the very few able artists of our time who managed never to be clever, preferring instead a quite magnificent audacity in truth-telling. It is not necessary now to pass upon his copious production as art. Presumably, it will mean a little less to a generation for whom Col. Cody and Col. Roosevelt will be half-forgotten legends. But we cannot imagine a time when a lover either of art or of humankind, happening on a portfolio of Frederic Remington's designs, will not find them tonic. Without him posterity would be at a loss to know what the West looked like, for no photographs have the drastic facility that dignified alike his casual scribble in a notebook and his finished group in bronze.

That a little learning is a dangerous thing is a maxim which finds illustration in many ways. One of these is the readiness with which the mass of easy-going up-to-date people accept as a finality what they are given to understand is the latest word of "science"—whether in history, philology, ethnology, physics, biology, or what not—as to the worthlessness or error of the results obtained by the great men of former days. In his address at the opening of the Palmer Physical Laboratory at Princeton, printed in the current number of *Science*, it is pleasing to find Dr. Elihu Thomas laying down the law in one such case. Speaking of Franklin and the lightning rod, he says: "In these later years it is not unusual to meet

with statements of discredit or denial of the efficacy of this simple device. There seems to be a tendency among the uninformed to regard it as an old-fashioned and useless if not a dangerous contrivance." And he proceeds to assert with emphasis that, while ignorant or dishonest lightning-rod men have made worthless installations, "the Franklin rod when properly installed undoubtedly secures practical immunity from lightning damage"; and, furthermore, that the best vindication of Franklin is found in the "reliance placed by the trained electrical engineer upon the provision of an easy path for the electricity of lightning to reach the ground." There are a hundred directions in which there is altogether too much of a "tendency among the uninformed"—and among the well-informed, too—to accept with cheerful alacrity the verdict that this or that achievement of the past must be thrown into the scrap-heap.

It is good news to hear from Washington that Zelaya is not to escape us, after all. We had begun to fear that this miscreant, being on Mexican soil, might avoid trial for murder by our Government. Hence we are really relieved to learn from Washington dispatches that Mr. Knox is not worried; that he can bring Zelaya to the bar at any moment. The State Department knows just what it can do, there being so many precedents for putting on trial in his individual capacity the head of one sovereign state for behavior unsatisfactory to another sovereign state. What is the last precedent? Why, Abraham Lincoln returned to Spain a slave-ship captain, a subject of Spain, who fled to this country. What analogy could be closer? All Mr. Knox will have to do will be to write to President Diaz: "Dear Diaz: Please deliver Zelaya to the United States troops at El Paso and let us reciprocate at any time. We expect to try Zelaya at Pittsburgh for his cruelties committed in Nicaragua. With best New Year's wishes, Knox." Seemingly, in international law the Pittsburgh lawyer is hereafter to be as famous for ingenuity as the Philadelphia lawyer has long been.

Not the least unfortunate aspect of the Nicaragua mixup is the growing strain upon our relations with Mexico. It is disappointing that, only a few months after the elaborate show of friendship between Presidents Taft and Diaz on the banks of the Rio Grande, the two countries should have fallen into a state of mutual irritation. Mexico is angry and anxious, and shows her resentment by constituting herself Zelaya's protector in the hour of his adversity. Our own State Department thereupon loses its temper and, looking about for something to quarrel over, hits upon the case of an American citizen who has spent five months in a Mexican jail under a criminal indictment, without being brought to trial. How about it, asks our State Department, in a tone of moral indignation peculiarly appropriate in a people who, like ourselves, do not know what is meant by the law's delay, or the occasional miscarriage of justice. Certainly the *Civis Americanus sum* has never been sounded so sonorously as during these last few weeks of excitement in the Caribbean.

Belgium under King Albert I enters upon a phase of her national career that may be full of high interest for the world at large. To the peoples and politicians of Europe there is new food for speculation in the presence of a sovereign of known German sympathies on the throne of one of the two little maritime nations that German Imperialistic ambition is supposed to have marked ultimately for its own. Outside of Europe, interest will lie in the rôle that Belgium under her new King will now play in the Congo. Up to the present the Congo has been a stain on the national honor of Belgium, without the compensation even of material profit. It remains to be seen whether the new régime will succeed actually in accomplishing what has been so loudly claimed in behalf of the late King—the planting of the roots of civilization in the heart of the Dark Continent. It is a splendid opportunity offered to a small nation. The Congo colony, because of the low stage of civilization its inhabitants have reached, because of the great administrative difficulties it offers, is more peculiarly a white man's burden than almost any other possession of the European nations. High testimonials have often been paid to the efficiency and devotion of the Belgian civil service in the Congo. They were excellent men in the clutch of an evil system. These men should now have an opportunity to show what they can do when they work, not for rubber, but for civilization.

It is impossible for Americans to point to assassination of high officers of government as a product of despotic conditions exclusively, in view of our own record of Presidential assassinations; but when three such events are given in the telegraphic dispatches of a single day, and all of them are based on essentially similar conditions, the concurrence is too striking to be passed over. The blowing to pieces of the chief of the secret police in St. Petersburg is but the latest incident in a long story of desperate revolt against intolerable despotism; the killing of the Prime Minister of Korea, as of a British chief magistrate in India, is a manifestation of a state of things that is more recent. But in all three cases, the fundamental fact is the same—the unrest of the people of our time, whether in Orient or Occident, under conditions which are a denial of the right of self-government. It is well to take note of such indications of the state of mind of subject peoples and remember them when smooth things are prophesied of the future of our own relations with the people of the Philippines.

Mr. Wu Ting Fang's promise that he will be with us again fifty years from now gives the people of the District of Columbia and the entire American press something to look forward to. Mr. Wu's entrances and exits as Chinese Minister at Washington constitute one of the most legitimate and real subjects of permanent newspaper interest. He has been in the flesh the imaginary traveller from China or the Indies whom eighteenth-century writers were fond of making the vehicle of satire against European civilization. The tone in which the Chinese diplomat's acts and sayings have been chronicled shows plainly that we credit the bland and open-eyed observer from the East with a sense of humor equal to our own. If Minister Wu carries out his intention of living two hundred years and comes back as Minister at Washington in 1959, may it be as the representative of a constitutional, well-governed, and prosperous China to a free, self-governing, dis-Aldriched and un-Cannonized United States.

ECONOMIC SCIENCE IN AMERICA.

The American Historical Association and the American Economic Association are celebrating in New York this week the twenty-fifth anniversary of their formation. That the Historical Association should date back only a quarter of a century seems surprising, in view of the extensive pursuit of historical study from an early period of our national life; but in the case of the Economic Association, the foundation of the society was almost coeval with the beginnings of important and widespread activity in our country in the field whose cultivation it was designed to promote. Indeed, when the formation of the American Economic Association was proposed, twenty-five years ago, few persons realized that there existed in America a body of earnest and able students of economics adequate to maintain such an association. And in fact such a body of economic scholars and investigators in our country had at that time existed only a very few years.

Great as have been the material changes in America in the past three decades—the applications of invention, the growth of wealth, the concentration of industrial and financial power—there has been quite as striking a change in the development of specialized learning. In every department of research there has been, since the foundation of the Johns Hopkins University in 1876, a radical change of the status of American science and scholarship as related to the intellectual activities of the Old World. Before that time, with the exception of the work here and there of some isolated man of extraordinary powers, America was content, in nearly every field, to be a receptive follower, leaving to European investigators the task of maintaining the advancement of science and the progress of scholarship; now, in almost every branch, she contributes, at least in quantity and in many instances in quality also, her full share to the great stream of scientific research and publication. It might have been thought, *a priori*, that economics would naturally be an exception to this rule; that, in view of the prominence of economic factors in the making of our history, the study of such phenomena would have attracted adequate attention at an earlier date than other branches of inquiry; but this was by no means the case. On the contrary, there is perhaps no department of research which—aside from the work of a few notable individuals—had been more completely neglected among us. And among the very few exceptions that did exist, two were of the kind that eminently prove the rule; for the work of both Henry Carey and Henry George, whatever may be one's judgment of its merit or its value, was precisely of the kind that does not spring from a general or systematic cultivation of scientific study.

In the common advance of specialized study that has taken place in America, no department of inquiry has shared more conspicuously than economics; indeed, it may be doubted whether there is any other subject in which so marked a development has been shown. And this is not surprising; for in the case of economics there has been present an incitement special to this province. Thirty years ago, with the exception of the currency and the tariff, there were no economic problems felt by the nation at large to be pressing. Labor questions there were, to be sure; but they had not assumed anything like the definiteness of the questions of to-day. Our national resources still seemed inexhaustible. We were only beginning to realize the scope and significance of corporation problems; the giant combinations of capital that are in the forefront to-day were in the future. Our people were still predominantly agricultural; and Socialism was only dimly thought of as a question that might some day come home to us. With the growing complexity of our conditions and the growing urgency of economic questions of every kind, there has been a demand for a vast amount of close study, both of general problems and of specific conditions; and the publications of the American Economic Association bear witness to the fact that this demand has been worthily responded to by the professors in our universities and by other students.

It would be a mistake, however, to attribute solely to these practical demands the growth of economic study in our country. In the domain of theory there has been a notable activity, and several of our writers have won high international recognition in this field. Indeed, it is interesting to recall that, in its early years the American Economic Association interested many chiefly for its attitude toward the controversy, then at its height, between the "orthodox" English political economy and the views of the German "historical school." It was soon made plain that the Association was not to be identified with any dogma or faction; and the controversy itself now seems a vague and distant memory. As to the work of American economists in general, it may fairly be said that some of them have pushed the refinements of theoretical analysis as far as they have been carried anywhere, while others have gone into the most painstaking and laborious examination of concrete facts. If some of this labor, in both directions, has passed beyond the limits of what is profitable, that is but the price which must always be paid, in this world, for the energetic and whole-hearted promotion of any large object.

There is one important aspect of the growth of scientific study of economics in our country which is too gratifying to be passed without mention. This is the utilization of the services of trained economists in the carrying on of government work, and the influence that has been exercised by them on the course of legislation and administration. With professors of economics drafted into the public service for such tasks as the straightening out of the finances of Porto Rico and San Domingo, the investigation of tariff schedules under the provision of the new tariff act, the organization of the work of the National Monetary Commission, and other things too numerous to mention, the epithet "academic" will hardly any longer be applied to our scientific economists as a term of reproach. But these governmental appointments by no means furnish a measure of the practical influence that our economists have been exercising. The remarkable development of governmental efficiency in the State of Wisconsin, in its dealings with corporations and in other matters, is a signal example of the kind of thing we have in mind. And, aside entirely from governmental activities, there is the influence of our economists upon the formation of public opinion on the great questions of the day, an influence which is sure to be manifested in increasing degree as the years go by. It is a national gain that, at a time when we shall need all the resources of trained intelligence and impartial investigation

for the wise treatment of economic problems, there has grown up among us a body of men properly equipped for such a task.

HISTORY AS AN ART.

The works of the Neapolitan philosopher and critic, Benedetto Croce, are well known to special students. He has the gift of clear and trenchant utterance, and the translation just issued of his first extensive work, "Æsthetic," will interest any one who can read real books of any sort. Many who are indifferent to the main argument will be stimulated by incidental comment that touches vigorously pretty much every field of intellectual activity. For example, Signor Croce discusses in passing the much-disputed point whether history is a science or an art.

Here he goes immediately to fundamentals. What counts for him in the case is not any display of method, but the nature of the affirmations made by the historian. These, when they transcend mere annalism, are not affirmations of the intellect, based on generalized experience, but intuitions based on the memory of other persons. Moreover, history never permits real generalizations. It deals always with the particular. We talk of heroes but mean Antony or Napoleon; we discourse concerning nations but mean always Rome or England. The generalizations of history are either illusions or pretence. At times they are valuable. In such case, says our guide, we have philosophy masking as history. More often we have merely the complicated and extended intuitions of the artist-historian borrowing the airs and phrases of the sciences.

That history, if a science, is on a different basis from any that admits direct observation and experiment has frequently been remarked. Signor Croce lays smaller stress upon the inherently uncertain nature of the data of history than upon the manner in which such materials inevitably are transmuted into the written page. He might have alluded tellingly to the fact that the historians who most affect the manner of science have generally declined to attempt this transmutation, occupying themselves merely with the arrangement and publication of archives. And the timidity of such scholars throws much light on the whole matter. What do they fear except to fall into what they scornfully style "mere literature," that is, history—and art? Whenever real history, as distinguished from source-books, is written, we are in the field of the intuitions. Out of a variety of possibilities we get the one that has vividly appealed to the taste of a given historian. This is true of what we ordinarily call the facts of history; and evidently its interpretations are even more deeply colored by simple personal preferences.

This view has been objected to as belittling one of the most fascinating of pursuits. Signor Croce, on the contrary, claims to be the very good friend of history. As an art it deserves even greater respect than it may arrogate as a pseudo-science, and if its affirmations are often divinations, they are thus all the nearer to the kind of intuitions by which we perforce direct our own lives. Here he takes strong ground against the skeptics for whom history is "the fable agreed upon." The historian is an artist, but he deals in an authentic and even authoritative art of life:

> Historical certainty is composed of memory and of authority, not of analyses and of demonstration. To speak of historical induction or demonstration, is to make a metaphorical use of these expressions, which in history bear a meaning quite different from that which they bear in science. The conviction of the historian is the undemonstrable conviction of the juryman, who has heard the witnesses, listened attentively to the case, and prayed Heaven to inspire him. Sometimes, without doubt, he is mistaken, but the mistakes are in a negligible minority compared with the occasions when he gets hold of the truth.

If this view of the procedures of history is true, there remains to be inferred a rather important corollary. If the method of history is æsthetic, then the absence of acceptable form in its composition is simply intolerable. To say that a history is good but badly written and composed is as foolish as to remark that a sonnet is beautiful but clumsily turned. A general acceptance of Signor Croce's theory would rule out of court hundreds of ill-digested books in which the historian has rashly claimed the scientist's immunity from the requirement of form. The loss of these books would be slight. Indeed, a general clearing out of pretty much all the thicket that lies between avowed archivism and real history would be beneficial not only to the public but also to the historian.

"LITTLE TIM" AND TAMMANY.

In the career of such a man as Timothy P. Sulivan, and in the extraordinary manifestations of personal affection for him which his death has evoked on the East Side, we get a vivid glimpse of the secret of Tammany's power. It is an old story, but no fresh illustration of it can fail to fix the attention. Politics and governmental questions are involved, but there is something more—the human element. The name of Sullivan has been something to conjure with in thickly populated districts of New York, not merely because the bearers of it were Tammany leaders and influential politicians. They have been, in addition, a sort of earthly Providence to thousands of men and women and children with whom they have lived in close contact and on terms of fellow-feeling, and whom they have thoroughly understood. Tammany is a wonderful political machine, but the true hiding of its power lies not in organization, but in the man-to-man dealing, the intimate personal relations, which exist between so many of its leaders and the vast concourse of people of all races, with their shifting social conditions, which make up so large a part of the voting strength south of Fourteenth Street.

Among them the dead Sullivan lived and grew rich and politically powerful, but never lost the reputation of being a man of the people, a "good feller," a kind neighbor and friend. This ex-saloonkeeper, this gambler, this politician who rose rapidly to large wealth by questionable means, was at least an adept in the human problem which meant so much for him. He had the name of being a brother of the poor. In their good fortune he rejoiced and in their calamities he was ready with his sympathy. He made himself easily accessible to the troubled, the friendless, the needy. Not only by gifts and assistance in times of emergency, but by acting as a general employment agent, a counsellor, a champion, an intervener between the law and offenders, did he steal away the hearts of the people in his district and hold their political support in the hollow of his hand.

We are not saying that this is admirable. The dark side of the picture must never be forgotten. Sullivan knew how to live upon the vices and the misery of the people he ostensibly befriended. It

is said that he never drank himself, but coined money out of the perverted appetites and degradation of slaves of liquor. He may have been a clean liver himself, for all we know, but the evidence is strong that he levied tribute, directly or indirectly, upon those who made barter of womanhood and domesticated hell-fire on the East Side. And with all his airs of good-fellowship and human kindness, a Tammany leader like Sullivan is really bent like Croker upon working for his own pocket all the time, in disregard of the removable causes of the wretchedness around him. What true and lasting improvement in the lot of the poor in New York is due to the initiative of a Sullivan? Christmas presents and picnics represented merely a largess skimmed from the top of his large winnings. What have such things to do with better tenements and streets, sanitary advances, school privileges, a lowered death rate, and all the general struggle of poverty against adverse conditions? In that long battle, the Sullivans are merely camp-followers, who may indeed relieve now and then a sick or injured man, but who give away only a part of what they have first stolen, and who never get into the real fighting line against the evils and vices and bad environment and misgovernment which keep the poor down and rob them of opportunity and of hope.

All this must not be overlooked as a fearful offset to the charities and friendly activities of Timothy Sullivan among his constituents. The balance is terribly against him; and all that we say is that his traits and methods go far to making intelligible the political power which he won. In his person, we see how Tammany ceases to be a far-away system, a political organization, and becomes, to the streets and homes of the teeming East Side, both near and intensely human.

To comprehend is not, in this instance, to forgive. But it is certainly not to scorn, either. Let prouder political leaders, and public men who hold themselves much higher in the world than "Little Tim" Sullivan, pause and ask themselves, before disdaining him, whether their motives are essentially different from his. If he was ready to build up a political following by an unscrupulous use of the offices, are not they? Was it any worse for a Sullivan to "dig up something" for a henchman in a city department, than for a Parsons to hunt jobs in the custom-house for his helpers? Extremes meet when we get down to the fundamental instincts of politicians. Nor is the question of comparative honesty so easy of solution. We can imagine many complacent Protectionists drawing away their garments from a grafting and gambling Sullivan, in politics to make money, but are they really any better? Is Tammany actually more mercenary than the Home Market Club or the Protective Tariff League? We know of no satisfactory proof that it is. If to seek to get control of the offices and to make laws, for the purpose of putting the public money in private pockets, be the animating motive of Tammany, those who are actuated by it in other fields and under other names cannot escape the condemnation which inevitably falls upon political selfishness and corruption. In this view, there is no essential difference between getting rich by buying city privileges from the Aldermen, and by buying protective laws from Congress. Pursuing the analysis to the bitter end, it is hard to distinguish the methods of a Sullivan from those of an Aldrich or a Cannon.

THE ISSUES IN ENGLAND.

Evidence is piling up that the English Conservatives are not pleased with the way in which the electoral campaign is going. What troubles them most is that the issues are not in the popular mind what they are in the Conservative mind. It is a common experience in democracies; the voters have a perverse way of deciding for themselves what chiefly interests them, with a cool disregard of what party leaders assure them is the main issue. The Conservative managers would have a protective tariff put into the forefront of discussion, with minor emphasis laid upon the vicious features of the budget; but to their disgust and dismay they find everybody talking about the House of Lords and the necessity of destroying its veto. On this point we may quote the *Morning Post*, which says ruefully that "the campaign against the House of Lords is an attempt to prevent the nation from speaking its mind on the great question. . . . If only the mind of the public can be riveted on the fiscal issue during the next few weeks, victory will be assured." In line with this is Joseph Chamberlain's declaration, in the preface which he has written for a political pamphlet, that the Liberals are trying to raise a "false issue." He would have the Conservatives stoutly withstand this effort to "shift the ground"; and concludes with a sentence which certainly does not betray very high confidence in the outcome: "If the issue of tariff reform were submitted by itself, there would be no doubt whatever of the reply."

The Conservatives, however, have no reason to be surprised at the trend of the campaign. They were distinctly warned in advance of precisely what would happen. Lord Rosebery pointed out with the utmost plainness, as did such Conservatives as Lord Cromer and Lord James of Hereford and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, that if the House of Lords threw out the budget the election would be fought primarily on that issue, and that the rights and very existence of the upper chamber would be at stake. It was abundantly predicted, and was, indeed, inevitable, that the battle-cry made possible by the action of the Lords would at once unite and hearten the Liberals and draw to them the support of the Labor party and the Irish. All this has come to pass. Indeed, the Conservatives themselves have been unable to avoid meeting the issue which they dread. Peers have taken the field in their own defence, and the ablest Unionist orators have been compelled to speak about the topic uppermost in public thought. Even Joseph Chamberlain, like Mr. Balfour, is forced to give attention to the "false issue," and makes an argument in behalf of a Second Chamber. This, of course, exposes Mr. Chamberlain to the terrible retorts taken from his own speeches of twenty-five and thirty years ago, when he was a flaming Radical and indulged in harsher language about the Lords than even Lloyd-George's to-day. Here, for example, is an extract from a speech made by Mr. Chamberlain in 1884, in which he asked whether the Lords were to "dictate to us, the people of England, the laws which we shall make," and called upon his hearers never to submit to "this miserable minority of individuals who rest their claims upon privilege and upon accident":

> I have no spite against the House of Lords, but I have an account to settle with them, and I promise I will not forget the

reckoning. I boast a descent of which I am as proud as any baron may be of the title which he owes to the smiles of a king or to the favor of a king's mistress, for I can claim descent from one of the two thousand—one of the ejected members who, in the time of the Stuarts, left home and work and profit rather than accept a State-made creed which it was sought to force upon them. And for that reason, if for no other, I share your hopes and your aspirations, and I resent the insults, the injuries, and the injustice from which you have suffered so long at the hands of a privileged assembly.

We have been too long a peer-ridden nation, and I hope you will say to them that if they will not bow to the mandate of the people they shall lose for ever the authority which they have so long abused.

Mr. Chamberlain is, of course, like all statesmen, entitled to change his views on mature reflection, but nobody knows better than he what ammunition for the Liberals may be drawn from his old arsenals. And he would be one of the first to perceive that the action of the Lords could not fail to arouse resentment among the working classes and cause the Labor Party to seek a closer working agreement with the Liberals. This last is, in fact, in the way of being perfected. It is one of the ominous clouds on the Conservative horizon. There is no hard and fast arrangement between the Labor leaders and the Liberal managers, but many signs of a good understanding. It is not that Labor candidates will not seek election to Parliament in as great numbers as in 1906, but that many Labor candidates will be withdrawn in constituencies where they could not hope to succeed, and where a three-cornered contest might give the seat to the Conservatives. Several members of the Labor Party Executive Committee have recently made significant addresses, in which they have said that "the rights of the nation over-ride the fortunes of a party," and that "we do not want to do anything to help to return a candidate who is on the side of the Peers." Consequently, many an expected Labor candidacy will be abandoned, on the convenient ground that neither the party policy nor the party treasury will admit of it. The recent decision of the law Lords that members of a trades-union cannot be compulsorily assessed to pay Parliamentary expenses, will not make the Labor Party fall suddenly in love with the Peers. Funds will, no doubt, be raised by workingmen voluntarily, but all the greater care will be taken to spend them so as to tell most heavily against the Conservatives.

THE WORLD'S LITERARY CENTRE.

Now that the North Pole has been disposed of, we may turn our attention once more to the one really legitimate field of geographic interest, which has all this time been located in East Africa. While the Arctic Circle has been spinning through its brief day of glory, East Africa has bided in patience and the men who write about East Africa have stuck grimly to their typewriters. They are now laughing last. We shall have just one book about the North Pole. Already we count, upon the shelf, a full half-dozen books about East Africa. It is extraordinary how many people seem to know so many things about what has been usually spoken of as an unknown country. Yet the region between Victoria Nyanza and the Indian Ocean has drawn visitors from all corners of the civilized world for all sorts of reasons. Baedeker, when he takes up East Africa, will find undeniable evidence that the country offers attractions, as the advertisements say, for the missionary, the big-game hunter, the health-seeker, and the journalist. All of them are now publishing their experiences.

It is obvious that but for Mr. Roosevelt, most of these books would never have seen the light. It is not a question of merit; almost without exception, the books make very good reading. But it is not merit that unlocks the publisher's heart when there is no market for a particular brand of goods. Mr. Roosevelt has opened up such a market. He has recently been described as a dynamic geographer, as a man who takes obscure places and puts them on the map. Having done that service for Oyster Bay and Rock Creek Park in Washington, he now comes to the aid of a large section of the Dark Continent. But if the present flood of books on East Africa keeps up, Mr. Roosevelt will inevitably rank high as a dynamic literary pioneer as well as a geographer. The pathways of Mt. Kenia may become more familiar than the streets of the national capital. Every school-boy may soon have at his fingers' ends the annual rainfall, temperature, and barometric pressure at Mombasa. But literature will share in the triumphs of science; the library shelves keep groaning as the lions and rhinoceroses fall.

Mr. Roosevelt can afford to take his time while smaller people write their books. They cannot compete with him. His methods are not their methods and his appeal is not their appeal. Though a thousand volumes be written on the subject, the world is sure to wait for the final word to be spoken by the only man qualified to utter it. No blame to the minor writers if they make hay while the sun shines. There is a popular impression that the books have come from men who sped to East Africa after Mr. Roosevelt's plans for visiting that country were announced. Of the half-dozen books we have referred to, all deal with experiences antedating Mr. Roosevelt's by many months or many years. The further back we go, the more interesting do we find our book as a rule. In recent years, East Africa has suffered from a monotony of big-game hunters, who come for the same purpose, travel up by the same line of rail from Mombasa, and either shoot a large number of lions and elephants or do not. There was more variety in earlier days when travel was by caravan and the route was not marked out so rigidly. The earlier travellers, too, were much more interested in the human inhabitants of the country than in its fauna. No present-day author, of course, can avoid referring with tolerable frequency to the people about him, even if these appear in the rather artificial rôle of game-beaters and carriers for the white adventurer. But in too many books the main interest lies in discussions as to the relative danger of hunting lions, buffalo, leopards, and rhinoceroses. One writer grows very warm on the subject:

There is one other beast which is not often considered in the discussion of the most dangerous animals, and yet men who have had experience look upon him, when he is wounded, with a degree of respect that places him not even second to the lion. I mean a wounded leopard. He is the sneakiest, meanest hunter, and the most cruel, ferocious fighter of possibly any of the cat tribe.

Considering to what trouble and expense the hunter has gone in journeying to East Africa after his skin, how inexcusably thoughtless in the leopard!

Hence, at the risk of being written down in the scroll of the mollycoddles, we express our preference for the old-fashioned books of travel, the straight out-and-out account of the trained eth-

nological observer, or better still, the story told by some missionary worker on the basis of long years of experience. There are books of this type in the new crop, and in them we catch a whiff of the old delight when some of us were younger than we are now, and Du Chaillu wrote of Gorilla Land and Stanley was new and Livingstone was still fresh. We come back with joy to those terrifying Masai and Nandi women with heavy wooden billets distorting lips and nose and ear-lobes almost to the size of a merry widow hat. The young bucks doing their war-dance; the witch-doctor whose efficacy is considered as varying with the amount of noise he makes, as is sometimes the case among doctors outside of Africa; the songs and the games and the queer funeral customs and the initiatory rites for the boys—do these things still fall within the ken of the boy of to-day, or have they been totally eclipsed by the dime novel on the one hand and the Henty and Alger books on the other? Does the modern boy know how queer his own familiar texts sound in the heathen tongues? Has he ever read that in the Lumasaba dialect, "Onward, Christian Soldiers" begins:

> Babana ba Yesu mivinyuke mwesi
> Mulole Yesu, ayu worangiye—

If these lines, falling into the proper hands, shall be the means of leading some boy to the treasures of the old-fashioned book of travel, they will not have been written in vain.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

Amazing originality and variety of motives characterize recent German fiction. Adventures surpassing in imaginative flight anything Jules Verne ever invented; the mystery of crime wrought with the craft of Sherlock Holmes; psychopathic problems, marriage conflicts, and tragedies of conscience: surely a respectable array of vital topics. But the question whether the actual achievement equals the ambitious effort cannot be answered in the affirmative. Most of the books are of a nature to rouse a curious human interest rather than to produce an harmonious æsthetic effect. They are more documents than works of art, and it is significant that for the enjoyment which is derived from a well constructed and well told narrative one has to turn to writers not too closely identified with the modern movement.

One of the most remarkable works is "Die andere Seite," by Alfred Kubin (Munich: Georg Müller), the first novel of an artist whose illustrations for a volume of Poe recently gave evidence of striking individuality. His story of life on the other side of the wall which separates the world of reality from that of dreams is a *tour de force;* yet he adds illusion to the fabric of his exuberant fancy. His story of a journey to some remote corner of the world, where his mysterious hero rules over his heterogeneous people in a weird, hypnotic manner, is built up with remarkable consistency. The events occurring in the fictitious capital of that dream kingdom, which is appropriately placed in Asia, are touched with enough of realism to seem possible, even in a more tangible world; but they do not lack that touch of the incongruous which is an essential feature of dreams. The annihilation of the king's power by a clever American, and the destruction of the city by an earthquake, form the strong climax.

Karl Bleibtreu, the champion of the "Revolution der Literatur" twenty-five years ago, has become so completely estranged from the younger generation that he lets no opportunity pass to vent his wrath upon it. This seems to be the purpose of, and perhaps the sole excuse for, his new novel, "Die Vielzuvielen" (Georg Müller), in which he ridicules the Nietzschean proclivities of the time by dividing his people into "Vielzuviele" and supermen. The result is less than one has a right to expect from a book bearing the author's name on its title-page. The delineation of the characters lacks that touch of truthfulness and vitality which would make them portraits of real men and women. Yet some of his sidelights upon social and political conditions show that the author had the material for creating a convincing picture of life in certain circles of Berlin, had he chosen to do so.

Johannes Schlaf is slowly approaching a similarly dangerous attitude towards his time, and seems to see nothing in the life about him but its transient excrescences. In his new novel, "Am toten Punkt" (Georg Müller), he has returned to a psychopathic problem which he treated some years ago in "Der Kleine." The hero is a young college graduate, who serves as secretary to his uncle, a physician engaged upon a work similar to that of Krafft-Ebbing. The investigator sets out to substantiate his theories by personal observations and experiments upon the people about him. The youth becomes the object of his investigations, whose results are carefully recorded; the book closes with the youth's departure from the scene of his ordeal on the death of his mother. The character of the hero is drawn with great firmness, the only inconsistent stroke being his surrender to the fascination of the Baroness Hilsbach, who presides over a salon of intellectuals. The figure of the physician is slightly overdrawn, although exclusive devotion to any one subject of research that lies in the regions of the abnormal, is likely to foster idiosyncrasies of a morbid character.

Somehow the writers of Switzerland, though by no means lacking in understanding of modern problems, do hold aloof from their unhealthy manifestations. This is as true of Ernst Zahn and Maria Schlumpf as of Emil Ermatinger, who, for some years known as a writer on philological and literary topics, is now to be ranked as a promising newcomer in German fiction. There have been many novels of school and college life in its serious and even tragic phases, but none more thoughtful and few more wholesome in spirit than "Der Weg ins Leben" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.). The son of a widow earning her scanty living as a small shopkeeper in a little Swiss town with the typical population of well-meaning busybodies, is the hero of this story. The boy is destined for the theological career, and his struggles with a curriculum for which he is poorly fitted, the unsympathetic attitude of narrow-minded instructors, and the petty tyranny of a cruel guardian, furnish the incidents of the plot. Love, which looms so large above the horizon of average fiction, enters only as a secondary factor.

Ludwig Thoma, hitherto identified with the short story of Bavarian village life, has written his first novel, "Andreas Vost" (Munich: Albert Langen), and a story of unusual power it is. The rude but honest rustic, fighting bitterly and stubbornly for justice before the law, has been so effectively handled by Anzengruber and other German and Austrian writers, that it was no small task for the author to re-create and individualize the type. Thoma's sympathetic understanding of the Bavarian peasant and of rural conditions throughout the province never showed to better advantage than in this work.

Rudolf Herzog impressively portrays in his novel, "Hanseaten" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co., New York), representatives of the old families of shipbuilders and shipowners in Hamburg, which form a sort of aristocracy within the bourgeoisie of the old Hansa town. He has created three distinct types of striking truthfulness and vitality. Karl Torsten, the stern man of duty, is the faithful guardian of the name and the fortune bequeathed to him by his respectable forebears. Theodor Bramberg is typical of a degeneracy which seals the fate of a race of hard workers whose strength is exhausted. Between these two the author has placed Vanheil, the man with a capacity for work and for joy, the exponent of a wholesome philosophy and art of living. There is a peculiar symmetry in the grouping of

Herzog's characters, for the three wives stand in a similar relation to one another: Frau Angele Tersten, the fascinating Cuban beauty, light-headed and light-hearted and unscrupulous; Ingeborg Bramberg, a woman of rare intelligence and independence of character, forced into an early marriage; and the charming Frau Vanheil, an artist's daughter whose sunny disposition, no less than her tact and taste, make of her modest home a sanctuary of happiness.

The novel which bids fair to become the most successful book of the season is Gustav Frenssen's "Klaus Hinrich Baas" (Imported by Lemcke & Buechner, New York). It is likely, too, to give the author a higher and less disputed rank in German fiction than he has heretofore enjoyed. For while he has preserved in it all the qualities that made "Jörn Uhl" the most popular German novel of the last twenty-five years, he has outgrown some of the defects that marred the harmony of his earlier work. The new novel has the charming flavor of the native soil, the admirable simplicity of style and directness of speech that distinguished "Jörn Uhl," but it has little of its predecessor's prolixity. Nor does the author any longer force his radical views on religion and the sex problem upon his reader. In the greater part of the book, the hero's mother, unprepossessing in appearance, gruff of manner, but of unbending energy and sterling honesty, is the most conspicuous figure. There is no doubt that the strong woman who had brought out the best there was in Jan Baas proves also the main power that moulds the personality of his son; for the mother's doubts in his efficiency are a mighty spur to the ambition of Klaus Hinrich.

The development, from the little dreamer, who "saw things" whenever he closed his eyes in the obscurity of his bedroom, to the practical business man whose foresight, perseverance, and devotion save the old respectable firm of A. E. Eschen from bankruptcy, is a remarkably strong and consistent piece of work. Throughout his *Lehrjahre* as clerk, his military service, his experiences in India, and his work in a provincial banking-house, the individual Klaus Hinrich Baas is subconsciously fighting the Baas type; but with few digressions, he follows the direct line towards the goal he has set himself. Once only does the family susceptibility to pleasing sensuous impressions overrule his reason and cause him to drift into a by-way; but when the vague idealism and morbid sentimentalism of Martje opens the breach between them, he resumes his old course. With the dissolution of that ill-starred marriage and his return to Hamburg, Klaus Hinrich is himself once more and finally finds in Sanna Eschen the wife and companion he needs in the strenuous life before him. This is the outline of the plot, rich in incidents which are firmly knit into a narrative of absorbing interest. There are some delightful bits of description: the pictures of rural conditions on the Holstein heath, the glimpses of life under the tropical sun of India, the animated panorama of Hamburg's streets, are full of color and atmosphere. The character drawing is excellent; the members of the Baas household, as those of the Eschen family, and even characters of minor importance, stand out against their background in striking outlines. The story reflects the author's personality and wholesome philosophy with a more mature and refined art than his previous works, and is altogether a notable achievement.

A. von Ende.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON POE.—II.

Last week I called attention to a number of brief essays by Poe that have been overlooked by Poe's editors. In this second and final instalment of my article I wish to direct attention to some neglected versions of certain of the poems and tales.

Of these the most interesting are those to be found in the *Flag of Our Union* for 1849. This periodical, a weekly published at Boston, is, for 1849 at least, of little interest except as being the place of first publication of most of Poe's best productions during his final year. But this interest has been enhanced by the fact that files of the paper had eluded the search of all Poe's editors, except, perhaps, Griswold, who, however, makes no mention of it. The copy that has at last turned up is to be found in the Library of Congress, to which it came, I am credibly informed, through an exchange a few years back with one of the Boston libraries.

Poe's letters had made it clear that at least one of the tales ("Hop-Frog") and three of the poems ("A Valentine," "For Annie," and the sonnet "To My Mother") had appeared in the *Flag* in the spring or summer of 1849; but it was not clear in what numbers they had appeared. It now develops that "Hop-Frog" appeared in the issue of March 17, and that the poems appeared, respectively, on March 3, April 28, and July 7. It further develops that not only these, but five other of Poe's poems and tales appeared there, as follows: "A Dream within a Dream," March 31; "Von Kempelen and his Discovery," April 14; "Eldorado," April 21; "X-ing a Paragrab," May 12; and "Landor's Cottage," June 9. All of these are duly advertised as "By Edgar A. Poe," each of them is formally announced in the number immediately preceding that in which it appeared, and after the first or second of these announcements Poe is proudly proclaimed as "our regular contributor."

Of the nine tales and poems thus brought out in the *Flag of our Union*, only one, "A Dream within a Dream," had appeared previously (in the "Poems" of 1827, 1829, and 1831). One outcome, then, of the unearthing of a file of this paper is to reveal the place and the exact time of first publication of eight of Poe's poems and tales. Another is to establish the authenticity of "Eldorado." This had been doubted, and by no less an authority than the late W. M. Griswold (see Woodberry's "Life of Poe," II, 417). Still another gain is to acquit the elder Griswold of having coined the title, "A Dream within a Dream."

The text of Poe's publications in the *Flag* differs but little from the text of Griswold. In the tales, the only noteworthy variation that I detected in a hasty examination was an additional sentence at the end of "Landor's Cottage," in which Poe mentioned the possibility of bringing out a third number of the series to which this tale belongs. Of the poems, "For Annie" is farthest of all removed from Griswold, showing differences not only in phrase, but also in line-division and in the order of stanzas; but it will be remembered that Poe complained in a letter to Mrs. Richmond that the text of this poem had been garbled by the *Flag*, and gave this as his reason for having Willis publish a corrected copy in the *Home Journal*.* "A Valentine" also displays several variations—seven or eight in all. But "To My Mother" has only one variant reading—*sweet* instead of *dear* in the fifth line; and "Eldorado" and "A Dream within a Dream" differ in no respect from Griswold.

The other variants of the poems to which I desire to call attention are (1) an early draft of the sonnet "Silence" in *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1839; (2) a version of the sonnet "To Science" in *Graham's Magazine* for June, 1841, being prefixed there to "The Island of the Fay";† (3) a reprint of "Ulalume" in the *Literary World* of March 3, 1849 (see Poe's letters of February 16 and March 8, 1849, to E. A. Duyckinck, then one of the editors of the *Literary World*); and (4) a version of the sonnet "To My Mother" in "Leaflets of Memory" for 1850 (an annual edited by R. Coates and published at Philadelphia in the autumn of 1849).

Of these the reprint of "Ulalume" is least important, since it exhibits only one variation not found elsewhere—"till" for "until" in line 57. The versions of the sonnets "To Science" and "To My Mother," however, are of considerable interest, each of them displaying upwards of half a dozen unique readings. But more noteworthy still is the early version of "Silence." This differs radically from all subsequent forms of that sonnet, and should perhaps be accounted an independent poem. In view of this, and because it is not easily accessible in the magazine in which it appeared, I venture to present it here in its entirety:

There is a silence where hath been no sound,
  There is a silence where no sound may be,
  In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found,
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound;

  No voice is hush'd—no life treads silently,
  But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
That never spoke—over the idle ground;
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
  Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
Though the dun fox, or wild hyena, calls,

*It is open to question, however, whether Poe's explanation is to be accepted, since the poem was published under the same date in both periodicals—April 28, 1849.

†This was published in the "Virginia Poe" in connection with the variant readings of "The Island of the Fay" (IV, 307), but was overlooked by both Professor Harrison and Professor Woodberry in their bibliographies and in their lists of variant readings for the poems.

And owls that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

Comparison of these lines with "Silence" as we know it in the collective editions of Poe makes obvious the difference between the two: they treat their subject differently, and they possess nothing in common in phrasing. It is in this difference, perhaps, that we are to seek an explanation of the neglect that has been visited upon the earlier version. For in all that has been written about Poe I can discover only one allusion to it—that of Professor Woodberry in the first edition of his life of Poe (p. 115), where he mentions a sonnet, in *Burton's* for 1839, "conjecturally [Poe's], although never afterwards acknowledged"; and even this bare mention Professor Woodberry omits in the revised edition of his work. But the poem is surely Poe's. It is true that it was signed merely by the initial "P."; but so, too, were Poe's "Fairyland" and the lines "To the River ————" in *Burton's* for the preceding month; and so also was the later and perfected "Silence" as republished in the *Broadway Journal* in 1845. Moreover, appearing as it did in *Burton's* while Poe was one of its editors and after he had published there other things signed in the same way, I cannot help feeling that Poe, if the lines were not his, would somehow have made it clear that they were not—as he did with more than one thing wrongly attributed to him. Finally, it is not difficult to discover in this early draft a parallelism in substance with several other things by Poe, notably his "Spirits of the Dead" and "The Valley of Unrest" and the prose essay "Silence—A Fable."

KILLIS CAMPBELL.

The University of Texas.

Correspondence.

THE PARTY SYSTEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The misfortune that has befallen the Democratic party of late years in national elections, depriving it of control of the three departments of our government, has been attributed to various causes, but one cause which may be vital is in danger of being overlooked. That is the fact that the party has been making itself the mouthpiece of demands for particular acts of legislation, abandoning thereby its proper position as one of the two great political parties by means of which the government of this country is carried on.

In the countries of Continental Europe government by party has not developed along the same lines as it has in England and the United States. Political parties are numerous in those countries, and each represents demands for some particular legislation, or it may even be a demand for the establishment of a particular family or person in place of the established government. To secure a working majority for the ministry a *bloc* is necessary. This is formed by two or more parties, which are willing to sink individual differences for the purpose of achieving certain general results in which they are all interested. The *bloc* takes in a manner, and for a time, the place of one of our two major parties, the one in power. And this sinking of individual differences is the only way to accomplish general results in politics. In England and the United States, however, for reasons which it is unnecessary to discuss here, the electorate has divided itself into two bodies, based upon a fundamental difference in human nature, one party being broadly the party of Personal Rights, the other that of Order.

From its organization the Democratic party has upheld principles which it has believed favor the liberty of the individual, even at the expense of governmental efficiency; the other party seeks to attain the object of government by strengthening the arm of the Administration, even at the sacrifice of some individual liberty. Each party appealed to those voters who favored one set of principles as compared with the other, and this divided the voters into two practically even parties. Of late years, however, the Democratic party has abandoned its position as the representative of principles with which the difference in human nature endows half the world, in its advocacy of particular acts of legislation, thereby taking a new position, which necessarily appeals to a smaller number of persons. It no longer represents the party of Personal Rights as opposed to the party of Order, but by limiting its support of individual liberty to certain specific tenets it has effected a displacement of the line separating the two parties. Had these demands and promises for particular legislation been presented merely as subordinate features of the party's platform; had they been so treated by the candidates, the orators and the newspapers of the party; had the main appeal of the party been made on the strength of its general principles, and had these special demands and promises been presented as incidental to those general principles, instead of making the acceptance of these particular tenets a shibboleth to good standing in the party, then the Democratic party would have continued to be a true political party. It would also have been in a position to accomplish more in furtherance of its principles than, with what superficially appears to be greater effort, it has accomplished.

The Republican party does not fall into this error of depending upon promises of particular legislation instead of general principles, and it has certainly accomplished more in the way of progressive legislation than its rival. That party means to the public a general tendency in favor of certain things, and it wins its victories by reason of the general appeal it thereby makes. Nor did it come into power because it advocated the abolition of slavery. It represented one of the broad tendencies of politics, of which demands for repression of slavery and polygamy in the Territories by the national government, national homestead laws, internal improvements to be made by the national government, a protective tariff, and opposition to disunion were typical manifestations. The Abolitionists and Freesoilers accomplished their purposes through the success of the Republican party, which by representing a general tendency was able to become a majority party, and accomplish what the propagandist parties had not been able to obtain for themselves.

WM. P. MALBURN.

Denver, Col., December 20.

AVIATION IN 1783.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Though it has perhaps occurred to many of us that the present is only the second of two periods of intense interest in the problem of aerial navigation, we do not all remember, perhaps, that the earlier period was for several reasons one of much greater excitement. When Etienne and Joseph Montgolfier, on June 5, 1783, filled a linen bag with hot air from a straw fire, and sent it into the air to a height of a mile and a half, and when, in November of the same year, M. François Pilâtre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes made an ascension from the Bois de Boulogne, remained in the air half an hour, and came down uninjured, a new path was opened for human travel; and as the difficulties which caused invention in that direction to languish for a century were not at first evident, at least to the lay mind, speculation as to the possibilities of aerial travel had in 1783 all the scope of ours and more of novelty.

The recent International Exposition of Aerial Locomotion, held at the Grand Palais, in Paris, had a section devoted to reminders of the earlier period, and their number and variety attest an enthusiastic interest in the wonderful new discovery that must have thrown all other preoccupations into the background, even at that troubled time.

There was, first, a model of the Montgolfier balloon. Then, in a corner by itself, the remarkable Tissandier collection. I translate from M. J. Saint-Alban, who writes of the exposition in a recent number of *Les Annales Politiques et Littéraires:*

After the first experiments of the Montgolfiers, of the Robert brothers (December, 1783), and Pilâtre de Rozier (see above), the *globe volant* became the most fashionable of all emblems. Everything was *au globe;* gloves, handkerchiefs, clothing. Artists and artisans taxed their ingenuity and their imaginations. Seamstresses embroidered nothing but balloons, manufacturers of woven stuffs and print goods demanded aerostatic patterns and nothing else. Dealers in bibelots exposed to the public gaze only creations *au globe volant,* and the cabinet-makers were not slow in joining the procession. This movement of industrial art lasted for several years. Interrupted by the Revolution, it appears again with the Directory, in the ascensions of Mme. Blanchard (her last attempt resulted in her death, June, 1819), of Mlle. Gamenin and of her brothers.

It, of course, gives pleasure to a young dandy who is interested in aviation, to wear a balloon as an ornament, to cover his head with a round hat—*chapeau au ballon;* of course, a lady of fashion appreciates a handkerchief and a pair of gloves embroidered with balloons; of course, she enjoys reading on her fan quatrains composed in honor of the heroes of the air, or seeing on it a representation of Pilâte de Rozier in the act of falling on the French coast.

But it is still greater pleasure to lie down in a bed sculptured in the form of a balloon-basket and adorned with attributes of aerial navigation; to read the hour from a watch in the shape of a globe, whose balance-wheel carries little aeronauts in their baskets.

And even this does not satisfy our snobs. They insist on sitting in an arm-chair of which the wood as well as the upholstering speaks of aviation; on eating from plates which repeat the triumphs of the first conquerors of the air; on dipping their goose-quills into an ink-well in the form of a balloon. . . .

It is true that the aviators are influencing the modern art of the bibelot—are we not told that one of our prominent journalists wears shirts with a figure representing aeroplanes? But this craze is mild, compared with that revealed to us by the curious collection I am discussing.

It may be added that M. Gaston Tissandier, whose collection is thus furnishing the most eloquent commentary possible on the hopes which France conceived from the success of Etienne Montgolfier, is a brilliant French scientist who has himself invented a dirigible, and who is an authority on the subject of aeronautics.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

Weatherford, Okla., December 16.

PHILOLOGY AND CRITICISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It has been borne home to us pretty often of late that philology is no better than she ought to be. It was becoming clear that philologists were a sorry lot. But now it appears (see the *Nation* of December 16) that all this is a mistake. Philology is really a gay science, so gay as to be hardly more than the playground of romancers. With this settled, there is nothing for the strictly practical-minded but to turn to the workshops of the critics. Here the bright tools of epigram, paradox, and trope are in ceaseless play: obviously things are being done. The very fertility of criticism can bring but shame upon the poor philologist with his occasional article and his unprofitable dalliance with Paul's "Grundriss" and Professor Sievers. Without question he has wasted his time—a sad certitude which is only emphasized when he passes from the critic's shop to the gay bazaars where the critic's wares are displayed. Here is the meed for cultivating that turn for style which cuts so clean and so often to the very heart of the matter. Why, then, bury one's talents in the proceedings of learned societies?

But one must not suppose that the scholar's romantic life is a life of unreproved pleasures free. On the contrary, it is encompassed by innumerable fears. To-day's victory may be to-morrow's disaster. A new manuscript may quickly upset the most carefully managed argument and turn joy to grieving. Clearly the game has its hazards. Worst of all, the scholar can never forget that facts are relentless; sooner or later they will out. Do what he will to escape, he is always within their danger and too often discomfited by them. How, then, can he ever know the sweet securities of criticism? How can he ever attain to that serene intelligence and bland confidence which led a distinguished living critic to give chapter and verse for the high-water mark of English prose? You may say, if you dare, "Tide is not quite high there, Professor Saintsbury." But you should see that the professor's position is unassailable. If you threaten him, he will only ridicule you from behind the shining ramparts of his style. Was it not Swinburne who said with impunity that Musset's poems were but "decoctions of watered Byronism"? Not that criticism has not its passages at arms. Mr. James, for instance, did not in the least approve that phrase of Swinburne's. And how often have we heard that Dickens's characters both are and are not caricatures. But there is no danger here; these are gentlemanly differences, which work no harm

H. S. V. JONES.

Urbana, Ill., December 18.

COLLEGE ENGLISH AND A PROPOSED REMEDY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We have lately heard much of the difficulties of teaching English in our colleges. In my opinion the chief difficulty is that the student of composition has nothing to say, no meaning to express. His exercises in composition are purely for the sake of expression. His problem is then, not to find an expression for his meaning, but a meaning for his expression; and meanings, of course, are born, and not made. There is thus an absence of the fundamental condition of good writing—which is to have something you wish to say—and also of a basis for the most stimulating and effective criticism; for it is rather useless to accuse a student of failing to express his meaning when his meaning is of no consequence.

Now there are many occasions within the range of the college curriculum when the student's meaning is genuine and unforced—when, for example, he answers a question in examination or writes an essay to test his knowledge of some special subject. Here he has a spontaneous motive for expression, and for making his meaning clear. And just here are his deficiencies in language most obvious and exasperating. Instructors are apt to encourage these deficiencies by telling the student that in examinations matter is everything and style nothing. It is, however, out of the question for an instructor in history or physics or philosophy to give more than a passing attention to expression. Why should not the department of composition utilize these examination papers and essays as a basis for its work? Why should the student be called upon to invent meanings when he already has meanings badly expressed? to write fiction when he is unable to state a fact? Examination papers in particular are necessarily written in more or less hurry and confusion. Just for that reason they should furnish an excellent basis for practice in careful writing; for there is no more profitable exercise for the practical or for the artistic ends of composition, than to take something you have already tried to say, and said badly, and say it again so as perfectly to express what you mean.

W. F.

Bloomington, Ind., December 21.

EARLY REFERENCES TO ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent publication of an elaborate and valuable study of "The Gest of Robin Hood" (by Dr. W. H. Clawson, University of Toronto Studies, Philological Series, October, 1909) makes pertinent this note, in which I present the earliest reference to the name Little John, and the second earliest reference in poetry to the Robin Hood ballads. Neither was known, I believe, to Professor Child, or has ever been called to the attention of scholars.

In the tallage made towards the fine to the Lord Abbot, for the Feasts of Easter and St. Michael in the first year of the reign of King Edward "after the Conquest the Third," on Friday after the said Feast of St. Michael, and for other business of the village of Faversham in the time of Robert le Hert, Mayor of the same, there occur these names, among others, under the heading *Portatrices* (the gender being accounted for by the fact that the first two mentioned are women).

Petyt Johan (paying 6 pence).
Lytyl Johan (paying 4 pence).

Portatrices is to be rendered carriers or carters, and we may, therefore, presume that here, as in Little John's case, the name was given ironically. The document is described in the Hist. MSS. Commission, appendix to VI Report, p. 505.

The Robin Hood passage, which is only antedated by the famous passage in "Piers the Plowman," occurs in a MS., of the first half of the fifteenth century, of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." The MS. belongs to the Royal College of Physicians, in London. On folio 258A the copyist (or an earlier one) altered Chaucer's lines in "The Tale of Sir Thopas" so as to read:

Men speken Romaunces of price,
Of hornchield and Ipotice,
Of Robynhoode and goode ser Guy.

This substitution of Robin for Bevis of Hampton indicates little as to the scribe's respect for the Gest, or the ballads; but it is impossible not to believe that he appreciated Chaucer's satire keenly; for in many places in the MS. opposite Chaucer's best jokes, he notes on the margin: *Nota, nota optime!*

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN.

Yale University, December 22.

Literature.

MR. BROWNELL ON AMERICAN PROSE.

American Prose Masters. By W. C. Brownell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Those who have had the pleasure of reading Mr. Brownell's stimulating studies of the "Victorian Prose Masters" need only be assured that this volume is in no way inferior to its predecessor. The praise is high, for its author is one of the few American writers to whom literary criticism is a matter of profession, of conscience, and of art. He sets to work adroitly; he exacts of himself a rigorous candor; his report is definite, perspicuous, symmetrical. In an unusual degree—we shall use the ancient phrase reluctantly but necessarily—he has the defects of admirable qualities.

His method is almost inflexibly systematic—for example, he subjects Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe, Lowell, and Henry James to substantially identical tests for substance, philosophy, culture, and style. He does not, as has been said of Sainte-Beuve, draw all men six feet tall; he thinks, however, that all

who are less than six feet are something less than men. Consequently, he is able to say of Poe: "As literature his writings are essentially valueless"—though he regards Poe as the "one absolute artist of our elder literature." However wholesome as an antidote for the excesses of the Poe idolaters, this is establishing standards with a vengeance.

His point of view is studiously impersonal. It may be suggested by his own subtly phrased comment on French social intercourse in "French Traits": "The speech and action of each communicant encounter those of the other without in any degree involving either individuality behind them." The withdrawal of the critic behind his standards is in the case of Mr. Brownell almost complete. He scorns the reader who judges with his nerves. He himself is unwilling to judge even with his character. He is all but successful—far more successful than his admired Arnold—in producing the illusion that he is representing "things as they really are." Like many writers of fiction who have aimed at a philosophically impossible "objectivity," he has sacrificed something of force and vitality.

Furthermore, the unmistakable man—New Yorker, cosmopolitan, rationalist, Horatian—peers here and there over the edge of his entrenchments. He is visible behind the sharp thrust at New England as the "incubus of our civilization," and at the self-complacency of her literary historians, particularly Professor Wendell, who "tucks" American literature "into the confines of Harvard College." He is visible again in the reminder to Professor Lounsbury, apropos of Cooper's heroines, that "in the quiet scholastic closes of New Haven no doubt they like a little more ginger, 'in fiction at least,' than palates more accustomed to it demand." Though these vivacities are exceptional and incidental, they are significant, breaking as they do the suave decorum generally maintained. They help us to understand the unaccustomed warmth of Mr. Brownell's appreciation of Cooper, who was not bred by the frog pond of Boston Common. They throw some light upon his resolute depreciation of Hawthorne, who, he says, is lacking in substance, and is seldom re-read.

His style is an effective instrument for what he regards as the business of the critic—characterization. Disciplined, pondered, slightly hesitant, its virtues are not those of Thackeray, whose prose he extremely admires, but rather those of Henry James, whose complexities he deprecates. It aims not at fluency and directness, but at the last degree of expressiveness. It is both ample and precise, but it is somewhat deficient in color and tang. Its movement is checked by a fastidious concern for shading. Its vocabulary is select, psychological, Latinate—the style of a man who picks his way gingerly through the dictionary, abhorring carnal odors and the touch of the agricultural implement. Henry James, for example, he says, has

> clearly preliminarily mastered his complicated theme in its centrality. . . . His work, he seems to say, is done when he has constructed his labyrinth in emulating correspondence with the complexity of his model, life, and at the same time furnished a potentially discoverable clue to it.

If we dwell at some length upon Mr. Brownell's procedure, it is because he himself keeps us constantly reminded that criticism is a fine art. Irritating as his air of premeditation may become, it is the comment of a consciously exigent and accomplished connoisseur upon a genial improviser that makes his study of Lowell not merely entertaining, but finely instructive, and, in its way, definitive. Though he dissents with refreshing spirit from the recent depreciation of Lowell's scholarship as "not up to current standards"—praying that *belles-lettres*, at least, may "hold out a little longer before it is transformed into scientific feudalism or declines in Byzantine decadence"—he does find the man essentially of the dilettante temperament. His definition of this variable term and his application of it are worth recording:

> He was a dilettante of an original type in being so thoroughly American. He had the disinterested delight in the delectable that characterizes the dilettante as distinguished from the artist, to whom the delectable is material. His singularity—as a dilettante, not as an American—consists in his being attracted by the elementary quite as much as by the differentiated.

This clearly defined central conception Mr. Brownell—who is much attracted by the differentiated and scarcely at all by the elementary—elaborates through sixty pages. The quality of Lowell's temperament appears in his culture; though he reads with the industry of a Chinese scholar, he always follows his natural bent, and so fails of an adequate discipline. It appears in his criticism; for example, he immensely admires Dante and knows everything about him, "but he does not communicate because he does not express his general conception of Dante, and he does not because he has not himself, one feels sure, thought it out into definition." It appears in his style; it is praised for its brilliant and felicitous detail, but "its defect is that it *is* detail, and so accentuated as to nullify the *ensemble*, on which style inexorably depends." Preferring rather to read than to think, to color than to design, to decorate than to construct, he falls short through temperamental indolence of the great architects of prose—of the great critics. The key to criticism is as simple as the key to success: "Criticism is not the product of reading, but of thought. To produce vital and useful criticism it is necessary to think, think, think, and then, when tired of thinking, to think more." Thus Mr. Brownell, conspicuously exemplifying his own principles, maintains a masterly unity in variety; he attacks truth from every point of the compass, but his arrows all fly to the same mark; his own detail, frequently polished to brilliance, is not idly ornamental but organic, like links in chain armor. The workmanship in general is so admirable, the principles so explicit, so sound, so classical, that the essay might well serve both as a model of criticism and as a brief manual of critical theory.

What we miss in the equipment of this "impeccable Aristides" of criticism—to adapt one of his own phrases—is perhaps a power that is, after all, extra-critical. It is the power to convey along with his acute judgments of men and things the ardor of the scholar of whom Giuseppe Caponsacchi speaks—the scholar lost in his books, who yet knows that life is greater than all the books ever written, and who, while he reads, dreams, "Thus should I fight, save, or rule the world." Mr. Brownell probably has no desire either to fight or to rule the world. We doubt even whether he would care to save it, if it had to be preserved *en masse*. Yet in the refinable remnant he feels a temperate interest, and points out, though with marked freedom from demonstrativeness, the way of salvation, through culture. One feels tempted to apply to him his penetrating remark on Emerson in the most deeply sympathetic of these studies:

> His feelings really glowed, one may say, within extraordinarily narrow limits. When he could exercise his *Vernunft* in complete neglect of his *Verstand*, he reached the acme of his exaltation.

But the application would be unjust. Indeed, he is bent on showing how Emerson himself became an apostle of culture in spite of his disdain for culture, and a kind of divine democrat in spite of—or rather because of—his hatred of the mob and his shrinking from the vulgar:

> If his emotional nature lacked warmth, what eminently it possessed was an exquisite refinement, and a constituent of his refinement was an instinctive antipathy to ideas of dominance, dictation, patronage, caste, and material superiority whose essential grossness repelled him and whose ultimate origin in contemptuousness—probably the one moral state except cravenness that chiefly he deemed contemptible—was plain enough to his penetration.

This is paradox put to some purpose. From it is deduced one of Emerson's greatest services both to America and to the rest of the world, a service, as Mr. Brownell says, subtly rendered, "be-

ing, in fact, rather an implication of his writings than anywhere explicit in them—*the rationalization of democracy through the ideal development of the individual.*" It would be impossible to put in more concise form the integrating principle of Mr. Browneli's own thinking: it is the democratic justification of Brahminism. What distinguishes his Brahminism is its intensely intellectual and rational quality; it outcasts all emotions situated lower than the head. But in the "positive perfume of sensitive intellectual refinement" it becomes almost—not quite—intoxicated. If in its survey of literature, British as well as American, it undervalues the elemental, the spontaneous, the old-fashioned "spiritual," these virtues have already had their enthusiastic appraisers, and perhaps may generally be trusted to look out for themselves, anyway. If it sets a very high price on pure intelligence, self-conscious refinement, and the new-fangled "reality," there is an idea affixed to every estimate, which compels the reader either to defend or to abandon his prejudices. If it frequently points to an unattainable excellence, we can—as Carlyle reluctantly admitted to Emerson after expressing some regret that the Concord sage was not doing precisely what he himself was doing—we can "spare a man for that, too."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Ball and the Cross. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Co.

It has long filled Mr. Chesterton with fiery indignation that the devil should have all the good music, art, and literature. If a mediæval juggler could stand on his head in honor of the Virgin, if Luther could smoke tobacco to the glory of God, he can see no reason why a twentieth-century journalist with a command of epigram and paradox should not write a rollicking allegorical romance in defence of the Cross. And that is why the crash of glass in the office-window of the atheistical Turnbull is the challenge to a series of duels—with long swords out of a curiosity shop—between him and the Roman Catholic Highlander MacIan—a series of duels which carries the participants hotfoot all over England, and the reader, not quite so rapidly, through a book of four hundred pages. In the course of their fighting flight, the duellists fall in with a number of more or less realistic symbolical personages—a Nietzschean, a Tolstoyan, a French rationalist, etc.—who, according to their several dispositions, further or hinder the combats for the vindication of the honor of God. In the end the atheist, the Catholic, and most of their abettors are rounded up in the mad-house; the mad-house is fired, and the devil, its superintendent, escapes in an airship; and the swords of Turnbull and MacIan form a cross in the ashes.

The burden with which this romance is freighted is that unbelief is madness. Turnbull and MacIan are the only sane men in England. Turnbull is sane, because he believes that God does not exist; he is eager to fight for his faith—therefore his author respects him. MacIan is sane, because he believes that God does exist; he is eager to fight for his faith—therefore his author loves him. It is perhaps the most interesting aspect of this book that a Roman Catholic is its hero. In Evan MacIan, Chesterton is manifestly drawing his own idealized portrait, and he does it in his happiest manner:

> Evan lived like a man walking on a borderland, the borderland between this world and another. Like so many men and nations who grow up with nature and the common things, he understood the supernatural before he understood the natural. He had looked at dim angels standing knee-deep in the grass before he had looked at the grass. He knew that Our Lady's robes were blue before he knew the wild roses round her feet were red. The deeper his memory plunged into the dark house of childhood the nearer and nearer he came to the things that cannot be named. All through his life he thought of the daylight world as a sort of divine débris, the broken remainder of his first vision.

That is effective writing. Yet Mr. Chesterton had said the thing quite as finely in "Orthodoxy"—"according to Christianity, *we were indeed the survivors of a wreck, the crew of a golden ship that had gone down before the beginning of the world.*" And not merely this, but most of the best things in the later were anticipated to some extent in the earlier book. It is not necessary to explain the sometimes obscure symbolism of the "Ball and the Cross," for the reason that "Orthodoxy" explains it. Mr. Chesterton wrote his annotations before he composed his text. He made a key and then constructed a lock to fit the key. For example, "The spike of dogma fitted exactly into the hole in the world" ("Orthodoxy") is the only thing that makes intelligible to us the exclamation of the idiot monk in his cell ("Ball and the Cross"), "Spike is the best—it sticks out." This reversal of the customary process suggests the limits of the author's success in this field of fiction. Fine phrases, paradoxes, nappy metaphors, even long chains of argument burst into his mind spontaneously in a flood of light. But he sustains his narrative and his allegory by sheer force of will and intelligence. His logical processes are inspired; his romance is excogitated. It is necessary only to compare the exquisitely veiled malice of Anatole France's little masterpiece, "Putois," with Chesterton's brutal English reformation of it to feel how unequally the men are matched with this kind of weapon. And yet can all French literature supply a sentence quite so satisfactory in its way to the Anglo-Saxon spirit as this?—it is, if we may be permitted the figure, the Sancho Panza half of Chesterton in a nutshell: "Everything his eye fell on it feasted on, not æsthetically," (there is a thunderbolt between the commas), "but with a plain, jolly appetite as of a boy eating buns"!

The Beggar in the Heart. By Edith Rickert. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

The Heart belongs to Miss Tyrrhena Sidonia Pickersgill, daughter of an American parson. She goes abroad to study art, and in Paris acquires the nickname "Petty-Zou." There and in London she spends a good many more years than there is any reason for, making little statuettes for an uncertain pittance, and dodging the altogether proper and desirable advances of the naturally-to-be-expected lord-in-the-case. She is, in short, one of those sprightly, youngish heroines in whom the modern feminine audience so much rejoices. Her little audacities and rebellions, her pouts and subterfuges, will have their appeal for those who admire the "bachelor maid." In fiction, at least, the charm of that young person depends on the ultimate triumph of her femininity over her theory of independence and equality. "Petty-Zou" is, perhaps, too consciously bedizened with prettinesses greatly to please any other than her own doll-loving sex. Of course, in the end the beggar in her heart gets what it wants in the person of the lord in question; and matters are made altogether comfortable by the discovery that "Petty-Zou" is a near descendant of the Earl of Uxminster, a perfectly eligible old rascal. The marrying lord is better than the average woman's hero: at all events, he is no pale shade of Rochester. But it is to be doubted if many men are able to read the book without irritation at the aimless sprightliness with which many of its pages are filled.

The Sinking Ship. By Eva Lathbury. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The writer has endeavored in this story to accomplish a very difficult feat—endeavored with an intensity of effort that results in occasional crudity and bathos, but that achieves its result to a praiseworthy degree. The theme of the regeneration of a worldly group by the introduction among them of a being of higher fibre has been treated with varying degrees of beauty and success by the obvious methods of the Morality. In the present instance, this theme has been approached more subtly, the intention being to present it, not in a symbolic masque, but by means of a cross-section of the actual world of every-day. It is a more exacting business to deal

with wayward human beings than with clearly labelled abstractions, but those who essay it have their reward, and while "The Sinking Ship" falls far short of the dramatic power of "The Servant in the House" and the quaint sweetness of the "Third Floor Back," it has the strength of reality. The setting is entirely in the atmosphere of the stage, and the regenerative force that revolutionizes life for the player-folk concerned is the daughter of the star. The mysterious influence of this young girl is due wholly to the fact that the Christ of the Gospels is the constant master of her mental house, and His spirit and teachings are the mainspring of her universe. Her simple and vital faith gradually convinces those who surround her, her mother being the last to surrender.

The opportunities for weakness in the presentation of such a story are many, and the writer has availed herself of them to an unfortunate extent, especially in the portrayal of the mother, who is too much the conventional siren of the *coulisses*, and the young playwright, who is represented as a consequential weakling; but, in the character of Sibyl, she has been inspired by her subject, and has transmitted at moments the girl's atmosphere of quiet strength.

The Backwoodsmen. By Charles G. D. Roberts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

All but one of these tales include animals among the *dramatis personæ*, but all of them have their human figures; from which it will be seen that Mr. Roberts has entered upon a new vein which ought to yield magazinable stories indefinitely. After all, animal biography, however imaginative, has its limitations. What with Mr. Roberts and Mr. Thompson Seton and Mr. Long and their host of imitators, we seem to have had pretty much all the profitable changes rung upon the every-day experiences of the bear and the lynx and the muskrat and the beaver and the other "kindreds of the wild," as Mr. Roberts is fond of calling them. But begin to combine them, singly or in groups, with the manifold varieties of the human genus, and you have evidently provided for an indefinite extension of the game. It must be said that Mr. Roberts's critters are better than his humans—more "convincing," that is, as individuals. The men in "MacPhairrson's Happy Family," for example, are types, not persons. Mr. Roberts manipulates them cleverly enough, but they have no motion of their own. "Red McWha's" conversion from brute to seraph is a fiction stranger than truth. Mrs. Gammit and her sporting adventures are incompetently farcical; and little Melindy, who with her little hatchet is too much for lynxes and bears in the open, is incompetently melodramatic. The best thing in the volume is the description of a fight between a mink and a raccoon—or so it seems. Can this be because the reader does not know the difference between a mink and a raccoon, and does know the difference between a human being and a story-teller's mannikin?

GENERAL SHERMAN.

Home Letters of General Sherman. Edited by M. A. De Wolfe Howe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

It is long since the biographical side of American history has received such enrichment as is furnished by this volume. Readers of the "Memoirs" and the "Sherman Letters" will not, of course, look to the present selection of personal correspondence for large substantive additions to our knowledge of Sherman's public career, though of informing supplementary data there is no lack. Neither does Mr. Howe open for us that inner sanctuary of personal and family life which, notwithstanding its mortal fascination for many a modern biographer, is best kept sealed. What we have, instead, is a picture of Sherman the man: ambitious, energetic, resourceful; chafing often at his limitations, and resenting hostile criticism and misrepresentation, yet faithful to his duty and his friends; keenly observant, tender-hearted, affectionate, and modest. With comparatively few exceptions, the letters are addressed to his wife, to whom, from the beginning of the acquaintance which resulted in marriage, he opened his heart and his career without restraint.

How Sherman found time, amid the engrossments of a busy life, to write so much, is less of a wonder than that he could write so well. These letters have a literary distinction which entitles them, quite aside from the prominence of their author, to high regard. He possessed, in a notable degree, the power of description. The life of a cadet at West Point, a social function at St. Louis or New Orleans, a Spanish play in California, a storm at sea, or a battle, is sketched with equal facility. He shows, too, a dramatic effectiveness unsurpassed by any of his military contemporaries whose letters have been made public. Only after the civil war, when he was less often separated from his wife for long periods, do the letters become brief and rather matter-of-fact notes. Even then they remain essentially intimate and detailed.

Sherman frankly loved a military career. In 1842, with as yet no experience beyond the routine duties of an officer in time of peace, he resisted stoutly the suggestion that he should retire from the army, feeling sure that the time was approaching when a soldier would have an opportunity to distinguish himself. Although he was, during the Mexican War, depressed at the unimportance of his California service, he nevertheless accepted it as part of the necessary preparation for more responsible command. His later short experience as a lawyer and business man, the latter of some importance and distinctly creditable, only confirmed him in his judgment that civil life was not for him; nor did he, in the subsequent period of his greatness, look with favor on the suggestion of a Presidential candidacy. "I would receive a sentence to be hung and damned," he wrote in October, 1864, "with infinitely more composure."

Impressions of men and events, together with speculations as to the future, are set down freely in these letters. He had a poor opinion of Frémont's volunteers, and deprecated the unstinted praise of Frémont by Polk and Marcy. Of Stockton, the "Sailor General Grandioso," he wrote: "He is a great blatherskite, talks too much, and does too little." His keen perception of the public opinion of the enemy, conspicuously shown throughout the civil war, appears in his California experiences. In May, 1847, he wrote that, while "no one here now dreams of a retrocession to Mexico, all admit that these Guachos or Rancheros are not afraid of us, and if encouraged from Mexico would try again the chances of war, more for the fun of the fight than with any ultimate design of securing their own independence." Naturally, he was not averse to territorial expansion, writing from New Orleans in November, 1852, where "Cuba is all the go," that "if Cuba can be got fairly, it will be a beautiful state, and I would not object to a station at the Havannah as commissary." Only once does his judgment seem to have gone entirely astray, and that was in 1859, when he wrote: "I have with you my doubts about Kansas. It has not the elements of permanent prosperity—a hard climate, neither one thing or other, poor timber, stone, no fuel, and no prospect of manufactures."

Late in 1859 he went to Louisiana to assume the direction of a new military school. As a schoolmaster he had his full share of trouble with turbulent pupils, but from the outset he quelled disturbances with a firm hand, and contrived to keep on good terms with the politicians. He knew the South well from previous military service at Mobile, Charleston, and New Orleans; and he felt, both then and afterwards, no confidence in the capacity of the negro for citizenship. He was loath to believe that secession would become an accomplished fact, though he wrote repeatedly that, if it did, he would side with the North. His military judgment taught him that, in the event of war, the great struggle would be for the control of the Mississippi, and that the South, destitute of a navy, would be unable to raise a blockade without the assistance of England—an assistance

which he was certain would never be received.

Sherman's part in the civil war has been so fully exhibited elsewhere that his accounts of military operations in the present letters, though exceedingly interesting, must be passed over. He felt from the first that it would be a long war, and had little patience with Lincoln's cautious policy and the halting steps of Congress. Of the volunteers allotted to him he had a poor opinion, complaining bitterly of their lawless plundering, their insubordination, and their insistence upon leaving the service the instant their term of enlistment expired. "No Goths or Vandals," he wrote after the first battle of Bull Run, "ever had less respect for the lives and property of friends and foes, and henceforth we ought never to hope for any friends in Virginia." His bitterest reproaches, however, are reserved for the Northern press. This he repeatedly charges with responsibility for bringing on the war; and he complains that its detailed accounts of military operations and plans hindered every movement of the Union forces at the same time that they kept the enemy fully informed. "I will never again command an army in America," he wrote in 1863, "if we must carry along paid spies. . . . I shall notify Mr. Lincoln of this if he attempts to interfere with the sentence of any court ordered by me." Naturally tenderhearted and considerate, he could nevertheless yield to military necessity, as he understood it, and sacrifice men and desolate the country without a qualm; yet he retained throughout the war a kindly feeling for the South, wondered that people should think him a monster and try to kill him, and opposed the enlistment of negroes largely because of its irritating effect upon the Southern whites.

Sherman bore the inevitable lionizing of his later career with mixed modesty and restlessness; but he found no pleasure in public functions, and avoided them when possible. His amusing account of his sufferings at the dedication of the Burnside monument in Providence will strike a sympathetic chord in many an official bosom. For the Republican policy in reconstruction he could not feel approval. "The negroes don't want to vote," he wrote from his camp opposite Richmond in May, 1865. "They want to work and enjoy property, and they are no friends of the negro who seek to complicate him with new prejudices." The sober judgment of the historian must approve the judgment of the great commander, who, writing in February, 1868, after the breach between Johnson and Stanton, summed up his hopes and desires in these words: "I do want peace, and do say if all hands would stop talking, and writing, and let the sun shine, and the rains fall for two or three years, we would be nearer reconstruction than we are likely to be with the three and four hundred statesmen trying to legislate amid the prejudices begotten for four centuries."

The editorial work has been done with intelligence and discretion. A brief connecting narrative binds the letters together wherever necessary, omissions are carefully marked, and names or allusions in the text are identified or explained. There is a good reproduction of the Saint-Gaudens bust by way of frontispiece, and a full index. The date 1904 as the year of the publication of the "Sherman Letters" (page 1) is obviously a misprint for 1894.

The Catholic Encyclopedia: An International Work of Reference, on the Constitution, Doctrine, Discipline, and History of the Catholic Church. Edited by Charles G. Herbermann and others. In fifteen volumes. Vol. VI. New York: Robert Appleton Co.

The successive volumes of this great work appear with unfailing regularity. The sixth volume, as it happens, is unusually rich in important articles. It opens with an elaborate discussion of Fathers of the Church, which contains a very useful bibliography and is particularly interesting for the careful definition of the phrase as understood by Catholics. The articles on France and Germany, dealing with their history and literature, with especial reference to the influence of religion and the church, fill respectively thirty-nine and forty-four pages, and are exceedingly valuable. The account in the former article of the recent separation of Church and State in France is very instructive, and, while written from a Catholic point of view, is commendably fair and sane. The following judgment is worth quoting as representing the common Catholic opinion:

> All the evils of the situation are due to the fundamental error committed by the State at the very outset, when, wishing to reorganize the life of the church in France, it broke with the Holy See instead of opening negotiations. Hence the impossibility of the church actively coöperating in the execution of laws enacted by the civil authority in a purely one-sided fashion—laws which took the place of a concordat never regularly annulled.

The article on Gothic Architecture is also interesting, and finely illustrated. The illustrations, in fact, form a striking feature of this volume, as of all the preceding. There is an elaborate and careful treatment of Biblical Geography, and a briefer article on Geography and the Church, setting forth the services of the church in the discovery and settlement of new lands. The lives of Fénelon, the great mystic, and of St. Francis of Assisi, the most attractive of all Catholic saints, are recounted sympathetically, and in the latter case with enthusiastic appreciation. The article on Galileo strives to be fair and judicial, but there is a natural inclination to minimize the hostility of the church and to magnify the faults of the great physicist. In view, however, of the common and largely erroneous tradition of the relations between Galileo and the Catholic authorities, the writer's attitude is not altogether unjustified. There is an annoying lack of exact references in this as in some other articles. Quotations favorable to the author's contention are made from various Protestant writers with no indication of the place from which they are taken—always a reprehensible practice, and particularly so in an encyclopædia. In the article entitled "Fundamental Articles" there is a capital statement of the difference between the Catholic and Protestant, or rather between the Conservative and Liberal, attitude toward dogma. The following quotations illustrate the Catholic position:

> In the first place the theory [of Fundamental Articles] is repugnant to the nature of Christian faith as understood by the church. According to her teaching the essential note of this faith lies in the complete and unhesitating acceptance of the whole *depositum* on the ground that it is the revealed word of God. The conscious rejection of a single article of this deposit is sufficient to render a man guilty of heresy. The question is not as to the relative importance of the article in question, but solely as to whether it has been revealed by God to man. . . . The Catholic church knows of one and only one test to determine this question of membership in Christ's body. This test does not lie in the acceptance of this or that particular doctrine, but in communion with the apostolic hierarchy. . . . To sum up: the system of fundamental articles is repugnant to the religion of Christ. It is a stage in the disintegration of religion, consequent on the admission of the principle of private judgment in matters of faith; and it is a stage which is necessarily destined to lead on to the complete rejection of revealed truth.

The article on Gospel and Gospels is superficial, apologetic, and anti-critical. In the bibliography not one of the great German discussions of the subject is mentioned. The article on Gnosticism, on the other hand, while equally biassed, is much more adequate and contains an admirable bibliography, as is true of most of the articles. The article on God is genuinely scholastic in form and treatment, but it gives an excellent summary of the various traditional arguments for God's existence, Anselm's ontological argument, for instance, being correctly stated, as it seldom is. In this article there is an unfortunate slur on the Modernists: "If a concrete example be needed to show how, of logical necessity, the substance of Christianity vanishes into thin air once the agnostic principle is adopted, one has only to point the finger at Modernism." This sentence suggests, what seems to be

borne out by not a few of the articles, that the pressure of ecclesiastical authority has begun to make itself felt, and that the Encyclopædia is becoming less liberal in spirit than it was at first. This may be a mistaken impression, and it is to be hoped subsequent volumes will show it to be so; for the work is of so important a character and is bound to be so widely influential that it would be a great pity if it were anything but perfectly fair and were controlled by aught but the scholarly spirit.

Essai sur les Principes de la Métrique anglaise. I, Métrique auditive. II, Théorie générale du rythme. III, Notes de métrique expérimentale. Par Paul Verrier, Agrégé de l'Université, Docteur ès Lettres. Paris: H. Welter. Les trois volumes achetés ensemble, 30 fr.

In several ways these volumes, of which the third is still in press, are significant. They belong with the series of recent French books, noticed from time to time in these columns, which deal seriously with the best English and American authors of the last century. They give evidence also that out of the welter of conflicting notions on English metre there is slowly arising a general consensus on the fundamentals.

A great Hellenist lately remarked that no one can quite appreciate the distinctive qualities of Greek metre who has not learned to enjoy the delicate charms of French verse. The remark was just, and suggests other comparisons and contrasts. The report of a competent ancient Athenian on English versification would be immensely interesting. Since that is out of the question, perhaps the report of a competent Frenchman is the next best. The subtle and far-reaching differences between his idiom and ours, along with the underlying likeness, give a Frenchman who has mastered our speech an advantageous detachment and freedom from preconceptions. M. Verrier seems to possess these advantages. He began to publish on the subject in 1891; he has explored many avenues of approach; he asks his reader to accompany him along several of these avenues. The pace may appear rather too leisurely, but it is easy to follow.

The inadequacy of the traditional scanning being shown, Verrier next explains his own way of studying the problem. Analysis of facts, then investigation of causes—these are the two parts of all scientific method. First, all preconceptions cleared away, what is the report of the trained ear on the sound-combinations that constitute English verse? In the main its report is self-sufficient and final, though on some points experimental analysis must be called to its aid; of course, too, the ear must be competent, its training adequate. All that we can learn of the psychology of rhythm must be brought to bear. And in a complete description of English verse its historical development must be traced, it must be duly compared with the verse of other races. But life is short; of the five sections, auditive, historical, comparative, and experimental metric, with the psychology of rhythm, the second and third are omitted by Verrier; nor does he attempt any description of the vast variety of verse-forms exhibited in English. Volume I is devoted to setting forth the facts as heard, an analysis of good native rendering of English verse. This involves the analytical statement of a mass of scientific observations of ordinary English utterance, first in prose and in conversation—of the qualities of speech-sounds, syllables, phrasing, variation in stress, shifting of word-accents according to collocation, elasticity of duration. It is impossible to give in a brief notice a just idea of the wealth of details here brought together, or of the skill with which these are shown to bear on versification. Much that is popularly supposed to be "poetic license" is found to be as common in daily speech as in verse, which is, indeed, on the phonetic side, merely an artistic treatment, a comparatively slight regulation and idealization, of good talk of an elevated character, especially of an emotional nature.

In Volume II our verse is examined in the light of the general theory of rhythm. Here, too, the author is well acquainted with the best work, from ancient Greece to newest America. That he has sometimes followed the wrong authority on disputed points of Greek theory does not affect his conclusions on English. First he compares rhythm with what he chooses to call "rhythm in space." How does the eye measure equal or proportional intervals in space, and what enables the ear to measure in like manner the intervals of time that constitute rhythm? Is there any relation between the functional rhythms of the heart and of respiration, and the rhythm of art? What is the relation between the rhythms of labor and those accompanying songs of the workman that are so prominent in Bücher's well-known study? What are the relations between labor-songs and the fully developed verse-forms? These are some of the questions examined. Musical rhythm is rather fully analyzed, and the nature and office of rhyme considered, though on the latter subject there is little that is novel. Each volume is separately indexed, but scantily.

Perhaps the most important feature of Volume II is the fulness with which the fact is brought out, and its significance made clear, that in all rhythms of art, as analogously in the corresponding relations of space, we have to do with the subjective sense of rhythm, not with the actual duration of the intervals. Perfect accuracy of measurement is impossible, both for performer and for listener; perfect regularity would be intolerable if it were possible; departures from the exact pattern are both unconsciously and consciously made in obedience to the artistic sense. Joachim's "agogic accent" is one example of this, not mentioned by Verrier. Such departures are wider than one would believe without proof. But underneath all these departures the regular pattern is felt and kept in view, as an ideal not to be sought too rigorously. The reports of experimental study in Volume III will perhaps throw more light on these variations; but Verrier is well aware, though not all experimenters have been, that our mechanical methods and apparatus are not yet so perfect that we can on critical points accept their report without hesitation.

Altogether we do not know of any clearer or more convincing analysis of English verse-rhythm. Yet there is one unfortunate error, in the definition of rhythm itself. Rhythm is said to be constituted by "a perceptible division of time into sensibly equal intervals." But this makes no provision for what Verrier expressly recognizes as of great importance (I, 160), the ratio between the parts of the single foot. This is what determines the genus of the foot and of each specific rhythm, the same relation that determines the time-signature of a piece of music, as 2-4 or 3-4, etc. In many of his examples Verrier notes this relation accurately. In truth, there can be no artistic rhythm which does not in general make this relation clear. There must be not only equality of the larger intervals, the feet or bars, and a succession of equals; there must be also in the series of feet a sensibly regular relation of parts within the foot. This regular relation may be varied within limits, but it must be there, an *arrangement* of parts, a *temporum ordo inter se*, as the Latin metricists put it. What still prevents many observers from seeing that this is the case in English verse is the fact that these relations within the foot are so subtly and infinitely varied, and that what the Greeks called irrational feet are so numerous. These can be specially numerous in English without destroying the general movement, because the main ictuses are so marked by our strong word-accent. No theory that does not note this *ordo temporum inter se* can ever satisfactorily note examples like some of our familiar nursery rhymes. Two which Verrier cites together are "Little Jack Horner" and "Little Tom Tucker." Taken alone, those phrases that begin the two might have the same rhythm. But ask any child to recite each jingle as a whole, first one and then the other. Every hearer must feel a difference of movement; but for this

difference Verrier's definition makes no provision. Some expressions suggest that Verrier is uneasy on the subject; we believe he will ultimately recognize that the distinction is fundamental.

Minor errors of the press or differences of opinion are hardly worth noting, but three may be mentioned. Verrier takes the beginning of Tennyson's song, "Sweet and Low," as in even time (II, 163); surely, Barnby's well-known setting in 6-8 time is the exact musical counterpart of the poet's reading. It looks odd to see the name of "Philip Ray, the miller's only son," repeatedly printed as Roy. And Browning's "Praise God, sang Theocrite" is robbed of both rhythm and rhyme by the spelling Theocritus. But such accidents are few.

Wayside Wisdom. By E. M. Martin. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50 net.

One is a little doubtful whether to say that Mr. Martin has tapped the vein of A. C. Benson, or merely that

> Himself drank water of the wel,
> As did the knight Sir Percivel.

At any rate, he writes for "quiet people" concerned about old houses, dreams, gypsies, country hedge-rows, being in love, growing old, and death. He composes, too, in that mood of mild and pensive melancholy which expresses itself in prose free from point and paradox, simple, limpid, and musically cadenced. Although he speaks without petulance or irritated self-consciousness, he is pretty much out of sympathy with the turbulent main currents of these days. With George Eliot, he "laments the death of leisure, a death that has affected the world more deeply than any other since the sun was darkened over the hill of Calvary." He regrets the lost art of tender recollection, the lost power of tranquil emotion, the lost delight in solitude. Like many other people of old-fashioned affections, he feels that some of the most important realities become invisible or seem insubstantial in the garish light of the modern scientific day. He puts his faith in common men, fishermen, and peasants, who have kept their faith in the supernatural, and who know the joy in common things. The pilgrim with staff in one hand and book in the other, stamped in gold on the cover of these essays, is plainly going back to nature, as in eighteenth-century England, before the romantic movement became involved with a political gospel, the scholarly dons of Cambridge and Oxford went back on short excursions to kick their feet through the dewy grass of country lanes, dreaming of the golden age of pastoral poetry, and ruminating on the superiority of the lark to Locke "On the Human Understanding." Mr. Martin's pilgrim, though he has many Bensonian characteristics, is not without his own distinctions of style and temperament; but, like the poetry of the Wartons and their friends, his wisdom is perhaps mainly interesting as a symptom and a protest against the dry rationalism of the latest age of enlightenment.

Richard Jefferies: His Life and Work. By Edward Thomas. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3 net.

A Jefferies cult has been in the air, so to speak, for some time, waiting to be precipitated by some literary wind. His admirers have been heartening one another in secret, and waiting for an opportunity to make their sally on the world. At last comes Mr. Thomas, with this solid book, composed of a small amount of biography, a large amount of quotation from Jefferies's works, and long draughts of enthusiastic encomium. He brings to his task a full knowledge of his subject, both of the man who wandered and dreamed on the Wiltshire Downs, and of the land itself. He is able to enlighten a rational curiosity about an author still more talked of than read; it is a pity that, by emphasizing the pseudo-prophetic side of Jefferies, he presents a second-rate writer as a subject for worship rather than for sensible enjoyment. It is likely enough that Jefferies may some day be lifted into a cult to supplant Meredith, who supplanted Browning, who supplanted, etc.; but this attempt is certainly premature. Meanwhile, it is not doing him a service to quote with evident commendation the wilder extravagances of that rhapsodical autobiography which he called, "The Story of My Heart." "I see now," says Jefferies, speaking of his youthful reveries on the Downs, "that what I labored for was soul-life, more soul-nature, to be exalted, to be full of soul-learning." The ordinary processes of thought were inadequate to the swelling brain of this farm lad, and he, in retrospect at least, yearned for a brand new process which he calls "soul-thought." Neither was God high enough. While he lay on the earth and fingered the grass and the dust, he prayed that he "might touch to the unutterable existence infinitely higher than deity." Mr. Thomas does not seem to see the hectic provincialism of this sort of talk; that, like wild dreams on an empty stomach, it sprang from lack of intellectual nurture. To him this language is the mark of a prophet, of one who "fought in the dim, far-off, wavering van, of which we have yet no sure tidings."

The simple fact is that Jefferies was a man of morbid sensitiveness brought up in dull surroundings, which exasperated his nerves and starved his mind. The story of his life on the farm, as journalist in a small town, and as struggling author in the suburbs of London is in a way pitiful, even without the tragedy of his broken health and painful death. So many hopes were frustrated; so many ambitions were marred; so much talent was distorted to shrill clamor. Talent there undoubtedly was, and when he was content to range in his own sphere, he could write with rare beauty and even penetration. His novel "Amaryllis at the Fair" just misses, by its lack of form, being one of the finest idyls in English; some of his purely descriptive essays show a rare love of nature and a beautiful intimacy with her moods. One is struck, in a writer given at times to such self-tortured introspection, by the sanity and largeness of his better work. When most himself, he knows, as Thoreau and Wordsworth knew, that nature has no meaning when she disturbs, but only when she calms. If Mr. Thomas had, to his sympathetic life of Jefferies, added a critical discrimination between what was false and true in the man's outlook, he would have performed a useful service to letters. As it is, he has merely confounded the confusion already created by Walter Besant. It may or may not be to the advantage of Jefferies that this critical biography quotes so extensively from the author's works, both good and bad, as almost to make the purchase of the works themselves unnecessary.

Notes.

The index of the *Nation*, July 1 to December 31, will be printed with the issue of January 6.

Early in the new year Longmans, Green, & Co. will publish, in two volumes, a "History of the Irish Parliamentary Party from 1870 to 1890"—the period of Butt and Parnell. The author is F. Hugh O'Donnell, M.A., sometime member of Parliament.

Blaickie & Son, the Scottish publishers, celebrated on December 10 the centenary of their establishment.

The playwright Hauptmann's first novel, "Emanuel Quint," is to be published at an early date.

A selection of Praed's poems has just appeared in a special Riverside edition (see the *Nation*, December 23), and now comes another selection, edited by A. D. Godley, in the Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry (Henry Frowde). For the price this later book, like all the volumes of the series, is surprisingly well made and printed, but it has not, of course, the beauty of paper and type of its more costly predecessor. Mr. Godley has disinterred from periodicals one or two pieces which were not included in the standard two-volume edition of Praed's poems, and one piece, "One More Quadrille," which has never before been printed. It does not seem to us that the collection is benefited by those stray accessions. Otherwise, Mr. Godley's selection is good.

Ladies of defective early education who now desire to dedicate their leisure to intellectual pursuits will find in Temple Scott's "The Pleasure of Reading" (Mitchell Kennerley) just about what they want. The

book is neatly bound, very well printed, and it opens in an easy and ingratiating way. Mr. Scott's introductory defence of reading in general is a chivalrous and entirely unimpeachable performance. In spite of certain differences in style, it frequently reminds one of "Sesame and Lilies." His commendation, in subsequent chapters, of the Bible, of poetry, of Shakespeare, of novels, and of history and biography seems to us eminently sound; as he justly points out, there is good stuff in all these departments. His appended lists for reading and study contain, it is a pleasure to note, standard works of all sorts. In fact, nearly every book that he mentions might well be read by the best people everywhere. When parts of a writer's output have been of doubtful propriety—Byron's, for example—he refers merely to a volume of selections. It is impossible to see how any harm can come from such a book.

Henry Holt & Co. have included Samuel Johnson in their "English Readings," and have wisely secured Dr. Charles G. Osgood of Princeton to edit the selections. Dr. Osgood's introduction is a significant estimate of Johnson, worthy of being printed as a separate essay. As an antidote to the familiar caricature by Macaulay, it might well receive attention from a circle of readers wider than that of the university classrooms for which it is primarily designed. It is sympathetic in the best sense of the word, for the editor is at considerable pains to support his sentiments respecting the life and personality of Johnson by a constant appeal to specific events and utterances. If there is a fault, it is a generous one, and lies in a too frequent tone of warning against traditional prejudices which, thanks to Carlyle and others, we often bring to the reading of Boswell's "Life." The Notes are rather learned, at times, for undergraduates, but nearly always interesting.

The Elm Tree Press (Woodstock, Vt.) announces a set of publications called The Librarian's Series, to be edited by John Cotton Dana, of the Public Library at Newark, N. J., and Henry W. Kent, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. If a sufficient number of subscriptions is secured, six books will be published, the edition being limited to one thousand copies, and five dollars being the subscription price of the entire series. They will be printed in ten and twelve-point Cheltenham type, and bound in boards. The books chosen for issuance are: (1) "The Old Librarian's Almanack," a pamphlet published in New Haven, Conn., in 1773. This is the first reprinting. (2) "The Rev. John Sharpe and his Proposal for a Publick Library at New York," by Austin Baxter Keep (1713). (3) "The Librarian": being selections from the articles contributed to the Boston *Evening Transcript* under that heading during the last three years, by Edmund Lester Pearson, editor of volume one. (4) "Some of the Best Books on the History and Administration of Libraries Published Prior to 1800: An Annotated List," compiled by Beatrice Winser, of the Newark Library. (5) "The Hoax Concerning the Burning of the Alexandrian Library," by Joseph Octave Delepierre, London, 1860-61. Translated and annotated by George Parker Winship of the John Carter Brown Library, Providence, R. I. (6) "The Early History of Libraries," by Karl Dziatzko, being a translation by Edward Harmon Virgin, librarian of the General Theological Seminary, of an article in Pauly's "Encyclopædia of Classical Antiquities."

The first of the publications in this Librarian's Series has already reached us, and is an altogether satisfactory reprint. Within and without, the little book is one to give pleasure. Republication is, besides, the only means of passing on to a thousand of us a book which is now very scarce; only two copies of "The Old Librarian's Almanack" are known to exist. But, apart from the adventitious value of the pamphlet, it has a value of its own for every lover of curious literature. The humor of its pages is all the better for the difficulty one finds in deciding, now and again, whether it be intended. How delicious is such a passing phrase as this:

> Mr. Pope (an able poet, tho a Papist) warns us that
> "A little learning," etc.

The "Almanack" is signed on the title-page by Φιλόβιβλος, but there seems to be little doubt that its composer was one Jared Bean, born in New Haven in 1705 or 1706, and, from about 1754, curator of the Connecticut Society of Antiquarians. He is mentioned in the "Literary and Genealogical Annals of Connecticut" of Sarah Gilman Bigelow, and seems to have died about 1788. The old librarian never accepted the American Revolution, toasting King George to the end. A hint of his loyalism is contained in his "Almanack," dating from 1773. The wisdom of Pope's advice about drinking deep if at all is, he suggests, "seen now-a-days, when Demagogues and others of shallow intellect seek to stir up sedition & revolt." There are many pages which cry out for citation. Specially eloquent are his expressions of scorn for the "Biblioklept or Thief of Books." One would, too, much like to quote his passage upon "the Enemies of Books," "especially . . . the Cockroach." Jared Bean believed most earnestly in excluding from shelf privileges "any mere Trifler," or "Person that would Dally with Books." The young person and the female are specified as "undesirable citizens" of the library. "Be suspicious of women," counsels Philobiblos:

> They are given to the reading of frivolous Romances, and at all events, their presence in a Library adds little to (if it does not, indeed, detract from) that aspect of Gravity, Seriousness, and Learning which is its greatest Glory. You will make no error in excluding them altogether.

"The Old Librarian's Almanack" concludes with "A Sure and certain cure for the Bite of a Rattlesnake, Made Publicke by Abel Puffer of Stoughton."

However much one may wish that the author had been more familiar with tropical Spanish-America before making his short trip across Guatemala, there are too few works in English on that interesting country for one not to welcome Nevin O. Winter's well-printed little hand-book with its fifty excellent illustrations (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.). In the book, which he calls "Guatemala and Her People of To-day," he has added to his own minute travel notes a careful compilation from the ordinary sources of information, and has made easy the way of the stay-at-home traveller. Although inclined to look at matters political in the best possible light, the author is frank enough to admit that "there has never been a real President" in Guatemala. "Each one has been a practical dictator and made the attempt, at least, to run everything in his own way." To emphasize this, there is stamped on the cover Guatemala's significant coat-of-arms: crossed bayonets and swords, partially concealed by the legend, "Libertad," and a bird of gay plumage.

Travellers in Rome who yield themselves to the subtle charm of the Campagna will hardly find the excellent Baedeker a sufficiently detailed guide. To them may be recommended the recently published volume, "La Via Appia à l'époque romaine et de nos jours," by Sig. I. Ripostelli and Prof. Orazio Marucchi, of whom the latter at any rate needs no introduction (Rome: Desclée). The work is divided into two parts, the first, by Ripostelli, describing the Pagan memorials; the second, by Marucchi, the Christian. The traveller is conducted by these efficient *ciceroni* from the beginning of the "Queen of Roads," at the Porta Capena in the vanished Servian Wall, as far as the sixth milestone, thus traversing the most interesting part of the highway. The information given is much more accurate than that usually put before the inexperienced visitor to Rome, and the book is very richly illustrated with views from photographs, old engravings, and architectural restorations. In numerous instances a view of the existent remains is confronted on the opposite page with its proper "restoration"; and though the specialist will look askance at many of these achievements of a vivid imagination, they cannot harm substantially the tourist, who needs a tolerably strong stimulus for the quickening of his historical vision. He may even be led by such means to the reading of the more strictly scientific works by Ashby and Tomassetti, the latter of whom has just begun the publication of "La Campagna Romana, Antica, Medioevale, Moderna" (Rome: Loescher), which bids fair to be his *magnum opus*.

H. Festing Jones, the author of "Diversions in Sicily" (Scribner), is one of those lucky travellers who not only finds friends everywhere, but makes them interesting to others. His tall fellows are of all sorts—lottery playing coastguards, innkeepers, a woebegone professor afflicted with the evil eye, actors, and above all the managers of puppet shows. In fact, the book is largely given up to the puppet stage, which the author saw from behind the scenes. He learned something of the year-long performances of Charlemagne and the twelve Peers, not to mention their numerous progeny. On the night when a favorite hero, Guido Santo, was to die, he found the theatre nearly empty. The kindly Sicilians could not abide the pitiful spectacle. The marionettes have been many times described, but rarely with such insight and humor. At Mount Eryx Mr. Jones saw the solemn descent of the Miraculous Madonna by St. Luke from her mountain home to the plain. In honor of the event, the Universal Deluge in seven episodes, from the dalliance of the angels with the daughters of men to the bow of promise, was represented on as many cars—a mediæval ceremony most spiritedly described. At Calatafimi the Arts (handicrafts) gave the Parable of the Prodigal Son in twenty-nine groups, not omitting the allegorical interpretation. Here, the town being poor, the groups advanced on foot from point to point. In the course of a

discussion in police barracks concerning faith and superstition the following story was told of a village near Girgenti whose patron, St. Calogero, is frequently besought for rain. If he delays to send it the peasants threaten him with the alternative—"The cord or rain":

If he is still obdurate, they assume that he has chosen the first, put the threat into execution, take down S. Calogero, tie a cord about his neck, and reverently cast him into the sea, where they leave him until it does rain. . . . Then they pull the poor saint out of the water, dry him, give him a fresh coat of paint, and carry him back to his place in the church with a brass band and thanksgiving—another form of the recurrent death and resurrection of the god, imitating sunset and sunrise.

For stay-at-homes there is a shade too much untranslated Italian in a delightful book which those who know their Sicily even superficially will find pure gold.

Sir Horace Rumbold's "Francis Joseph and His Times" (D. Appleton & Co.) offers an extremely pleasant blending of the memoir and the formal history. It has the light touch, the leisure, the intimacy of the one and the ordered, comprehensive forward movement of the other. The lives of great men, as told in connection with their age, are not very often what they set out to be; the figure is either lost in the background or else conceals it. In the present instance we find the proportions perfect. Without pretending to the rôle of an original historian, the author has given us a correct and intelligible outline of the last 120 years of Austrian history. Without assuming the tricks of the professional word-painter he has drawn a vivid, sympathetic, and just portrait of the most historic figure among men of our time. Next year the Emperor Francis Joseph will have completed the eightieth year of his life, and his sixty-second on the throne of the Hapsburgs. The story of that career has often been told. Sir Horace Rumbold's experience as ambassador to the Austrian Emperor enables him to retell it with an air of unassuming authority and a sureness of touch that we remember in no other book on the subject. The writer's natural partiality towards his subject is modified by the diplomatic temper. What he has not got is the traditional obscurity of the diplomatic vernacular. If absolute clearness and ease are the marks of perfect style, our author has that style.

Miss Lucy M. J. Garnett's "Home Life in Turkey" (The Macmillan Company) is a well-timed contribution to our knowledge of present Ottoman conditions. While a good deal that she gives is not new, her minute details are interesting and her statements may be relied on as accurate. She is, to be sure, decidedly in sympathy with the people she describes, but her sympathy rarely, if ever, warps her judgment. Possibly she gives too favorable an account of the harem life (a point treated also in her previous work, "The Women and Folklore of Turkey"), but in any case her report, which rests on her personal observation, will serve to correct the view, very common, that this life is inevitably one of intellectual and moral apathy or stagnation. Not a few women, she points out, have been eminent in literature, and women, as is well known, took an active part in the revolution of last year. To many readers her description of the educational and general intellectual progress of the Turks, especially within the last fifty years, will be new. The fact is that a considerable circle of men and women in Constantinople interests itself in modern Christian, especially French, literature; it is true, however, that the Turks have hitherto shown little literary creative power. Miss Garnett's account of the existing schools (which are mostly attached to the mosques and confined to Koran-study), and of the new ones in operation or proposed (military and technical) is worthy of special attention. As to the success of the new government, she thinks it too soon to hazard a judgment. She none the less agrees with Mr. Stuart-Glennie's opinion, expressed in 1879, that the future of the Osmanli Turks will of necessity move toward the abandonment of European territory and a consolidation in their old home in Western Asia, with an empire extending from the Caucasus and the Caspian Sea to the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean.

Among the numerous recent books within the field of transportation, one which contains an interesting if visionary scheme, is "An American Transportation System," by George A. Rankin (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The writer assumes most properly that the transportation facilities of this country should be such as to combine the maximum of efficiency, safety, economy, and impartiality to all concerned. These prime requisites cannot be attained, it is argued, so long as our railways are subject to the conflicting regulations of Congress and of a multitude of State Legislatures. The author accordingly presents his theory for the betterment of existing conditions. This involves, in brief, an amendment to the Federal Constitution by which the individual states would surrender to Congress their present jurisdiction over intrastate commerce; the consolidation of the more important rail and water transportation companies into one large corporation, and the replacement of the numerous railway commissions by a court possessed of the authority to enforce the rules of the corporation.

The rapid progress of the modern science of accounting has been marked by the recent appearance of several books dealing with the general aspects of the subject as well as with the more intricate problems in bookkeeping which have resulted from the wide expansion of corporate enterprises. A valuable addition to the literature within this field has been made by E. E. Garrison in his little volume "Accounting Every Business Man Should Know" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). The writer has had wide experience in handling the problems of which he treats; his work has not been confined to a single business, but has extended to a diversity of enterprises, among which are banking, mining, transportation, and the wholesale hardware trade. Consequently, he is well calculated to speak with authority. Beginning with the most elementary transactions and with the most fundamental principles, he proceeds to discuss, among other topics, the complicated ledger system, valuation and reserves, department costs, and the devising of accounting systems to suit the peculiar characteristics of particular businesses. He turns aside from his main theme occasionally in such a way as to impress the reader with the indispensability of the expert accountant. Thus, for example, he declares that to the average investor the services of an able, professional accountant are even more important than those of a lawyer. He urges that the responsibility of boards of directors could be materially increased by having on each board an expert in accounts to serve as the chairman of an auditing committee whose other members were directors. On the whole, the various chapters are concise and to the point.

The five thousand franc prize of the Académie Goncourt is awarded this year to the brothers Marius and Ary Leblond, for their novel of French colonial life, "En France."

In the series, Pages Choisies des Grands Ecrivains (Paris: Colin), has just appeared "Pages Choisies de George Eliot," with an introduction and notes by H. Hovalaque.

Through the initiative of the Société pour l'Etude des Langues et Littératures modernes, a French translation of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" has been published by the *Revue Germanique* of Paris. The French Academy, after "crowning" the first part of the translation, now awards to the translator a considerable part of the Prix Langlois.

"Les premiers Interprêtes de la pensée américaine" is the title of a new book by A. Schalck de la Faverie, in which is described the peopling of the North American Continent, and the moral and intellectual evolution of America. Chapters are devoted to Cotton Mather, to Washington Irving, Franklin, Longfellow, Emerson, and other writers. This volume is issued contemporancously with a translation of Emerson's "Conduct of Life," by Mlle. Dugard, the author of a well documented biography of the Concord sage (Armand Colin).

On January 3 certain letters exchanged by Alfred de Musset and a lady unnamed will be opened, at the Bibliothèque Nationale (Paris), and their nature will no doubt be made known to the inquisitive. Jules Troubat is responsible for the preservation of the correspondence, which was to have been destroyed at Musset's death, but was saved on condition that the identity of the poet's correspondent should be concealed, and that the letters should not be published before thirty years had in due course revolved.

Anatole France has recently returned to Paris from his South American lecture tour, and it is now stated that he is engaged upon a book in the *genre* of his recent "Penguin Island," the subject of which is the fall of the angels. This work, together with his lectures on Rabelais, will probably appear early in 1910.

The newest Parisian academy is, perhaps, that "Académie des Dames," a committee of whose members, including the Comtesse de Noailles, Mme. Henri de Regnier (née Heredia), Marcelle Tinayre, Myriam Harry, Daniel Lesueur, and Lucie Delarue-Madrus, has awarded its annual prize of five thousand francs to a youthful pupil of Henri de Regnier, Edmond Jaloux, for his novel, "Le Reste est silence," the story of a child. The prize is called "le Prix de la Vie Heureuse."

In connection with the meeting of the American Historical Association in this city an exhibition of manuscripts and

books illustrative of historical writing has been opened at the Columbia University Library. The earliest and most beautiful of the illuminated manuscripts is a golden gospel loaned by J. P. Morgan. It was written on purple vellum in letters of gold about 680 A. D., and afterwards presented by Pope Leo X to Henry VIII. Later manuscripts of special importance are Arent van Corlear's Journal, 1634, which is the earliest historical MS. relating to Dutch New York, the original roll of the Concord Minute Men, the treaty between the United Netherlands and the United States in 1782, Gibbon's autograph notes for his history of Rome, and large portions of the original manuscripts of both Hume's and Macaulay's histories of England. The printed books which form the larger part of the exhibit contain a few remarkable examples, mostly from Mr. Morgan's library. The first book printed with movable type is represented by a beautiful vellum copy of Gutenberg's Bible, about 1450. Near it are placed a Chinese book printed at least 100 years earlier, and the only perfect copy of Caxton's "Recuyell of the Histories of Troy," 1475, which is the first book printed in English. Other European items are rare German pamphlets of 1520-21, relating to Luther and the Diet of Worms, a unique copy of a broadside proclaiming the Commonwealth in England, the first Greek and Latin editions of Herodotus, and remarkable editions of Cæsar, Tacitus, Josephus, and Augustine. Relating to America are the first dated edition of Columbus's letter, 1492, rare copies of Vespucci, De Bry, Purchas, etc., the first view of New York in Van der Donck's Beschrijvinghe, 1651, the first New York directory, and the first United States census.

Arthur Gilman, author and educator, died at Atlantic City, N. J., December 28, aged seventy-two years. He established in 1877 at Cambridge, Mass., the Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women, familiarly known as the Harvard Annex, which was later created Radcliffe College. The greater number of his writings were of an historical nature.

Science.

The Survival of Man. By Sir Oliver Lodge. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $2 net.

Eusapia Palladino and Her Phenomena. By Hereward Carrington. New York: B. W. Dodge & Co. $2 net.

To judge by the number of volumes on "spiritism" put forth by the publishers, such books must vie with the successful novel as "best sellers." Men of science have not, as a rule, felt that they could afford the time and labor required to study phenomena which, confessedly, are not susceptible to their careful laboratory tests, and which relate to processes often connected with deliberate fraud or innocent misrepresentation. For this very reason, Sir Oliver Lodge's apologetic is not without exceptional interest; although, in giving his excuse for leaving the field of effort in which his brother scientists feel that his talents might be of greatest service to the world, he tends to confirm the view of his fraternal critics.

His book contains nothing new; but apparently aims to present a collection of the most strikingly convincing examples of the phenomena considered, and to suggest what seems to the writer to be the most reasonable hypotheses available for their explanation. Here, indeed, he gives evidence of candor and judgment quite compatible with his reputation as a scientist. The logically minded investigator, however, looks with disfavor upon the multiplication of hypotheses to account for unexplained phenomena. The hypotheses suggested by the "spiritists" imply that we have gained adequate conceptions of the meaning of life, of individual human existence, of persistence in time, of the spirit as distinguished from the mind, of the processes involved in the manifestation of mental existence through physical activities, and of many kindred subjects, none of which are thoroughly comprehended and all of which are under investigation by earnest students. The man of science will not be satisfied to entertain the hypotheses here presented until these investigations have been satisfactorily advanced, nor then unless the facts leading to these hypotheses seem unrelated to any phenomena already explicable, as is surely not the case. That the phenomena described are, in the present stage of our knowledge, mysterious, is, of course, to be granted; to argue from this that they are to be explained in terms foreign to such scientific conceptions as have already been attained is as unwarranted as it would be to look for some non-physical hypothesis to explain, for instance, the still mysterious nature of electricity.

The value of this type of research must therefore depend almost altogether on the character of the evidence and here the book does not appear convincing. When we consider the facts as a whole, as thus described in epitome by one who is best fitted to present them cogently, we can only be impressed with a sense of doubt as to the reliability of the record. The class of people in whom the phenomena are displayed are so emotional, so crudely uncritical, that one can but distrust their statements of the facts even when one does not question their honesty. As an example of "spontaneous telepathy," for instance, Sir Oliver gives prominence (pp. 139 to 144) to a detailed description of a dream by a certain attorney residing in St. Paul, Minn., in 1892—one Harry W. Wack. The name is unusual, and we assume that the dreamer whose story is given so much weight is the H. Wellington Wack (see "Who's Who in America"), who lived in St. Paul from 1889 to 1895, and who has since then published a book which, it is asserted, was largely plagiarized: he has recently been before the public. The discrediting of one anecdote does not, of course, discredit all similar ones; but this example shows how difficult it is to escape untrustworthy evidence in this field, especially as very little account is taken by our observers of the possible occurrence of illusions of memory, which are immensely more common in the experience of every man than is generally recognized.

Of the evidence in favor of the spiritistic hypothesis gleaned from the performances of Eusapia Palladino, Sir Oliver has nothing to say; a fact which is of no little significance when we turn to the book in which Mr. Carrington attempts to substantiate the spiritistic hypothesis by this Italian medium. In fact, this particular medium seems to stand apart from others of her type only because a number of professors, and doctors medical and other, of more or less eminence are numbered with those who have given attention to her accomplishments; among whom we may mention Lombroso, Richet, and Sir Oliver Lodge himself. These important witnesses in general agree that Palladino has been detected in fraud, but they all also concur in the opinion that there are certain manifestations during Palladino's *séances* that seem inconsistent with the physical concepts approved in our day, and that are inexplicable under any well established scientific hypotheses. It is unnecessary to describe these manifestations in detail for they differ little from those given in *séances* with other less well known mediums. There is the same insistence upon dim lighting, which, at the demand of the medium, is reduced in intensity *pari passu* with the strangeness of the occurrences. There is the same black curtained cabinet. Tables are moved, rappings give replies to questions, light articles are thrown around, the observers feel mysterious touches, slaps, etc., etc., as of old. Certain of the phenomena noted are, indeed, new to the world of mediums, but few of these are of especial interest.

The natural inference would be that Palladino's manifestations must be classed with those of more commonplace mediums, who have been frequently "exposed"; yet we are assured by the well-known observers of these phenomena that we must look in some new direction for the explanation of what they have seen. It remains a question, however, whether the learning of the witnesses cited fits them for passing judgments in these matters any more authoritatively than the average citizen may venture to do; whether, indeed, it is probable that they could explain the tricks of the clever prestidigitator who pretends to be no more than a skilful de-

ceiver. We should be grateful, to be sure, to the learned company of martyrs to science who give valuable time to such wearisome business as that recorded; but, on the whole, we must confess that we remain unconvinced of the validity of Mr. Carrington's claim that the Palladino phenomena are explicable only by the adoption of the hypothesis of spiritism, and feel inclined to agree with the late Professor Sidgwick (p. 53), who, after his sittings, stated that "inasmuch as trickery had been systematically practised, apparently, by Eusapia Palladino for years, he proposed to ignore her performances in the future as those of other persons engaged in the same mischievous trade were to be ignored." Even if we do not go so far as this, we can but note that the vast mass of what were supposed a few decades ago to be spirit messages have been shown by advancing science to be due to the medium's automatisms, which are now fairly well correlated with normal psychical phenomena; and we may believe that in some future day such explanations will be forthcoming of Palladino's unfraudulent performances as will bring them into accord with well-established scientific conceptions.

Lombroso is to be honored by a statue to be erected in the city of Verona, and an international subscription for the purpose is being organized.

For the next year, the Sociedad Rural Argentina announces an international exposition of agriculture, to be held at Buenos Ayres. The United States has been allotted 4,500 square metres of space, which will be chiefly devoted to the display of agricultural and industrial machinery.

The death of Dr. Ludwig Mond is announced from abroad. He was seventy years of age, and had been most successful for many years in his applications of chemistry to industrial processes. A German by birth, in 1862 he went to England and soon gained renown by his inventions connected with the obtainance of nickel and other metals. In 1896, he founded the Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory of the Royal Institution. His collection of paintings by the Italian masters has a worldwide reputation.

Drama.

"The Lily," which has just been produced in the Stuyvesant Theatre, is an emasculated version of "Le Lys," by Pierre Wolff and Gaston Leroux, which attracted considerable attention and much adverse comment in Paris, by its open and bold advocacy of the rights of free love. Like most revolutionary social dramas of its class, it based its arguments upon an imaginary case, barely possible even in France, wholly inconceivable here, where religious, legal, and social conditions are entirely different. Moreover in its discussion of the sexual problem, it ignored the vastly important economical side of it altogether. It was not, therefore, a very valuable contribution to either political or social science. But, in view of existing conditions in France—the attitude of the church toward divorce and the scope of parental authority—it had some sort of excuse for its existence. And it was a consistent and well-made drama. In New York, it has no relevancy and the only motive for its representation must be sought in its sentimental and theatrical interests, which are considerable. It is pernicious from the moral and silly from the social point of view. Here is the plot in a nutshell. A profligate, selfish, tyrannical father, a relict of the ancient feudalism, has two daughters. The elder, whom he prevented from marrying in youth, has become a subdued, spiritless, patient, saintly, old maid, whose sole happiness is to guard and cherish her much younger sister. The latter, shut out from the world in an old château, falls in love with a transient artist, and, when she finds that she cannot marry him—because he has a wife from whom he cannot get a divorce—becomes his mistress. When her fall is discovered, her father proposes to heat her first and disown her afterward, but the blameless old maid, the lily, comes to her defence, proclaims her inalienable right to obey her natural instincts and declares that any fate for woman is preferable to that of an enforced celibacy. The dramatic effect of this unexpected outburst is, of course, striking. In "The Lily" in the concluding scenes, certain concessions are made to modern prejudices, at the expense of both force and consistency, but the play is none the less unwholesome on that account. It is beautifully mounted at the Stuyvesant, and well acted, especially by Nance O'Neil, who, in the crucial scene, touched such a note of tragic pathos as is seldom heard in the theatre of to-day. The success of the piece is ensured by her personal triumph, but the representation is a good one throughout. It is a pity that the play is not more worthy of the pains bestowed upon it.

"The Next of Kin," the latest play by Charles Klein, which was produced in the Hudson Theatre on Monday evening, and of which much was expected, is a melodrama of moderate quality and unequal effect. Although it professes to deal with a subject of the gravest import—the influence of political and commercial interests upon a corrupt judiciary—it is so general in its charges, so vague in its details, so theatrical and indefinite in its final outcome, that it is inconsiderable except as melodramatic entertainment. From this point of view it is not altogether unskilful. There are many effective situations in the first two acts, and several well sketched character studies, which afford opportunity for some excellent acting. Hedwig Reicher, as the heroine, against whom a wicked uncle employs all the machinery of the law to rob her of wealth and liberty, depicts with much cleverness the progress of a harassed girl through various stages of nervous excitement to the verge of actual insanity. Frank Sheridan, as a political ex-judge, who bends judges to his will, and Frederick Perry, as an able young advocate, who suffers defeat because he will not stoop to ignoble means to secure victory, both acted extremely well. So did most of the less prominent players. They made the best of the opportunities afforded them by a practical playwright.

The "Intimate Recollections of Joseph Jefferson" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), by his daughter-in-law, Eugénie Paul Jefferson, bears pleasing testimony to the high and affectionate esteem in which the famous actor was held by his family and by a vast host of personal friends in and out of his profession. It has a definite charm as a loving and unaffected tribute to his memory, but adds little to the general knowledge of him, either as man or artist, and contains nothing that is particularly valuable, or significant, in the way of critical appreciation. In many respects it is a work of supererogation. Such facts in it as are fresh are, as a rule, either cumulative or trivial. During the last thirty or forty years of a phenomenally prosperous and happy career, Jefferson may be said to have lived in a constant blaze of publicity. His unapproachable excellence in a single character, curiously reflective of all that was superfine in his art and of the dominant traits in his own winning personality, kept him at the head of his calling and endeared him to millions of theatre-goers all over the English-speaking world. So it came to pass that his sayings and doings were chronicled in the press with a minuteness that makes it almost impossible now to tell anything about him that has not been already recorded. That he was not spoiled by the favors showered upon him by fortune is, perhaps, the most substantial proof of the solid worth of his character and the soundness of his intellect. He preserved to the end his democratic simplicity, his tender and genial humanity, his enjoyment of life, art, sport, and nature, and his spirit of habitual optimism. These recollections afford some fresh glimpses of him as the enthusiastic painter and shrewd collector, as the fond sire and grandsire, the ardent fisherman, the wide-awake man of affairs, the liberal host, and the occasional speculator in spiritual mysteries. They speak, also, proudly but discreetly, of his close friendship with Grover Cleveland and other eminent men, who found in him the virtues of true companionship. It is an agreeable book, if somewhat over-zealous in its hero-worship.

"The Travelling Companions," a story in scenes, by F. Anstey, which was originally published as a serial in *Punch* in 1891, has now been reprinted by J. M. Dent & Co. of London and imported here by E. P. Dutton & Co. It is not a very brilliant specimen of the author's humor, and shows the marks of age very clearly, the conditions of European travel having changed greatly since it was first written. The sketches of the tourists concerned do not reveal much power of observation or invention, the English personages being conventional and the American grotesque. It is mildly amusing in its way, and, in the absence of more substantial wit, might serve to while away a lazy half-hour, but the reason for its resuscitation is not particularly obvious.

Meta Illing died December 26 at Frankfort-on-Main. This actress had appeared in many emotional parts at the Lessing Theater in Berlin, the Thalia Theater in Hamburg, and the Schauspielhaus in Munich, of each of which she was a member, and at many other theatres in Germany and Austria. In 1906 she appeared at the Berkeley Lyceum in New York, in "Magda," in English. Before this she had

played in the West as a German star. During the present season in Berlin she organized a company for the performance of Shakespearean and other plays, including "She Stoops to Conquer," in English.

From Gross Lichterfelde is announced the death of the dramatist and novelist, Karl Böttcher, in his fifty-eighth year. This writer's plays, dealing frequently with mooted social and political questions, more than once were banned by the censor. Apart from books of travel, his works include "Der Nabob auf Kapri," "Karlsbader Novellen," "Die berühmte Tragödin," "Im Bann der Engländerei."

Music.

The oldest of all the operas that have kept their place in the regular repertories is Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro." There is one, however, twenty-three years older still, which is occasionally revived—Gluck's "Orfeo ed Eurydice." Its production last week was one of the most notable achievements ever placed on record at the Metropolitan Opera House. There are no men in the cast; Louise Homer, Johanna Gadski, Bella Alten, and Alma Gluck (a recent recruit from the chorus, who bids fair to become a famous prima donna) impersonated the four rôles in the cast; and Mme. Homer, on whom fell most of the burdens, raised her stature as an artist by several inches. Arturo Toscanini, who conducted with the utmost devotion and enthusiasm, had chosen for this revival neither the original Italian version of "Orfeo," which was first heard in Vienna in 1762, nor the Parisian, which was produced twelve years later; but, profiting by the suggestions of Berlioz and Gevaert, he eliminated weak numbers and strengthened other places. In other words, he followed the example of Wagner, who believed that it was better to edit Gluck's operas and save them than to leave them on the shelf, respectfully unedited. The Metropolitan audience applauded the opera so cordially that there is hope of its becoming again a favorite—a fate it deserves because of its abundance of good melody. The beautiful scenery provided by Mr. Gatti-Casazza will help to rescue "Orfeo." It is exquisitely in harmony with the poetic conceptions of the infernal and paradisiac realms in which the story of Orpheus in quest of his wife is located.

"The Essentials of Pianoforte Playing," by Clayton Johns (Oliver Ditson Co.), is a convenient summary, in 84 pages, of the things a student of the piano and its literature most needs to know. It is not intended for beginners, but for those who have already acquired facility in reading easy music; and there is much, too, that will help teachers who have not the opportunity to keep in touch with the latest developments in musical pedagogy. Mind-training, as well as finger-training, is what the author aims at; and in pursuance of this object a number of famous short pieces by Clementi, Bach, Schumann, Chopin, and other masters are printed, with analyses and directions for their correct rendering. The chapters How to Practice and Punctuation or Phrasing are to be specially commended, while in the section entitled "A comparison between instrumental music and verse" there is much food for thought for those who make all accents metrical, forgetting that notes, like words and syllables, have special emphasis according to their value and position. It is somewhat disconcerting, on the other hand, to find the statement that, as a rule, "accelerando in one place demands ritardando in another." Why, in music any more than in the recitation of verse?

To say that music is "the science of harmonical sounds" is to give a poor definition of it, for music is an art as well as a science, and much of it consists of melodies that do not include "harmonical sounds." It would be unfair, however, to condemn M. F. MacConnell's "Some Essentials in Musical Definitions for Music Students" (Oliver Ditson Co.) because of this opening definition. For the most part, the terms that an amateur or a student needs to know about are clearly defined and helpfully illustrated in this book, which aims at being something more complete than the average musical catechism, but less elaborate than the usual dictionaries of terms. The chief advantage of the plan here pursued is that the various words relating to rhythm, melody, sharps and flats, scales, keys, time, accent, embellishments, form, opera, etc., are brought together instead of being scattered throughout the volume. There is an appendix of noted names in music, brought up to the present day. It is altogether a very useful little book.

One of the new operas at the Paris Opéra Comique, the "Cœur du moulin" of Déodat de Séverac ("poème lyrique en deux actes, paroles de M. Maurice Magre"), is described as expressing most exquisitely the *genius loci*, which happens to be Languedoc. A peasant lover returns to his own country to find his sweetheart married to another. They meet, and the sweetheart once again returns the passion of her lover. They plan to flee together—but the "voices of the village" speak to him, and, in the end, he departs alone. The piece is one of poetical merit, and has unusual spontaneity. There is to be recognized, also, richness of melodic invention. Furthermore, the piece is mounted with fidelity and richness. It may none the less be doubted whether "le Cœur du moulin" is a piece which we are likely to see transplanted. The thinness of its action would seem a sufficient obstacle. With M. de Séverac's opera is given a *conte musical* in two acts, by Ernest Garnier, entitled "Myrtil."

Many operas have been written on the subject of Faust. It has remained for a Dutch composer, named Brüggemann, to conceive and carry out the plan of writing a "Faust" trilogy. His three operas are entitled "Dr. Faust," "Margarete," and "Mephistopheles." The second of these is to be produced at the Scala in Milan ere long. It is said to resemble in plot Gounod's popular work.

The Berlin *Signale für die Musikalische Welt* announces the result of the competition for prizes offered by it last May. Altogether, 874 compositions were received, and the judges (Busoni, Hollaender, P. Scharwenka) gave the first prize of 500 marks to Emile R. Blanchet of Lausanne. "Hitherto absolutely unknown in Germany," writes the editor, "he will soon be famous, thanks to his prize composition, 'Tema con Variazioni,' and the *Signale* has reason to be proud of having practically discovered this composer." The second prize (400 marks) was won by a young American, L. T. Grünberg, who has been in Berlin several years and begun to make a name for himself as a pianist. The third went to Willy Renner of Frankfurt, for a fugue. Altogether, eight prizes were awarded to men, two to women.

Albert Niemann, who impersonated "Tannhäuser" at Paris during the three stormy performances of Wagner's opera in 1861, recently sang the "Reiterlied" in "Wallenstein's Camp," at the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the birth of Schiller, at the Schauspielhaus, Berlin. He is in his seventy-ninth year.

Art.

Scottish Paintings, Past and Present. By James L. Caw. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $8 net.

In this work Mr. Caw, director of the National Gallery of Scotland, has had a two-faced task. In the century and a half before Raeburn is reached, although something is to be said for the cosmopolitan Allan Ramsay, the work is one of painstaking antiquarianism. As such it gives a favorable impression. Except as a few additional pictures by the older worthies may turn up, it is not likely that the early chapters of this history will be superseded. From Raeburn on, while retaining its historical tinge, the book becomes perforce one of criticism. It concludes with such living young lions as Stuart Park and Muirhead Bone.

Nor has Mr. Caw flinched from the almost impossible duty of unifying his studies in a final comprehensive essay. Of his somewhat discrepant tasks he has acquitted himself with ability. Naturally the appeal of the antiquarian portions is small here, but American readers will welcome the discussion of Raeburn, of Wilkie, and of the Glasgow School. Some of Mr. Caw's verdicts seem adjusted to Caledonian latitudes, but in the main his standards are European. At times he presses doubtful points of priority with patriotic intent. Thus Gavin Hamilton, who managed to be a fledgling pseudo-classic as early as 1770, is called a precursor of David. The precursor of both, oddly enough, was a talented young eclectic named Fragonard. William Allan, a temperamental affinity of the later Delacroix, was exhibiting Oriental subjects as early as 1814. His position as a precursor of the Orientalists seems secure.

The most important chapters are naturally those on Raeburn and Wilkie, the only two Scottish painters who seem to have achieved anything like greatness on the European scale. A welcome addition to the biography of Raeburn is the fact that he began his

studies with the etcher Deuchar, an imitator of the Dutch masters. This may partly account for Raeburn's mysterious assimilation of what seems best in the manners of the earlier Dutch portrait painters. Though highly enthusiastic, the estimate of Raeburn is also cautious. In serene certainty of point of view, as in simple directness of touch, he is far nearer the great masters than any of the English painters save Hogarth. Wilkie, again, has no rival in Great Britain except the creator of Marriage à la Mode. In fact, Hogarth, whom Mr. Caw prudently keeps pretty far in the background, may well serve as the measure of all British achievement in painting. What is written about the still oscillating vogue of the Glasgow painters is both sympathetic and judicious. Mr. Caw, while fully appreciating the painter-like qualities of Hornel, Melville, Roche, Walton, Lavery, George Henry, Mackie, Lorimer, Austen Brown, and others, does not hesitate to note the lack of culture that limits the effect of all this work. One feels, indeed, on surer ground with the etchers, William Strang, D. Y. Cameron, who is also a painter of parts, and Muirhead Bone. All Mr. Caw's comment on recent and living painters is as searching as kindly. To the average reader it will be the most interesting part of the book.

In summing up, the permanent characteristics of Scottish art are said to be limited intellectual range—portraiture, landscape, and *genre* alone are seriously cultivated—a keen sense for workmanship, and, in particular, a love of color. Mr. Caw suggestively draws the analogies between recent Scotch and Dutch painting, and emphasizes the real points of difference with the English school. The art societies, ephemeral and permanent, and the museums are duly recorded. The volume is a stout quarto well printed and indexed, and contains seventy-six half-tone plates.

"The English House," by W. Shaw Sparrow (John Lane Co.) is primarily an historical essay in the popular style. Keenly alert to the social aspects of his subject, the author seeks novel and striking illustrations. A charcoal burner's hut takes us back to neolithic man; the peasant cottage recalls in miniature that communal life in hall which all classes led till late in the Middle Ages. Through the boldly printed text are scattered illustrations of typical homes, many of which, alas, have disappeared before the jerry-builder or, less pardonably, before the innovating architect. With Mr. Sparrow's plea for sound-proof walls every one might sympathize. It seems a case, indeed, for legal compulsion. Especially good, also, is the advice to stake out floor plans at full scale before accepting them. What is written about the relations of client and architect is sound. The ascendency of the architect must in the nature of the case rest upon persuasion. For an artist this is a hard law, but, at bottom, it is that of all professional practice that touches obvious utilities. Concerning the battle of the styles, Mr. Sparrow holds severe views, if genially expressed. There is no hope, he holds, in the prevailing eclecticism. How to stop it he naturally does not know, but he wishes that everybody would continue one or another of the English transitional styles—Tudor, Elizabethan, or Queen Anne—choosing those phases in which the Gothic residuum is most prominent. It may be interesting to note our own tendency to solve the problem along parallel lines. Our tendency is towards later composite styles, in which the classic element is the ruling one—Georgian and Louis XVI. In the absence of Gothic examples such a course seems logical. We doubt the possibility of the revival of Gothic style for monumental buildings. For domestic purposes its later forms seem still adapted. The difficulty is that few are willing to pay for sincerity of construction, whether in half timber or in stone and brick. Towards the classical revivals in England Mr. Sparrow is frankly hostile. It seems to us that he is hardly fair towards that very exquisite designer Wren. Adam, too, though his quality was small, was something more than a decorator. On the whole matter of the classical revival it must be admitted that many of its monuments are stupid and that most are wofully small in effect, but the Neo-Gothic buildings are if anything worse. Wisdom seems, as usual, to lie between the extreme courses. The Roman, including the Romanesque and Byzantine, evidently has its constructive lessons for us. More immediately useful seem the styles of Italy and France in their prime. The better modern buildings of Renaissance inspiration at least have scale and idiom. But we cannot pursue this issue. Mr. Sparrow's vivacious book is calculated for Englishmen, but all students of domestic architecture may read it with profit.

"A Handbook of Marks on Pottery and Porcelain," by W. Burton and R. L. Hobson (Macmillan), is a thin volume with rounded corners intended for the collector's pocket. It contains twenty-three registers of marks arranged by nations, kilns, and dates. Each section is preceded by a brief technical introduction, and there are four indexes, including names (except Oriental), letters or monograms, symbols, and Oriental names. Only continued use can prove the accuracy of lists of this sort. We have now merely to note the compactness of the form and the convenience of the arrangement. The fact that experts on European and Eastern ceramics have here collaborated inspires confidence, and casual tests of the Italian and Japanese sections give a good impression of the work.

We have received the first year-book of the St. Paul Institute of Arts and Sciences. Like its Brooklyn forerunner this corporation takes the whole of human knowledge to be its province, and in the first year has attained a notable membership and has conducted numerous successful lecture courses. The city wisely came to its aid by permitting the use of school buildings for this truly educational work. The institution under the presidency of Charles W. Ames, Esq., is highly organized into many sections, covering everything from astronomy to the milliner's art. A general museum is under consideration, and the beginnings of an art gallery have been made in a few gifts of modern pictures. In all, an auspicious beginning of a great and meritorious enterprise.

In "The Art of the Metropolitan Museum" (L. C. Page & Co.) David C. Preyer begins with a brief history of the museum and statement of its aims, and closes with a list of benefactors. The nineteen intervening chapters give brief histories or technical explanations of each branch of art, with incidental mention of examples in the galleries. Of the task of writing a brief universal history apropos of a particular museum, Mr. Preyer has acquitted himself creditably. The advisability of the plan is open to question. Something in the way of a short, reasoned catalogue, after the plan of that published by the Boston Museum, would seem to us more needed. Certain sections of the present volume—for example, that in which Chinese porcelain is discussed without directing the reader specifically to a single fine piece—seem clean wasted. However, Mr. Preyer writes with enthusiasm, has the courage of his personal tastes, and has given what might be a routine book a distinct personal flavor. The shortcomings are less in substance than in style, proof-reading, and in an occasional erratic judgment. We offer certain corrections and suggestions, since the book evidently has vitality enough to carry it through successive printings. The English is energetic, but undistinguished, and at times quite slovenly. A sentence like the following is typical:

> The greatest portrait painter of the Dutch school, the one who is placed according to individual preference as the greatest master in portraiture, was Frans Hals, of whom the museum shows sufficient examples to enable us to determine him a master of masters.

No one who must deal with a subject of this magnitude is likely to pass the proof-room unscathed, but the errors in this volume exceed the tolerable mean. In the Italian and Japanese sections misprints are frequent and disfiguring. We note only those that may make trouble. "Klopas," p. 44, is not recognizable as a Greek sculptor; read Scopas. "Parmigiano," pp. 78 and 108, is not a painter, but a cheese. "Diffidente" is a curious twist for Defendente, p. 87. We should be glad to see certain exaggerations toned and omissions repaired in a second edition. That "the Romans created nothing" their portraiture and architecture remain to disprove. Gothic sculpture is grossly underestimated. No mention is made of Claux Sluter, whose realism won the admiration of Renaissance Italy. That Saint-Gaudens, the faithful student of the early Italian sculptors, "liberated us from slavish dependence on the Italian Renaissance" is a paradox we should like to see explained. We are sorry to see the unpleasing, if authentic, example of Giovanni Bellini at the Metropolitan accredited either as a representative or important picture. It was a pity to omit the exquisite portrait of a lady by Bernard Strigel. In its small way it is a worthy pendant to the early Holbein. Rousseau's Gorges d'Apremont in the Vanderbilt gallery seems to certain people the finest realistic landscape of the nineteenth century. At any rate, its quality entitles it to mention. In a new edition we wish Mr.

Preyer could persuade himself not to enhance by his authority the popularity of Cot's sentimental Tho Storm. It will be news to Englishmen that the Royal Academy has been "Ruskinized," unless, indeed, the word is a trope moaning drubbed by Ruskin. One might wish finally for a fuller recognition of the merits of Homer Martin, whose sheer pictorial gift in many opinions far surpassed that of the great *improvvisatore* Inness. In the regards here suggested we believe that a good book might be substantially improved.

Thanks to the activity and funds of the Dürerbund, a new and cheaper edition of "Ludwig Richter: Lebenserinnerungen eines deutschen Malers," designed especially as a contribution to popular education, has been issued by Max Hesse's Verlag in Leipzig. A better choice in German biography scarcely could be made, for no one who ever put brush to canvas was so in sympathy with the German masses as Ludwig Richter, famous for what he did to revive wood engraving, but more famous as the painter of humble German life. These *Erinnerungen* have been amplified by Heinrich Richter, and there is an introduction by Ferdinand Avenarius.

The late Judge Madill of Saint Louis commissioned Gifford Dyer to paint a series of forty pictures to commemorate the ruins and historical views of Greece as they now stand. Mr. Dyer has lived in the country for several years and has finished about half the set. Judge Madill gave the paintings to Washington University, and they are now hanging in one of the galleries of the City Art Museum. It is not easy to combine artistic beauty with topographical drawing; but Mr. Dyer, while giving a true representation of some monument or historic spot of Greece, has attained pictorial beauty as well as utility. He paints in thin, flat planes, each object or spot of color being outlined with a delicately drawn line of brown or black. But such is his power of creating atmosphere by exact value that his pictures are flooded with air.

A photographic apparatus has recently been invented by Dr. Carl von Arnhard of Munich, Bavaria, for the easy and exact production of copies of old manuscripts in their original form without taking them out of the books in which they may be contained. The inventor, born in Munich July 16, 1850, studied philosophy and Oriental languages in the university of his native city and also in Leipzig. He is the author of a treatise entitled "Die Wasserweihe nach dem Ritus der æthiopischen Kirche," published in the *Zeitschrift der deutschen morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, in 1887. These studies impressed him with the slow and painful process of copying old manuscripts with the pen, and led him to devise some means of avoiding it. This desirable result has been attained by a very simple photographic apparatus, which, without camera and lens, with the aid of a small electric lantern constructed for this purpose, produces a perfect copy of a page of manuscript in about half a minute. Persons particularly interested in this unique invention may obtain further particulars from Dr. Georg Hauberrisser, Dienerstrasse 19, Munich, Bavaria. It has been patented in Germany, France, England, and the United States.

Frederic Remington, painter, sculptor, and writer, died December 26 in Ridgefield, Conn. Though an Easterner, he spent much of his time in the West, living as well as depicting the life of ranchman, cowboy, and Indian. Born in 1861, he entered the Yale Art School, intending to become a painter; but his artistic career was interrupted upon his father's death, though he enjoyed unusual opportunities for travel, his wanderings extending as far south as the interior of Mexico, and as far north as Hudson Bay. His more serious work in oils dates from his thirties, and later. Early in his career, he expressed the wish to have some one carve on his tombstone, "He knew the horse." And it was in the painting of the horse that he excelled. In execution, his most notable characteristic was, perhaps, the daring use of vivid, dazzling color. In the nineties, he visited Europe, the results of these travels being expressed in A German Infantry Officer, An Old Trooper, and other works. In 1894, feeling that "the West was all played out in its romantic aspects," as he expressed it, he made his home in New Rochelle. It was not until a year later that he turned his hand to sculpture. The most famous of the resultant bronzes is the Bronco Buster. The artist visited Cuba at the time of the Spanish-American war, and later returned to Europe. On one or more occasions he exhibited at Paris.

Finance.

AFTER THE "LOAN-SHIFTING."

Among the particularly interesting comparisons, made possible by the returns, just published, of the whole country's national banks, were the figures of the loan account, at New York and outside of New York. Up to the end of summer the New York bank position was unusually comfortable. The widespread and thorough liquidation, after the break-down of 1907, had brought bank liabilities to a low level. Simultaneously, the releasing of currency from the channels of trade sent that currency into bank reserves, where it found already lodged the $100,000,000 gold, imported during panic times. The result on the New York banks, during 1908, was so striking that, by the middle of the year, surplus reserves had reached $66,098,000—the highest level ever attained by them, save for the similar after-panic period, 1894.

The present year had those easy bank conditions as a legacy. As recently as the end of last July, the New York surplus bank reserves, at $34,000,000, stood at a height attained in midsummer during only two other years of the decade past—one being 1908. This seemed to be promise of continued easy money.

But this high midsummer surplus crumbled away with astonishing rapidity. Recall of interior money from New York, as harvest-time approached, occurred as usual; but no effort was made to reduce the New York loan account built up on the basis of those interior reserves. On the contrary, Stock Exchange speculation for the rise, on a scale of excessive magnitude, increased the demand for credit. By September 11, the New York surplus had declined to $3,166,000. Since reserve money was still leaving the Associated Banks for the West at the rate of five to ten millions weekly, and since speculation was still rioting on the Stock Exchange, a deficit in reserves, below the 25 per cent. requirement, seemed unavoidable.

It did not come. The reason for its non-appearance was not the maintenance of the New York currency holdings; that item fell from $351,800,000 on September 11 to $298,900,000 on December 4. What happened was a reduction between those dates, in loans of the Associated Banks, amounting to no less than $163,000,000. But since this enormously large loan reduction was accompanied by no visible reduction in credits granted on the Stock Exchange or elsewhere, it follows that some one else besides the Associated Banks must have been taking over the loans with which those institutions had found themselves overloaded.

The manner in which a good-sized block of our loans was transferred to London in October—$20,000,000 to $30,000,000, the bank statement seemed to show, in a single week—and the manner in which London threw back later a good part of those loans, makes up one chapter in the episode. The Canadian banks took some; trust companies some; private lenders, in a roundabout way, took others. But the consensus of opinion grew to be that interior institutions were assuming the load, just as in 1906, when clearing-house authorities declared that out-of-town domestic banks were lending $300,000,000 in New York.

Until the past few days, no one could say exactly how large was this shifted burden taken over by interior banks. Five weeks ago, the comptroller of the currency called for reports of all the national banks as of date November 16. That was the height of the loan-shifting movement, and the next previous call of the comptroller had been on September 1, just when the process must have been beginning. Last week's complete and detailed official figures, compiled from those returns, show that the national banks outside New York had in the period increased loans $141,000,000, while New York has reduced its own by $122,000,000.

In the same autumn months of 1906, New York reduced its loans $27,500,000, while banks outside this city expanded loans by $94,600,000. In the similar period of 1905—which very closely resembled the season past—New York reduc-

ed its loans by $95,500,000, against an expansion of $113,600,000 elsewhere. Here was the same process at work as in 1909, but in neither of the two other years was a shifting process indicated on anything like so large a scale as in this season.

What the resultant position in New York was, most of us have for some time been aware. What it was in the banks outside New York, the comptroller's figures partially suggest. According to these figures, Chicago and St. Louis, which with New York constitute the "central reserve cities," were on November 9 below the required 25 per cent. reserve against deposits. How the rest of the interior stands, as compared with the admitted periods of general strain on banking facilities at this date in 1906 and 1905, may be judged from the following figures:

	1909. Per cent.	1906. Per cent.	1905. Per cent.
Other reserve cities..	25.56	24.32	24.77
Southern States	17.87	18.16	18.58
Middle West	16.82	16.60	17.22
Farther West	17.26	16.78	17.56

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbey, H. The Dream of Love; a Mystery. Cambridge: Riverside Press. 75 cents.

Allison, W. T. The Amber Army and Other Poems. Toronto: Williams Briggs.

Björnson, B. Wise-Knut. From the Norwegian by Bernard Stahl. Brandu's. $1 net.

Bond, F. Westminster Abbey. Frowde.

Brand, R. H. The Union of South Africa. Frowde.

Browne's Religio Medici and Digby's Observations. Frowde.

Bulletin of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Vol. 45, No. 1. Boston.

Burke, M. C. School Room Echoes Book One. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.50.

Butler, E. B. Women and the Trades: Pittsburgh, 1907-1908. Charities Publication Committee.

Chadwick, F. E. The Relations of the U. S. and Spain: Diplomacy. Scribner. $4 net.

Delacombe, H. The Boys' Book of Airships. Stokes.

De Vries, H. The Mutation Theory. Translated by J. B. Farmer and A. D. Darbishare. Vol. I. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

De Wulf, M. History of Medieval Philosophy. Third edition. Longmans, Green.

Falkiner, C. L. Essays Relating to Ireland, Biographical, Historical, and Topographical. Longmans, Green.

Farnell, L. R. The Cults of the Greek States. Vol. V. Frowde.

Firth, C. H. The Last Years of the Protectorate, 1656-1658. 2 vols. Longmans, Green. $7 net.

Fraser, G. The Stone House at Gowanus. Wittner & Kintner. $2.50.

Garnett, J. M. Biographical Sketch of Hon. Muscoe Russell Hunter Garnett (1821-1864). Reprint from William and Mary College (Maryland) Quarterly Magazine.

Goddard, P. E. Kato Texts. Berkeley, Cal.: University of California.

Goldsmith, O. Plays, together with The Vicar of Wakefield. Edited, with notes, by C. E. Doble. Frowde.

Green, J. R. A History of Botany, 1860-1900: Being a continuation of Sachs' History of Botany, 1530-1860. Frowde. $3.15.

Hawthorne, J. Lovers in Heaven. New Church Board of Publication.

Lewisohn, L. A Night in Alexandria: A Dramatic Poem. Moods Publishing Co.

Living Church Annual and Whittaker's Churchman's Almanac, 1910. Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co. 50 cents.

Lowell, J. R. Fireside Travels. Introduction by E. V. Lucas. Frowde.

McCabe, J. The Martyrdom of Ferrer. Edwin C. Walker. 30 cents.

Marden, O. S. Success Nuggets. Crowell.

Methodist Year Book, 1910. Eaton & Mains. 20 cents net.

Park, J. E. The Wonder of His Gracious Words: An Exposition of the Sermon on the Mount. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1 net.

Poulton, E. B. Charles Darwin and the Origin of Species. Longmans, Green.

Praed, W. M. Poems. Edited with introduction by A. D. Godley. Frowde.

Prentout, H. Caen et Bayeux. Paris: Libraire Renouard.

Read, C. Natural and Social Morals. London. A. & C. Black.

Recollection of Léonard, Hairdresser to Queen Marie-Antoinette. Translated from the French by E. Jules Méras. Sturgis & Walton. $1.50 net.

Report of the Commissioner of Corporations on Cotton Exchanges. Parts IV and V. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Roeder, A. Symbol Stories for Children of All Ages. New Church Board of Publication.

Scott, W. Guy Mannering; Waverley. 2 vols. Frowde.

Sonneck, O. G. T. Report on The Star-Spangled Banner, Hail Columbia, America, Yankee Doodle. Washington: Government Printing Office. 85 cents.

Strong, J. A History of Secondary Education in Scotland. Frowde. $2.59.

The Daysman. Cochrane Publishing Co. $1.50.

Vernon, H. M., and K. D. A History of the Oxford Museum. Frowde. 50 cents.

Wheatley, P. Poems. Philadelphia: The Book Concern of the A. M. E. Church.

Wilder's History of the Human Body

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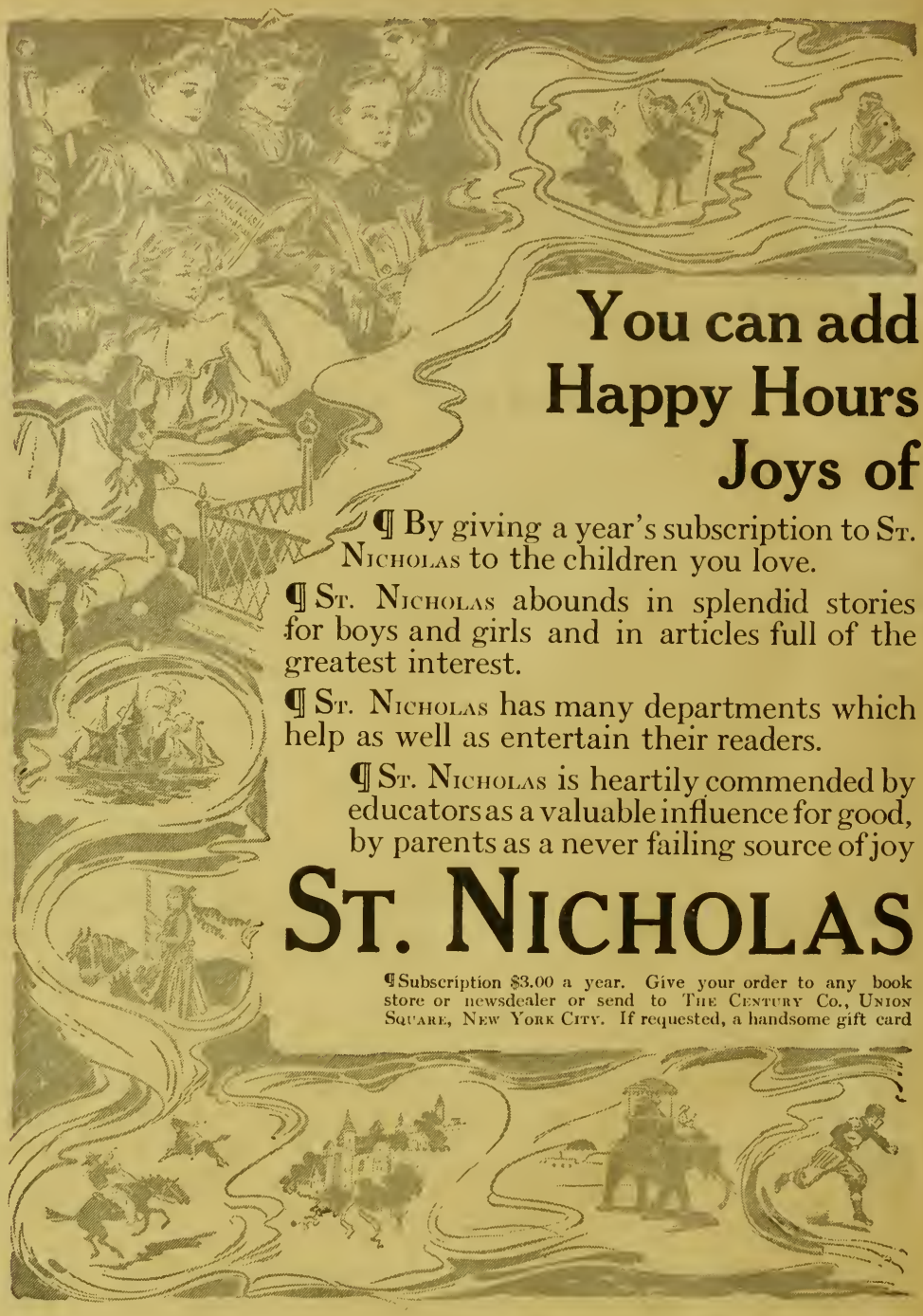

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